

Zusana Wachtlova And Jiri Wachtl As Newly-Weds



This photo was taken in front of the Brno Town Hall on 9th October 1946. It was taken by a photographer from the Brno studio Foto-kino Tingl.

I and my husband, Jiri Wachtl, are standing in front of the Brno Town Hall, where we had a double civil wedding with my sister and her second husband Ervin Holan. I'm wearing a suit because it was proper to go to the Town Hall in a suit. My husband has a coat which he bought still before World War II. He looked very handsome in that hat.

I first met Jiri Wachtl - my future husband - in the ghetto in Terezin. After World War II, my acquaintances from Velke Mezirici organized a meeting of friends in Brno. Jiri was also from Velke Mezirici so he came to the party. We met again and the sparks of our love began to fly. Ever since my childhood I spent most of the time predominantly in company of Jewish people, I couldn't even imagine I would marry a non-Jew. Obviously, as people say, love works miracles, and I have absolutely no prejudices against goyim whatsoever. I just considered his Jewishness being so close.

My husband was born in Velke Mezirici on 15th December 1910. His mother language was Czech; German wasn't spoken much in Velke Mezirici. In spite of that, Jiri spoke some German. He attended elementary school in Velke Mezirici. Afterwards, he attended a secondary grammar school and finally some business school in his home town. After graduating from secondary school, he had to work in his father's restaurant and couldn't continue his studies.

During World War II, he was imprisoned in a camp in Lipa. Afterwards, he was deported to Terezin and from there to Auschwitz and later on to a labor camp. He returned with a severe leg injury.

After World War II, my husband got his family restaurant in Velke Mezirici back. In 1951, the restaurant was nationalized and he couldn't continue to work in the restaurant, not even as its head. The restaurant staff asked him to at least keep the books because nobody from the staff was capable of doing it. After some time, though, the whole administration was moved to Trebic and later on to Zdar nad Sazavou. As a consequence, my husband became a waiter in a restaurant previously owned by us. He worked in this position until 1978 when he retired.