

You have reached a bench. If possible, take a seat and imagine what you would have seen through the eyes of this little girl about 70 years ago. You are sitting roughly in the same spot as she did back then. The locals used to call this building a tea house.



stripes, not green like it is today.

Above the door, there would not have been an awning but a sign with the text "Aptek : Аптека" (pharmacy). Unfortunately, there is no such establishment here anymore.

If your eyes could see through the house, you would find a deer named Bembi in a fenced yard. It lived there for years and was a popular attraction for many passersby as well as the locals.

Turn your gaze to the left. At the site of the current inn building, there was a similar structure (the former inn, which burned down in 1989 and was later rebuilt), but it wasn't an inn back then.



Instead, it housed the roadmaster's office and residence.

In the spot where the kebab stall now stands, there was once a proud white plaster statue of a man with a book. The locals affectionately called him Carolus Weiss or



White Karl, often drawing underwear on him, putting a bottle of vodka in his hand, and playing other tricks to draw attention. Such plaster statues (depicting pioneers, athletes, etc.) were common along the roads back then. Of course, this material did not last very long.

The building across the road functioned as a dairy and was light green in color. To the right of the pharmacy building, there was a small wooden bus shelter. The store at that time was located a bit further past the dairy and is now hidden among the trees.