

Ruth Goetzova With A Friend



This is a picture of me and my friend; unfortunately I can't recall her name. The picture was taken in the 1930s at the walls of Vysehrad in Prague. My childhood was beautiful and carefree. I lived with my grandfather, who took excellent care of me. We lived in the Vysehrad neighborhood of Prague; it's a beautiful place that I like to visit to this day. When you walk around Vysehrad, you can see out over all of Prague. Before I started attending school, my governess would take me for French lessons to this one old French woman. We also studied French in high school; our teacher was this incredibly sweet lady. I spoke fluently, but my grammar wasn't very good. And my teacher insisted that I had to learn it, while I insisted that I spoke French the best out of the whole class, so

we had a conflict. And she said that if I didn't learn that grammar, she'd fail me. And I contradicted her, that she couldn't do that. And so we argued back and forth, until in 'sekunda' [the 2nd of 8 years], in a quarter where there wasn't a report card given, but an evaluation, she gave me a 4 [5 being the lowest]. And so at home they almost lynched me; I had to do extra studies to make up for it. Today I unfortunately can't speak it at all. I attended a high school on Slezska Street. Because of the anti-Jewish laws I had to leave in 'kvarta' [4th year]. Through some people we knew I got into a private commerce school, where I spent one year. With this my studies ended, because upon my return from prison camp I had other worries, and so I simply never graduated. My life's goal had been to study medicine, and devote myself to children's medicine, but due to wartime and post-war circumstances this never happened.