

Hugo Schuller And His Wife Clairette On A Trip



These are my parents, well-dressed. This wasn't in Hungary, but on one of their trips abroad, in a car of that time. They went on a trip together. This is the best picture of them together. The photo was taken somewhere in Germany in the 1920s. My parents didn't really tell us anything about the way they met, these kinds of things weren't a topic. My mother attended to our spiritual life very closely. So I didn't really ask, and my mother didn't mind, because she didn't like to talk about this. My father, Hugo Schuller, was an engineer. He was probably born in Budapest, around 1884. I know hardly anything about my father's family. My father was a Hungarian officer, he did his military service in Dalmatia during World War I, my mother visited him there. Then he got a job in Germany, in Hanover at the Hanomag factory, and then he moved there with his wife and me, because I was already born at that time. My father was a furnace engineer, he was employed as such at the factory. He didn't earn too much, but my grandparents complemented his income. With the job he got an apartment. My father was an exceptionally smart man, he was interested in astrology, I remember that in his free time he devoted himself to astrology. My mother must have been born around 1890. She was also born in Pest. I don't really know anything about her childhood, because either it wasn't a topic, or I don't remember hearing anything about it. At that time it was in fashion in the family to give the children French names, that's why she was called Clairette. If anyone talked about my mother in the family they always referred to her as Clairette. I don't think that anyone had French origin, but at that time a little bit snobbish child rearing was in fashion. My mother was very beautiful and very strict and I adored her. I adored her unconditionally. Otherwise she must have been a playful young girl, she put on my grandmother's stage costumes - at that time it was customary that not the theater provided the costumes, but the soloists had to bring their own costumes, and my mother took a liking to them and put on my grandmother's costumes.