

Heda Ambrova With Her Daughter Hana Krchnakova



This photo was taken in 1948 in Piestany. It shows me (Heda Ambrova) with my daughter Hana (Krchnakova, nee Ambrova). At that time we were living with my parents.

We had two children. A daughter, Hana, in 1947, and a son, Karol, in 1953. Inasmuch as we lived under one roof with my parents, there were occasionally differences of opinion on bringing up the children. My mother was an ambitious woman. My sister had been a talented musician, but, alas, died when she was 20. My mother wanted at all costs for my daughter to become a musician as well. The poor thing had to sit at the piano and practice at the age of six. I pleaded with her, that she doesn't have to be an artist, that if she's got talent, it'll show itself eventually. We didn't argue, but there were differences.

The children were good, excellent students. My father spoke German with them, so they learned another language. We went on hikes, always with a backpack on our backs. My husband and I took vacations together with the children. We spent our free time under Rosutec, in Demanovska Dolina and in the Tatras. We'd stay in cabins. Then when the children grew up they each went with their own group. We didn't have a car. We wanted to find out how our children would behave in the company of other children, so we sent them to camp. The boy was in a camp by Senica, but he didn't like it there at all. And because our daughter spoke some French, we sent her to a camp with children from abroad. She wasn't happy there either. So we decided we'd rather vacation as a family.