

Ruth Goetzova's Family At Lounovice



This picture was taken in Lounovice. From the left is Oskar Kolb, my aunt Erna's husband, then beside him is Mrs. Horova, then Grandma Anna Krauskopfova, Grandpa Jindrich Krauskopf, then my mother, Hilda Lasova (nee Krauskopfova), and her second husband Ota Las. I am the little girl, and the almost adult girl is the daughter of Mrs. Horova. My grandfather was as precise as a Swiss watch, and he lived his life with the same precision. Every Sunday we would go visit my grandmother's grave with Uncle Oskar, and would return before noon. On the way back we would stop at the 'U Mysaka' pastry shop on Vodickova Street. Grandpa would wait for me in the car while I went inside and politely greeted Mrs. Mysakova, who sat behind the till. She would turn to the sales clerk, and tell her to wrap me a slice of cake, then a cream puff with whipped cream and caramel, which was what I liked most, and then something for the cook. Every Sunday it was the same piece of cake. At twelve noon I had to be sitting down at lunch, and at one o'clock we would be leaving on the train to Lounovice by Jevany, which is a smaller village about 20 kilometers from Prague. It's a place that I love to this day. From the time I was in first grade I used to spend my summer vacation there, and spent my beautiful childhood and youth there. In Lounovice we had a floor permanently rented out in a villa from the Hora family, a little ways away from a fishpond. Beside us was a farmstead belonging to the Zverina family, who baked bread for our entire family. Today I like it, but in those days I couldn't stand it. It was black and hard even when it was fresh. Winter or summer, we would leave Lounovice at four thirty. Grandpa would honk the horn, and I had to be at the car within five minutes. No exceptions were possible, even if I would have liked to stay by the pond or somewhere else. At six o'clock I was home for supper. When I was at Sokol sometime during the week, I wasn't able to make it home for six for supper. This was permitted, because Sokol was an important thing for my grandfather. He wanted to be left in peace to listen to the radio, so I didn't bother him and had my supper in the kitchen with the cook, which were my favorite days. I always asked for and got some soft white bread or soft buns, and some store-bought mayonnaise salad. I loved it immensely, because otherwise I wasn't allowed to eat it.