

Neighbors



These are two of our neighbors from the Jewish quarter. The lady sitting is Sarina and the other one is Malka. The photo was taken in Sofia in the 1920s. The houses in the Jewish quarter were densely positioned - yard next to yard. Only Jewish families lived around us. There were some Bulgarian families living in the next street, and I had a very good personal friend, whose name was Kristinka. Later on, being teenagers, we used to go out together, too. Our relations [with the non-Jewish neighbors] were always very good. There were, however, such times, when Bulgarian boys teased us with the words: 'Come on, Moshe, go to Palestine!' My mother had taught me to answer: 'O.K.,

but you don't let us go!' I didn't like those moments, but otherwise people treated us very well. Apart from that, my mother was a very compassionate woman and she would constantly ask me to take leftovers from our food to people who were poorer than us. Our family was comparatively well off because my father had succeeded in changing his fortune through his work as a tinsmith and plumber, and had even managed to open a scrap warehouse. The house he had built was at the corner of Pernik and Positano and for that time, it was one of the best in the quarter.