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# NEW GENERATIONS WILL HAVE THEIR STORIES, BUT NOT LIKE OURS

## HOW WE USED TO LIVE IN THE LJUBLJANA'S OLD TOWN

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The baker's wife was standing deep in "the hole", so deep that me, a little girl, looking over the edge of the table, could not see her. (G.B. 71)

The baker gave a respectful tap to the dough, then disrespectfully cut into it three times. The dough had to rise once more. "At eleven," the baker ordered, standing in front of the wood-fired oven, putting the bread into it. (M.K. 59)





The bread crust looked incredibly inviting. The post-war born generation were naughty and just before lunch the whole generation, I guess, felt very hungry. That is why my first demand after I delivered the bread was: "Grandma, please, will you cut off a piece of bread for me." (U.M. 69)

Once a week I was sent to Breg, a street along the opposite river bank. I carried there a recipient with dough inside and the baker gave me a paper with a number and ordered me to wait. (U.T. 57)





Gornji trg, The Upper Square, was my street. Opposite our house there was a bakery. Delicious bread roses were baked there. It smelled so good. We often went there to buy just one bread rose, the delicacy for the day.

(Darko, 69)



Photo: Museum of Recent History, Ljubljana

There was a dairy shop in Stari trg. Every day, milk was brought to the dairy shop in aluminium milk cans from where milk was poured into our own milk cans. Later milk came in bottles.

Next to my mothers'shop in Stari trg No. 24 there was a lamp repair shop, and Mrs. Pirnat, the owner, was making lamp shades. Hardly now am I aware that in those days Stari trg was a street of craftsmen and services people needed. How very different from what we know today! (Duša, 69)





At the Derby shoemaker's shop it was possible to order custom-made shoes.  
His wife was not outgoing. I did not dare to say hello to her. (Janja, 71)



There was a pharmacy in Levstikov trg. When I was reading Madame Bovary, I had the picture of this pharmacy in my mind. The furniture was made out of wood with black letters, names in Latin language on convex porcelain tiles attached to the front of the drawers, and large glass containers with home-made medicines. (Lida, 68)



For having photos taken we went to Demšar's photo shop in Stari trg. Once we were costumed and we went there. Miriam was dressed in Prešern's sweetheart, Primičeva Julija, and I was dressed up as a toadstool. (Duša, 69)