

Richard Fischer With His Siblings Oskar, Erich And Anna



This is my father, Richard Fischer (third from left) with his siblings: his brothers Oskar and Erich Fischer and his sister Anna Altschul (nee Fischer) - from left to right according to their age. The photo was taken in Josef Koppel's studio in Prague in the 1890s. My dad's younger brother, Oskar, was born in 1890. I think he was a graduate of the Commercial Academy. When my dad got the agency, he went into partnership with Oskar who had a third share in the firm. Oskar got married to

a woman from Vienna, Valerie Pietsch. She lived with him here in Prague. She was an Aryan. Oskar was sent to Terezin during World War II. Towards the end of the war, people of mixed race and of mixed marriages were transported there. Just for three or four months; they arrived in November, I think. Although they didn't have much food, they were not endangered by transports. After the war Oskar was sick. He had a heart attack and was paralyzed as a result. He became a big communist; he used to sit at home reading 'Rude pravo' and whenever I visited him we quarreled about politics. Oskar died at the turn of 1962-63. He didn't have any children. My dad's other - also younger - brother, Erich, was born in 1893. He made a living in all kinds of ways, but didn't have much luck in life. He worked as an employee at various firms, and I can remember him selling tires. He didn't acquire much wealth though. Erich was married to a woman whose first name I can't remember; her maiden name was Weiner. They had a son called Jiri Fischer. He was a trained plumber and was with me in Terezin, where we worked together. Erich died in Terezin, I think it was in 1943. I was sitting by his side at the time. He had cancer of the stomach. My dad's sister, Aunt Anna, was born in 1895. She never went to work, I think. She married Rudolf Altschul. They emigrated just before the war; at the first sound of canon, they took off to Canada, although their ship sank on the way. That was in 1939, sometime in October. It was sunk off the coast of Scotland, but they managed to get rescued and then made it to Canada, where Uncle Rudolf became a university professor. They didn't have children, unfortunately.