

Anna Danon's Father Haim Iakov



My father Haim Iakov with a company on a family picnic in Korubaglar in 1917. (I don't know what it's called today.) My father is second from right in the back row. My father was a handsome man, even when he grew older. He always very tidy, always carrying three handkerchiefs in different pockets. He devoted considerable time to his morning toilette - teeth, ears, nose: everything. He was really good-looking and his nose was of the 'Jewish kind' - a big one. He was fond of music. I knew the overtures of several operas through him. The Barber of Seville was his favorite. As soon as he got up in the morning he started whistling. He adored music. I don't know how he had learned them, but he knew all the overtures. My father had a nice job as a bookbinder. Every Sunday he used to go out, quite often without my mother. It was my mother's mistake. Instead of wasting 4 or 5 leva on the weekend, she preferred to save for the household for the rest of the week and therefore stayed home. She had a little stool that she used to put in front of the door so that she could sit and chat with the other women. When I was old enough I began to feel sorry for my mother that she didn't go out on Sundays. But it was not only my father - all men used to behave like that. My parents' circle of friends was Jewish. All my father's friends were Jews. My father was a wordy person, he only visited the synagogue on major holidays and only because other people went there, too - he did it for the sake of socializing.