

Out For A Walk



This is a picture of my first wife, Anna W., nee Rosenfeldova, in a park in Moscow.

In March of 1947 we arrived in Moscow. At that time I didn't speak Russian yet. Back then I met Soviet workers for the first time. I remember that they had a work holiday. It was named Stakhanovsky Vtornik, Stakhanov Tuesday. I don't know, I don't remember anymore exactly what its significance was. I think that it had something to do with suggestions for improvement, the improvement and rationalization of work. In the Czechoslovak broadcast offices we mastered Russian relatively quickly through contact with our Russian colleagues. Anicka also worked for our office. She had graduated from academic high school. She had an exceptional talent for physics and math. In Moscow, on 1st January 1946, our son Vlado [Vladimir] was born. We didn't have an apartment. We lived in a hotel room..

Unfortunately, my and Anicka's relationship was no longer as rosy. On the anniversary of the Great October Revolution, in 1949, I was terribly busy, as delegations from Czechoslovakia had arrived. I had to devote myself to them. We no longer lived in the hotel by Kiev Station, but downtown, closer to the radio offices and close to a very good Georgian restaurant. At the time Vlado was a little over a year and a half old. That day I went to that restaurant with him. The service there was very slow. When we returned to the hotel, we couldn't get into our room. I had it forced open. Anicka was lying on the floor, half-dead. It was discovered that she had overdosed on some pills and was unconscious. I quickly called the Red Cross and we took her to the hospital. But it was on the anniversary of the Great October Revolution. At that time Russians drink and party, and the hospital was full of drunks. I took a long time before her turn came. I remember that several days later they notified me that she had died. It was on 12th November 1949. The funeral took place at a crematorium in Moscow.