

## An Outing In Kilyos



This photo was taken on a Sunday in the years 1929-1930 on the road to Kilyos. At that time there were no roads to Kilyos, no buses, no cars. We could only go there on foot. We went to Sariyer by bus or by boat and then we walked to Kilyos. It was a 2-3 hour-walk. We could reach there through the mountains. One day my friends and I decided to go on an outing like this. A few friends and I set off. It was summer of course. The people in this photo are from left to right: a friend called Behar, the guy beside him is Nisim Pinto, the following one is Eli Avigdor, and I am the fourth one. The guy lying down in front is Alber Par, and the one kneeling down is Eduard Sages. None of these people are alive today. These were friends we always went out together. They all lived in Ortakoy. We were good friends until they died recently. When we were little, we used to play marbles with them and when we grew up we used to go out in a group together. Later on when I was 20 and left Ortakoy to go to Spain we were separated for a while.

We did not use to go on holidays then. We would go to the cinema, or gather in homes with friends. There never was holiday we went to with my family. During the weekend holidays, which was either Saturday or Sunday, I don't remember which, we used to go to this very famous place called "Altinkum" after Kavaklar [the very northern point of the Bosphorus] or to the two spring water places in Sariyer [again a district in the north of the Bosphorus], called "Hunkar" and "Chirchir" [these used to be very famous picnic places because they had clear and cold running spring waters. People went there both for picnics and also to drink from those wonderfully healthy waters that were provided by nature itself]. These were very famous places. Everyone went there. We used to carry bags, food everything. We used to go to Sariyer by boat and then we took horse carriages called "talika"s. I remember once, we were going in a horse carriage like that and I saw a little boy running after us with a sack on his back. I drew the attention of my parents and told them "look, this boy is running after the carriage". And then my parents told me: "you are going in a carriage but this boy has to make a living by running after us so that when we come to the picnic place and get down, he will carry our bags to the café at the top of the hill and make some money". We used to eat at those picnic places, we put the watermelons in the springs, in the ice cold water so they would cool. We used to bring our food and buy tea and coffee at the cafés.