

Juliet Yosif Saltiel On Varna's Beach



The picture was taken after 9th September 1944 [the day of the communist takeover in Bulgaria] on the beach in Varna. The women in the picture happened to be with me by chance, so I can't tell you anything about them.

After 9th September 1944 my family came back to Sofia convinced that we all must emigrate to Israel [Palestine] after two years - in 1946. My brother Faivel, however, emigrated ahead of all yet in 1945 together with some friends of his. In the meantime my relatives lodged their documents in the police so that their emigration might be legally organised. I ran away from home for everybody's surprise. The reason for my flight was that I wanted to stay in Bulgaria. For a certain period I lived with a friend of mine who hid me. Eventually, I plucked up courage and decided to meet with the head of the police office to tell him in person I didn't want to leave. I still remember him finding my passport in the file with all other ready documents of my family that were required for our departure, he opened the page with my picture and crossed it out. That meant he practically had nothing against my remaining in my country. That is how I remained here despite my parents' opinion. As it happens in life, my relatives found me several days later and I got a thrashing for what I did. But what's done can't be undone. They left and I stayed here.

As a matter of fact, my reason to stay here was a boy from Jewish origin, whom I had fallen in love with. His name was Sasho. He worked at a metal processing workshop located in Nish Str.. We knew each other well, because we were from one and the same Jewish crowd before 9th September 1944. Eventually we separated though. It was not before it that I discovered my future husband, Mois Solomon Saltiel, who was in fact from the same Jewish crowd.