

written in Ljubljana

the story of Ljubljana's old town, its
bakeries, diary shops, ect.

researched, collected and shaped into an urban story by
members of the study circle »Squares, Streets and Buildings
Around Us«

Prepared for the project Bread Connects

There will be new generations with their stories, but not like ours



It happened seven years after the Second World War and I belong to the generation born after the war. In those times there was enough bread to eat but large self-service stores did not exist yet. So, there were not 77 types of bread waiting for the customers as they do today.

Therefore, we still made the dough at home and had it baked in the bakery nearby. Each time my grandma made a big heavy loaf of bread; she prepared an elongated recipient, put a napkin into it, spread flour over the napkin and laid the bread on it. It reminded me of a woman putting her baby in a cradle. She tore off a bit of newspaper and using an ink pencil, she wrote down our family name then "hurt" the dough with her finger and pasted this ID into the hole she had made. Then she wrapped the dough in

the napkin. She put the left corner of the napkin on the top of the dough, then the right one and then it was my turn to take over the task. I had to get the bread to the bakery (M.K)

The baker was standing deep in the hole, so deep that me, a little boy, looking over the edge of the table, could not see him. 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 oven and putting the bread into it.(M.K.)



The bread crust looked incredibly inviting. Our 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. Just the crust, and one for my neighbour". Grandma did it according to my instructions because she knew we were the generation that would have to struggle for "better future". So, by lunchtime, the loaf was already naked, no crust to be seen. Tired after work our parents came home and they had to eat it "naked". Of course, a malicious historian would skip the facts and report how spoiled they were. (M.K.)



Once a week I was sent to Breg No 6 a street over the bridge along the river bank. I carried there a container with dough inside gave it over to the baker, who and in return gave me a small paper with a number and ordered me to wait. The baker pasted the numbered paper on the loaf. A warm, acid smell was coming from the bakery. There was moss on the walls. On our way home, the children sometimes ate the white part of the bread, so that only crust arrived home. (Katarina 64)

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

In the street leading up to the Castle, lived Matjaž and Alenka. Both of them seemed to me beautiful like fairy tale characters. Later they both moved away but Alenka, who was a hotel desk receptionist returned to live in the old town. (Miran, 69)

At number 26, on the top floor lived Gizela Likar, mother of two journalists Peter Likar and his brother. She had difficulties breathing, so, we children helped her to carry food bags all the way up to her door. (Tone, 65)

Štandekar held a jewellery shop. He was a goldsmith and his shop was in the building where is now a fast food restaurant. The Standekers, even in those socialist times of equality, belonged to the upper social layer of our artisan street. (Miran, 69)



Gornji trg, No 8 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)

There was a diary shop in the Stari trg. Every day, milk was brought to the diary shop in aluminium containers, from where the milk was poured into our containers, Later milk was in bottles. Much later, milk appeared in triangular packaging. Dušan, a restless boy living at number 9 in the Upper Square, repeatedly waited for me and

my bottle, grabbed my bottle from my hands and poured milk away. "Why do you not hit him back?" my grandma asked me. I did, on the next occasion. He never bothered me again (Mojca, 69)

Further away was the Belokranjec Inn. One day, my grandmother loaded the sledge with empty bottles and took them to Dinos, a company that did the recycling. We were expecting a huge amount of money, but we only earned enough to have, she a plate of beef soup into which she put a bred rose and some red wine, and me glass of diluted raspberry syrup. There were typical table cloths, with red and white squares, rather dirty I would say. (Duša, 69).

We used to go the inn Pri Amerikancu, carrying recipients in which lunch was to be put. The plump cook was dressed in white and she proudly used to unlock a door latch closing a hole in the wall. The cook was proud that she could give us a large quantity of delicious food topped with several pieces of bread. We regularly invited friends and family to this inn. (Katarina, 65)

Every day at noon I went around serching for my mother who went to have some lunch either at the Amerikanec inn, or the Sokol inn, or the Kolovrat inn. I mostly found her.(Peter, 65)

Each month, a cart with large blocks of ice with horses came to the Upper Square. When you passed, by the horses, by rule they let a fig or two fall

on the ground. I still remember their smell. Then the young men launched "anchors" into the big blocks of ice and make them disappear into the wine cellar (Janez, 63 years).

My grandma was in the habit of whistling. She was standing in front of our building whistling and looking up to the windows of our apartment. From the windows, we, the children were lowering used film tapes, bells, or anything like that teasing children to jump in the air wanting to grasp them. (Katarina, 65)

My friend Mojca and myself, we were often sitting on the window shelf of the at number 13 in the Upper Square. Even today, when I look up to the windows, I get a pinch at my heart. We cherished the cherries, and we started launching their knuckles using the thumb and forefinger, we did this whenever a tram was passing underneath. If managed we hit the roof of the tram, we were the winners. Then we were waiting for another tram to pass. The station was close to the Colonial food store, next to where the restaurant Second Violin is today. There were quite a few glass candy containers in the store. We were preferred malisnice white refreshing candies. (Duša, 69)

The street was our playground. We shared a ball. Tanja accidentally kicked the ball down the street and the precious ball bought abroad fell into the river. We looked sadly the ball being carried away by the river water. (Sanja, 63)

At the beginning of the Old Market, on the first floor, there was the administrative seat of the local community, which was responsible to supervise the inhabitants and collect money for the Red Cross.(Peter, 65)

Somewhat higher in the Upper Square there was was Vinotoč. From there was coming a smell of barrels and wine. My old father, who liked to drink, never came home without having stopped there for a glass for two. (Mojca, 69)

In the Upper Square, number 15, there was for a long time was an upholsterer with big black moustache, or at least I think it was so. We the children saw men with pieces of upholstered furniture going in and out his workshop. When we needed to upholster a chair, it was really handy to have the workshop so close. 61 years)

Glass cutters' workshop was a bit further. I remember big pieces of glass that were cut there. The sound of the cutting machine, made us deaf. (Saša, 61 years)

At number 9 nine there was a green grocery shop. It smelled of potatoes and fruits at the same time. We were always waiting our turn there. I did not like that. (Peter, 65)



My childhood and youth took place in the old town. My mother had a shop there. In Stari trg 24. It had been be a butcher's shop before, so it was a really cold place, but there was no spare money and loans possible to insulate the walls. When I was fifteen years old, I was asked and allowed to redecorate the shop and I was very proud of it. Besides the many customers who regularly came there, my mother's shop, was a meeting point of painters, writers, artists. They regularly popped up at any time of the day. There was also Ivan Minatti, a popular poet who lived nearby. Every day, punctually at ten o'clock, coming from the nearby Academy of Science and Arts, appeared at the threshold the geographer Dr. Koprivec. He sat down in a deep armchair and started talking wisely, and then I was sent to the Gris coffee shop to bring us coffee and cakes. The biggest decoration of the store was Paris, our borzoi dog who, like a sphinx was lying at the entrance of the shop, paws stretched out to the pavement. When he had to wait for us, he got bored, so once he jumped into the display window full of muslin and other hand-made fashion accessories. A great dog in a

small display window, as you imagine! Still today, I get stopped in the street and I am asked about him. (Duša, 69)

Our friends lived on the upper floor of the Upper Square 11 in one of the four oldest houses in the city. We lived on the number thirteen. We preferred to go to Marjan and Anica over the steep roof. (Duša, 69)

In June 1967 a war broke out in the Middle East. I was sunbathing on the roof with my classmates, leaning against our neighbouring roof with our feet as not to slip into the gap between the roofs of the two houses. We would be rehearsing a Garcia Lorca's poem when somebody came to tell that we would not be able to take our baccalaureate exams and would have to leave the country. The memories of the Second World War much cultivated in Yugoslavia and we thought that any war would destroy us. Those were the days. Duša, 69)

For many years in our street worked an older lady knitting clothes. She had grey thin hair. She knitted leggies for children late into the night. (Saša, 61)

In the Old Square there was initially a dairy restaurant so that inhabitants could eat healthy food, but only bread and dairy products. (Peter, 65)

I remember that there was in the Old Market the so called Young Technician, a shop with technical material. Young technicians was a political movement of young people

where many things could be learned. It was meant to foster technical culture. (John, 52)

Later the shop was owned by Mr. Repotočnik who was producing the make-up cakes and nail polish in all colours, today there is a coffee shop and a coffee bar. (John, 52)

Opposite our building in the Old Market, there was a special store. There it was possible to purchase goods confiscated at the border by the customs. Second hand clothes, appliances, watches etc. Once my mother bought me a big boy doll dressed in a knitted jacket. So, I took the doll to the river and because it was made of paper it disappeared in the water (Lučka, 68 years)

For taking photos went to Demsar in Stari trg. There was no data protection and the customers were happy if their picture was displayed in the display window. In the pictures there were young men standing by a car. Not their car of course. They proudly sent their pictures home. Once we were costumed and we went there. Miriam was dressed in Prešern's sweetheart Primičeva Julija, and I was dressed up in a Chinese.

We also had carpenters in Gornji trg. Dornik was the owner. And there was a Carpenters' cooperative in Stari trg too. In school boys and girls had technical lessons, for better technical socialisation. The carpenters helped me get better scores in school. They made for me a very nice wooden item,

and I "peeled" it a little bit to make the product look more "mine". (Jana, 71 years)

The most beautiful were winters. We dragged our sleds up to the castle and then went down passing the Saint Florian's church next to the Amerikanec Inn in Gornji trg. The inn was named after a migrant returning from America. Once we had a new sledge, and it broke down while we were seating on them, we, a cluster of children. (Janja, 71 years)



In Stari trg, the owner, a patissier called Gris had his coffee shop with just three tables. They said that he was Tito's patissier, probably because his cakes were so incredibly delicious. He worked all day, even at night. His wife, a huge lady, worked in the front shop, serving the customers. My mother always had me fetch the Zagreb cakes, freshly baked doughnuts and fingers of young girls". I liked Indians and Mignon cakes. Paris, our borzoi dog loved their whipped cream. So, I bought it. (Duša, 69)

There was a pharmacy on the Levstik Square and for a long time. When I was reading Mrs. Bovary, I had the picture of this pharmacy in my mind,

wooden 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 years)

The hairdresser's was a real institution. The owner had lot of girls working with her, and she herself had a huge hairstyle. The store smelled of freshly washed hair. It was hot. (Janja, 71 years)

On the Levstik square there was a grocery store. Once, when it rained heavily, I phoned the shop if they had cabbage. (slov. a cabbage head) in stock. They were offended and said, "Would you like to get yours replaced?" When I came there, the shop assistant salesman flushed. She was uncomfortable. (John, 52)

There was a fire service in the corner of the street with cotton pipes, red fire extinguishers etc. (John, 52)

A butcher was there as well surrounded by some meat on hooks. I do not know why it was difficult then to get meat. Some flies were sitting on the meat. (Saša, 61 years)

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

There, at the house of Lily Novy, there was an architect Braco Mušič, a little further a sculptor

And today?

Today, there is Bakery 8, just opposite No 24. Bread is being baked in the old fashion. It smells good again. In this bakery Slovenian Third Age University students took part in three workshops combining urban memories of the old town, baking bread and listening to songs about bakers.



Saturday, 2.3.2019



Saturday, 23.3.2019



Saturday, 16.3.2019



Naši spomini na staro
Ljubljano



Bilo je kakšnih sedem let po drugi svetovni vojni in bil sem iz povojne generacije. Kruha nam ni več manjkalo. Ni pa še bilo velikih samopostrežnih trgovin in sedeminsedemdeset vrst kruha. Kruh smo zamesili doma in pekli v veliki pekarni, tri vogale dlje.

Zamesila ga je naš stara mama. Kakšne tri kilograme hkrati. Ko je testo prvič vzhajalo ga je še enkrat pregnetla, pripravila podolgovato iz koruznega ličkanja pleteno 'štrucnico', vanjo razgrnila dobro namokan prt in testo položila vanj, kot otroka v zibelko. Časopisnemu vogalu je odtrgala majhen listič, nanj s tintnim svinčnikom zapisala priimek, s prstom 'ranila' testo in tisto identifikacijo 'prilepila' v rano. Potem je testo zavila v prt. Najprej s konca, potem še z leve in z desne in nato sem nalogo prevzel jaz. Spraviti sem ga moral do pekarnice. (MK)

Pek v stal globoki luknji, tako globoki da jaz, deček, ne bi videl čez njen rob. Stal je tik pred žrelom peči. Pek je testo spoštljivo odgrnil, potem pa ga nespoštljivo trikrat postrani zarezal in ni se več zmenil zanj. Moralo je še

enkrat vzajati. »Ob enajstih«, mi je naročil pek, se na peti zasukal in z velikim lesenim loparjem na gromozanko dolgem ročaju, vsaj zdel se mi je tak, večkrat dregnil v žrelo peči, da bi videl kako je s kruhom, ki je že bil v proceduri. (MK)

Skorjica je bila neznansko zapeljiva. Otroci, vsi mi, povojna generacija, pa silno živahni in času tik pred kosilom že vzpodbudno lačni. Zato je bila moja prva prošnja ob dostavi kruha: »Babica, mi prosim odrežeš jezik skorje, samo skorje, pa še za soseda enega.«. Ni bila kriva kakšna ustrežljivost, kot je to dandanes, kriva je bila čista človeška naklonjenost generaciji, ki bo nosila breme prihodnosti, da je bila tista štruca do kosila že povsem gola. Ko sta starša utrujena prišla z dela, sta ob kosilu jedla čisto kruhovo sredico. Seveda bi zlonamerni zgodovinar preskočil dejstva in poročal kako razvajena gospoda sta bila. (MK)

Na Starem trgu sta se odvijala moje otroštvo in mladost, Mama je imela tam trgovinico. Bila je prava hladilnica, denarja za izolacijo prostora pa ni bilo. Ko mi je bilo petnajst let, mi je bilo dovoljeno, da naredim načrt za prenovo in jo tudi vodim. Bila sem zelo ponosna. V mamini trgovinici so se zbirali slikarji, pisatelji, umetniki vseh vrst. Prihajal je Ivan Minatti. Vsak dan, natanko ob deseti uri je s SAZU prišel geograf dr. Koprivec. Sedel je v globok naslonjač in začel modrovati, mene pa so poslali

h Grisú po kavo in kolače. Največji okras trgovine je bil ruski hrt Paris, ki je kot kakšna sfinga z iztegnjenimi tacami počival ob vhodu. Ko nas je nekoč predolgo čakal, je sedel v izložbeno okno polno muslinastih in drugih ročno izdelanih modnih dodatkov. Velik pes v majhni izložbi! Otroci iz bližnje šole so se ga zelo bali. Še danes me kdo vpraša po njem. (Duša, 69)

Poleg mamine trgovince na Starem trgu 28 je bila dolgo popravljalnica luči in lastnica gospa Pirnat se je ukvarala z izdelavo senčnikov. Komaj zdaj se zavedam, da je Stari trg bil ulica obrtnikov, storitev, ki smo jih prebivalci potrebovali, Kako zelo drugače od današnjih dni (Duša, 69) V Ulici na Grad, čisto na vrhu sta stanovala brat Matjaž in njegova sestra Alenka. Oba sta se mi zdela zelo lepa, kot iz pravljice. Oba sta se kasneje poročila in dolgo živela na drugih naslovih, a v naših ulicah. (Miran 69)

Na številki 28 čisto na vrhu je stanovala Gizela Likar, mama dveh novinarjev. Petra in njegovega brata. Težko je sopihala v gornje nadstropje in otroci smo ji pomagali nesti vreče z živili vse do vrat. (Tone, 65) Zlatar Štandekar je imel zlatarno tam, kjer je zdaj grška hitra hrana. Štandekarjevi so bili »višji sloj« naše obrtniške ulice. (Miran, 69)

Gornji trg je bila moja ulica. Na številki X je bila pekarna. Tam so pekli slastne žemljice. Že ob zori je od tam prihajal opojen vonj, ki smo ga otroci imeli radi. Pogosto smo šli v pekarno kupit

zgolj eno samo žemljo, poslastico tistega dne. Tam je danes česalnica. (Darko, 69)

Mene so enkrat v tednu poslali k peku na Breg. Tja sem nesla posodo z oblikovanim testom. Veliko nas je čakalo s takšnimi »peharji«, da pridemo na vrsto. Pekarica je na kruh prilepila papir s številko, meni pa je enakega stisnila v roko. Iz pekarnice je prodiral topel, kiselkast vonj. Po stenah se je delala plesen. Na poti domov smo otroci včasih pojedli sredico, tako, da je domov prispela le skorja. (Katarina, 65)

Na Starem trgu je bila slaščičarna Gris. Govorili so, da je bil njen lastnik Titov slaščičar, verjetno zato, ker so bile njegove torte tako slastne. Delal je vse dni, tudi ponoči, da ga ni bilo na spregled. Žena je delala spredaj v slaščičarni, kjer je bilo le nekaj miz. Stregla je tiho, počasi, previdno je merila besede in ovojni papir. Mama me je zmeraj znova pošiljala tja po zagrebške torte, pa sveže pečene krofe, pa prste mladih deklet Včasih sem si zaželelaše kakšnega indijančka ali tortico mignon. Naš pes je imel rad smetano. Pa sem mu jo kupil. (Duša, 69)

Na Starem trgu je bila mlekarna. Vsak dan so tja zvozili mleko v aluminjastih »kanglah«, od koder so z zajemalkami mleko pretakali v naše »kanglice«, Kasneje so ga privražali v steklenicah, prazne pa so odpeljali. Dosti kasneje se je pojavilo mleko v trikotni embalaži. Mene in mojo kanglico je večkrat pričakal Dušan, nemiren fantič s

številke devet na Gornjem trgu, pa mi je iztrgal kanglico iz rok in zlil mleko proč. »Le zakaj se nisi uprla«? je vprašala stara mama. Pa sem se in sem ga ob prvi priliki namlatila. Nikoli več mi ni nagajal. (Mojca, 69let)

Nekoliko dlje je bila gostilna Belokranjec. Nekega dne sva s staro mamo, babico bi rekli danes, napotili s sankami, na katere so bile naložene prazne steklenice, da jih prodava pri Dinosu, pa nisva bili uspešni. Zaslužili sva s tem poslom le toliko, da sva pristali pri z belo rdeče karirastim, nekoliko zamazanim prtom prekrito gostilniško mizo. Postregli so nama z govejo juho, vanjo sva namočili zemljo. Stara mama je popila še kozarec rdečega vina, jaz pa malinovec, razredčen malinov sirup. (Duša, 69).

V gostilno Amerikanec smo hodili s »porcijami« ali menaško po kosilo. Kuharica belo opravljena in zajetna, je odloputnila leseno loputo na vratih in je bila ponosna, da nam je lahko dala veliko zajemalko okusne hrane. In več kosov kruha povrhu. Prijatelje in družino smo vabili v to gostilno. (Katarina, 65)

Vsak dan opoldne sem šel iskat mamo, ki je hodila na kosilo bodisi h Amerikancu, bodisi k Sokolu, ali h Kolovratu. Nekje sem jo že našel (Peter, 65)

Vsak mesec je v našo ulico privozil voz z vpreženimi konji. Ko si šel mimo, so konji kot za stavo, spustili na tla figo ali dve. Še danes se spominjam vonja.

Potem so mišičati mladeniči v velike ledene klade zapičili »sidra« in led je izginjal v gostilniško kleti (Janez, 63 let).

Stara mama je imela navado žvižgati. Postavila se je pod okna in zažvižgala. Ni bilo video naprav, zvoncev ali česa podobnega. Lepo je žvižgala. (Katarina, 65)

Z Mojco sva se spravili sedet na okensko polico hiše številka 13 na Gornjem trgu. Še danes, ko pogledam gor h oknom, me stisne pri srcu. Zobali sva češnje, koščice pa sva sprožali med palcem in kazalcem, da so kot iz frače poletele proti strehi mimo vozečega, cingljajočega tramvaja. Če je katera od naju zadela streho tramvaja, je bila zmagovalka. Potem sva čakali, da čez četrto ure mimo pricinglja drugi tramvaj. Postajo je imel blizu pred trgovino z živili Koloniale, tam kjer je danes Druga violina. V trgovini je bilo kar nekaj steklenih posod za bombone. Imeli smo radi bele osvežujoče malisnice in zelene bronhije. (Duša, 69)

Ulica je bila naše igrišče. Vsi skupaj smo imeli eno samo žogo. Tanja jo je po nesreči brnila, da je stekla po ulici navzdol in, ojoj nesreča, tudi v reko je padla. Žalostno smo gledali za njo. (Sanja, 63)

Na koncu Starega trga, v prvem nadstropju hiše številka XXX je bila krajevna skupnost, ki je skrbela za obveščanje prebivalcev, pa dobro založena trafika pod arkadami. (Peter, 65)

Nekoliko višje je na Gornjem trgu bil Vinotoč. Od tam je prihajal vonj po sodih in vinu. Moj stari oče, ki je rad pil, pa mu tega doma niso pustili, je zahajal tja (Mojca, 69)

Na Gornjem trgu, na številki 15 je bil dolga leta tapetnik z velikimi brki, ali vsaj mislim, da je bilo tako. Otroci smo opazovali, kako so od tam prihajali kosi oblazinjenega pohištva. Kadar smo potrebovali tapetnika je bil pri roki, prav zares. (Saša, 61 let)

Nekoliko višje so domovali steklarji. Spominjam se velikih kosov stekla, ki so ga tam razrezovali. Zvok rezalnega stroja je bil rezek, da se ni dalo nikogar slišati, ko si vstopil tja. (Saša, 61 let)

Na številki devet je bila zelenadnja trgovina. Dišala je po krompirju in sadju hkrati. Tam smo zmeraj čakali v vrsti, tega nisem maral. (Peter, 65)

Prijatelji so stanovali v gornjem nadstropju hiše Gornji trg 11. v eni od štirih najstarejših slemenastih hiš v mestu. Mi smo živeli na številki trinajst. Otroci smo najraje hodili na obisk k Marjanu in Anici kar preko strme strehe. (Duša, 69)

Junija leta. 1967 je izbruhnila vojna na Bližnjem vzhodu. S sošolkami smo se sončile na strehi, se z nogami opirale na sosednjo streho, da ne bi zdrsnile v prepad med dvema hišama. Recitirale smo Lorkino pesem, kar pride sosed in pove, da zdaj ne bomo mogle maturirati in da bo treba proč iz države. Spomin na drugo svetovno

vojno je bil še zelo živ, pa tudi v šoli so nam ga nenehno oživljali. So bili takšni časi. (Duša, 69)

Dolga leta je v trgovinici delala pletilja. Imela je svetle, tanke lase spete na tilniku. Pletla je pozno v noč s strojem žabice za otroke, tega se spominjam. Verjetno pe tudi kaj drugega (Saša, 61 let)

Tam, kjer je danes ŠKUC je bila sprva mlečna restavracija., da so delavci lahko zdravo jedli, a le kruh in mlečne izdelke. (Peter, 65)

Ko sem že nekoliko odrasel se spominjam, da je bil na Starem trgu Mladi tehnik, trgovina s tehničnim materialom. Mladi tehnik je bila zveza mladih ljudi, kjer se je bilo moč naučiti marsičesa. Bila je v podporo tehniški kulturi in industrializaciji države. (Janez, 52 let)

Kasneje je se tam naselil Repotočnik in je sam izdeloval lak za nohte in šminke vseh barv. Danes je tam kavarnica in prodajalna kave. (Janez, 52 let)

Nasproti na Starem trgu je bila komisijska trgovina. Tam je bilo mogoče dobiti na carini zaplenjeno blago. Oblačila iz druge roke in še kaj drugega. Meni so nekoč tam kupili velikega fantka oblečenega v spleteno jopico. Pa sem ga nesla kopat v reko in je propadel. Pa so ga popravili in mu pripeli elastiko med eno in drugo ramo, tako da je za silo živel. (Lučka, 68 let)

Slikat smo se hodili k Demšarju na Starem trgu. Tam smo tudi občudovali fotografije mladoporočencev. Še ni bilo varstva podatkov in stranke so bile vesele, če je bila njihova slika razstavljena v izložbi. Imeli so tudi slike, kjer so mladeniči stali ob avtomobilu. S ponosom so slike pošiljali domov. Tudi za Pusta smo šli tja v kostumih. Mirjam je bila Primičeva Julija, mama ji je sešila obleko iz krepastega papirja, jaz pa sem bila Kitajka. Pa je začelo deževati in sva bili nenadoma goli v samih žabicah. (Duša, 69)

Tudi mizarje smo imeli Dornika na Gornjem trgu in Mizarsko zadrugo na Starem trgu, v šoli pa tehnični pouk, za tehniško socializacijo bi rekli danes. Mizarji so mi pomagali k boljši oceni pri tem predmetu. A so naredili preveč lep podstavek za rože in sem ga malo »olupila«, da bi bil izdelek videti bolj moj. Tako za štirico. (Janja, 71 let)

Najlepše je bilo pozimi. Zavihteli smo se na sanke, šli na Grad na »Šance«, se od tam spustili navzdol mimo Florjanske cerkve vse do gostilne Amerikanec na Gornjem trgu. Amerikanec se je gostilna imenovala po povratniku iz Amerike. Nekoč smo imeli nove sanke, pa so se zlomile pod nami zato, ker se nas je kopica otrok spravila nanje, da smo drveli po hribu navzdol. Stanovalci na grajskem pobočju pa so na pot nasuli pepel, da jim ne bi drselo. Ta nas je zaustavil, silovito, tako da so se sanke zlomile. (Janja, 71 let)

Na Levstikovem trgu je bila dolgo lekarna. Ko sem brala Gospo Bovary, sem si predstavljala prav takšno lekarno, leseno s črnimi napisi v latinskem jeziku na izbočenih porcelanastih ploščicah pritrjenih na čelno stran predalov, pa velike steklene posode z doma narejenimi zdravili v zasteklenih omarah. (Lida, 68 let)

Česalnica je bila prava institucija. Lastnica, je imela veliko zaposlenih deklet, sama pa »veliko frizuro«. Dišalo je po sveže opranih laseh. Toplo je bilo. (Janja, 71 let)

Na Levstikovem trgu je bila trgovina z živili. Nekoč, ko je močno deževalo, sem telefoniral tja, če imajo zeljnato glavo na zalogi. So bili užaljeni in so dejali :«A vam jo zamenjamo?» Ko sem prišel ponjo, je prodajalka zardela. Nerodno ji je bilo. (Janez, 52 let)

Čisto v kotu ulice je bil gasilski servis. V izložbah so imeli bombažne cevi, rdeče naprave za gašenje. (Janez, 52 let)

Mesar je uradoval obkrožen z nekaj mesa na kavljih. Ne vem, zakaj je bilo takrat težko dobiti meso. Tudi nekaj muh se je sprehajalo naokrog. (Saša, 61 let)

Pri čevljarju Derbiju je bilo moč naročiti čevlje po meri. Njegova žena je bila zadržana, kot smo dejali, nisem se je upala pozdraviti. No zadržana sem bila tudi jaz. (Janja, 71 let)

Tam v hiši Lily Novy je imel atelje
arhitekt Braco Mušič, malo dlje je dela
kipar There will be new generations,
new stories and stores, but not like
ours