

Sofi Danon-Moshe, Her Father Eshua Danon And Brother Shimon Danon



This is me, my father Eshua and my brother Shimon on holiday in Strelcha. The year was probably 1930.

Every holiday my mother, brother, father and I went to the mountain, to Chepino or Strelcha areas most often, but my father never stayed the whole time. We didn't go to the seaside. My mother was concerned about the fact that my brother and I were very choosy about food and believed that the fresh mountain air would whet our appetite. But what happened in the end? When we returned the neighbors would say, 'Look at you, how good you look with some weight on, but Sofia is still very thin.' And my mother would be angry because she remained plump whereas I was short and thin.

It was quite a spectacle, the preparation for the trip. In the evening we would put the luggage on a horse cart: mattresses, quilts, linen, cutlery. The maid would come with us with the cart and on the following morning we would take the train. My father was always joking, 'Holiday, ah! Put the pots under the bed and, oh, you have a holiday!' There in the pine woods my mother cooked all day long: she roasted peppers, and made bread. When my father was with us he would go out for walks, to Kleptouza area for example, and my mother would go to the mineral baths.