



Alenka Steindl ur. | edit.

Kruh skozi čas

Bread in the past and present



Naj nikoli ne ponikne veselje do peke, umetnost darovanja in uživanja kruha
May the joy of making, the art of giving and the art of eating bread always be there

Kruh skozi čas | Bread in the past and present

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Predgovor

Na enem naših številnih sestankov nekje vzdolž Donave je Carmen Stadelhofer, predsednica mednarodnega združenja Danube-Networkers for Europe (DANET), združenja, ki domuje v Ulmu, predlagala nadaljevanje visoko in večkrat nagrajenega projekta obdonavske civilne družbe Ljubljena, spletena Donava (nem. Die gewollte Donau).

Nova projektna tema naj bi zbrala in povezala prizadevanja in razmislek tako starejših kot mlajših, odslikala različne kulture v regiji, njihovo podobnost in različnost. Rodil se je projekt Okusi Donave. Kruh. Vino. Začimbe. (angl. Tastes of the Danube. Bread. Wine. Herbs) po tistem, ko smo v januarju 2016 zaključili s pilotno fazo projekta. Kmalu se nam je priključila množica civilnih organizacij, šol in visokošolskih ustanov iz dvanajstih obdonavskih držav. Povezali smo zamisli in dejavnosti. Vse več jih je bilo, vse večje so postajale. Spominjale so na sneženo kepo, ki se vali po hribu navzdol, hitro, vse hitreje, medtem ko postaja vse večja.

Slovenska univerza za tretje življenjsko obdobje se je projektu Okusi Donave priključila z zamisljo, da bo povabila k sodelovanju svoje študente novinarstva in slikarstva in jih združila okrog skupne teme, kruha. Želeli smo oblikovati dvojezično, sprva spletno publikacijo, fotografski esej, stkan iz zgodb avtorjev in drugih ter ustvariti manjši spletni katalog in razstavo slik. Rezultate obeh pobud smo združili v obliki potujoče razstave in dogodkov in jih seveda 8. julija 2016 predstavili na konferenci "Okus Donave- Okusimo ga!" v okviru Mednarodnega obdonavskega festivala mesta Ulm/Neu-Ulm.

Nastali projekt omogoča srečevanje ne le projektnih partnerjev, marveč tudi drugih prebivalcev v regiji, ki so različnih let, različnega družbenega porekla ter izobrazbe in imajo različno kulturno zaledje. Oživljanju nesnovne kulturne dediščine obdonavskih dežel znotraj tega projekta je moč dodati še novo znanje in spretnosti, pritegniti je moč različne strokovnjake, kar se lahko izteče v nadalje potrebna nova in vredna (socialna) podjetja.

Hvaležni smo Duši Jesih, mentorici slikarskih skupin in Nevi Železnik, mentorici študijske skupine Novinarstvo na Slovenski univerzi za tretje življenjsko obdobje. Znali sta navdušiti svoje študente, da so se projektu pridružili in zdaj imamo pred seboj rezultat njihovega zanosa, znanja in dobre volje.

Regionalne in mednarodne projektne dejavnosti so opisane na skupni spletni strani projekta www.tastes-of-danube.eu, in na strani DANET <http://danube-networkers.eu/>.

Projekt koordinira ILEU e.V. Ulm University. Projekt je deležen podpore deželne vlade Staatsministerium Baden-Württemberg, Sklada Baden-Württemberg ter drugih. Zahvaljujemo se jim za zaupanje in podporo.

Dušana Findeisen

Foreword

In one of our many meetings somewhere along the Danube Carmen Stadelhofer, president of the International Association Danube-Networkers for Europe (DANET) based in Ulm, suggested to capitalize on the experience with "The wanted Danube", an outstanding and highly awarded project of the Danube civil society. So, we contributed ideas for a new project that was meant to bring together endeavours and reflection of older and younger people while mirroring different cultures of the countries along the Danube, their similarities and dissimilarities. The project Tastes of the Danube. Bread. Wine. Herbs. was born and initiated after a pilot phase in January 2016. Soon an array of civil society organisations, schools and universities from twelve Danubian countries joined, ideas and activities were started, becoming ever more diverse, "rolling" like a snowball and becoming ever bigger.

Slovenian Third Age University, however, joined the project with a clear idea in mind: to engage older students of journalism and painting, uniting them around a common topic. What we wanted to accomplish was a bi-lingual online publication, a photo essay based on the contributed stories, a catalogue and an exhibition of paintings. The results of the two initiatives ended up in a mobile exhibition and events. In addition, they were presented at the Conference "Taste of the Danube - Let's taste it" on the 8th of July 2016 in the frame of the International Danube Festival Ulm/Neu-Ulm.

The project offered opportunities for meeting the project partners and other people from the Danube region, people of different ages, cultural, social and educational background. Moreover, connecting people from different countries, bringing them together, reviving traditional knowledge, rituals, the in-

tangible cultural heritage in the frame of the project, adding new knowledge and skills, attracting different experts may well end up in creating much needed valuable (social) enterprises.

We thank for their efforts Duša Jesih, mentoress of painting study groups and Neva Železnik, mentoress of the study group of journalism at Slovenian Third Age University. They made their students enthusiastic about the project. This publication is a result of their enthusiasm, knowledge and good will.

Regional and international project activities are now described on the common project website www.tastes-of-danube.eu, and on the DANET website <http://danube-networkers.eu/>. The project was coordinated by ILEU e.V. Ulm University and supported by the Staatsministerium Baden-Württemberg, the Baden-Württemberg Stiftung, and others. We thank them for their trust and support.

Dušana Findeisen

Kruh Bread

Foto photo Tatjana Rodošek





Alenka Steindl:

Nekoč smo jedli samo enotni kruh, zdaj pa je na voljo več deset vrst kruha in peciva.

We used to eat standard bread, now there are dozens of varieties of bread and baked goods.

Foto photo Tatjana Rodošek

Alenka Steindl

Če kruhek pade ti na tla, poberi in poljubi ga!

Pripoveduje **Alenka Steindl** | 71 let | upokojena diplomirana
ekonomistka | Ljubljana

Ko sem bila še prav majhna, mi je mama vedno kaj pripovedovala, pravljice, zgodbe in pesmice. Z njimi me je učila in vzgajala. Nekoč je govorila o kruhu in povedala tole reklo:

»Če kruhek pade ti na tla, poberi in poljubi ga.« Čeprav nisem prav dobro razumela, zakaj je kruh tako poseben, da ga je treba tako ljubiti in spoštovati, saj ga pri nas nikoli ni manjkalo, mi je bila poved neznansko všeč. Prosila sem jo za kos kruha, potem sem z njim korakala po kuhinji in ponavljala: »Če kruhek pade ti na tla,« pof, in sem ga spustila iz roke, »poberi,« in sem ga pobrala, »in poljubi ga,« in sem ga poljubila. Ponavljala sem, dokler mama ni rekla, da sem si menda zdaj že zapomnila. Res sem si zapomnila, še zdaj, po skoraj sedemdesetih letih se tega živo spominjam.

Moja mama pa je dobro vedela, zakaj je kruh tako dragocen. Njeno otroštvo se je začelo leta 1910, ko je Ivan Cankar, slovenski dramatik in pisatelj, napisal črtico Sveto obhajilo. V njej opisuje peterico otrok, sebe in svoje štiri sestre in brate, kako zvečer čakajo na mater, ki se je odpravila po vasi prosit kruha za večerjo otrokom. Kako se jim čakanje vleče, kako so vedno bolj nestrpni in lačni in kako že začno obsojati mater, da se je nekje zaklepetala in pozabila nanje. Ona pa je le morala obresti vso vas, da je nekje izprosila hlebec kruha.

V prvih desetletjih dvajsetega stoletja je bilo mnogo več družin, ki niso imele vsak dan kruha kot takšnih, ki jim ga nikoli ni manjkalo. Vrsta kruha je bila tudi simbol socialnega statusa družine. Beli kruh – simbol bogatih, črni kruh – simbol revnih, ni kruha za večerjo – simbol skrajne revščine. Hrepenenje pestrne po belem kruhu, ki ga je dobivala le njena varovanka, hči bogatih kmetov, o čemer pripoveduje v svoji povesti slovenski pisatelj France Bevk, je bilo hrepenenje vseh revnih otrok tistih časov.

Moja mama je rasla v družini, kjer je vladala revščina in bolezen. Nekoč je pripovedovala, da je za kos kruha vso ljudsko šolo deklici s sosednje bogate kmetije pisala domače naloge, ji risala, pletla in vezla. In še to je dodala, da je tista deklica dobila nagrado za najboljši uspeh, ki bi jo morala dobiti moja mama, a so jo raje

dali bogati. Takšna grenka razočaranja je doživljala vse otroštvo. Zato je še kako znala ceniti, da njenim otrokom ni treba trpeti lakote in ponižanja zaradi revščine. Iz pomanjkanja v mladosti se je naučila s kruhom in hrano nasploh ravnati skrajno varčno in spoštljivo in tako je učila tudi nas, otroke. Nikoli nismo zavrgli niti koščka kruha, poznala je nešteto načinov, kako ga uporabiti. Jedli smo zelo skromno, ampak lačni nismo bili nikoli.

Enotni kruh

Rasla sem po drugi svetovni vojni in spominjam se kruha takrat, ko se je preskrba šele vzpostavljala in so bila živila še slabe kakovosti. Od začetka petdesetih let, ko sem dopolnila pet let, so me skoraj vsak dan pošiljali po kruh. Prodajali so ga v vaški špecerijski trgovini, polna polica ga je bila in bil je poceni, toda bil je samo ene vrste. Imenoval se je enotni kruh, ker je bil narejen iz enotne pšenične moke, to je takšne, ki ni bila očiščena otrobov. Danes vemo, da je bil ta kruh zdrav, takrat pa ga nismo imeli radi. Ni dišal, ni bil dobrega okusa in zelo se je drobil. Tudi svež ni bil vedno. Starega kruha niso vračali pekarnam, ampak so ga naslednji dan prodali. Prav nam, otrokom, so prodajalke rade podtaknile dan ali dva star kruh in mame so se potem doma jezile. Tak kruh smo dobivali v šoli za malico še do konca petdesetih let. Namazan je bil z marmelado nedoločljive barve in okusa, z margarino ali, bolj redko, s pašteto, včasih pa smo namesto namaza dobili kos oranžnega sira iz poveljne pomoči UNRA.

Enotnega kruha nam res ni manjkalo, ampak otroci smo si želeli belega. Tega je včasih, za praznike in posebne priložnosti naredila mama. Belo moko je po navadi na črnem trgu preskrbel oče in mama je z njo ravnala skrajno varčno. V sosednji vasi je bil pek, ki kruha ni prodajal, temveč ga je samo pekel. Mama je doma zamesila testo in ga položila v pehar, ga toplo zavila in postavila na lesen voziček, potem sem z njim odropotala k peku. Nikoli nisem šla sama, vedno se je našla kakšna prijateljica, da me je spremljala. Čez dve ali tri ure sva šli z vozičkom po pečen kruh, ki je nebeško lepo dišal. Nisva se mu mogli upreti in po poti sva glodali skorjo. Nekoč sva s prijateljico obglodali tretjino štruce, mama se je hudo razjezila in od takrat se nisem smela kruha do doma niti dotakniti. Zato pa sem doma dobila krajec. Toda preden je mama zarezala v štruco kruha, ga je vedno pokrižala. Tako je kruhu izkazovala spoštovanje in hvaležnost.

Omamen vonj

Sredi naše vasi so bile same kmetije. Tu so pekli kruh doma, v krušnih pečeh, enkrat na teden za ves teden. Zdi se mi, da so se gospodinje s kmetij dogovorile, da niso vse pekle kruha na isti dan, tako da smo otroci, ko smo se potepali po vasi, vedno iz katere od kmetij zaznali vonj po sveže pečenem kruhu. Včasih smo toliko časa postavali pred kmetijo, da nam je gospodinja prinesla kos domačega kruha. Bil je sicer črn, ampak vonj in okus tistega kruha, narejenega iz domače moke in spečenega v krušni peči, je bil nepopisen.

V naši kulturi pa beseda kruh nima le dobesednega, temveč tudi simbolni pomen. Kruh je sinonim za preživetje v celoti. Daj nam danes naš vsakdanji kruh, prosijo kristjani v molitvi očenaš. Služiti vsakdanji kruh pomeni preživljati se oziroma preživljati družino. Otrok naj se izuči za tak poklic, da bo čim prej pri kruhu, pravijo nekateri starši. Za lenuha ni kruha. Nova industrija daje kruh mnogim ljudem. Za človeka, ki je izgubil službo, pravijo, da je ob kruh. Za ljudi, ki so šli v tujino iskat delo, so včasih rekli, da so šli s trebuhom za kruhom. Danes so sicer za to modernejši, bolj sofisticirani izrazi, kot, recimo, beg možganov, a v resnici gre še vedno za isto stvar: ljudje, ki doma ne dobijo dela, gredo pač s trebuhom za kruhom. Za dekle, ki se je poročila z dobrim, sposobnim fantom, pravijo, da bo jedla bel kruh. Če se je premislila in ga zapustila, pa pravijo, da se je z belim kruhom skregala. Tudi mnogi pregovori se nanašajo na kruh, na primer: smeje se kot cigan belemu kruhu ali zarečenega kruha se največ poje. Za ljubi kruhek je sijajna, duhovita pesem slovenskega pesnika Janeza Menarta.

In kako je danes s kruhom v dobesednem pomenu? V desetletjih, ki so sledila petdesetim letom, je bila izbira kruha po trgovinah in pekarnah vse večja. Beli kruh, rženi kruh, koruzni kruh, ovseni kruh, kruh iz ajdove moke, vsega je bilo sčasoma dovolj. Danes lahko izbiramo med več deset vrstami kruha in peciva. Pa si ga vsi lahko privoščimo, ali bolje, si vsi lahko izmišljujemo, katero vrsto kruha bomo danes kupili in s čim ga bomo namazali ali obložili? Koliko kruha zavržemo, ker ni več povsem svež? Koliko spoštovanja in hvaležnosti do kruha nam je še ostalo? In če pogledamo malo širše po svetu, koliko milijonov ljudi nima za vsakdanji kruh, pa naj bo ta v obliki hlebca, skodelice riža ali pesti kakšnega drugega lokalnega živila? Koliko milijonov otrok ostaja brez večerje, njihove matere pa nimajo nobene možnosti zanje izprositi kruha? Vsakdanji kruh ostaja na našem planetu za milijone ljudi nedosegljivo dobro, o katerem vse preveč ljudi lahko samo sanja.

Alenka Steindl

If you drop a piece of bread, pick it up and give it a kiss!

Narrated by **Alenka Steindl** | 71 | retired economist | Ljubljana

My mother used to tell me stories and recite poems as this was how she was teaching and educating me while I was a little girl. One day, while she was telling me yet another story, she suddenly stopped and said: “If you drop a piece of bread, pick it up and give it a kiss.” Though I did not understand why bread was so important that we had to respect it, I rather liked the saying. Of course, I did not understand its meaning-my family had never been deprived of bread- but I rather liked the saying. I asked my mother to give me a piece of bread. Scarcely did she give it to me, when I started marching around in circles all over the kitchen, repeating over and over again: “If you drop a piece of bread... and then I dropped it... pick it up and give it a kiss”. I went on and on mechanically repeating the same sentence, till my mother stopped me, reminding me that I had already learned the sentence by heart. No doubt, I learned and memorised it. I’ll be soon seventy, but I still keep this saying vividly in my head.

No doubt, my mother knew why bread was so precious. She was a little girl. In 1910 when Ivan Cankar, a Slovenian writer, wrote his short story “The Holy Communion”. This was a story about five children, himself and four siblings, waiting for their mother to come home in the evening. But she had to knock on every single door in the village begging for bread. Hungry and finding the wait too long, the children could not take it anymore, so they started accusing their mother of having a chat somewhere, forgetting about them. But she had to go throughout the village, till finally, begging for it, she could get a loaf of bread. In the first decades of the 20th century, families deprived of bread probably outnumbered those who could eat it each single day. The type of bread families consumed symbolised their social status. White bread was associated with those who were well off, dark bread with those who were poor, no bread for dinner was the destiny shared by those who were extremely poor. France Bevk, another Slovenian writer, wrote a story about a baby sitter desperately longing for a piece of white bread which only the girl she was taking care of could get, since her peasant parents were rich. White bread, this is what all poor children longed for.

My mother was raised in a family affected by both poverty and sickness. She told me, that throughout her primary schooling she was giving private lessons to a girl from the adjoining farm. She wrote assignments, she drew, she did some knitting and embroidery for the rich girl. And she also said that the little girl was awarded for her excellent marks. Well, my mother should have been awarded, but the school authorities rather awarded the rich girl. Again and again my mother was bitterly disappointed throughout her childhood. Therefore she appreciated all the more that her children did not have to suffer humiliation of the poor.

Having been in need in her youth, she learned how to use bread and food with parsimony and respect, a skill and attitude she taught us, her children. Never did we throw away even the smallest piece of bread and she knew countless ways how to use stale bread. Our meals were modest, but we were never hungry.

Standard bread

Having grown up after the Second World War, I remember the times when food production was hardly getting restored and food was of bad quality. I also remember that by the age of five I had been often sent to buy bread which was on sale in the village grocery store. There was a lot of it on the shelves and it was cheap, but there was only one type of bread, no more, called “standard bread” made of wheat flour with gross grains. Today we know that this bread was healthy, but in those days we did not like it. It would not smell good, it would not taste good and it crumbled, nor was it always fresh. Stale bread was not returned to the bakery plant and the next morning it was sold to customers. It was to us, children, that shop assistants particularly liked smuggling one or two days old bread which made our mothers angry. Such bread was offered to us at school as a snack and this practice went on till the end of the 50’s. It used to be spread with marmalade of indefinable colour and taste, or with butter spread. Rarely was there pate spread. And from time to time we were also offered a piece of orange cheese provided by UNRA aid.

There was enough standard bread, but what we children were longing for, was white bread and sometimes on very special occasions and special days, my mother baked white bread. White flour was purchased on the black market,

which was my father's job, and my mother used it with parsimony. In the village close to us, there was a baker who did not sell bread but only baked it. My mother prepared dough. She put it in a basket, wrapping it up to keep it warm, and then she put the basket on a wooden cart, and I cobbled it away to the baker. Never did I go there alone, I always asked a friend to come along. Two or three hours later, we returned to the baker to fetch the bread and the loaf smelt divinely. We could not resist it, and on our way home we invariably bit the crust. Once we ate nearly one third of the loaf, so my mother got very angry and from then on I was not allowed to touch the bread till I got home. But once I was home, my mother gave me a piece of the loaf. She cut a cross in the bread and blessed it. This was how she showed her respect to bread.

The smell of bread was enchanting

In our village there were just farms, nothing else. Once a week bread was baked at home in a wood-fired oven and it was supposed to last through the week. It seemed like house mistresses had reached an agreement not to bake their bread all on the same day, therefore children could trail round the village and each day came from one farm or another the smell of fresh baked crunchy bread. On some days we stood in front of the farmhouse so long, that the mistress brought us a piece of fresh baked home made bread. The bread was dark but the smell and the taste of that bread made out of home ground wheat and baked in a home wood-fired oven was something that cannot be described.

In our culture the word bread has both its literal and symbolic meaning. Bread is a synonym for survival. "Give us our daily bread", is how Christians pray. "To earn one's daily bread", means to win bread for oneself or one's family. Some parents believe that their children should gain craft skills as soon as possible as "to earn their own daily bread", to earn their living as soon as possible. "There is no bread for the lazy." The new industry of bread gives job to many people. Somebody who has been dismissed is said "to have been taken off bread." Those who go abroad to earn their living are said "to be going around with their belly hoping to find their daily bread". Today there are more contemporary or more sophisticated sayings to say the same thing. The expression "brain drain" seems to have a much different meaning, but actually it describes the same phenomenon. Intellectuals go away to earn their living. A girl who

has married a nice and competent lad is told "you'll be eating white bread" with that man. If she changes her mind, however, and breaks with him, she is said "to have quarrelled with white bread". "I'll do this for gaining my beloved bread" is a line by Janez Menart, a Slovenian poet. There are many other sayings related to bread: "He laughs like a gipsy laughing at white bread."

And what about the current literal meaning of bread? In the decades following the 50's the choice of bread in bakeries extended considerably. White bread, rye bread, maize corn bread, oat bread. All types of bread can be bought. Today there are many varieties, about ten types of bread and baked goods to choose from but can we afford them? Or to put it differently, is it possible for us to choose bread that we like best? How much stale bread is being thrown away? How much respect do we still feel towards bread? Looking at the developments in the world, how many millions of people do not have money to buy "bread" every day, be it a loaf of bread, a bowl of rice or a handful of some other staff food. How many millions of children do not have a meal in the evening as their mothers cannot provide it? For millions of people everyday bread seems to be an inaccessible commodity! There are too many people in this world who can only dream about bread!



Dr. Darja Zaviršek:

Najbolj revščina prizadeva starejše ženske, ki živijo same.

Older women living alone are most at risk of poverty.

Foto photo J. Suhadolnik

Andrej Bernard

Tudi v Sloveniji nekateri še za kruh nimajo

Pripoveduje **dr. Darja Zaviršek** | 53 let | redna profesorica Fakultete za socialno delo Univerze v Ljubljani

V Sloveniji, ki ima dva milijona prebivalcev, je leta 2014 pod pragom revščine živelo nekaj manj kot tristo tisoč (15 odstotkov) prebivalcev, stopnja tveganja revščine in socialne izključenosti pa je ogrožala že štiri tisoč ljudi oziroma petino prebivalstva. Vzroki za naraščajočo revščino so brezposelnost, zniževanje dohodkov, pokojnin in denarnih socialnih pomoči glede na življenjske stroške. Najbolj ogroženi so tisti, ki živijo sami, ženske po 65. letu starosti, eno starševske družine, mladi, delavci z nizko izobrazbo in kvalifikacijami ter dolgotrajno brezposelni, ki jih je vedno več. Država se je z varčevalno politiko sicer zavezala, da bo zmanjšala število brezposelnih in revnih, a je hkrati obljubila, da bo zmanjšala izdatke za socialne pomoči, čeprav se je število prebivalcev, ki prejemajo različne oblike denarne socialne pomoči zelo povečalo in jih je že okrog osemdeset tisoč.

V oči bode revščina starejših žensk, saj živi v revščini vsaka četrta ženska, starejša od 65 let, kar nas uvršča na drugo mesto v EU. Njihova revščina prizadeva tudi mlade, ki v Sloveniji dolgo živijo v primarnih družinah, prav ženske pa svoje dohodke največkrat delijo z mladimi in jih ekonomsko podpirajo. Stopnja nezaposlenosti mladih med 16. in 24. letom starosti je bila leta 2013 v Sloveniji nekaj več kot štirideset odstotkov, stopnja zaposlenosti mladih pa je znašala 14 odstotkov, kar je dvakrat manj kot v EU v isti starostni skupini. Poleg tega ima Slovenija znotraj EU največji delež mladih, ki opravljajo kratkotrajne začasne zaposlitve. Velika večina jih dela preko študentskih napotnic, kar povzroča velik osip pri študiju in njegovo podaljševanje. Mladi lahko o redni zaposlitvi največkrat le sanjajo, zato se povečuje število tistih, tudi z najvišjo izobrazbo, ki odhajajo v tujino s trebuhom za kruhom.

Kako se naraščajoča revščina zrcali v vsakdanjem družinskem življenju, ponazarjajo odgovori iz ankete, opravljene med študentkami in študenti socialnega dela. Pokazalo se je, da družinska solidarnost še obstaja, saj starši podpirajo otroke, a tudi študenti s svojim delom in štipendijami pomagajo staršem. Zaradi revščine pa se povečujejo težave v odnosih, kot jih opisujejo značilni odgovori: »Starša

ne želita biti več skupaj, a si ločitve ne moreta privoščiti, ker nimata za dve stanovanji.« »Najstarejši brat je brezposeln, kar je vir konfliktov v družini, zlasti starša pritiskata nanj, češ da se premalo trudi pri iskanju zaposlitve.« »Starša sta bolj razdražljiva, prepirata se zaradi denarja, ki ga včasih ni niti za kruh. Prej tega ni bilo.«

Andrej Bernard

Some people in this country do not afford even to buy bread

Narrated by **Darja Zaviršek, PhD** | 53 | full professor at the Faculty of Social Work | University of Ljubljana

In 2014 in Slovenia, a country with 2 000 000 inhabitants about 300 000 people or 15% lived under the poverty line. At risk of becoming poor and socially excluded were 400 000 people, one fifth of the population. Due to the increasing unemployment the decrease in income, pension and social benefits and allowances in comparison with costs of living, poverty is increasing as well. Most at risk are those who live alone, isolated women over 65 of age, single parent families, but also low educated workers, skilled workers and the long term unemployed whose number is getting ever higher. The State with its austerity measures has made a commitment to lower the number of the unemployed and the poor but at the same time it has also made a commitment to shrink social transfers, despite the fact that the number of inhabitants on social allowances has substantially increased amounting up to 80 000. The most striking is the poverty of older women since one in four older women aged 65+ live in poverty which ranks Slovenia second among the member states. Their poverty affects also young people, who remain in primary families for a long time. Most of the times women share their income with these young people,

supporting them economically. In 2013 the rate of the joblessness of young people aged from 16 to 24 years was slightly over 40%. On the other hand, the rate of employment of young people amounted up to 14%, twice less than in EU for the same age category. Among EU member states Slovenia has recorded the highest share of young people with short term, precarious jobs. A great majority of them are student workers which, on the other hand, means their considerable dropping out from studies and prolonging studies. Young people can mostly dream about getting a job, therefore a great number of them, even those having completed tertiary studies, leave the country to earn their daily bread abroad.

How is the increasing poverty reflected in everyday family life has been shown by a questionnaire targeting female and male students of social work. It has been found that solidarity is still there in Slovenia since parents go on supporting their children, but on the other hand, also students with their income and grants help their parents. As a result of poverty, relationships are in difficulty which is shown by the answers like: "My parents would get divorced, but they cannot since they can't afford living in two flats". "The oldest brother is unemployed which is a permanent source of conflicts in our family. And our parents are putting pressure on him, saying that he is lazy since he cannot find a job". "My parents are rather irritable. They are quarrelling about money and from time to time we cannot afford even to buy bread." In the past it was different.



Marjetica Stopar:

Če človek pol sveta obteče, najboljši kruh doma se speče.

No matter where you go, the best bread is baked at home (Slovenian proverb).

Foto photo Osebni arhiv personal archive

Metka Renko

Ko zadiši iz krušne peči, nisem nikoli sama

Pripoveduje **Marjetica Stopar** | 53 let | profesorica razrednega pouka
| Ustje pri Ajdovščini

Vedno sem si želela imeti krušno peč, saj imam lepe spomine na sla-
sten kruh, ki ga je pekla moja babica. Z možem sva se odločila, da jo
bova zgradila sama, pomoč pa je obljubil še prijatelj. Ogledala sva si
veliko peči, najbolj všeč pa nama je bila 400 let stara delujoča krušna peč iz
vasice Skrilje pri Ajdovščini. Po njenem zgledu je narejena naša krušna peč.
Zdaj v njej z velikim veseljem pripravljam vse jedi, ne samo kruh. Recepte
sem dobila od svoje mame in babice in jih dopolnila po svojih izkušnjah.
Svoje znanje rada delim z drugimi, povabim jih, jim razložim skrivnosti
peke v krušni peči in pogostim s sveže pečenim kruhom, saj, kot rada rečem,
kadar zadiši iz peči, nisem nikoli sama.

Običajno naredim 8 hlebcev kruha, za kar porabim 7 kg moke, 25 dag
svežega kvasa, 25 dag soli, pol litra olja, žlico sladkorja, 2 l toplega mleka
in približno 2 l tople vode. Za boljši kruh dodam še 5 jajc in malo kislega
mleka ali jogurta. Preden oblikujem hlebce včasih primešam še dodatke za
okus, kot so ocvrta čebula, razna semena, ocvirki, čemaž in podobno.

Testo zamesim v lesenem škafu. Najprej vanj presejem moko, na vrhu na-
redim vdolbinico in vanjo zlijem mleko s kvasom in sladkorjem, pokrijem
z malo moke in pustim, da vzhaja. Potem dodam še druge sestavine in za-
mesim testo. To najprej vzhaja 20 minut, potem ga še enkrat pregnetem in
oblikujem hlebce. Postavim jih v košare, kjer vzhajajo še pol ure.

Preden začnem pripravljati testo, zakurim peč z naročjem drobno nace-
pljenih bukovih drv. Po približno eni uri, ko so tudi hlebci pripravljani, iz
peči pograbim vso žerjavico ter dno obrišem z mokro krpo. Temperaturo
preizkusim s koruznim zdrobom, ki ga stresem v peč in če se ne prežge,
ko preštejem do 10, je ravno prav topla. Na lesen lopar zvrnem hlebec, ga
vsaj trikrat globoko zarežem in položim v peč. Najprej zaprem samo zuna-
nja vrata peči, da kruh še 10 minut vzhaja, nato zaprem še notranja vrata
in kruh se peče. Po 40 minutah preverim, kako je. Če so hlebci na vrhu
že preveč rjavi, jih pokrijem s papirjem za peko. Po nadaljnjih 25 minutah

vzamem kruh iz peči. Če votlo zabobni, ko potrkam po hlebcu, vem, da je pečen in prava poslastica.

Metka Renko

When the smell of good bread comes out of the wood-fired oven, I am not lonesome

Narrated by **Marjetica Stopar** | 53 | primary school teacher | Ustje pri Ajdovščini

A wood-fired oven is something I had been longing for. I remembered vividly the tasty bread my grandmother was baking in such an oven, so, one day my husband and myself we took a decision and a friend gave us a hand. Together we went around searching for the best wood-fired oven and finally settled our choice on an oven, four hundred years old but still functioning, originating from Skrilje, a small village located near Ajdovščina, a country town in the Western Slovenia. It served as a model for our oven. Now, the oven gives me great pleasure and I use it for preparing all dishes, not just bread. I use my grandmother's recipes, which I have improved with my own knowledge. I am keen on sharing it with others whom I invite to our place revealing them the secrets about how to bake good bread in a wood-fired oven. I offer them bits of freshly baked bread and, as I am in habit to say: "when the good bread starts smelling from the wood-fired oven, I am not lonesome."

I usually make 8 loaves with 7 kilos of flour. I need 25 dag of fresh yeast, 25 dag of salt, half a litre of oil, a spoonful of sugar, 2 litres of warm milk and approximately 2 litres of warm water. I add five eggs and some sour milk or yogurt. Before I mould the loaves I add, but not regularly, roasted onion or different seeds, greaves, wood garlic, etc. so as to give my loaves a specific taste.

I knead the dough by hand in a wooden basin. First I sift flour, make a small

well on the top, pour in a mix of milk, yeast and sugar, cover it with some flour and let the yeast rise. Then I add the other ingredients and knead the dough. When it raises, then again I knead it and shape the loaves. I place the loaves in baskets where they rise again.

Before I start preparing the dough, I lit the fire with tiny cut common beech. An hour later, when the loaves are ready, I rake the embers and clean the bottom of the oven with a wet cloth. I check the temperature by using maize semolina which I shed into the oven. If it does not burn before I count to ten, the oven is warm just right. I take a wooden peel, put a loaf on it, slash the top of the loaf with a knife at least three times and slide it into the oven. First, I merely lock the outer door of the oven to let the bread rise again for ten minutes, then I lock the inner door letting bread bake. 40 minutes later I do the checking. If the loaves are already too brown at the top I cover them with baking parchment. Twenty-five minutes later I take the bread out of the oven. If it sounds hollow when I knock on the loaf, then I am sure it is baked and I really, really like it.



Anton Doma:

V nahrbtniku je bilo ravno dovolj prostora za podarjeni kruh.
There was just enough room in my rucksack for the long loaf of bread.

Foto photo Aleša Doma

Anton Doma Zadišalo je po kruhu

Pripoveduje **Anton Doma** | 73 let | upokojeni elektroinženir |
Nadgorica | Ljubljana – Črnuče

Neko lepo septembrsko soboto se je naša skupina starih pohodniških znancev odpravila na običajen sobotni potep. Cilj našega druženja je bil 741 metrov visok Sveti Miklavž nad Savo.

Zgodaj zjutraj smo se zbrali na železniški postaji v Ljubljani. Do Jevnice smo se odpeljali z vlakom, tu pa smo pričeli naš pohod in preko Save prišli do Senožeti.

Prečkali smo naselje in nadaljevali po pešpoti med redkimi kmečkimi hišami. Rahel veter je prinesel meni znan vonj, zadišalo je po kruhu. Spomnil sem se svojih otroških let in vonja po toplem kruhu pri starih starših v Prekmurju na severovzhodu Slovenije. Prekmurje je še danes žitnica Slovenije. Enkrat na teden so stara mama v krušni peči spekli pet do sedem rženih hlebcev. Takrat sem bil vedno kje v bližini in čakal kdaj bodo začeli jemati kruh iz peči. Če sva bila z bratom pridna, so nama za nagrado odrezali še topel krajec.

Vonj je prihajal iz hiše ob cesti. Zavili smo do odprtih vrat in na ves glas hvalili omamni vonj. Na vratih se je pojavila gospodinja.

»Ali pri vas pečete kruh?« sem jo vprašal.

»Pred nekaj trenutki sem ga vzela iz peči,« je rekla.

»Kam pa ste namenjeni?« je nato vprašala.

Povedali smo ji, da gremo na Svetega Miklavža.

»Počakajte malo,« je rekla in izginila v hiši. Hitro se je vrnila z vročo štruco kruha in nam ga podala.

»To je za na pot, pa prijetno hojo vam želim.«

Kaj pa zdaj? Nekateri so hoteli, da se kruha lotimo takoj, češ, kaj ga bomo nosili gor v hrib. Vsi pa se s tem nismo strinjali. Gospodinja nas je tudi opozorila, da za želodec ni dobro jesti vročega kruha. V mojem nahrbtniku je bilo še nekaj prostora in z veseljem sem darilo spravil vanj.

Po kakšni uri hoje smo prišli na vrh do cerkvice Svetega Miklavža, se malo oddahnili in se kar hitro spustili do kmetije odprtih vrat na drugi strani hriba. Domači gospodnji smo povedali zgodbico o podarjenem kruhu, ki sem ga iz nahrbtnika položil na mizo in jo prosil, naj ga nareže. Drugi pohodniki so iz

nahrbtnikov izvlekli še svoje malice. Gospodinja je štruco odnesla v kuhinjo in se vrnila s košarico z narezanim kruhom, zraven pa je prinesla še krožnik s klobaso in ocvirki kot njeno darilo h kruhu. Zelo nam je teknilo. Zahvalili smo se prijazni gostiteljici in se zadovoljni odpravili naprej. Nekdo izmed pohodnikov pa je za slovo še rekel: »Kdor jezika špara, kruha strada!«

Anton Doma

Suddenly there was a smell of good bread

Narrated by **Anton Doma** | 73 | retired electrical engineer |
Nadgorica | Ljubljana – Črnuče

It happened on a bright Saturday day in September. Our group of randonneurs, a group of acquaintances, set out for the traditional Saturday trip wanting to go up to Sveti Miklavž hill over the Sava river. Early in the morning the group gathered at Ljubljana railway station to travel to Jevnica, the starting point of our randonné.

We were crossing a small village walking among sparse farm houses. It was windy and suddenly, with the wind, came a good smell of baked bread, reminding me of my childhood and the smell of hot bread at my grand parents' in the Prekmurje region in the North-Eastern part of Slovenia. Still nowadays the Prekmurje region is a wheat growing region of Slovenia. Once a week my grandmother baked from five to seven rye loaves. And it happened so that my brother and myself were always somewhere near waiting for the bread to be taken out of the oven. If we behaved well, our grandparents cut us off a slice of hot bread.

The smell was reaching us, coming from a farm house further along the road. We went to the open front door, loudly praising the smell of the good bread.

The mistress of the house appeared at the front door.

“Is it you who are baking bread?” I asked.

“That’s right. Some minutes ago I took it out of the oven,” she said.

“Where are you headed?” she was curious.

“Up to Sveti Miklavž.”

“Wait a minute,” she said disappearing inside the house to quickly return and hand us a long loaf of hot bread.

“One for the road,” she said “and have a good randonné,” she added.

“What shall we do now?” Some of us wanted to have a slice of bread right away.

“We do not want to carry it up the hill, do we?”

Not all of us agreed. The mistress had reminded us that eating hot bread was no good and could be harmful. There was just enough room in my rucksack for the long loaf of bread and I was happy to be able to store it there.

An hour later we attained Sveti Miklavž, the little church up on the hill. We rested for a while, than quickly descended to the open door farm at the other side of the hill. We told the story to the mistress of the house. I took the bread out of the rucksack asking her to slice it. The other randonneurs took their snacks out of their rucksacks. The mistress came back with the long loaf neatly sliced, put in a basket. But she also brought a plate with some sausage and greaves on it. This was her present to us. Everything was tasteful. And we thanked our kind mistress and satisfied we went on. Somebody said “Who does not ask questions, remains hungry and gets no bread,” which is a Slovenian proverb.

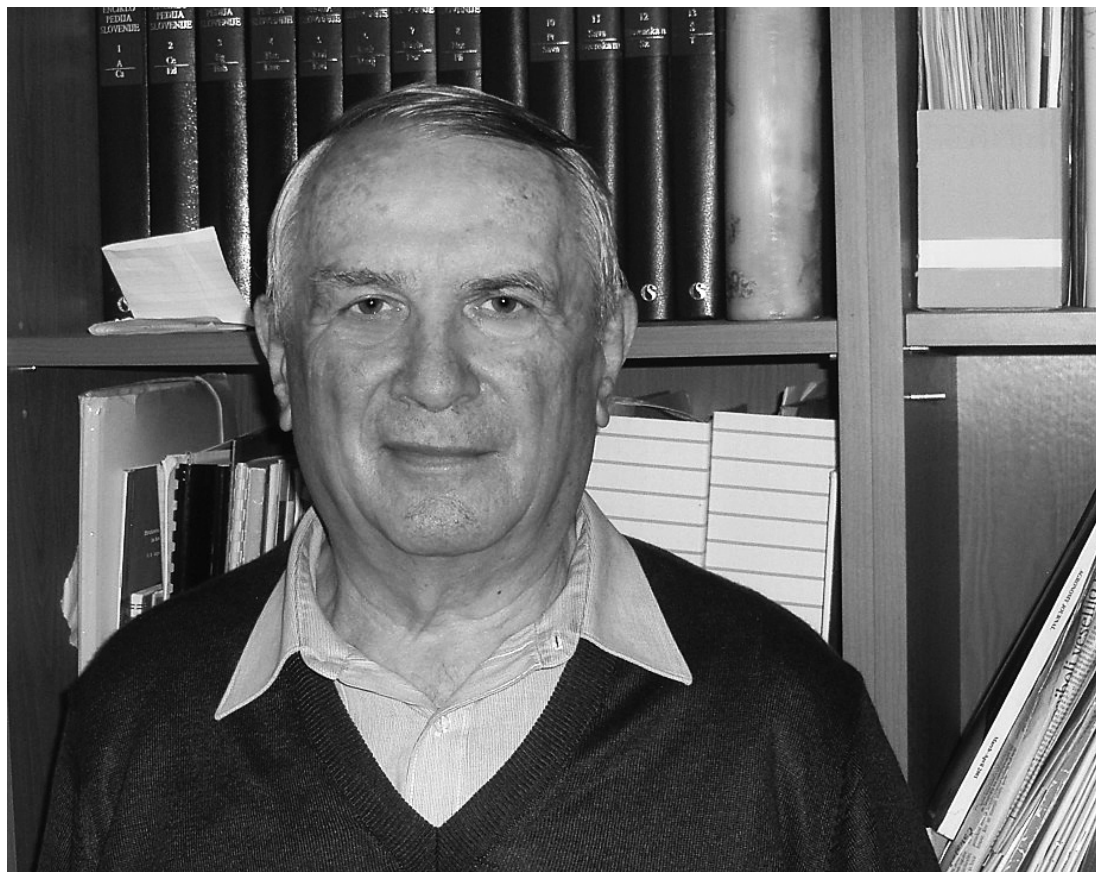
Kruh še bolj tekne s klobaso! Bread and sausage are a tasty match!

Foto photo Anton Doma

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Dr. Anton Tajnšek:

Kruha ne dela moka, temveč roka.

It is not flour that makes bread, but hand (Slovenian proverb).

Foto photo Pavla Rapoša Tajnšek

Tatjana Rodošek

Zgodba o kruhu se začne na polju

Pripoveduje **dr. Anton Tajnšek** | 75 let | upokojeni redni profesor agronomije in žlahtnitelj pšenice | Kranj

Čudovita zgodba o kruhu, ki tako lepo zadiši iz krušne peči, se začne na polju. V preteklosti, ko je večina naših kmetij temeljila na samopreskrbi, je bila pšenica najpomembnejše žito. Dobri pridelki pšenice, pa tudi rži, so bili zagotovilo kmečki družini in širši družbi, da jim ne bo zmanjkalo kruha do naslednje letine.

Kot kmečki otrok sem od najnežnejših let doživljal lepoto žitnih polj, vzneseno prazničnost žetve, pa tudi trdo kmečko delo pri vseh opravilih, od oranja in setve do mletja moke. Njivo je bilo treba najprej preorati in posejati, pogosto kar na roke, s pšenico ali drugim krušnim žitom.

Pšenica, rž in druga krušna žita so bila ponos prav vsake kmetije, zato so slovenska polja sleherno pomlad krasile zelene in zlato rumene preproge zorečega žita. Ko je žito srečno dozorelo, ga je bilo treba požeti, povezati v snope in jih spraviti s polja v kozolec, kjer so se posušili. Še dolga leta po drugi svetovni vojni so kmetje žito želi s srpom ali koso, posušene snope so omlatili s cepci, kasneje pa že z mlatilnicami. Zrnje so shranili v kašče, kjer je počakalo do prevoza v mlin.

Nato so na polja prišli kombajni, ki so kmetom olajšali naporno delo, obenem pa so napovedali dokončno slovo romantike, povezane s pridelovanjem žita. Kmetje žita že lep čas ne žanjejo na roke, izginila je ubrana pesem mlatičev, ki so s cepci tolkli po snopih, utihnili pa so tudi mlinska kolesa, ki so se nekoč vrtela ob vsakem primernem potočku. Majhnih družinskih in vaških mlinov skorajda ni več, večino žitnega pridelka že dolgo zmeljejo v velikih mlinških obratih.

Z rodovitnejšimi sortami in novim znanjem pri pridelavi so se tudi v Sloveniji povečali pridelki pšenice in drugega krušnega žita, vendar ga ne pridelamo dovolj za lastne potrebe, zato moramo žito za kruh uvažati.

Zaradi nizkih odkupnih cen je kmetov, ki jim pridelava krušnega žita prinaša pomembnejši dohodek, le še peščica. Malo je tudi kmetov, ki še pridelujejo pšenico in drugo krušno žito za domačo moko, več pa je kmetij, ki pridelujejo žito za živinsko krmo. Na naših poljih tako vidimo vedno manj njiv, na katerih še valovi zoreče žito.

Narrated by **Anton Tajnšek PhD** | 75 | retired full professor of agronomy and wheat breeder | Kranj

The wonderful story of bread smelling good from a wood-fired oven starts in the fields. In the past, the majority of Slovenian farms were self-sufficient and wheat was the most important crop. Good harvest of wheat and rye was a guarantee for farmers' families and community not to run short of bread till the next harvest.

I was born in the country in a farmer family. Thus, since my early childhood I have been admiring the beauty of crop fields, the joyful festivities of the harvest, but I have been experiencing the hard work in the fields as well. The fields had to be ploughed and sown with wheat or some other grains, mostly by hand.

Wheat, rye and other cereal grains were the pride of each single farm. Therefore each Spring Slovenian fields got covered with rugs of green and golden yellow ripening cereal crops. When everything went well at the ripening time the wheat or other cereals had to be harvested, bound into bundles and transported to the haystacks to be air-dried. Long after the Second World War peasants continued harvesting cereals with sickles and scythes, dried bundles were threshed with flails and later with threshing machines. Grains were stored into granaries and waited there to be transported to mills.

Then grain combines arrived making the farmers' hard work easier but their arrival also announced the end of the romantic period of growing and harvesting cereal crops. It has been a long time now since farmers do not harvest by hand, the tender, pleasant-sounding songs of the threshers beating the bundles with their flails disappeared. Likewise disappeared mill wheels that used to turn around on even the tiniest streams of water. Small family mills are not there anymore either and the majority of crop yield is ground in big industrial plants.

With the arrival of new higher yield varieties of crops and with new processing knowledge the yield of wheat and of the rest of the crops increased, their quantity, nevertheless, does not suffice for Slovenia to be self-sufficient. Cereal grains for bread are imported.

The purchasing price of cereal grains is low, bringing rather moderate

benefits. Only a few farmers go on growing wheat to make homemade flour. The majority of them grow animal feed wheat. In our fields there is ever less ripening wheat flowing in the wind.



Aljoša Orelj:

Kruh, ki ga speče nekdo od bližnjih, je nekaj posebnega.

Bread that those who are close to you bake for you has a special taste.

Foto photo Alenka Steindl

Milena Majzelj

Najraje si na kruh namažem marmelado

Pripoveduje **Aljoša Orelj** | 16 let | dijak gimnazije Bežigrad | Ljubljana

Kruh mi pomeni veliko, brez njega bi težko preživel, saj si ne predstavljam svojega vsakdana brez rezine kruha. Prepričan sem tudi, da če kruha ne bi jedli tako pogosto, kot ga jemo danes, se nam ne bi zdel samo okusen, ampak nepopisno dober. Kruh ima veliko globlji pomen kot samo preprosto živilo. Različne kulture poznajo različne vrste kruha in le ta v nekem smislu predstavlja kulturo bolje kot velika večina arhitekturnih znamenitosti.

Na začetku je bil kruh nekaj popolnoma preprostega, nekaj kar je ljudem omogočilo preživetje.

Novi vek pa kruhu odvzema dušo. Dandanes se nekateri s kruhom igrajo. Nekvašen kruh, bel kruh, polnozrnat kruh... Kruh je izgubil svoj prvotni namen. Kdo se je v Antiki obremenjeval z moko, iz katere je bil zamešen kruh?

Kruh sem začel jesti že v zibelki. S skorjico me je mama lahko zamotila za več ur. Kruha pa nisem spoznaval samo z žvečenjem, že zelo zgodaj sem ga srečal tudi v pravljičah, kot sta Janko in Metka ter Rdeča kapica. Za Janka so krušne drobtine pomenile up, Rdeča kapica pa je s kruhom želela na obraz babice pričarati nasmeh, ki bi se raztezal od ušesa do ušesa.

Kruh sem prvič videl v pravi luči, ga začel ceniti, ko mi ga je spekla babica. Kruh, ki ga speče eden od tvojih bližnjih je nekaj posebnega. Ješ ga počasi, z užitkom, ker se zavedaš, da je bilo zanj potrebnega veliko truda. Vem, da je moja babica dala vse od sebe, da bi ugodila mojemu trebuhu. To ni lahka naloga, saj vanj spravim veliko in še več, vendar po babičinem kruhu nikoli nisem bil lačen.

Na kruh pa si sam najraje namažem marmelado.

Milena Majzelj

Spreading marmalade over a slice of bread is what I like best

Narrated by **Aljoša Orelj** | 16 | secondary school student | Grammar school Bežigrad | Ljubljana

I simply love bread and have difficulties imagining I could ever spend a whole day without a bite of it. Moreover, I am convinced that if bread were not consumed as often as it is today, it would be found more than just tasty. It would be found divine. Having a symbolic value, bread is not just staff food. In different cultures there are different varieties of bread and bread seems to be much more representative of a culture than, shall we say, architectural sights.

Bread used to be simple staff food. The New Age, however, has deprived bread of its soul. Today some play games with bread: bread without yeast, white bread, whole grain bread, so it has lost the meaning it used to have. In the Ancient Greece and Rome nobody would have dreamt of using different types of flour!

I started eating bread when I was a baby, in cradle. My mother would give me a crust and I would remain interested in it for several hours. But I did not get familiar with bread only by chewing it. I learned about bread from fairy tales like Hansel and Gretel or Little Red Riding Hood. To Hansel crumbs meant hope, while Little Red Riding Hood used bread to provoke a big smile on her grandmother's face.

I started understanding and appreciating the value of bread when my grandma baked it for me. Bread which those with whom you are close bake for you tastes differently. You eat it slowly, enjoy it, you are aware of the effort that was put in making it. I know that my grandma did her best to please my belly - which normally I can fill with a lot of food, believe me - but when my granny bakes bread for me, I am never hungry. Anyway, what I like best is spreading marmalade on a slice of bread.



V začetku je bil kruh nekaj preprostega. Bread used to be simple staff food.

Foto photo Meta Kutin



Anita Ogulin:

Žalostno je, da so tudi v razvitem svetu otroci lačni.

It is sad that in developed countries children are hungry.

Foto photo Osebni arhiv personal archive

Zdenka Ferengja Mami, lačen sem!

Pripoveduje **Anita Ogulin** | 64 let | aktivistka Zveze prijateljev mladine Slovenije | Ljubljana

Že štirideset let delam v Zvezi prijateljev mladine Slovenije, ki se posveča revnim otrokom in njihovim družinam. Vodim njeno enoto Ljubljana Moste – Polje. Med drugimi dejavnostmi enkrat tedensko na sedežu naše enote delimo vrečke z živili, ki jih za ljudi v stiski prispevajo podjetja in posamezniki, ki imajo posluh za stiske ljudi. Pri svojem delu sem doživela že veliko zgodb in vsaka se me dotakne. Najbolj pa me je pretreslo srečanje s petletnim fantkom in njegovo mamico, ki sta prišla po hrano za svojo družino.

Bila je ena izmed mnogih sred, ko mamice in očetje z otroki čakajo na tisto čarobno vrečo živil. Tista sreda, ko iz pekarnice podjetja Žito pripeljejo zlato zapečene hlebčke, ki jih delimo v naši enoti Zveze prijateljev mladine. Bilo je mrzlo, zunaj je snežilo. Tudi tokrat je več kot sto ljudi iz vseh koncev Slovenije, ki v domačem kraju skrivajo svojo revščino, čakalo v dolgi vrsti pred improviziranim skladiščem na kruh. Predme se je postavil deček, ki je imel približno pet let. Za roko je vodil skrušeno mamico, ki ni tehtala kaj dosti več kot sam deček.

»Mami, diši, diši po kruhu! Mami, lačen sem, kruh diši,« je bil glasen, ko je mamico vodil mimo vrste do polic igrčk, knjig in vsega tistega, kar otroke odpelje v njihov otroški svet.

Fantku je bilo ime Mitja. Igrače je le bežno pogledal in mamico dobesedno vlekkel prav do delilnega pulta. Tam je zagledal kruh! Njegove majhne ročice so se oklenile hlebčka, ki ga je prostovoljka izročala drugi mami. »Moj je,« je zavpil otrok, »moj!«

Potegnil je hlebček iz rok prostovoljke in ga močno stisnil k sebi. Velike otroške oči so iskale izhod, da bi s hlebčkom pobegnil pred vprašujočimi pogledi. Sklonila sem se k njemu.

Njegove ročice so tako čvrsto držale hlebec kruha, da ni bilo mogoče niti pomisliti, da bi ga bil pripravljen spustiti.

»Tvoj je,« sem tiho dejala, »in še več hlebčkov boš dobil.« Njegova usteca so se začela premikati. »A res, še za Sandro in Viko in Lucijo?« je hitel.

Mamici je bilo nerodno. Opravičevala se je prostovoljki, mami, vsem nam.

Deček pa je medtem zagrizel v hlebec. »Iz okolice Celja sva prišla,« je nerodno dejala mamica, »z avto stopom... Lačen je, nimamo hrane, ne oblačil, pred mesecem smo ostali tudi brez elektrike. Včeraj sem vas poklicala in rekli ste, da lahko pridemo. Bova počakala, da prideva na vrsto.«

Postavila sta se v vrsto, Mitja pa je kot začaran glodal sveži kruh.

Zdenka Ferengja

Mummy, I'm hungry

Narrated by **Anita Ogulin** | 64 | activist of Slovenian Association of Friends of Youth | Ljubljana

For forty years I have been working for Slovenian Association of Friends of Youth which is meant to support young people and children as well as their families. I am in charge of the Ljubljana-Moste Branch which has a fair number of functions. Once a week we distribute bags filled with groceries donated by companies and individual donators, those who understand people in need. At work I have heard many touching stories, but the most moving was the story of a five-year boy and his mother who came to fetch some food for the family.

It happened on a Wednesday, the day in the week when fathers and mothers come and wait for the magic bag filled with groceries. On Wednesdays Žito, a bread making company, transfers to our premises golden brown loaves to be distributed to people in need. It was cold and snowy day and more than hundred people from all over Slovenia were queuing in front of an improvised storage.

They came to Ljubljana, wanting to hide away their poverty from the inquisitive eyes of their neighbours. Suddenly there was a little boy standing in front of me. He must have been five years old and was leading by hand his mummy. The little boy's mother was so thin and tiny, she must have weighed no more than her son. "Mummy, it smells fresh bread! I am hungry. It smells fresh bread," he cried. His name was Mitja. He threw a quick look on the toys on the shelves, dragging his mother to the distribution counter. Then he saw it. The loaf of bread! He hanged his little hands on a small loaf a volunteer was just giving to another mother. "It's mine, it's mine," he cried. "Mine!"

His wide open eyes were searching for the exit to get relieved from the inquisitive eyes. I bent down to him, his hands were still hanging on the loaf so strongly that it was unimaginable that he would let it go. "It is yours," I said softly. "And there will be more loaves for you." His lips started moving. "Truly? Can I have one for Sandra, Vika, Lucija?" he asked. His mother was obviously embarrassed since she kept excusing herself all over the place, while her little boy bit into the loaf of bread. "We are from Celje," she added. "We came hitch-hiking. He is hungry, we do not have food, clothes, there is no electricity in our house. We couldn't pay the bills. Yesterday I phoned you and you said we could come. We will wait our turn."

They started queuing, while Mitja under the spell of the moment kept biting the fresh bread.

V enoto Zveze prijateljev mladine so ljudje prišli po kruh.
To the Slovenian Association of Friends of Youth people came to get some bread.
Foto photo Tatjana Rodošek





Boštjan Videmšek:

Na vojnih območjih je potreba po kruhu ogromna.
In areas taken by war, the need for bread is immense.

Foto photo Jure Eržen

Pavla Rapoša Tajnšek Lakota - orožje vojne

Pripoveduje **Boštjan Videmšek** | 40 let | novinar in publicist | Ljubljana

Konec februarja 2016, sirsko-turška meja.

Približno kilometer od turško-sirskega mejnega prehoda Bab-al-Salam ima v starem tovarniškem kompleksu sedež turška humanitarna organizacija IHH, ki skupaj s svojimi podizvajalci v Siriji s hrano dnevno oskrbuje več kot sto tisoč ljudi. Ne glede na tveganje in ne glede na logistične težave se tovornjaki turških humanitarcev vsak dan podajajo na smrtno nevarno pot proti mestom, ki ležijo v bližini turške meje. Tja vozijo tisoče pripravljenih toplih obrokov in kruh, ki ga praktično brez prestanka pečejo v veliki pekarni sredi tovarniškega kompleksa.

Kruh je ključen in v času mojega obiska je bila potreba po njem ogromna, saj so ruska in režimska letala v dnevih pred uveljavitvijo prekinitve ognja na severu Sirije porušila več pekarn in pri tem ubila najmanj petdeset ljudi. Ljudi, ki so sestradani – kajti lakota je orožje vojne – čakali v vrsti. Čakali so, da bi nahranili svoje družine. Dočakali so smrt. Tako kot pred triindvajsetimi leti v Sarajevu, v bivši Jugoslaviji. In še marsikje drugje.

V pekarni je opojno dišalo. Turški in sirski peki so osredotočeno lovili sveže štručke in pogače, ki so druga za drugo padale iz velike avtomatske peči. Zlagali so jih v kartonaste škatle, ki so jih delavci nemudoma naložili na tovornjak. Ko se je tovornjak napolnil, je takoj odpeljal proti meji, ki je bila uradno sicer že dlje časa zaprta. Svež kruh, simbol doma in topline, je bil na poti v Sirijo.

Pavla Rapoša Tajnšek

Hunger, a war weapon

Narrated by **Boštjan Videmšek** | 40 | journalist and writer | Ljubljana

End of February, 2016, on Syrian-Turkish border.

Approximately one kilometre from Bab-al-Salam, a crossing on the Syrian-Turkish border is based IHH, a Turkish humanitarian organisation. With its subcontractors it daily provides food for some 100 000 people. Each day, regardless of the risk taken and the logistic difficulties, the lorries with Turkish humanitarians travel on the deathly road towards localities near the border transporting there thousands of readymade meals and bread that is without respite baked in a big bakery plant in the middle of industrial plants.

During my visit there bread was essential and the need for bread was tremendous. Some days before the ceasefire in the North of Syria, Russian and regime planes bombed and destroyed several bakery plants and killed about fifty people who were queuing there, hungry, since hunger is a war weapon. These people thought they were waiting there to feed their families, but actually they waiting to die. Like twenty-three years ago in Sarajevo, in former Yugoslavia and elsewhere.

The smell of good bread filling up the bakery plant was divine. Turkish and Syrian bakers were focused on catching crunchy bread balls falling out of the big automatic oven, piling them up in boxes which without delay were put on a lorry. When the lorry was filled with boxes it drew away towards the border that had been officially closed for a longer period of time. Fresh baked bread, the symbol of home and warmth, was off to Syria.



Boštjan Videmšek na ulici zapisuje vtise za reportažo.
 Boštjan Videmšek in the street, jotting down impressions for his reportage.
 Foto photo Domen Hrovatin



Špela Kenda:

Začasni nastanitveni centri so bili kot drug svet!

Temporary accomodation centres were a world apart!

Foto photo Janja Pavlin Dvoršak

Janja Pavlin Dvoršak Kruh za begunce

Pripoveduje **Špela Kenda** | 30 let | strokovna sodelavka Rdečega križa Slovenije | Ljubljana

Konec leta 2015 je po balkanski poti skozi Slovenijo prešel najhujši begunski val. Slovenske humanitarne organizacije Rdeči križ Slovenije, Karitas in kasneje še Adra Slovenija in Slovenska filantropija smo usmerile vse moči, da smo pomagale pri postavljanju sprejemnih in začasnih nastanitvenih centrov ter pri oskrbi več deset tisoč beguncev/migrantov. Prostovoljci smo podpirali in olajšali delo policije, vojske, civilne zaščite, mednarodne zdravniške ekipe in drugih sodelujočih.

Bila sem koordinatorka prostovoljcev na Dobovi v tistih najhujših časih od konca oktobra do novega leta. Takrat je prišla vsaka roka prav, vsi smo delali vse – delili hrano, oblačila, obutev, higienske pripomočke, bolne vodili k zdravnikom, čistili ... Organizirali smo tri ekipe: za prvo pomoč, za združevanje družin in za oskrbo s hrano in oblačili. Kar pestro je bilo koordinirati 40 ljudi in nabrala sem si veliko koristnih izkušenj.

Največ dela smo imeli z deljenjem hrane. Pripravljali smo t.i. lunch pakete: kruh, jabolko, čokoladni namaz ali med, topljeni sir, plastenka vode in za družine še mleko. Kdor je želel, je lahko dobil konzervo z ribo ali z govedino, zelo iskano je bilo tudi mleko v prahu za dojenčke.

Begunski otroci so bili najbolj veseli banan, piškotov in čokoladic. Prav zanje smo hranili te priboljške in vedno so se jim ob njih zaiskrile utrujene oči. Verjetno so vso dolgo pot skozi Grčijo in Makedonijo dobivali samo osnovno hrano, malo boljše pa šele na Hrvaškem, saj sem videla hrvaške pakete.

Kruh je tudi ostajal in ležal po tleh. Ko smo čistili, smo bili žalostni in jezni, saj smo bili vzgojeni tako, da se kruha ne meče stran. A razumeti moramo, ko so prišli s hrvaškim starim kruhom in videli našega svežega, so onega odvrgli. Ker ni bilo napovedanih vlakov, smo imeli sprva težave z naročanjem količin kruha, naročali smo ali preveč ali premalo, sploh za vikende. In potem smo se koordinatorji humanitarnih organizacij klicali med seboj, ali ima kdo kaj več ali komu kaj manjka. Dobro smo sodelovali. Do neposrednega stika in pogovorov z begunci prve dni ni prišlo, ker je bila gneča, saj je vsaki dve uri prišlo po tisoč

ljudi. Več stika z njimi so imeli prostovoljci, ki so delali pri združevanju družin in tisti, ki so jim delili oblačila. Slišali so grozne zgodbe, nekaterim so družine pobili pred očmi!

Tam na Dobovi, med tisto množico premraženih in lačnih ljudi, tam je bil drug svet. Ko sem se vozila iz Ljubljane na Dobovo ali nazaj, sem se počutila, kot da grem z enega planeta na drugega, v nek drug kraj in v nek drug čas.

Razumem begunce. Mnogi so se odpravili na dolgo in negotovo pot, da si rešijo golo življenje, mnogi pa zato, da bi si zagotovili človeka vredno preživetje.

Janja Pavlin Dvoršak Bread for refugees

Narrated by **Špela Kenda** | 30 | professional associate of the Slovenian Red Cross | Ljubljana

At the end of the year 2015, the Balkan trail was taken by the biggest flow of refugees. Slovenian Red Cross, Karitas, later also Adra Slovenia and Slovenian Philantropy, to sum up Slovenian humanitarian organisations joined to establish collecting and temporary accommodation centres and help providing care for several ten thousands of refugees or migrants. In our capacity of volunteers we supported the work of the police, the army, civil protection units, we backed the international medical teams and others. Personally, in those most difficult times from the end of October till the New Year's Eve, I was responsible for coordinating volunteers at Dobova, a locality at the Croatian border. We appreciated all the help we got and we were taking on different tasks. We were distributing food, clothes, shoes, cosmetics; we took sick people to the doctor. We organised three teams: one for first aid, one for reuniting families and one for food and clothes. It was not quite an easy job to

coordinate around forty people, so I learned a lot.

We mostly took care of the distribution of food. We were preparing lunch packets, bread, apples, chocolate spread or honey, cheese, plastic bottles of water and milk for families. Refugees could ask for fish tins, or corned beef tins. Powdered milk for babies was most required. What children liked most were bananas, cookies, small chocolate bars. These were meant for children and each time they got them, their face was beaming. Throughout Greece and Macedonia they were getting exclusively basic food. The situation improved in Croatia. I saw Croatia packets.

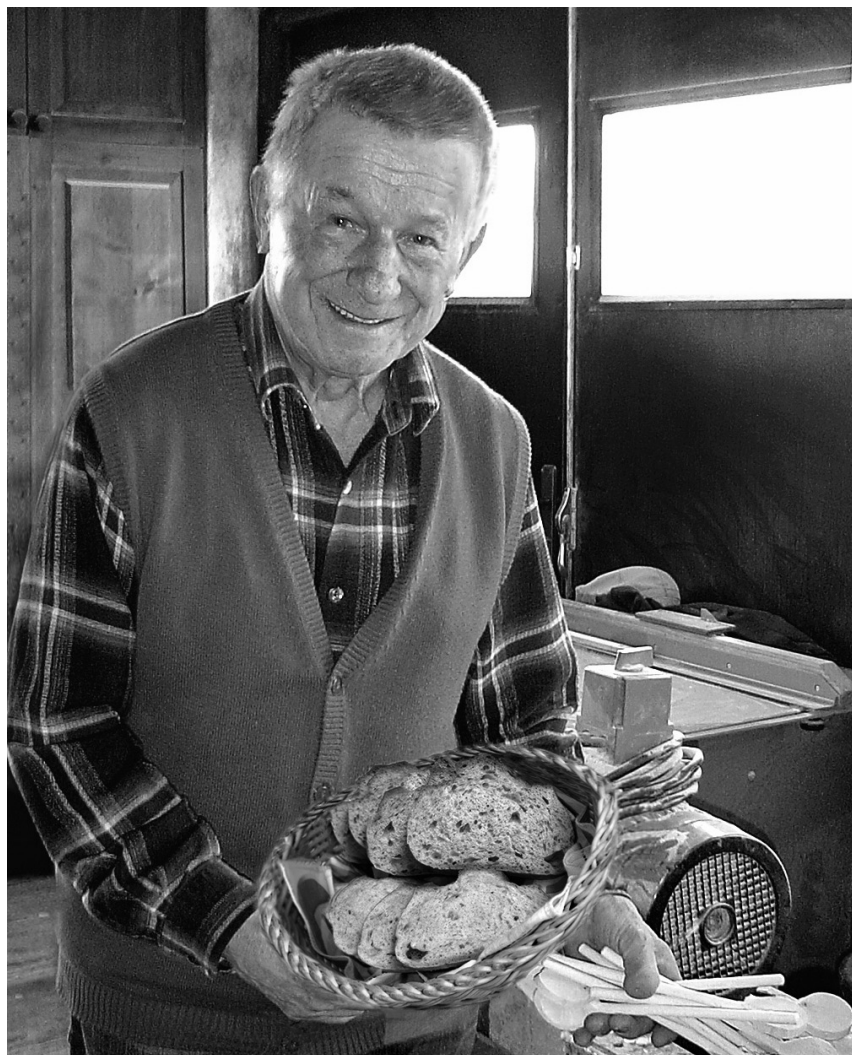
Bread! As we were cleaning up the premises, we saw bread lying on the floor which made us both sad and angry having been raised to venerate it and not to throw it away. But refugees came with stale Croatian bread and when they saw ours which was fresh baked they threw the stale bread away. We did not know how many trains would arrive and when, so at first we had difficulties. We ordered either too much or too little bread, especially at weekends. And then we, the coordinators from different humanitarian organisations, kept calling each other to check what each of us needed. It was a pleasure cooperating with each other.

The first days the place was crowded and we were not in a direct contact with the refugees, we did not talk with them. Every two hours arrived one thousand new refugees. Those who were responsible for uniting families or distributing clothes were in closer contact with them. They were told horrible stories. Some refugees had seen with their own eyes the massacre of their family.

Dobova, with all those hungry people shivering with cold was a world apart. Each day, while travelling from Dobova to Ljubljana, the capital city of Slovenia, and back, I felt like moving from one planet to another. Many refugees took the long and dangerous trail to save their life, others, the migrants, to live a decent life.



Pribežniki čakajo na svoj košček kruha.
Refugees are waiting for their piece of bread.
Foto photo epa/Antonio Bat



Marjan Pavlič:

Kruh v tujini je bil trd in črn kot premog, ki sem ga kopal.

Earning my daily bread as a minor was hard, as was hard the coal I was extracting from the earth.

Foto photo Andrejka Fatur Videtič

Andrejka Fatur Videtič S trebuhom za kruhom

Pripoveduje **Marjan Pavlič** | 77 let | upokojeni kmet | Strmca pri Novi vasi

Ko je bila Bloška planota še prava zimska kraljica, sem bil mlad fant. Hude in dolge zime so nam prinesle trdo življenje. Moja družina je bila številna. Med vojno smo izgubili očeta in mati je morala na kmetiji sama preživeti nas štiri otroke in teto.

Še se spominjam kako polno prikrajšana je bilo naše življenje.

Vedno sem bil lačen kruha, saj ga ni bilo za vse. Pa nisem bil edini.

Takrat je šlo veliko mladih, posebno fantov, *s trebuhom za kruhom*, saj na naši planoti, ni bilo nobene možnosti za zaposlitev. Eni so iskali zaslužek doma, drugi v tujini. Meni se je to napletlo, ko sem prišel od vojakov. Bil sem lačen, počutil sem se bedno in brezizgledno. Včasih sem sanjal, da sedim ob mizi, polni kruha in jem, jem do sitega.

V tej stiski sem naletel na znanca, ki je *novačil* delavce za delo v rudniku v Nemčiji. Kar na hitro sem se odločil in šel, med rudarje. Rudarski kruh je bil trd in črn kot kamniti premog, ki sem ga kopal. Toda znal sem prijeti za delo, pa če je bilo še tako težko in delodajalec je zato že kmalu dal dobro plačo. Ljudje so bili nam, tujcem, naklonjeni, kot delavce so nas cenili. Tudi bivalni pogoji so bili človeka vredni. In nikoli nisem bil lačen. Gospodarno sem ravnal z denarjem in začel varčevati. Postopoma sem kupoval potrebne stroje za delo na kmetiji, izpolnil pa sem si še svojo veliko željo: po dveh letih rudarjenja sem si kupil avto. Ja, čisto nov opel rekord. Kako sem ga bil vesel! Pa dodal sem še harmoniko. Rudarski poklic sem uspel celo zamenjati in sem krajši čas delal še v *eisenfabrik* in *glassfabrik*, tudi nemščine sem se že dobro naučil. A domotožje je postalo premočno. Tudi obilje kruha in dober zaslužek nista odtehtala topline družine.

Po dobrih treh letih sem se vrnil domov. S privarčevanim denarjem, avtom in ostalo opremo sem imel kar *nadstandardne pogoje* za začetek novega življenja. Vse sile in denar sem vložil v obnovo doma in začel s svojo dejavnostjo.

Poročil sem se, si ustvaril družino in mojim otrokom nikoli ni primanjkovalo kruha. Ker sem sam spoznal trd kruh tujine, sem jih že od malega učil, da

imajo do njega spoštljiv odnos. In ker je zame kruh še vedno simbol za blagostanje, ga imamo pri nas na mizi vedno polno košarico.

Andrejka Fatur Videtič

He went around with his hungry belly hoping to earn his daily bread

Narrated by **Marjan Pavlič** | 77 | retired farmer | Strmca pri Novi vasi

Bloška planota used to be a true winter fairy tale. I was a lad in those days. Long and bitter cold winters made our life hard. We were a large family having lost our father during the war and alone our mother had to take care of us four children and our aunt. I vividly remember poverty and deprivation. I was hungry, since we did not have enough bread to feed all of us and I shared this fate with many others. In those days many, especially young men went around with their belly hoping to earn their daily bread. Our region did not offer jobs, so some stayed at home while others went abroad to earn their living. When I returned from the army, this was also my case. I was hungry, miserable, and I thought I was without a future. From time to time, I dreamt about myself sitting at the table overloaded with bread and I dreamt that I was eating till I could not eat anymore.

I was in need when I came across an acquaintance recruiting new minors to work in mines in Germany. It did not take long before my decision was taken: I will go mining.

Earning daily bread as a minor was hard, as was hard the coal I was extracting from the earth. But I was handy and willing to work, no matter how difficult it was and my employer provided me with a good pay. We, foreigners were well accepted, our work was respected and we had a decent life. I was careful with money so slowly I purchased agricultural machinery and after two years of min-

ing I even managed to buy a car, which was a great wish of mine. Imagine, a brand new Opel! How delighted I was! And an accordion on the top of it. I even managed to stop working as a minor and for a while I moved to Eisenfabrik and Glassfabrik. I learned German well. But I was longing to go home. Even an abundance of bread and a good pay could not replace a warm family.

Three years later I came home. The money I had spared, my car and equipment were more than enough to start a new life. I put all my forces into refurbishing our house and started my own business. I got married, established a family and my children were never deprived of bread. I had learned that earning daily bread was not easy, therefore I raised my children to respect bread. In my eyes bread is a symbol of prosperity and therefore we keep a basket full of bread on the table.



Karin Starc:

V šoli se trudimo učiti otroke spoštljivega odnosa do hrane.
In school we do our best to teach children to respect food.

Foto photo Osebni arhiv personal archive

Ljubica Kosmač

Kruh za šolsko malico

Pripoveduje **Karin Starc** | 46 let | učiteljica biologije in gospodinjstva | Ljubljana

Včasih je veljalo, da bel kruh jedo le premožni. Danes pa večkrat slišimo, da bel kruh jedo tisti, ki si bolj zdravega na žalost ne morejo privoščiti. Naši učenci imajo, denimo, za malico na razpolago veliko vrst kruha: pirinega, koruznega, ovsenega, rženega, ajdovega, ječmenovega in včasih tudi polbelega ali bio kruh. Poleg kruha dobijo še različne domače namaze, kot so zelenjavni, zeliščni, ribji in različne mesne izdelke. Najraje imajo hrenovke s štručko. Za žejo jim pripravimo različne vrste sadnih in zeliščnih čajev, ki jih, če že, sladkamo z medom. Ob vsaki malici jim ponudimo še svežo zelenjavo (kumare, kalčke, paradižnik, papriko, korenje ...) ali različno sadje.

Veseli smo, da otrokom lahko včasih pripravimo tudi tople mlečne malice. To so mlečni močnik, mlečni riž, pirin mlečni zdrob, polenta in tudi koruzni žganci. Te jedi imajo radi otroci na razredni stopnji, slabše pa teknejo najstnikom 8. in 9. razredov. Ti menijo, da so že preveč odrasli, da bi jedli take *kašice*.

Otroke učimo, naj raje vzamejo le polovico kruha, kot da bi ga metali stran, če so še lačni, pa ga vedno lahko dobijo še. Na naši šoli imamo že nekaj let tudi tako imenovani *lakotni kotiček*, ki ga vsak dan takoj po šolski malici napolnimo z vso nedotaknjeno hrano, ki je nihče ni pojedel v času malice. Hrano iz kotička lahko vzame vsak učenec. Namen *kotička* je zmanjšati količino zavržene hrane ter potešiti lakoto pri tistih, ki doma morda nimajo dovolj hrane. Na ta način tudi nevsiljivo vzgajamo mlade, da imajo spoštljiv odnos do hrane. *Lakotni kotiček* je na šoli lepo sprejet. Brez predsodkov se ga poslužujejo vsi otroci, ko se jim oglasi želodec.

Otroke učimo tudi samostojnosti pri jedi. Zakaj je to pomembno, pove tale resnična zgodbica. Za malico so otroci dobili kruh, kuhano jajce z lupino, solato in zeliščni čaj. Učiteljica jim je zaželela dober tek. Otroci so začeli jesti, le en deček si je jajce le ogledoval. Učiteljica je mislila, da se igra, vendar se je izkazalo, da ni vedel, kako priti do jajca, da bi ga lahko zaužil. Verjetno je doma vedno dobil že olupljenega in narezanega.

Opažamo, da otroci najraje posegajo po polbelem kruhu. Kruh jim pomeni

še vedno osnovno živilo. Ko so lačni, si v lakotnem kotičku raje vzamejo kos kruha kot kos sadja. Pravijo, da jim kruh najbolj poteši lakoto.

Kaj prinaša prihodnost, ne vemo. Svet postaja vse bolj poln, število prebivalcev narašča, zahteve po hrani se povečujejo. Zato je naloga vseh nas, da vztrajno učimo drug drugega spoštovanja do hrane. Vzgoja pa se začne pri otrocih, mar ne?

Ljubica Kosmač

Bread as school snack

Narrated by **Karin Starc** | 46 | biology and house management teacher
| Ljubljana

In the past, it was believed that only those who were well off were entitled to white bread. Today, white bread seems to be consumed only by those who cannot afford dark, supposedly healthier bread. Look, our pupils, can choose among bread made out of spelt, corn, barley, oat, buckwheat flour, sometimes also half white wheat bread. Slices of bread are spread, with homemade spreads. Our pupils like best frankfurter sausages with a small bread. They are offered different sorts of herbal tea, which is sweetened with honey, if sweetened at all. Each school snack comprises vegetables: cucumbers, tomatoes, paprika, carrots or fruits.

We are glad that from time to time we are able to prepare warm milk snacks. Milk rice, wheat semolina, maize semolina, and corn dumplings. These are appreciated by smaller children while much less by those who are in their teens. They think that they are too old for such food.

Children are taught they should better take only a half slice of bread, than to throw it away. They can always have more later on. In our school there is the

so called hungry corner which every day after the snack time is filled with what is left of food. Any pupil can take food from this corner. What we want is to reduce the quantity of food thrown away and to feed those who might not have enough food at home. This is also our hidden way of raising children to respect food. The hungry corner has been well accepted. All children feel free to use it, if hungry.

Children are taught to be autonomous at table. Listen to this real life story! For snack children got bread, a hard-boiled egg, some salad and herbal tea. “*Bon appétit*, children,” said the teacher. All children started eating, all but a little boy who was cautiously looking at the egg shell. The teacher thought he was playing a game. But no, it turned out that he could not figure it out how to eat the egg. At home he had always been served sliced hard-boiled egg, I think.

What our children like best, is half white bread. Bread is still considered as staff food and when hungry, children go to the hungry corner. They prefer a slice of bread to fruits. They say that this is how their belly sooner gets full.

What does future have in store for us? We do not know. The population numbers are increasing, the need for food is getting greater. Therefore mutual teaching to respect food is urgent and you will agree that teaching and educating starts when one is a little boy or a little girl.



Zdenka Koren:

Ko stopim v prodajalno, me pozdravi prijeten vonj kruha!

I hardly enter the shop, and the smell of good bread welcomes me!

Foto photo Neda Luznar

Neda Luznar

Dišečemu kruhu se ni moč upreti

Pripoveduje **Zdenka Koren** | 59 let | prodajalka v pekarni | Ljubljana

Že osem let prodajam kruh. Rada ga prodajam in vsakokrat, ko vstopim v prodajalno, me pozdravi njegov prijeten vonj. Tudi ljudje, ki ga kupujejo, so drugače razpoloženi kot kupci drugih izdelkov v trgovinah. To dobro vem, saj sem prej prodajala v špecerijski trgovini. Pogosto poklepetam s kupci, jim pomagam pri izbiri, pa tudi kupci se radi zadržijo in pogovorijo o različnih stvareh.

V naši pekarni imamo zelo pestro izbiro kruha in pekovskega peciva: žemlje, kajzerice, makovke in še marsikaj drugega. Pečemo in prodajamo tudi posebne vrste kruha, kot je kruh brez glutena in druge. Stranke pogosto vzamejo prav naše posebne izdelke, ker so jim všeč in so jih vzeli za svoje. Slovimo po kruhih, ki jih pečemo po svojih receptih iz več vrst moke.

Opažam, da imajo ljudje vedno bolj spoštljiv odnos do kruha. Pred leti so kupovali predvsem velike hlebce in štruce. Sedaj kupujejo bolj preudarno in pazijo, da jim kruh ne ostaja in ga ne zavržejo. Dnevno prodamo več kruha kot pekovskega peciva, to pa zato, ker je cena kruha za kilogram nižja. Dopoldan je prodaja večja, saj so naši kupci predvsem okoliški prebivalci. Po osemnajsti uri znižamo ceno kruhu in ga prodajamo po polovični ceni. Opažam, da takrat kupujejo ljudje iz različnih družbenih slojev. Torej ne samo tisti, ki so revnejši, temveč predvsem tisti, ki gledajo na denar. Kruh, ki ostane, vrnemo peku, kjer belega predelajo v drobtine, ostalega pa poceni prodajo kmetom za krmo živini.

Neda Luznar

It is impossible to resist the smell of good bread

Narrated by **Zdenka Koren** | 59 | shop assistant in a bakery | Ljubljana

I have been selling bread for eight years now and each time I enter the bakery a pleasurable smell welcomes me. I can say that customers who buy bread are in a better mood than buyers of other items in other shops. I am telling this out of my own experience, since I used to work in a grocery shop. Here, I often talk with customers, advising them which bread to choose and they like staying in the shop a little longer, chatting about different topics.

In our bakery the choice of bread and baked products is large: small breads shaped like roses, poppy seeds bread etc. We also bake and sell special varieties of bread: gluten free bread, etc. Our customers mostly prefer our special products. They like them, and they have grown to like them. We are famous for the varieties of bread we bake ourselves according to our own recipes using various types of flour.

I have noticed that the attitude towards bread is getting ever more respectful. In the past customers were buying big loaves and long loaves of bread. Now they are more careful not to throw bread away. Each day we sell more bread than baked goods, since the price of bread is lower. After 6.00 p.m. the price is reduced by 50%. I can tell that customers who buy bread after 6.00 p.m. are from different social layers, not only the lower ones. After 6.00 p.m. bread is bought by those who are careful with money. Bread that is left over is then returned to the baker, where white bread is crumbled and the rest of it is sold to farmers as animal feed.



V pekarni. In the bakery.

Foto photo Meta Kutin



Zdenka Ferengja:

Za to sladico koščke starega kruha prelijem s toplim mlekom.
For this desert bits of stale bread are topped with warm milk.

Foto photo Tatjana Rodošek

Alenka Steindl

Poslastice iz starega kruha

Pripoveduje **Zdenka Ferengja** | 59 let | upokojena diplomirana ekonomistka | Ljubljana

Ko je bila moja mama otrok, je bila vojna. Hrane ni bilo dovolj in bila je podhranjena. Le redko so jedli kruh, zato ga je zelo spoštovala. Naučila me je, da se kruha nikoli ne sme odvreči v smeti in s to zavestjo živim še danes. Ko sem bila majhna, smo jedli večinoma navaden črn kruh. Kruhove skorje smo hranili, da so se posušile in jih zmleli v drobtine. Če je ostal večji kos, je mama spekla slastne kruhove *šnite*. Rezine kruha je pomočila v mleko, nato še v stepeno jajce in jih ocvrla v olju. Zlato zapečene in posute s sladkorjem so vedno zelo teknile.

Nasproti babičine hiše je stala pekarna in spominjam se svežih žemljic, ki jih je vsako jutro zame in za sestro prinesla babica. Žemljice sva pomakali v toplo mleko in še danes to rada počnem.

Ko sem si ustvarila svojo družino, sem tudi jaz pripravljala mlečne *šnite*. Iz kruha, ki ostane, pa pripravljam še marsikaj. Zrežem ga na kocke in jih prelijem s toplim mlekom. Dodam praženo čebulo, sesekljan peteršilj in jajce. Oblikujem cmoke, ki jih bodisi takoj skuham nad soparo ali pa jih zamrznem in jih kasneje porabim. Kruhove kocke včasih tudi pomočim v stepena jajca in jih popečem v ponvi. So odlične v juhi, namesto industrijsko pripravljenih kroglic. Iz ostankov kruha naredim tudi razne narastke. Osnova je pri vseh enaka; s toplim mlekom prelijem koščke kruha in namočene zmešam s nekaj stepenimi jajci.

Če želim pripraviti sladico, dodam malo smetane in sladkor, lahko pa tudi pehtran, naribana jabolka in rozine ali kakšno drugo sadje. Za slan narastek med jajca naribam sir, spomladi tudi sveže liste rmana, popečeno čebulo ali slanino. Zmes predenem v pomaščen in z drobtinami posut model. Pečem približno pol ure, dokler narastek ni zlato rumeno zapečen. Sladico ponudim s kompotom, slan narastek pa tekne s solato. Če pa kruh vseeno ostane in ga ne porabimo, ga shranim za zajčke, ki jih goji moj nečak. Bolje je kupiti in pojesti manj kruha, kot ga vreči v smeti.

During the war my mother was a little girl. Not having enough to eat she was undernourished. The family rarely had bread, and that's why my mother venerated it. She later taught me that I should never ever throw bread away, what I still bear in mind. When I was a little girl, we mostly ate standard, dark bread. We kept the crust, dried it, and crumbled it. If a bigger piece of staled bread remained, my mother baked delicious bread slices wetting bread with milk, whipped eggs and then she fried them. Golden brown fresh baked, the slices were delicious.

Opposite my grandmother's house there was a bakery and I still remember freshly baked small bread that every morning my granny would bring me and my sister. We used to wet the small breads in warm milk, what I still like doing.

Since I established my own family I have never stopped preparing milk slices of bread and from bread that is left over I make a lot of things. I cut it into cubes and pour over warm milk adding roasted onion, thinly cut parsley and an egg. Then I shape dumplings out of this mixture which I cook suspended over steam or I freeze and use them later on. Occasionally I wet bread cubes in whipped eggs and fry them. In soup they are delicious, much tastier, than industrially prepared small balls. From the rest of the bread I make *soufflés*. The base is always the same: cubes of bread topped with warm milk and whipped eggs. To make a desert, I add some cream and sugar, graded apples and raisins or any other fruit. For salted *soufflés*, I add eggs with grated cheese or fresh leaves of yarrow, roasted onion and bacon. I lay this mixture in an oiled model lined with crumbles. I bake it for half an hour in an oven until it gets golden brown. This desert is served with fruit stew. Salted *soufflé*, however, tastes nice when served with a side salad. When, nevertheless, bread is left over and we do not use it otherwise, it ends up as the feed for my nephew's rabbits. Well, it is better to buy and to eat less bread than to throw it in a dustbin.

Nekaj slovenskih pregovorov in rekov o kruhu

Some Slovenian proverbs and sayings about bread

Koder sonce teče, kruh se peče.
Where the sun goes, bread bakes.

Ni kruha brez truda.
No bread without effort.

Kdor rano vstaja, mu kruh ostaja.
Who gets up early, has more than enough bread.

Bolje kos kruha v žepu kot pušlc rož za klobukom.
Better a piece of bread in the pocket, than a bunch of
flowers pinned on the hat.

Kdor rad kruh deli, se mu v roki množi.
Who likes sharing bread, gets more of it.

Tam, kjer glad mori lenuha, najde priden dosti kruha.
Where hunger kills the lazy, the hard working find a lot of
bread.

Kdor se mlad belega kruha brani, bo star rad črnega hrustal.
Who does not like white bread when young, will like eat-
ing dark bread in old age.

Kruha se je objedel, pa se je s pametjo skregal.
He had eaten too much white bread and has lost his reason.

Sitemu trebuhu še bel kruh ni všeč.
Whoever has a full belly, does not like bread, even if it is
white.

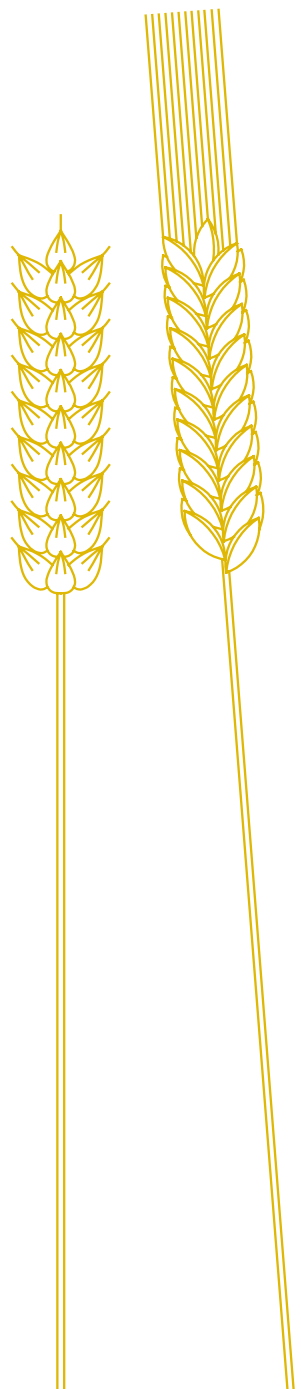
Sosedov kruh lepše diši.
Neighbours' bread smells better.

Kruh je naš največji prijatelj.
Bread is our best friend.

Kar je preveč, še s kruhom ni dobro.
What is too much, even with bread is no good.

Iz te moke ne bo kruha.
There will be no bread made from this flour.

Še muha išče kruha.
Even a fly searches for some bread.



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