

Viola Rozalia Fischerova



This photograph is from some ID. It's a photo of me. It was taken in Lucenec sometime during the 1950s. After the war my brother and I wanted to study. I applied for medicine, and got in, too, but fell ill. At that time joint was working. We were getting a terribly small amount of support. They didn't even put us up in a dormitory, we had to rent from someone. One support payment went right for rent, and we hadn't even eaten yet. It was necessary to decide who'd study, I or my brother. We decided for my brother. I said to myself that I'd get married. My future husband, Juraj Fischer, was already courting me. So I got married. We supported my brother, and he also graduated.