

Richard Fischer



This is my dad Richard Fischer in Prague in 1922, which means I was one year old at the time the photo was taken. My dad was born in 1885 in Prague. His mother tongue was German. He was a level-headed, cheerful person who liked to appear dignified and to put on airs. His hobby, which he had avidly pursued since childhood, was photography. In the army he was with the 28th regiment,

which was based in Prague. During World War I he was in Bruck an der Mur, and in Carinthia, Austria, which was where he served. He was a graduate of the Commercial Academy and a 'one-year volunteer'. That was an Austrian institution for graduates who volunteered to an army for one year and by that made their service shorter. He was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant and, what's more, he became the regiment photographer. He took photos of the officers riding horses, infantrymen, of course, their wives and children, and of various celebrations. In time he became indispensable. Although World War I was under way, he wasn't sent to the front, so he survived it all hidden away in Styria. Photography became his fate. After World War I, he managed to get an agency as a representative of a German optical works, where he sold cameras, lenses, binoculars, microscopes, and such like. My dad sympathized with the social democrats. They were liberal, slightly left-leaning. My father's German agency prospered nicely. Dad even bought a car - a Skoda. It had extremely big head-lamps and looked very imposing. A chauffeur also came with the car. It was a company car and he used it during the week for his work, but on Sundays it came to Tynska Street. A chauffeur would open the doors and our family would set off on an excursion.