

Dagmar Deimlova With Her Future Husband



Here I'm walking in Prague with my future husband, Vladimir Sima. The photo was taken in 1948. After the war we were materially very badly off. To make at least a bit of money, I went to work on brigades in coal mines in 1946. Luckily it didn't take them too long to realize that girls weren't suited for this sort of work, and transferred us to the kitchens. Vladimir was also in the same brigade, at first he went out with my roommate there, but in the end the two of us began going out. Vladimir was from a very poor family. I remember that when we took the liberty to go see a movie once in a while, we used to have to think about whether we'd buy ice cream and return home on foot, or if we'd leave out the ice cream and take the streetcar back. I've got to say that Vladimir's family behaved very nicely towards me. Really, at a time when I was all lonesome, they tried in all sorts of ways to replace my family for me. When I was 21 and according to the laws at

the time was of age, we got married. Vladimir then finished his university studies, joined the army right away, and because he had me as a wife, was put in the PTP [Technical Assistance Battalion].