



GLASNIK

B'nai B'rith „Gavro Schwartz“ Hrvatska

Godina/Year 6 Broj/No 21; Zagreb, veljača/February 2021; Izlazi 4 puta godišnje/ Published quarterly



Marcel Marceau: Pantomimičar, spašavatelj židovske djece u vrijeme Holokausta
The mime artist who saved Jewish children during Holocaust

VOICE

of B'nai B'rith „Gavro Schwartz“ Croatia

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Sadržaj

Uz dvadesetprvi broj BB Glasnika	3
Marcel Marceau, poznati francuski pantomimičar	6
<i>Isak Drutter: Izložba Ine Drutter u Studiju „Josip Račić“</i>	8
<i>Darko Fischer: Zaboravljeni Moša Albahari</i>	11
<i>Tatjana Protulipac: Sjećanja na židovsku zajednicu Karlovca</i>	14
<i>Jozef Baruhović: Spašeni u Albaniji:</i>	17

Contents

Editorial to the twentyfirst issue of The Voice of BB	4
The famaous French mime artist Marcel Marceau	5
<i>Isak Drutter: Ina Drutter's Exhibition in „Josip Račić“ Gallery in Zagreb</i>	9
<i>Darko Fischer: Forgotten Mosha Albahari</i>	12
<i>Tatjana Protulipac: Not Forgetting the Jewish Community of Karlovac</i>	15
<i>Jozef Baruhović: Saved in Albania</i>	22

Uz dvadesetprvi broj BB Glasnika



Poštovane čitateljice i čitatelji,

Tekst o stradanju Avrama Levija Berte Belson, koji smo donijeli u našem posebnom broju pred mjesec dana naišao je na vrlo pozitivan odjek kod naših čitalaca. Zato smo odlučili da nastavimo donositi sjećanja i stradanja u Holokaust. U ovom broju donosimo sjećanje Jozefa Baruhovića koji je kao dječak preživio Holokaust u Albaniji. Njegov tekst, već ranije objavljen u jednoj od knjiga „Mi smo preživeli..“ u izdanju „Saveza jevrejskih opština Srbije“ donosimo s dozvolom autora. Ovo sjećanje naći ćete kao zadnji članak u ovom izdanju našeg Glasnika. Taj i slične tekstove naći ćete i na web-stranici „jevrejska digitanabiblioteka“.

Na nedavnom otvorenju izložbe slikarice Ine Drutter, o toj umjetnici židovskog porijekla, govorio je poznati hrvatski kritičar Tonko Maroević. Nažalost, bio je to zadnji govor ovog kritičara koji je često prisustvovao kulturnim događajima u Židovskoj općini u Zagrebu. Maroević je iznenada umro uskoro nakon otvaranja ove izložbe. Donosimo tekst Isaka Druttera, oca umjetnice.

Marcel Marceau bio je poznati francuski pantomimičar. Manje je poznato da je porijeklom bio Židov i da je u toku Holokausta spašavao židovsku djecu. Ilegalno ih je iz Francuske prevezio u Švicarsku. Donosimo reportažu o njemu na temelju podataka s Interneta.

Albahari je rašireno sefardsko prezime. Došli su na Balkan preko Turske i Soluna. Na prostoru bivše Jugoslavije bilo je nekoliko poznatih osoba toga prezimena. Donosimo priču o jednom od njih.

Karlovac je nekada imao veliku židovsku zajednicu. Danas tamo nema više ni Židova ni židovske općine. Ipak postoje nastojanja da se oživi sjećanje na tu zajednicu. Pročitajte zapis karlovčanke Tatjane Protulipac koja je dalji potomak jedne židovske obitelji.

Darko Fischer, editor of "Voice of BB"

Editorial to the twenty-first issue of *The Voice of BB*



Dear readers,

In our last and special issue a month ago we presented a text by Berta Belson. She wrote about suffering and death of Jews during Holocaust in Croatia. Many our readers expressed a significant interest in this text. It motivated us to present similar remembrances of our friends who survived Holocaust under severe conditions. In this issue you'll find the text of Jozef Baruhović. With his permission we reproduced it from the book "We survived...", published by Jewish community of Serbia more than 20 years ago. This and similar texts you can find in Serbian (Croatian) but also in English on a website "jevrejskadigitalnabiblioteka". You can read this text at the end of our Voice.

Ina Drutter was a Jewish painter from Zagreb. Recently an exhibition of her works was presented in a Zagreb gallery. Well known Croatian art critic Tonko Maroević gave the opening speech. Maroević was often seen in many cultural manifestation in Jewish Community Zagreb. Unfortunately, this was his last presentation as he suddenly died a week after. Read the article from Isak Drutter, the painter's father.

Marcel Marceau was a well known French mime. Few people know he was Jewish and he saved lives of Jewish children by smuggling them over French border to Switzerland. A report on Marceau you can find in this issue of our Voice.

Albahari is a frequent Sephardic family name. Albaharis came to Balkan through Turkey and Thesaloniki. In former Yugoslavia several persons with such name were well known. A story of one of them you can find in this issue.

Karlovac, a town in north Croatia, had once a prosperous Jewish community. No Jews live there any more. Still, there are activities to present lives of them in Karlovac before Holocaust. Tatjana Protulipac from Karlovac, a descendant of a Jewish family gave us the story.

The famous French mime artist Marcel Marceau

The famous French mimic Marcel Marceau was Jewish. He was born as Marcel Mangel on March 22, 1923 in Strasbourg, His parents were Ann Werzberg Mangel and Charles Mangel, a kosher butcher.

Young Marcel Mangel discovered Charlie Chaplin at age five when his mother took him to the movies and he became an avid fan. He entertained his friends imitating Chaplin, and dreamed of starring in silent movies.



Marceau in 1966

When France entered World War II, Marcel, fled with his family to Limoges. His father was captured and deported to the Auschwitz concentration camp in 1944, where he was killed.

During the German occupation of France Marcel and his younger brother Alain adopted the family name “Marceau” to avoid being identified as Jewish. Brothers joined the French Resistance in Limoges, where they saved hundreds of Jewish children from the race laws and concentration camps, and after the liberation of Paris, joined the French army.

While helping Jewish children to escape to neutral Switzerland, Marcel occupied their attention performing silent mime acts to keep them quiet. He also evacuated a Jewish orphanage in eastern France. He told the children he was taking them on vacation in the Alps.

Marcel’s remarkable talent as a mime artist was recognized among allied forces. In his first major performance, Marcel entertained 3,000 US troops after the liberation of Paris in August 1944. Later in life, he expressed great pride that his first review was in the US Army newspaper, *Stars and Stripes*. Owing to Marcel’s excellent command of the English, French, and German languages, he worked as a liaison officer with General George Patton’s army.

After the WW II Marceau joined Jean-Louis Barrault’s company and was soon cast in the role of Harlequin in the pantomime, “Baptiste” (which Barrault had interpreted in the film *Les Enfants du Paradis*). Marceau’s performance won him such acclaim that he was encouraged to present his first “mimodrama”, *Praxitele and the Golden Fish*, and at the Bernhardt Theatre the same year. The acclaim was unanimous and Marceau’s career as a mime artist was firmly established.

Marceau created “Bip the Clown” in 1947 at the Théâtre de Poche (Pocket Theatre) in Paris. The outfit signified life’s fragility and Bip became his alter ego, just as the “Little Tramp” became Charlie



Marceau with president Carter in 1977

Chaplin's. Bip's misadventures with everything from butterflies to lions, from ships and trains, to dance-halls or restaurants, were limitless.

In his appearance he wore a striped pullover and a battered, flower decorated, stovepipe silk opera hat. For the next six decades, Marcel was the world's foremost master of the art of silence. Pop star Michael Jackson credited Marcel with inspiring his famous moonwalk. In 2001, Marcel was awarded the Wallenberg Medal for his acts of courage during the Holocaust. When the award was announced, people speculated on whether

Marcel would give an acceptance speech. He replied, "Never get a mime artist talking, because he won't stop."

Marceau died in a retirement home in Cahors, France, on Yom Kippur (!), September 22, 2007 at the age of 84. At his burial ceremony, the second movement of Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 21 (which Marceau long used to accompany his elegant mime routine) was played. Marceau was interred at the Père Lachaise Cemetery in Paris. In 1999 New York City declared 18 March "Marcel Marceau Day".

Marcel Marceau, poznati francuski pantomimičar

Poznati francuski pantomimičar Marcel Marceau bio je Židov. Rođen je kao Marcel Mangel 22. ožujka 1923. u Strasbourgu. Roditelji su mu bili Anne Werzberg Mangel i Charles Mangel, košer mesar. Mladi Marcel Mangel s pet godina otkrio je Charlija Chaplina kada ga je majka odvela u kino i Marcel je postao njegov strastveni obožavatelj. Prijatelje je zabavljao imitirajući Chaplina, a maštao je da glumi u nijemim filmovima.

Kad je Francuska ušla u Drugi svjetski rat, Marcel je pobjegao s obitelji u Limoges. Otac je stradao 1944. kada je uhvaćen i deportiran u koncentracijski logor Auschwitz.

Tijekom njemačke okupacije Francuske Marcel i njegov mlađi brat Alain promijenili su prezime u "Marceau" da bi prikrili svoj židovski identitet. Braća su se pridružila francuskom pokretu otpora u Limoges, gdje su spasili stotine židovske djece od rasnih zakona i koncentracijskih logora, a nakon oslobođanja Pariza pridružili su se francuskoj vojsci.

Dok je židovskoj djeci pomagao u bijegu u neutralnu Švicarsku, Marcel ih je zabavljao pantomimom kako bi bili tihi. Također je evakuirao židovsko sirotište u istočnoj Francuskoj. Djeci je rekao da ih vodi na odmor u Alpe a odveo ih na sigurno u Švicarsku.



Plakat za Marceauov nastup 1966. u Izraelu

Marcelov izvanredan talent za pantomimu prepoznat je među savezničkim snagama. U svom prvom velikom nastupu, Marcel je nakon oslobađanja Pariza u kolovozu 1944. zabavljao 3000 američkih vojnika. Kasnije se u svom životu, ponosio time, što je prvi osvrt na njegove nastupe bio u novinama američke vojske, *Stars and Stripes*. Zahvaljujući izvrsnom poznavanju engleskog, francuskog i njemačkog jezika, Marcel je radio kao časnik za vezu u jedinicama generala Georgea Pattona.

Nakon Drugog svjetskog rata Marceau se pridružio grupi Jean-Louisa Barraulta, a ubrzo je dobio ulogu Harlekina u pantomimi "Baptiste" (koju je Barrault interpretirao u filmu *Les Enfants du Paradis*). Marceauov nastup s njima bio je vrlo hvaljen te ga je to ohrabrilo da iste godine predstavi svoju prvu "mimodramu" *Praxitele i zlatna ribica* u kazalištu Bernhardt. Priznanje je bilo jednoglasno i Marceauova karijera pantomime bila je čvrsto uspostavljena.

Marceau je stvorio "Klauna Bipa" 1947. u pariškom *Théâtre de Poche* (Džepno kazalište). Njegova odjeća je označavala životnu krhkost i

Bip je postao njegov alter ego, baš kao što je "Mali skitnica" to postao za Charlija Chaplina. Bipovih nezgoda sa svime, od leptira do lavova, od brodova i vlakova, do plesnih dvorana ili restorana bilo je nebrojno mnogo.

U svojim pojavljivanjima Marcel je nosio prugasti pulover i zgužvani svileni operni šešir s cvjetovima. Sljedećih šest desetljeća Marcel je bio najistaknutiji svjetski majstor umjetnosti šutnje. Pop zvijezda Michael Jackson pripisao je Marcelu inspiraciju za svoj poznati *Mjesečev hod*. Godine 2001. Marcel je odlikovan Wallenbergovom medaljom za hrabrost tijekom Holokausta. Kad je nagrada proglašena, Ljudi su se pitali hoće li Marcel održati govor na prihvaćanju medalje. Odgovorio je, "Nikad ne dajte pantomimičaru da govori, jer neće znati prestati."

Marceau je umro u domu za umirovljenike u mjestu Charos u Francuskoj na Jom Kipur (!) 22. rujna 2007. u dobi od 84 godine. Na pogrebu mu je sviran Mozartov Klavirski koncert broj 1, djelo uz koje je Marceau često izvodio svoje nastupe. Pokopan je na pariškom groblju Père Lachaise. Godine 1999. grad New York je dan 18. ožujka proglasio "Danom Marcela Marceaua".

Isak Drutter:

Izložba Ine Drutter u Studiju „Josip Račić“

Galerija Moderne umjetnosti priredila je od 9.7 do 2.8. 2020. u Studiju „Josip Račić“ izložbu slika akademske slikarice Ine Drutter doniranih Modernoj galeriji. Autori izložbe su akademik Tonko Maroević i kustosica Moderne galerije Dajana Vladislavljević.



Tonko Maroević je u svojem uvodnom izlaganju i u katalogu o radu slikarice rekao:

Kratak kreativni put slikarice Ine Drutter bio je iznimno intenzivan i vrlo koherentan... Njezina radna dionica od oko desetljeća i pol zauzima posebno mjesto među likovnim traženjima i estetičkim usmjerenjima koncem dvadesetoga stoljeća... Umjesto opisnosti i dopadljivosti Ina Drutter je od početka pristupala objektima nastojeći proniknuti u njihovu latentnu zbilju... U najranijoj fazi na njezinim su se kadrovima još nalazile sugestije kozmičkih prostranstava s markantnim obilježjima sunca i mjeseca, da bi postupno izostali svi elementi koji bi upućivali na vanjski svijet, a znakovi potom dolazili isključivo iz nutrine...

Ina Drutter, fotografija iz studentskih dana

Bestijarij Ine Drutter posebno je zanimljiv... Geste i grimase tih životinjskih likova zadobijaju antropomorfna svojstva, emaniraju čuđenje i strah, dijele s nama sudbinu privremenosti i prolaznosti.

U prikazima ljudskih figura slijedila je sličnu morfologiju: tijela su bila svedena na obrise, udovi izduženi ili skraćeni... Međutim, gipkom gestualnošću i kromatskom homogenošću ostvarivala je učinak jake emotivne participacije... Neće biti pretjerano kazati da u njezinu opusu nalazimo također prikaze bića na razmeđu životinjstva i ljudskosti, slučajeve gotovo kafkijanske preobrazbe i drastičnih, dramatičnih stanja „bačenosti u svijet“. S obzirom na Ininu načitanost i lirsku osjetljivost vjerujem da je u literaturi tražila i nalazila korelative za svoj doživljaj svijeta.



Ina Drutter: Mačkica

Posljednjih je nekoliko godina radila isključivo motive glava, služeći se pritom samo crnom bojom u tušu i pastelu, nanoseći na opori papir kontinuirane seizmogramne svojega ranjenog, izmučenog bića. Riječ je svakako o nesmiljenim, mračnim tragovima, o iskazima egzistencijalne tjeskobe, o osjećaju nesklada i grubosti što je okružuju u suvremenosti i aktualnosti.

Zbog njezina židovskog podrijetla učestala je asocijacija da bi se (Ina) mogla nadovezivati na humanu ikoniku Oskara Hermana (po bolnoj deformaciji lica i po obrisnoj zaokruženiosti, „kloazoniranosti“ likova). Ne dovodeći u pitanje izvornost njezinih doživljaja i rješenja, uvažavajući njezinu samotničku i intimističku putanju, smijemo zaključiti da opusu Ine Drutter može biti na čast usporedba s velikim pretkom, pod uvjetom da je se ne smješta među

izravne sljedbenike i u njegovu neposrednu sjenu. A to doista nije slučaj, jer njezino slikarsko djelo ima čvrsto pokriće u osobnoj osjetljivosti i

individualnom rukopisu.

Kustosica Dajana Vladisavljević, suautorica izložbe i likovnog postava tome je pridodala: *Mislim da će ova izložba u Galeriji Račić pridonijeti tomu da se Inin rad valorizira u kontekstu hrvatske suvremene umjetnosti.*

Tonko Maroević je pratio Inino slikarstvo od njezinih najranijih radova sve do njezine prerane smrti. Predstavljajući je na otvorenju jedne od njezinih izložba, još za njezina života, rekao je „*Inu ću i ubuduće trajno pratiti*“. I doista, pratio ju je i poslije njezine smrti. Postavio je izložbu u galeriji Židovske općine Zagreb „Milan i Ivo Steiner“ početkom 2008. godine pod nazivom „Ina Drutter, retrospektivna izložba“. U katalogu je objavio dva prikaza: „Mali formati velike težine, zapis o slikarskom djelu Ine Drutter“ i „Nutarnja viđenja Ine Drutter“. Govorio je i na otvorenju izložbe „Ina Drutter vs. Oskar Herman“ što ju je priredila Židovska općina Zagreb rujna 2018. godine u povodu Europskog dana židovske kulture i baštine.

Nedavna izložba slika Ine Drutter u Studiju Moderne galerije Josip Račić bila je, nažalost, Tonku Maroeviću posljednja. Nekoliko dana nakon izložbe nenadano je preminuo. Njegov spomenuti nagovještaj - „pratit ću je trajno“ - dobio je tako tragično značenje.

Odlaskom Tonka Maroevića hrvatska kultura izgubila je jedno od najznačajnijih pera koje je više od pola stoljeća ispisivalo brojne zapažene i nadahnute tekstove o našoj književnosti i umjetnosti. Židovska zajednica također je izgubila svog predanog suradnika i istraživača povijesti židovske likovne umjetnosti. Bio je autor velikog broja izložbi Židovske općine Zagreb, kao i velike izložbe „San i krik - likovna umjetnost Židova iz Hrvatske“ održane sredinom 2000. godine u Klovićevim dvorima. U opsežnoj publikaciji „San i krik“ analizirao je osobitosti židovskih slikara i kipara. Prikazao je četrdesetak umjetnika s oko 250 radova i 35 reprodukcija. Time je dao značajan doprinos istraživanju i čuvanju židovske kulturne baštine.

Isak Drutter:

Ina Drutter's Exhibition in „Josip Račić“ Gallery in Zagreb

The Gallery of Modern Art prepared in "Josip Račić" Gallery of Zagreb an exhibition of paintings by academic painter Ina Drutter, works donated to the Modern Gallery of Zagreb. The exhibition was opened from June 9th to August 2nd 2020. The authors of the exhibition were academician Tonko Maroević and Dajana Vladisavljević, curator of the Modern Gallery. In his introductory speech and in the catalogue about the painter's work, Tonko Maroević said:



Tonko Maroević, the Art Critics (1941 – 2020)

Painter Ina Drutter's creative path was short, yet extremely intense and very coherent... She worked as an artist for about a decade and a half, which is a fact that occupies a special place amongst artistic pursuits and aesthetic orientations of the end of the 20th century.... In the earliest stage of her art, her compositions contained intimations of cosmic expanses where the sun and the moon have striking features. However, she gradually started omitting from her compositions all the elements that

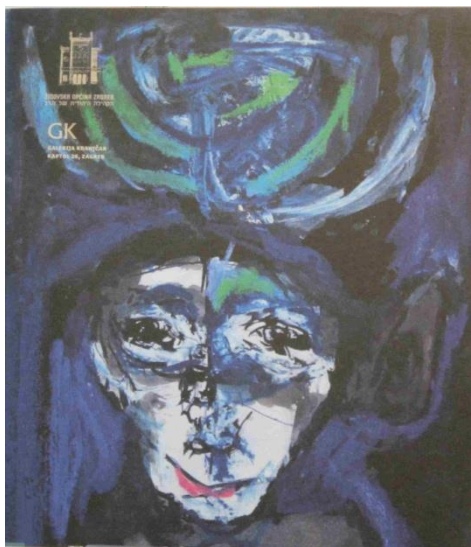
would point to the existence of an outside world, after which all the signs came exclusively from within, and this filtered through her memories and recollections.

What is particularly interesting is Ina Drutter's bestiary... Ultimately, the gestures and grimaces of animal figures acquire anthropomorphic traits, they emanate wonder and fear, and share with us a fate of temporality and transience.....

In her depictions of human figures, she followed a similar morphology: human bodies are reduced to contours, and limbs are elongated or shortened.... However, with her lithe gesturality and chromatic homogeneity, Ina Drutter achieved the effect of powerful emotional participation.... It would not be an exaggeration to say that her oeuvre also features depictions of beings that are animal-human crossbreeds, cases of near Kafkaesque metamorphoses and drastic, dramatic states of "being thrown into the world". Considering that Ina Drutter was well-read and was lyrically sensitive, I believe that in literature she sought and found correlations for her experience of the world.

During the last few years of her life, the only motif she painted was that of the head. In doing so, the only color she used was black, in ink and pastel, recording on harsh paper the continuous seismograms of her wounded, tortured being. These paintings are about ruthless, dark traces, they are expressions of existential anxiety, they are about her sense of disharmony and harshness surrounding her.

Because she was of Jewish descent, it was often thought that she was building on Oskar Herman's human iconography (and this in terms of painful deformations of the face and figures being rounded-off by their contours, "cloisonné" in a manner of speaking). Without questioning the originality of her experiences and solutions, and respecting her solitary and intimate path, we can conclude that Ina Drutter's oeuvre can pride itself on being compared to a great predecessor, provided it is neither ranked amongst its direct successors nor placed in its shadow. And this truly is not the case because her painting features her very personal sensitivity and distinctive expression.



Ina Drutter: Menorah

Curator Dajana Vladislavljević, co-author of the exhibition and arranger of the event added: *I think that this exhibition at the Račić Gallery will contribute to the fact that Ina's work is being valorized in the context of Croatian contemporary art.*

Tonko Maroević followed Ina's painting from her earliest works until her untimely death. Presenting her at the opening of one of her exhibitions during her lifetime, he said *"I will continue to follow Ina in the future"*. And indeed, he followed her even after her death. He set up an exhibition in the "Milan and Ivo Steiner" gallery of the Jewish Community of Zagreb in early 2008 entitled *"Ina Drutter, a retrospective exhibition."* He published two reviews in the catalog: *"Small formats of great weight, a record of Ina Drutter's painting"* and *"Inner visions of Ina Drutter"*. He also spoke at the opening of the exhibition *"Ina Drutter vs. Oskar Herman"* organized by the Jewish Community of Zagreb in September 2018 on the occasion of the European Day of Jewish Cultural and Heritage.

Tonko Maroević followed Ina's painting from her earliest works until her untimely death. The recent exhibition of Ina Drutter's paintings in the Josip Račić Modern Gallery was, unfortunately, Tonko Maroević's last. He died suddenly few days after the exhibition. His mentioned hint - *"I will follow her permanently"* - gained such a tragic meaning.

With the departure of Tonko Maroević, Croatian culture lost one of its most important pens that had been writing numerous notable and inspired texts about our literature and art for more than half a century. The Jewish community has also lost its dedicated collaborator and researcher of the history of Jewish fine art. He was the author of large number of exhibitions organized by the Jewish community of Zagreb, as well as a large exhibition *"Dream and Scream - Fine Arts of Jews from Croatia"* held in mid-2000 in *Klovičevi dvori* Gallery in Zagreb. In his extensive publication *"Dream and Scream"* he analyzed the peculiarities of Jewish painters and sculptors. The publication featured about forty artists with about 250 work and 35 reproductions. He thus made a significant contribution to the preservation of Jewish cultural heritage.

Darko Fischer:

Zaboravljeni Moša Albahari

Još pred mnogo godina, kada sam planinario po vrhovima Gorskog kotara, zapazio sam da planinarski dom pod vrhom Snježnik, nedaleko od Rijeke i skijališta Platak nosi ime „Moša Albahari“. Bilo mi je čudno da je usred Gorskog kotara planinarski dom nazvan po osobi čije ime nedvojbeno ukazuje da je Židov, Sefard. Tek nedavno, tragom jedne vijesti u riječkom Novom listu ponovo sam se prisjetio te činjenice, možda i zbog toga što vrh Snježnika gledam svakodnevno s plaže na otoku Krku gdje zadnjih godina ljetujem.



Tko je bio Moša Albahari saznao sam iz Židovskog biografskog leksikona (Leksikografski zavod Miroslav Krleža, urednik prof. dr. sc. Ivo Goldstein, mrežno izdanje na zbl.lzmk.hr).

Moša (Maurizio, Moric) Albahari rođen je 13. 12. 1913. u Sarajevu od oca Leona i majke Matilde rođene Albahari. Godine 1915. dolazi s roditeljima u Zagreb gdje je završio gimnaziju i 1940. diplomirao psihologiju na Filozofskom fakultetu. Bio je

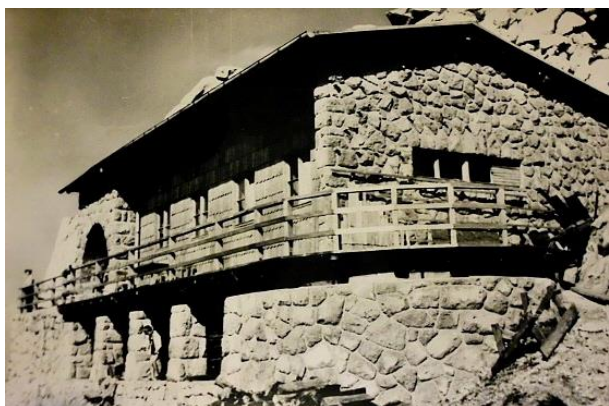
Spomenik Moši Albahariju u Rijeci. S postolja je uklonjena bista

član židovske omladinske organizacije

Hašomer Hacair (Mladi stražar). Bio je izraziti ljevičar pa je već 1934. postao član Komunističke partije Jugoslavije, te kao član SKOJ-a (Savez komunističke omladine Jugoslavije) vrlo aktivan u studentskom pokretu i u uredništvu ljevičarskih studentskih listova Novi student i Borbeni student. Po uspostavi NDH, Komunistička partija ga šalje na Sušak gdje u okolici postaje zapovjednikom partizanske jedinice koja je ratovala protiv Talijana. Bio je nekoliko puta ranjavan, uhapšen, suđen i konačno strijeljan u Rimu 22. studenog 1942. Njegovi posmrtni ostaci preneseni su nakon rata u Zagreb i sahranjeni na Mirogoju. U Rijeci jedna ulica nosi ime Moše Albaharija, tamo je i ljekarna koja je nosila njegovo ime a nekada je i škola u Podmurvici na Rijeci nosila njegovo ime. Pred školom je bio i njegov spomenik s bustom od kojeg je ostalo samo podnožje s njegovim imenom.

Vrijedne podatke o domu na Snježniku dobio sam od prof. dr. sc. Željka Poljaka, našeg najznačajnijeg autora planinarske literature. Gradnju ovog doma pokrenula je Skijaško planinarska sekcija FD Primorje iz Rijeke 1947. Kredit za gradnju doma dala je Vojna uprava tadašnje JNA (Jugoslavenske narodne armije) i komitet za fiskulturu tadašnje države FNRJ. Možda je zbog ustanova koje su financirale gradnju doma postojao zahtjev da dom dobije ime po poginulom partizanskom borcu. Dom je završen 27. srpnja

1951. Dugo godina dom je služio kao izletišta i prenoćište izletnika i planinara koji su obilazili Gorski kotar. Danas je dom nominalno pod upravom Nacionalnog parka Risnjak no potpuno je zapušten i u ruševnom stanju. Nedavni pokušaji da se dom obnovi ostali su bez uspjeha.



Dom "Moša Albahari" na Snježniku nekada... ... i sada

Prezime Albahari je vrlo rasprostranjeno sefardsko prezime. Ako u Google tražilici ukucate „Albahari“, dobit ćete oko 600 000 rezultata! Ako to slično napravite u nekoj bazi podataka s porodičnim stablom, za „Mosa Albahari“ dobit ćete podatke o desetak osoba. Koliko su mnogi Albahariji, među kojima ima i poznatih ličnosti kao srpski književnik David, međusobno u srodstvu, nisam uspio istražiti.

U Zagrebu također postoji Albaharijeva ulica. Ona je, vjerojatnije, nazvana po Nisimu Albahariju, također Sefardu iz Bosne i Hercegovine. Nisim je u bivšoj Jugoslaviji dobio orden narodnog heroja, najviši orden za ratne zasluge u Narodno oslobodilačkoj borbi te je jedan od 11 Židova s tim odličjem, od kojih su samo trojica preživjela rat (Nisim Albahari, Moša Pijade i Vojo Todorović Lerer). Preostalih osam (Isidor Baruh, Pavle Goranin, Robert Domani, Ilija Engel, Estera Ovadija, Pavle Pap, Adolf Štajberger i Slaviša Vajner) poginulo je u borbama ili su ubijeni u toku rata (izvor Wikipedia).

Darko Fischer:

Forgotten Mosha Albahari

(Translation by Google)

Many years ago, when hiking on the peaks of Gorski kotar, I noticed that the mountain lodge under the Snježnik peak, not far from Rijeka and the Platak ski resort, was named "Moša Albahari". I thought it strange that in the middle of Gorski kotar a mountain lodge would be named after a person whose name unequivocally was of Jewish, namely, Sephardim, origin. Only recently, following a piece of news in Rijeka's Novi list, I remembered that fact again, perhaps because I watch the top of Snježnik every day from the beach on the island of Krk, where I have been spending my summers in recent years.

Who was Moša Albahari? Information about him I found from the Jewish Biographical Lexicon (Miroslav Krleža Lexicographic Institute, editor Prof. Ivo Goldstein, PhD, online edition at zbl.lzmk.hr).

Moša (Maurizio, Moric) Albahari was born on December 13, 1913 in Sarajevo to father Leon and mother Matilda nee Albahari. In 1915 he came with his parents to Zagreb where he graduated from high school and in 1940 he took degree in psychology at the Faculty of Philosophy. He was a member of the Jewish youth organization Hashomer Hacair (Young Guard). He was a pronounced leftist, so in 1934 he became a member of the Communist Party of Yugoslavia, and as a member of SKOJ (League of Communist Youth of Yugoslavia) he was very active in the student movement and in the editorial boards of the leftist student papers "The New Student" (Novi student) and "The Fighting Student" (Borbeni student). After the establishment of the Independent State of Croatia, the Communist Party



Former "Moshah Albahari" pharmacy in Moshah Albahari street in Rijeka

sent him to Sušak (today part of Rijeka, Croatian port town), where he became the commander of a partisan unit that fought against the Italians. He was wounded several times, arrested, tried and finally shot in Rome on November 22, 1942. His remains were transferred to Zagreb after the war and buried at Mirogoj Cemetery in Zagreb. In Rijeka, one street is named after Moša Albahari, there is also a pharmacy that bore his name and once a school in Podmurvica in Rijeka bore his name. In front of the school was also his monument with a bust of which only the pedestal with his name remained.

I received valuable information about mountain lodge on Snježnik from prof. dr. sc. Željko Poljak, our most important author of mountaineering literature. The construction of this lodge was initiated by the Ski and Mountaineering Section of the "Primorje" sport association from Rijeka in 1947. The loan for the construction of the lodge was given by the Military Administration of the then JNA (Yugoslav People's Army) and the Sports Education Committee of the then Yugoslav state (FNRY). Since the construction of the lodge was financed by the named institutions, it could be that they conditioned to name it after the killed partisan fighter. The lodge was completed on July 27, 1951. It served as a picnic area and lodging for many years, for hikers and mountaineers who toured Gorski kotar. Today, the home is nominally under the management of the Risnjak National Park, but is completely neglected and in a dilapidated condition. Recent attempts to renovate this building have been unsuccessful.

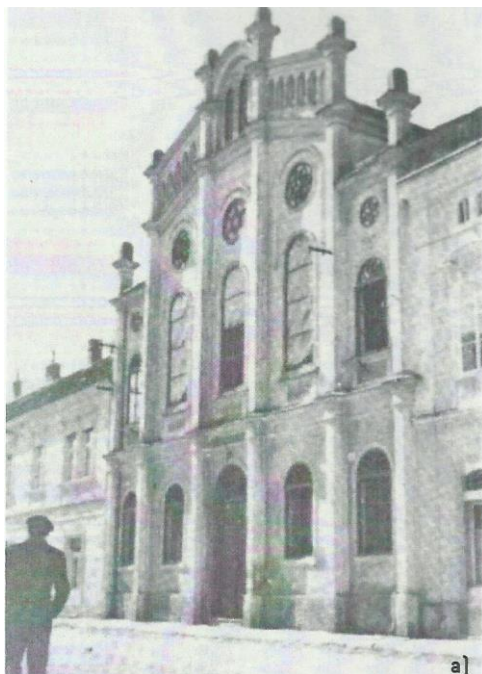
The Albahari surname is a very common Sephardic surname. If you type "Albahari" in the Google search engine, you will get about 600,000 results! If you do something similar for "Moshah Albahari" in a family

tree database, you will get a dozen people with the first name Mosha and family name Albahari. I have not been able to investigate how many Albaharis, including respected dignitaries such as the Serbian writer David, are related to each other.

Tatjana Protulipac:

Sjećanje na židovsku zajednicu Karlovca

Cijela priča o karlovačkoj Židovskoj zajednici započela je još 2007. godine kada smo kolegica Maja Lukić Puškarić i ja, obje profesorice povijesti, posjetile Izrael u okviru stipendije MZO i Yad Vashema. Niz slijedećih godina s učenicima sam temu Holokausta obrađivala putem radionica, izložbi, obilježavanja Dana sjećanja na Holokaust (27.1.)... i neprestano pokušavala pronaći neke od potomaka članova zajednice kako bih kroz njihovu priču što više doznala o sudbini naših sugrađana i učenicima još više približila temu Holokausta.



Nekadašnja sinagoga u Karlovcu

2019.g. kolegica Bruna Šterk, koja radi sa mnom u Ekonomsko-turističkoj školi u Karlovcu, upoznala me je sa Tenom Bunčić. Tena je praunuka Davida Meisela, poznatog zborovođe PHPD „Zore“, jednog od prvih žrtvi Holokausta u Karlovcu. Tena, Maja i ja smo vrlo brzo nakon zajedničkog sastanka imale more ideja kako bi oživjele sjećanje na Židovsku zajednicu u Karlovcu.

Maja Lukić Puškarić radi u osnovnoj školi „Dubovac“ pa smo povezale učenike Ekonomske škole i njezine učenike u zajedničkom radu. Učenici su snimili nekoliko filmova-svjedočanstva – „Oživljena prošlost-Priča o Davidu Meiselu“, „Svjedočanstva 1- Priča o Zori Eisenstadter“, „Svjedočanstva 2- Priča Zdenka Ofnera“ i „Komorice sjećanja“. Tijekom snimanja filmova naš stalni suradnik bio je Bruno Lukić učenik Ekonomsko-turističke škole u ulozi snimatelja i urednika filmova. U izradi intervjua i priča sudjelovale su učenici obje škole.

Osim rada s učenicima na projektu, u suradnji sa Tenom obilježili smo po prvi puta, nakon mnogo godina, židovske blagdane u našem gradu. Tako smo 2019. godine obilježile Pesah, Yom HaShoah i Hanuku.

U novinama Večernji list, Novosti i Karlovački tjednik i časopisima Ha-kol i Svjetlo, izašli su članci o Davidu Meiselu i o radu naših škola u oživljavanju sjećanja na Židovsku zajednicu grada Karlovca.

U Ekonomsko-turističkoj školi je tijekom Dana otvorenih vrata škole organizirana izložba i predavanja o Židovskoj zajednici i Holokaustu u Karlovcu, istu temu smo ponovile i na Klio festu u Muzeju grada Karlovca. Na državnom seminaru Poučavanje o holokaustu i zločinima protiv čovječnosti 2019.g. predstavile smo naš film „Oživjela prošlost – Priča o Davidu Meiselu“.

Učenici su u okviru projekta o Židovima u Karlovcu posjetili Jasenovac i OŠ „Hugo Kohn“ u Zagrebu. Tijekom 2019. u paviljonu Katzler je otvorena izložba koja se održavala u vrijeme svjetskog obilježavanja Dana židovske kulture i baštine.

Vrhunac je predstavljalo postavljanje ploče Davidu Meiselu u Zorin domu kao i snimanje filma „U ime pradjeda“ koji je prikazan 26.1.2020., a scenarist i snimatelj je bio Mladen Čapin. U dokumentarnom filmu pratimo Teninu priču o pradjedu Davidu Meiselu .

Bilo nam je jako drago kada su tijekom Centropinog seminara profesori iz Hrvatske posjetili naš grad i židovsko groblje. Kolege su proveli kroz grad i upoznali ih sa životom Židovske zajednice u Karlovcu Tena Bunčić, Valentina Orehovec, također profesorica povijesti u Ekonomsko-turističkoj školi, i moja malenkost.

Ovih dana je i službeno potvrđena udruga Židovi u Karlovcu što nam daje novi poticaj za rad. U planu rada udruge je pronalaženje objekta gdje bi se mogla postaviti stalna izložba o Židovskoj zajednici grada, izrada stolpersteina ispred kuća prvih žrtvi Holokausta u gradu, obilježavanje blagdana i Dana sjećanja na Holokaust, izrada DVD sa pričama-svjedočanstvima, izrada knjižice u kojoj bi bile sakupljene priče o obiteljima karlovačkih Židova. U pripremi je i priča o obitelji Reiner sa čijim potomkom, Ivanom Kovačić smo već u kontaktu, a želimo i objaviti priču o Hinku Singeru koji se uspio vratiti iz koncentracijskog logora Jasenovac, imamo njegov transkript u kojem opisuje svoj boravak u logoru.

Nadamo se da ćemo moći ostvariti naše projekte i na taj način očuvati sjećanje na Židovsku zajednicu i njezin veliki doprinos našem gradu. Shalom !

Tatjana Protulipac:

Not Forgetting the Jewish Community of Karlovac

The whole story about Jewish community of Karlovac goes back to 2007 when the colleague of mine Maja Lukić Puškarić and I visited Israel on the scholarship from Ministry of Education and Yad Vashem. We are both teachers of history. In the years to come when in my lectures I came to Holocaust, I tried to make it easy for students to grasp its meaning. I organized workshops, exhibitions and on January 27 we commemorated the victims of Holocaust, as it is official Day of Remembrance. Along the way I kept trying to find some descendants of Karlovac Jews, to learn more about their stories and destinies, so as to make my students better understand what was Holocaust all about.

In 2019 my colleague Bruna Sterk, who works with me at the School for Economy and Tourism in Karlovac, introduced me to Tena Bunčić. Tena is a grand-grand-daughter of David Meisel, who at the time was choirmaster of Singing society *Zora* and who was one of the first of Karlovac Jews to perish in Holocaust. Soon after a quick meeting, Tena, Maja and I got many ideas how to revive the memory of Jewish community in Karlovac.

Maja Lukić Puškarić is a teacher at elementary school *Dubovac*, so we brought the students of both schools together when studying Holocaust. The students made several documentaries: “Revived Past – The Story about David Meisel”, “Testimony 1 – The Story about Zora Eisenstadter”, “Testimony 2 –

The Story of Zdenko Ofner”, and “The Pigeonholes of Memories”. The shooting of the films was assisted by the student of the School for Economy and Tourism Bruno Lukić, who was a cameraman and editor. In conceiving narratives and interviews the students from both schools took part.



Tziduk Hadin (Jewish Chapel), Cemetery Karlovac

Beside the work with students, with Tena's help we managed for the first time in many years to mark in our town the Jewish holidays. In 2019 it was Passover, Yom HaShoah and Hanukkah.

The papers *Večernji list*, *Novosti*, and *Karlovački tjednik*, and magazines *Ha-kol* and *Svjetlo*, produced articles about the work of our schools and about reviving the memory of Jewish community in Karlovac.

The Open Door Days at the School for Economy and Tourism included an exhibition and lectures about Jewish community and Holocaust in Karlovac. All was repeated at the City Museum of

Karlovac during *Klio Fest*. We also used the opportunity to present the film “Revived Past – The Story about David Meisel” at the state seminar in 2019 “Teaching about Holocaust and Atrocities against Humanity”.

The project about Jews in Karlovac included visits of students to Jasenovac and to Jewish elementary school *Hugo Kohn* in Zagreb.

In 2019 the pavilion Katzler hosted the exhibition that was earlier presented at the worldwide manifest the Days of Jewish Culture and Heritage.

The climax of all efforts has been mounting a plaque for David Meisel on the house of *Zora* association and shooting a documentary “In the Name of Grand-Grand-Fathers”, in which Tena recounts the story about David Meisel. It was authored and shot by Mladen Čapin and presented in January 26, 2020.

We were happy when in the course of Centropa seminar the lecturers from Croatia went site seeing Karlovac and visited Jewish cemetery. Their hosts were Tena Bunčić, Valentina Orehovec, also a history teacher at the School of Economy and Tourism in Karlovac, and me.

The association “The Jews of Karlovac” has recently been officially recognized, what boosts us additionally. At the moment we seek to find a building to mount a permanent exhibition to present the community of Jews in Karlovac. We also plan to set stumbling stones in front of houses from where first victims of Holocaust were taken away. Our plans also include to regularly commemorate the Day of Holocaust and to mark Jewish holidays, to produce a DVD with stories and testimonies. Finally we would like to produce a booklet summarizing the family stories of the town's Jews. There is a story of the Reiner family with whose descendant Ivan Kovačić we are in a close contact. We would also want to publish the story of Hinko Singer who managed to return from the concentration camp in Jasenovac. We are in possession of his transcript of the time he spent there.

We truly hope to accomplish all our projects in order to keep memory of the Jews of Karlovac and make sure to remember what were their contributions to the city. Shalom!

Jozef Baruhović:

Spašeni u Albaniji

Do 1941., tj. do samog početka aprilskog rata živeli smo u Zagrebu u dobro stojećoj oficirskoj porodici. Imali smo posilnog vojnika i kućnu pomoćnicu. Otac je bio vojni lekar, kapetan prve klase i trebalo je uskoro da dobije čin majora. Godine 1939. porodica se uvećala za još jednog člana. Rodila se moja sestra Rašela. Bili smo više sekularna nego pobožna jevrejska porodica. Povremeno su me vodili u sinagogu, što je za mene bilo vrlo privlačno jer sam tamo nailazio na svoje vršnjake.

Prvi nagoveštaji rata došli su sa jevrejskim izbeglicama iz Austrije i Nemačke. U naš stan doselili su se jednog dana dvoje starih ljudi, bračni par. Primili smo ih na stan i hranu. Mama je dobro znala nemački i sa njima je provodila duge razgovore u noćnim satima. Njihova poruka bila je: bežite, bežite! Majka je to stalno ponavljala ocu. Otac je smatrao da smo domaći, državljani Jugoslavije i da nama ne pretili nikakva opasnost. Ali, ipak, rešeno je da se sklonimo u Sarajevo. Tamo je živela mamina rodbina a prema pričanjima tatinih prijatelja oficira, Sarajevo koje je okruženo brdima biće u slučaju rata dobro branjeno.

Otac je sve češće odlazio na manevre i ostajao po nekoliko dana, a mi smo otputovali u Sarajevo. Još neko vreme živeli smo mirno. A onda, jednog dana, majka me je iznenada probudila, probudila je i moju sestru, uzela nas u naručje i ubrzo smo svo troje sišli u podrum. Počelo je bombardovanje. Tada smo živeli u prostranom i lepom stanu maminog brata na Obali. Napolju su odjekivale detonacije. Čim se oglasila sirena za prestanak opasnosti, majka je skupila nešto najnužnijih stvari, napravili smo zavežljaje i izašli na ulicu. Napolju se već kretala reka ljudi koji su nekuda bežali. Mi smo se uputili kod porodice Prica. Sestra Ognjena Price bila je dobra drugarica moje majke iz školskih dana. Stanovali su u skromnoj kući izvan Sarajeva. Kada smo stigli kod njih, kuća je već bila puna izbeglica. Smestili smo se u jedan ugao sobe. Tu smo doživeli drugo bombardovanje. U toku bombardovanja, u jednom trenutku, odjeknula je strašna detonacija i svi smo popadali na pod. Soba se uskoro ispunila dimom i prašinom. Čim se oglasila sirena za prestanak vazdušnog napada, izleteli smo iz kuće na ulicu i krenuli u brda. Pored same kuće, gde smo se sklonili, zjapila je velika rupa od bombe koja je tu pala.

U brdima smo proveli još nekoliko dana a onda se proneo glas da je rat završen. Sišli smo u Sarajevo i uputili se u naš stan. Po ulicama su se kretali nemački vojnici i nemačka motorizovana vozila, sa razapetim zastavama sa kukastim krstovima. Prvi kontakt sa Nemcima doživeli smo kada su došli u naš stan i uzeli dve kožne fotelje. Bio im je potreban nameštaj za Komandu koja se smestila blizu stana. Uzimali su i nameštaj iz susednih stanova. Posle nekoliko dana vratili su te dve fotelje. Uskoro su počele mere protiv Jevreja. Sa balkona stana posmatrali smo kako pljačkaši skidaju bakarnu pokrivku sa hrama „Kal Grande“. Stupio je na snagu i policijski čas za Jevreje, a majka je morala da nosi žutu zvezdu. U naš stan se uskoro uselio „komesar“ i mi smo morali da napustimo lepi stan na Obali. Uselili smo se u garsonjeru druge mamine sestre Esperance, u Petrarkinoj 1. Uskoro su počela hapšenja, odvođenja u logore, streljanja i vešanja. Streljali su Ognjena Pricu, kao starog komunistu, i još nekoliko viđenijih Jevreja. Počelo je i odvođenje Jevreja u logore. Crna „marica“, kamion pretvoren u autobus bez prozora, crno ofarban, svake noći odvodio je desetine Jevreja u logore. U početku se nije znalo gde ih odvode. Kada se saznalo i pod kakvim uslovima žive, preostale porodice počele su da šalju pakete sa hranom ali

se uskoro proneo glas da ne treba slati pakete jer se ne zna ni da li su živi, a pakete ustaše otvaraju, uzimaju hranu i stavljaju kamenje. Zatim se proneo glas da se treba pokrstiti i preći u katoličku veru. To pokršćavanje trebalo je i platiti. Ali ni pokršćavanje nije pomoglo. I one pokršćene i one nepokršćene odvodili su u logore. Ja sam za sve te događaje saznavao iz maminih razgovora sa sestrom Esperancom. Pod utiskom priča o stalnim streljanjima i vešanjima, pokušao sam i da se vešam. Vezao sam oko vrata uže od zastora sa prozora i skočio sa kreveta. Jako me je zbolelo, počeo sam da se gušim. Majka je pritrčala i skinula mi uže sa vrata. Dosta dugo imao sam ožiljke.

Jednog dana pošli smo u komandanturu. Majka je saznala da se očev prijatelj oficir iz Zagreba nalazi u Sarajevu, mislim da se zvao Nardeli, i da je postao domobranski pukovnik. Htela je po svaku cenu da se izvučemo iz Sarajeva. Otišla je kod njega da ga zamoli da dobijemo propusnice. Primio nas je i rekao da sačekamo. Otišao je u susednu kancelariju. Uskoro se odatle čula vika na nemačkom. Mati me je brzo uhvatila za ruku i mi smo pobjegli iz njegove kancelarije. Nemački oficir vikao je na domobranskog pukovnika kako sebi dopušta da se angažuje oko jedne Jevrejke.

Posle ovog događaja kao da spasa više nije bilo. Imali smo spremljene zavežljaje na stolu i očekivali svake noći da nas „marica“ pokupi. Ipak, uskoro se na našim vratima pojavio Ante, Hrvat, katolik, službenik kod muža mamine druge sestre Erne, iz Mostara. Uzeo me je za ruku, poveo na železničku stanicu i doveo u Mostar. Nekoliko dana kasnije stigla je i moja majka sa mojom sestrom Rašelom, koja je tada imala jedva dve godine. Mamina sestra Erna i njen muž David uspeli su da potplate domobranskog oficira. U iznajmljenim putničkim kolima, prebacili su moju majku i sestru u Mostar. Na isti način prebacili su još nekoliko članova mamine uže porodice.

Nažalost, treća mamina sestra Esperanca i njen brat Moric nisu uspeli da se spasu. Završili su u Jasenovcu.

Posle nekoliko dana boravka u Mostaru, odveli su nas u policiju. Zaključali su nas u jednoj prizemnoj zgradi, što je valjda trebalo da predstavlja zatvor. Pošto je zgrada bila prizemna, ja sam otvorio prozor, iskočio i počeo da bežim. Ali, na ulazu, stražar me je čvrsto zgrabio i vratio u „zatvor“. Tu su nas držali dva, tri dana a onda pustili.

Život u Mostaru, pod italijanskom vlašću bio je relativno bezbedan. Upisali su me u školu jer nisam znao ni da čitam ni da pišem. To školovanje je bilo kratkog veka. Moj čika David, kao pobožan čovek, angažovao je jednog rabina koji mi je držao časove iz judaizma.

Zima 1941. bila je neobično hladna. Voda se ledila u slavinama a mi smo spavali u hladnim sobama. Vladala je velika oskudica u hrani. Trebalo je opet bežati. Čuli smo da Italijani u Hercegovini treba da vlast predaju ustašama. To je značilo logor i sigurnu smrt. Majka je odlučila da se sklonimo u Prištinu, rodni grad moga oca. Od Italijana smo dobili propusnicu. Ni to nije bilo besplatno. Moj dobri Čika David, muž druge mamine sestre Erne, dao je vrednu kolekciju poštanskih maraka italijanskom komesaru, za tu propusnicu.

Ponovo smo krenuli na put. Preko Dubrovnika, Drača i Prizrena stigli smo u Prištinu. Tamo je pod italijanskom vlašću živela očeva porodica. U Prištini smo se zadržali nekoliko meseci. Majka je prodala našu kuću i, sa dobijenim parama, uputili smo se dalje na jug u nepoznato. Stigli smo u Skadar. U hotel gde smo odseli, došao je albanski policajac i ispitivao majku odakle je i zašto smo došli. Pustili su nas. Uskoro smo našli stan kod udovice jednog oficira. Zvali smo je „Nana Roz“.

Godine 1943. kapitulirala je fašistička Italija. Za kratko vreme Nemci su okupirali celu Albaniju. Svoje dojučerašnje saveznike Italija ne zarobili su i poslali u zarobljeničke logore.

Krili smo se pod lažnim imenima i bez ikakvih dokumenata. Moj otac je u to vreme bio u nemačkom zarobljeništvu kao oficir i vojni lekar Jugoslovenske vojske. Moja sestra Rašela je tada imala četiri godine, a ja osam. Albaniju i Skadar, grad u kojem smo se krili, uskoro su preplavile nemačke trupe... Moja mati, poučena iskustvom sa Nemcima i ustašama još iz Sarajeva, odakle smo jedva izbegli deportaciju u Jasenovac, zaključila je da je opasno da i dalje ostanemo u stanu u kojem smo do tada živeli. Rešila je da ponovo promenimo mesto boravka. To nije bilo lako. Posle dosta muka i lutanja, našla je jednu sobicu u muslimanskom kraju grada. Tako smo se iz hrišćansko katoličkog kraja uskoro preselili u muslimanski deo grada. Hrišćanski i muslimanski kraj bili su udaljeni jedan od drugog nekoliko kilometara. Ali, po načinu života i običajima kao da su ih razdvajali vekovi. Sada je trebalo da se prilagodimo novom okruženju i prihvatimo novi način života. Najteže je bilo stvoriti prihvatljivu priču za naše nove i radoznale susede. Njih je jako interesovalo ko smo mi i zašto smo došli tu da živimo. Moja mati je izmislila priču koja se i nije baš mnogo razlikovala od našeg stvarnog života. Samo je prećutala da smo Jevreji. Mi smo tako postali muslimani, izbeglice iz Jugoslavije, „jabandžije“. Promenili smo ponovo imena. Moja mati Simha je postala Zaida, ja sam od Josipa postao Jusuf, a moja sestra Rašela se zvala Ajša.

Izgledalo je da ćemo kraj rata dočekati u relativnoj sigurnosti u muslimanskom kraju, sakriveni iza visokih zidova muslimanskih avlija i kuća, zajedno sa gazdinom porodicom. Mati me je čak i zaposlila. Kao vredna Jevrejka, nije mogla da podnese da po ceo dan lutam besposlen po ulicama. Zaposlila me je kod jednog zubara. Njegova ordinacija bila je nedaleko od stana gde smo stanovali. Moja mati bila je jako ponosna i zadovoljna što neću više lutati ulicama, a moja skromna zarada sada je postala značajna za naš umanjeni kućni budžet. Ušteđevina od prodate kuće, od koje smo živeli, brzo se topila i već nam je nestalo novaca za život. Kod svog gazde zubara radio sam samo »crne poslove«. Bio sam najmlađi šegrt i još nekvalifikovan. Čistio sam sve: i zubarske instrumente, i ordinaciju, i čekaonicu, i ostale prostorije; prazio zubarsku pljuvaonicu.

Ali ovaj period relativno mirnog života nije dugo trajao. Sudbina kao da je rešila da se još poigrava sa nama. Sve je počelo jednog dana kada se na vratima naše sobe pojavio gazda. Svečanim glasom saopštio nam je da se njegov sin ženi i da mu je potrebna ta soba za njegovog sina. Dao nam je rok od nekoliko dana da se iselimo i da nađemo drugi smeštaj.

Da li se sin stvarno ženio ili nije, ili je to bio samo izgovor da nas iseli, to više nije bilo važno. Mati je morala da za tri do četiri dana nađe novi smeštaj. Ponovo je započelo mučno traganje i lutanje po nepoznatom gradu, u potrazi za krovom. Mene je vodila stalno sa sobom za ruku. Ja sam služio kao neka vrsta dokaza da smo stvarno izbeglice i dobri i poštenu ljudi. U ratno vreme u toj sredini bilo je neshvatljivo da jedna žena sama traži smeštaj. U potrazi za stanom, išli smo od ulice do ulice, prvo u našem kraju, a onda sve dalje i dalje do drugih delova grada. Obijali smo mnoge pragove. Mati je molila i preklinjala, spremna da prihvati bilo kakav smeštaj, bilo kakvu sobicu, čak i šupu! Ali, sve je bilo uzalud. Nije pomogla ni priča da smo izbeglice, da smo mi dobra i mirna deca, ni obećanja da će mati redovno plaćati najamninu... Ljudi, i sami zaplašeni ratom i nesigurnim vremenima, nisu hteli nove stanare. Kroz poluotvorene kapije jedva bi nas i saslušali i odgovarali uvek isto, nema ni sobe ni smeštaja. Majku je obuzimalo očajanje, a ja nisam mogao da joj pomognem...

Najzad, posle brojnih bezuspešnih pokušaja, pojavio se tračak nade. Na samoj periferiji grada, bezmalo u divljem naselju, na nekoliko desetina metara od nemačke kasarne, izdavala se mala prizemna kućica. Kućica se sastojala od dve prostorije, sobe i pomoćne prostorije smeštene u malom i prljavom dvorištu, bez ijednog drveta. Sa prednje strane kućice nalazio se bunar. To je bio jedini izvor vode za piće, kuvanje i ostale potrebe.

Presrećna da je našla i takav smeštaj, mati je prihvatila sve gazdine uslove. Gazda, visok i krupan Šiptar sa belim kečetom na glavi, zahtevao je da dobro čuvamo njegovu kućicu i imovinu, da sestra i ja ništa ne oštetimo, da redovno plaćamo kiriju, tj. da redovno odvajamo novac za kiriju i, kada on siđe sa planine, da mu predamo novac. I na kraju, da dobro čuvamo od raznih štetočina pet džakova sa žitom koje je on ostavio u našoj sobi. On je to žito doneo da proda. Ali kako nije uspeo da ga proda, ostavio ga je u našoj sobi. Gazda je otišao u planine i mi smo ostali sami, u nepoznatom kraju, na periferiji grada, uz žičanu ogradu nemačke kasarne. Ali nismo dugo ostali sami.

U to vreme nemačke trupe su se već povlačile, govorilo se, iz Grčke. To više nije bila ona pobednička armada koja je pokorila celu Evropu, ali još uvek su bili vrlo jaki, dobro organizovani, dobro naoružani i mogli su u gubitničkom grču da učine još dosta zla.

Nemačka organizacija TODT trebalo je da obezbedi smeštaj za ove trupe. Uskoro su svi slobodni stanovi i zgrade u okolini kasarne bili rekvirirani za potrebe nemačke vojske. Mnogi Albanci iz naselja, predosećajući nadolazeću opasnost, sami su se povukli i napustili svoje domove. Sklanjali su se po drugim delovima grada ili su odlazili na selo. Nemačka komisija za pregledanje stanova došla je i kod nas. Pregledavali su kućicu i rekvirirali malu praznu sobu preko puta naše sobe. Od te sobe razdvajao nas je uski hodnik, ne širi od jednog metra. Zapečatili su sobu i otišli. Uskoro su se pojavila četiri nemačka vojnika. Skinuli su pečat i uselili se. Sada je trebalo živeti u skoro direktnom fizičkom kontaktu sa Nemcima. Bili smo sa njima pod istim krovom i delili, takoreći, zajednički stan, jedna izbeglička jevrejska porodica i četiri vojnika Vermahta! Za moju majku je bilo posebno teško da odluči kako da se ponaša prema ovim vojnicima jer je dobro znala nemački...

Još kao mlada devojka, majka je provela u Beču tri godine. Tamo je učila pevanje i dobro naučila nemački, sa „bečkim naglaskom“... . Sada, pod ovakvim okolnostima, nije znala da li je znanje nemačkog jezika moglo da bude spasonosno ili pogubno za nas. Trebalo je doneti odluku da li da stupi odmah u razgovor sa vojnicima i pokaže da zna nemački ili da se ponaša kao da ništa ne razume. A šta ako se zaboravi i nesvesno oda nekim gestom ili pokretom, da razume šta oni razgovaraju?! I šta ako posumnjaju da prisluškuje njihove razgovore... Rešila je ipak da progovori. Kada je progovorila, iznenađenju nije bilo kraja. Odakle je? Kako to ona zna nemački? Gde je naučila nemački? Kako je zalutala ovde? Vojnici su je obasipali pitanjima. Tu, na periferiji jednog malog albanskog grada, žena koja dobro govori nemački i to sa „bečkim naglaskom“!? Uskoro se ispostavilo da su i vojnici Bečlije koji su proklinjali Hitlera i želeli da mu „krv procuri iz očiju“. Narednih dana uspostavljen je kontakt, stvorena je neka vrsta suživota... Mati je prala njihovo grubo vojničko rublje i kabanice i ruke su joj krvarile. Ona koja je pre rata bila žena kraljevskog oficira i koja je imala služavku i posilnog, sada je prala rublje nemačkim vojnicima! Ponekad bi im ispekla i po neki kolač i pitu, a oni su nam zauzvrat davali mesne konzerve i raznu konzerviranu hranu iz svog vojnčkog sledovanja. Naša ušteđevina je skoro sva bila potrošena. Trebalo se snalaziti na sve moguće načine.

Mi i deca iz komšiluka, dečaci od 9 do 10 godina, živeli smo tih dana dosta bezbrižno. Lutali smo po okolnim šumama i proplancima i skupljali puževe, komjače i drva za ogrev. U školu nismo išli. Bili smo jedva pismeni. Poseban izazov za nas bilo je „trgovanje“ sa ruskim zarobljenicima. Najhrabriji među nama bavili smo se „razmenom dobara“, preko žice kasarne, sa zarobljenicima...

To su bili Rusi koji su se priključili nemačkim trupama kao pomoćno radno osoblje. Prihvatili su da rade za Nemce, uživali su izvesnu slobodu kretanja, ali nisu mogli da napuštaju kasarnu. Mi smo za njih kupovali vino i druga alkoholna pića iz susednih gostionica. Od njih smo dobijali konzerviranu hranu iz njihovih sledovanja, odeću i kancelarijski materijal. Razmena se odvijala na zadnjoj strani kasarne,

između razmaknutih bodljikavih žica. Nemački stražar se ponekad pravio da nas ne vidi, a kada bi preterali, viknuo bi na nas i mi bismo se razbežali. Kancelarijski materijal smo prodavali knjižarama u gradu, a hranu i odeću zadržavali za sebe.

Ponekad bi tišinu proplanka narušila huka motora iz daljine, koja se pojačavala. Znali smo, to je nailazila nemačka motorizovana kolona. Tada bismo se sjurili niz proplanak i oprezno počeli da se približavamo. Kolona se obično zaustavljala ispred nemačke kasarne. Iako u povlačenju, ta silna motorizacija ulivala nam je strah i istovremeno radoznalost i želju da ih izbliza pogledamo. Čelične grdosije bile su pokrivene prašinom i iz njih se širio miris benzina i toplog mašinskog ulja.

Posmatrali smo ih sa pristojnog rastojanja, a iz tenkovskih kupola motornih vozila posmatrali su nas nemo bez ikakvog izraza na licu nemački tenkisti. Posle kraćeg odmora kolona je nastavljala put za Jugoslaviju.

Prolazak nemačkih motorizovanih kolona nije mogao da ostane nezapažen od savezničkih lovaca. Sve češće su ih napadali. Britanski lovci dolazili su iz svojih baza iz Italije, preletali su Jadransko more i u brišućem letu sasuli bi kišu svetlećih projektila na nemačke kolone. Mitraljirali su i kasarnu pored koje smo živeli. Za nas decu bilo je vrlo zanimljivo da to posmatramo. Za trenutak bi se nebo iznad naših glava osulo kišom svetlećih projektila. Lovci su mitraljirali nemačke kolone i položaje na zemlji, a Nemci su žestoko odgovarali iz svojih protivavionskih mitraljeza sa četiri cevi. Projektili su prolazili pored krila i trupova lovaca. Nismo ni pomišljali da bi neki engleski pilot mogao da pogreši i da smrtonosnu kišu projektila saspe na nas.

Povremeno, vrlo visoko na nebu, u strogom poretku, prolazili su uz potmulu grmljavinu i američke bombarderske eskadrole, leteće tvrđave. Za sobom su ostavljale dugačke bele tragove. Mi smo pokušavali da izbrojimo avione. Bilo ih je na stotine i išli su u pravcu Rumunije i Nemačke. Tamo su istresali svoj smrtonosni teret i ponovo se vraćali istim putem nazad. Nemci nisu ni pokušavali da ih u tome spreče.

Jednog dana na našim vratima pojavio se visoki nemački oficir. Bio je vrlo ozbiljan. Na užetu je vodio velikog riđeg psa. Mene i sestru izbacio je iz sobe i ostao sam sa mojom majkom. Uskoro se iz sobe čuo oštri nemački grleni glas i plačljiv glas moje majke.

Posle pola sata vike i plača, oficir sa psom je izašao iz sobe, a za njim naša mati, bleđa kao krpa. Šta se desilo? Do ušiju nemačkog oficira, obaveštajca, stigao je glas da u blizini kasarne živi žena koja govori tečno nemački, sa „bečkim naglaskom“. Ona živi u istoj kući gde su smešteni nemački vojnici. U zemlji orlova, toj balkanskoj nedodžiji, takav splet okolnosti svakako je bio vrlo sumnjiv... Posebno u tom osetljivom trenutku, kada su se Nemci povlačili. Trebalo je da se izvuku iz Grčke, provuku kroz albanske gudure, prođu kroz Jugoslaviju i dokopaju se Austrije i Nemačke sa što manje žrtava. Trebalo je puteve i vreme povlačenja i prolaska držati u što većoj tajnosti. Oficir je hteo da sazna ko je ta žena i šta ona radi tako blizu nemačke kasarne i trupa. Majčina prisebnost i očeva pisma iz zarobljeništva, napisana na posebnom obrascu za nemačke ratne zarobljenike, overena pečatom logora, verovatno su nam još jednom spasili život. Oficiru je bilo jasno da ispred sebe ima ženu ratnog zarobljenika Jevrejina, jer ime je nedvosmisleno ukazivalo da se radi o Jevrejini. A ona, možda je arijevka, a možda i nije. Ali to više nije bilo važno. Imao je važnijih poslova i otišao je.

Svi događaji oko nas ukazivali su da se bliži kraj rata. Nemačke motorizovane kolone prolazile su gotovo svakodnevno, vrlo kratko se zadržavale i odmah nastavljale dalje. Na pojedinim džinovskim kamionima,

na prednjim staklima, videle su se bušotine od mitraljeskih metaka. U kasarni i okolnim zgradama, nemački vojnici spaljivali su dokumenta, papire, nameštaj i sve ono što im je izgledalo nepotrebno. Mi deca smo bez straha ulazili u kasarnu i okolne zgrade. Uzimali smo šta god nam je izgledalo korisno i potrebno. Rusi su pili sve veće količine alkohola. I mi smo stalno trčkarali između obližnje gostionice i kasarne. Naši stanari su se pakovali i očekivali nalog za pokret.

Mojoj majci, nežnoj i osetljivoj ženi, bilo je suđeno da još jednom pokaže hrabrost i prisebnost. Još jednom nas je posetio nemački oficir, ali sada drugi. Sa sobom je vodio mladu preplašenu ženu. Mene i sestru su opet izbacili napolje, a iz sobe su se uskoro začuli prodoran plač moje majke i grubi muški glas oficira. Posle kraćeg razgovora, oficir i mlada žena napustili su sobu. Šta se desilo? Mlada žena služila je Nemcima za zabavu i sada, pošto su se povlačili, postala je teret kojeg je trebalo da se otarase. Želeli su da je ostave kod nas, kod žene koja zna nemački. Ali mati se tome žestoko suprotstavila. Za njena moralna shvatanja bilo je nedopustivo da ta žena ostane kod nas, makar i za trenutak, iako ta jadnica ne bi mogla mnogo da izmeni naš dotadašnji život. Oficir i žena pokupili su se i otišli.

Najzad je osvanuo dan oslobođenja. Cele noći se pucalo, odjekivale su detonacije. Nismo znali ni ko puca ni zašto puca... Narednog dana bilo je potpuno mirno. Nikakvo oduševljenje, nikakvo dočekivanje oslobodilaca. Potpuni mir! Narod iz zemlje orlova kao da nije navikao da javno iskazuje svoja osećanja, a nije znao ni šta ga sada čeka sa novom vlašću. Bio je na oprezu. U toku dana očekivalo nas je još jedno neprijatno iznenađenje! Iz daljine čule su se oštre nemačke komande. Mati je pretrnula. „Šta, zar su se opet vratili?“, bilo je njeno prvo pitanje.

Kasnije smo saznali da je partizanska vojska angažovala nemačkog oficira zarobljenika da podučava partizanske jedinice osnovnim vojničkim veštinama. Bili smo srećni da smo sve ovo preživeli i sada je trebalo razmišljati kako da se vratimo kući. Bili smo bez sredstava za život i ja sam morao da nastavim obilazak kasarni i skupljam stvari koje bismo možda mogli unovčiti. Sada su vlasnici bili drugi ljudi. U jednom takvom obilasku, kada sam pokušao da prikupim nešto uglja za ogrev, mene i mog druga šćepao je za ruku partizanski stražar. Strpao nas je u zatvor. Posle nekoliko sati provedenih u „partizanskom zatvoru“, pustio nas je uz naše iskreno kajanje i obećanje da takve stvari više nećemo raditi. Uskoro smo sa partizanskom propusnicom doputovali u Tiranu, a zatim se sa velikom kolonom jugoslovenskih kamiona vratili u Jugoslaviju.

Jozef Baruhović:

Saved in Albania

Until 1941, the very beginning of the April war, we lived a comfortable life in Zagreb as the family of a serving officer. We had a soldier batman and a housekeeper. My father was an army doctor, a captain, expecting to be promoted to the rank of major. In 1939 the family got a new member as my sister Rašela (Rachel) was borne. The family was more secular than religious. Only occasionally I was taken to the synagogue, which I enjoyed because I would find many of my peers there.

The first hint of war came with Jewish refugees from Austria and Germany. One day an elderly couple knocked on our doors. We invited them in, providing them with accommodation and food.



Holocaust memorial in Belgrad; sculptor Nandor Glid

My mother spoke German well and in the evenings used to have long conversations with them. Their message was: go away, go away! My mother constantly repeated this to my father but he believed as we were local residents, citizens of Yugoslavia, we were in no danger.

However, in the end, my parents decided we should seek refuge in Sarajevo. Mother's relatives lived there and, according to Father's information from his officer friends, Sarajevo, with its surrounding hills, would be well defended in the case of a war.

As my father went more and more frequently on maneuvers staying there longer and longer, we left for Sarajevo. For a while we lived in peace there. We were living in Obala (Riverside) street, in a pleasant and spacious apartment belonging to Mother's brother. Then, one day mother suddenly woke me and my sister, took us in her arms and hurried with us down to the basement. The bombing began. Explosions were echoing outside. As soon as the end of alarm was sounded, Mother gathered some essentials, we made bundles and went out into the street. There we saw many people fleeing. We set off towards the Prica family. Ognjen Prica's sister was a good friend of my mother from her school days. They lived in a modest house outside Sarajevo. When we arrived, their house was already full with refugees. We settled in a corner of the room. Here we experienced another bombing. At one moment there was a terrible explosion and we all fell to the floor. The room was filled up with smoke and dust. When sirens sounded the end of air raid, we ran out into the street and headed for the hills. Near the house where we had found shelter, there was a huge gaping hole from the bomb which had fallen there.

We spent few more days in the hills when rumors spread that the war was over. We went down to Sarajevo and headed for our apartment. German soldiers and German motor vehicles were in the streets, with unfurled flags with swastikas on them. We first met Germans as they came to our apartment and took two leather armchairs. They needed furniture for headquarters they arranged somewhere near our apartment. They were also taking furniture from other apartments. Few days later they gave back these armchairs. Soon repressions against Jews began. From the balcony of our apartment we watched thieves removing the copper cladding from the synagogue, the Kal Grande Temple. A curfew was also imposed for Jews and Mother had to wear a yellow star. After a while a German „commissioner“ moved into our apartment and we had to leave our pleasant home in Obala. We moved into a studio apartment owned by mother's sister, Esperanca, It was at 1 Petrarka Street. Soon the arrests began, people being taken to concentration camps, shot and hanged. They shot our friend and an old communist Ognjen Prica, together with several other prominent Jews. The deportation of Jews to camps also began. A „Black Mariah“, a truck converted into a windowless bus, painted black, took dozens of Jews to camps every night. In the beginning, no one knew where they had been taken. After some time, some information of their whereabouts and conditions they suffered surfaced. Remaining family members tried to send parcels with food. Soon rumors spread not to send parcels because nobody knew whether those people

were even still alive. Also the Ustaša guards used to open the parcels, take food out and replace it with stones. There were rumors how Jews should convert to Catholicism and be baptized only if it needed to be paid. But even baptism didn't help, baptized or not people were deported to camp. I learnt about this by listening to Mother talking to her sister Esperanca. Listening to constant talks about hanging and shooting, I also tried to hang myself. I tied a curtain rope around my neck and jumped from the bed. I got a sharp pain and I began to suffocate. Mother ran to me and took the rope from my neck. It gave me scars for quite a long time.

One day we went to the Army headquarter. Mother knew that father's friend, an officer from Zagreb, was in Sarajevo. His name, I think, was Nardeli, and he was a colonel in the home guard. Mother tried to leave Sarajevo at any price. She went to see Nardeli and asked him to arrange passports for us. He invited us into his office asking to wait for a while. As he went to an adjacent office we heard shouting in German. Mother took me by the hand quickly and we fled his office. The German officer was shouting at the home guard colonel for taking a liberty to get involved in helping a Jew.

After this incident it seemed as if there was no hope for our salvation. We all prepared bundles and put them on a table, as we expected the „Black Mariah“ to pick us up any night. However, soon after this, a Croat named Ante, a Catholic, appeared at our door. He was working with the husband of Mother's second sister, Erna. He was from Mostar. He took me by the hand, led me straight to the railway station and took me to Mostar. Few days later my mother arrived with my sister Rašela, who was barely two at that time. Mother's sister Erna and her husband David had managed to bribe the home guard colonel. They drove my mother and sister to Mostar in a rented car. Also few more members of Mother's immediate family came to Mostar in the same way. Unfortunately, mother's third sister Esperanca and her brother Moric were not saved. They ended up in Jasenovac concentration camp.

Several days after arrival to Mostar we were taken to a police station. Police locked us up in a single storied building which looked like a prison. It was on a ground floor, so I opened the window, jumped and began to run. However, the guard at the entrance grabbed me and put me back in "prison". They kept us there for two or three days and then let us go.

Life in Mostar under Italian rule was relatively safe. I began going to school as I could neither read nor write. My going to school didn't last for long. My Uncle David, who was a religious man, hired a rabbi, who gave me lessons in Judaism.

The winter of 1941 was unusually cold. The water froze in the taps and the rooms we slept in were cold. There was a great food shortage. We needed to flee once again. We heard that in Hercegovina the Ustaša government will replace Italians. For us it meant deportation to a concentration camp and certain death.

Mother decided that we should seek shelter in Priština, my father's home town. We got passports from the Italians for what we had to pay. My good Uncle David, the husband of Mother's second sister, Erna, gave a valuable collection of postage stamps to Italian commissioner in exchange for the passports.

Again we set for a journey. Through Dubrovnik, Durrës and Prizren, we arrived to Priština. It was under Italian rule and father's family lived there. We stayed in Priština for a couple of months.

Mother sold our house and, with the money she raised, we set off, further south into the unknown and reached Skadar. An Albanian police officer came to the hotel where we found accommodation and questioned Mother. He asked where she was from and why we came. They let us go. Soon we found an apartment in the house of an officer's widow. We used to call her "Nanny Roz".

Soon, Germans occupied the whole of Albania. They captured the Italians, their former allies, and sent them to prisoner-of-war camps.

We were hiding under false names and without any documents. At that time my father was in German captivity as a Yugoslav army officer and doctor. My sister Rašela was four at the time and I was eight. Albania and Skadar, the city in which we were hiding, were soon flooded with German troops. From our experience with the Germans and Ustaša earlier in Sarajevo, from where we barely escaped deportation to Jasenovac, my mother knew how dangerous it would be for us to stay in the apartment we had been living. She decided we should change our place of residence once more. This was not easy. After a lot of searching and many difficulties, she found a tiny room in the Muslim part of town. So we moved from the Christian-Catholic area to the Muslim area. The Christian and Muslim parts of the town were several kilometers apart. However in terms of lifestyle and customs, it seemed as though they were separated by centuries. Now we needed to adapt to the new surroundings and adopt a new way of life. The most difficult thing of all was coming up with a story which would be acceptable to our new and curious neighbors. They were very interested in learning who we were and why we had to come to live there. My mother invented a story which wasn't very different from our real life. One thing she omitted was the fact that we were Jewish. So we became Muslims, refugees from Yugoslavia, "foreigners". Again we changed our names. My mother Simha became Zaida, I changed from Josip to Jusuf and my sister Rašela was now called Ajša.

Hopefully, it looked like we would wait for the end of the war in a relative safety of the Muslim area, hidden behind the tall walls of Muslim courtyards and houses, along with the landlord's family. Mother even found me a job. As a hardworking Jewish woman she couldn't stand watching me idly wandering the streets all a day. She found me an employment with a dentist. His office was close to the apartment where we lived.

My mother was very proud and happy that I would no longer wander the streets and my modest earnings became a significant contribution to our reduced budget. We made our living from money we got by selling the house but this was melting rapidly away; and soon we almost ran out of it. Working at the dentist's office I did all the dirty jobs. I was the youngest apprentice, and quite unqualified. My job was to do all the cleaning: dental instruments and office, waiting room and other rooms. I also emptied the dentist's spittoon.

This relatively calm period, however, did not last long. The fate decided to play with us some more games.

It started on the day our landlord appeared at our door. He cheerfully told us that he would need our room for his son who was getting married. He gave us just a few days to find a new accommodation and move out. Whether his son was really getting married or this was just an excuse for him to throw us out, we didn't know. Mother had two or three days to find new accommodation. The difficult wandering and searching through the unfamiliar city in search of an accommodation began again. She took me with her

all the time, holding me by the hand. I served as some kind of proof that we were really refugees and also good and decent people. In those war days it was incomprehensible that a woman should be looking for an accommodation on her own. We went from street to street in search of an apartment, at first in our neighborhood and then further and further away in various parts of the city.

We knocked on many doors. Mother begged and implored, prepared to accept whatever kind of accommodation, any small room, even a shed! But it was all in vain. Even the story how we were refugees, well-behaved with quiet children, didn't help. Neither helped Mother's promises to pay the rent on time. With war going around them, people were nervous and did not want to have new tenants. Through half-open gates they would barely listen to us and always give us the same reply: there are no rooms, no accommodation. Mother was gripped by a feeling of despair and I was unable to help her.

Finally, following many unsuccessful attempts, there was a glimmer of hope. On the very outskirts of the city, in a settlement which was virtually illegal, a few dozen meters from a German barracks, there was a tiny single-story house for rent. The little house had only two rooms, a room and a utility space. It was located in a small and dirty yard without a single tree in it. A well was in front of the house, it was the only source of water for drinking, cooking and all other needs.

Happy to have found any kind of accommodation, even such as this, Mother agreed to all the landlord's terms. The landlord, a big, tall Albanian with a small white scull cap on his head asked we should take a good care of his little house and part of land, and that my sister and I should refrain from causing any damage, that we would pay our rent on time, regularly set money aside for the rent and give it to him when he comes down from the mountain. And finally, to take care of five bags of grain which he left in our room and protect it from various pests. He had brought the grain for selling but as he was not able to do it, he left bags with grain in the room. The landlord went back to the mountains and we were left alone, in an unfamiliar neighborhood, on the outskirts of the city, next to the wire fence of the German barracks. But we weren't alone for long.

At this time the German troops were already withdrawing, as rumors went around, from Greece. This was no longer the victorious army which had conquered the whole of Europe. Still they were quite strong, well-organized and well-armed, capable of inflicting lot more evil in their losing spasms.

The German organization Todt had to provide accommodation for these troops. Very soon all free apartments and buildings near the barracks were requisitioned for the needs of the German Army. Many Albanians from the settlement, sensing the coming danger, left their own homes. They sought shelter in other parts of the town or went to the countryside. The Germans looking for apartments came to us as well. They inspected our little home and requisitioned the small empty room across ours. So we were separated from that room by a narrow hall, no more than a meter in width. Germans sealed the room and left. Soon four German soldiers appeared. They removed the seal and moved in. Now we were living almost in direct physical contact with the Germans. We were with them under the same roof and practically sharing the same apartment - a Jewish refugee family and four Wermacht soldiers. Especially difficult was it for my mother how to behave towards these soldiers, because she spoke well German.

As a young girl, Mother spent three years in Vienna. She studied singing and spoke well German, with a Viennese accent. Now, under these circumstances, she didn't know whether speaking German could be life-saving or fatal for us. She had to decide whether to speak to soldiers and reveal that she speaks

German, or pretend she understood nothing. But what if she should forget to be careful, and inadvertently gives signs of understanding what they were talking about? And what if they suspected she was listening to their conversations? So she decided to speak to them. When she did so they were astonished. Where was she from? She speaks German? Where did she learn the German language? What happened in the meanwhile? The soldiers showered her with questions. There, on the outskirts of a small Albanian town, a woman speaks a good German and, most surprising, with a Viennese accent. Soldiers were also Viennese, they said, were cursing Hitler, let "the blood start pouring from his eyes". Good relations were established in next few days, some kind of life together began. Mother washed their coarse army clothes and overcoats, her hands were bleeding. The wife of a royal officer, having had a maid and a batman before the war, was now washing linen of German soldiers! Sometimes she would bake them a cake or a pie and, in return, they would give us cans of meat and other food from their army supplies. As our savings were almost completely spent, we needed to find supplies in various ways.

During those days we and the neighborhood children, boys aged nine to ten, lived quite a carefree life. We wandered around the surrounding woods and clearings, collecting snails, turtles and firewood. We didn't go to school. We were barely literate. It was a special challenge for us to trade with the Russian prisoners. The bravest among us used to exchange goods across the wire fence of the barracks with these prisoners of war.

These were Russians who had joined the German troops as auxiliary employees. They agreed to work for the Germans and enjoyed a certain freedom of movement, but were not allowed to move outside the compound. We bought wine and other alcoholic beverages for them from the nearby taverns. In return they would give us canned food from their supplies, clothing and office supplies. This exchange took place at the back, behind the barracks, between strands of barbed wire which had been stretched apart. The German guard sometimes pretended not to see us but, if we went too far he would shout at us and we would scatter. We sold the office supplies to bookshops in town and kept the clothing and the food.

Sometimes the silence in the glade would be disrupted by the roaring of distant engines, the sound getting louder and louder. That was, we knew, German motorized convoys coming our way. We would then rush down the glade and carefully approach the convoy. It would usually stop outside the German barracks. These powerful motorized vehicles, despite the fact that they were withdrawing, filled us with fear, mixed with curiosity and desire to inspect them closely. The steel colossi were covered with dust and smell of petrol and warm engine oil. We watched them from a respectable distance while the German tank drivers, from the turrets of their motorized vehicles, would watch us numbly, with no expression on their faces. After a short break the convoy would continue its journey towards Yugoslavia.

The passing of the German motor convoys could not go unnoticed by the Allied fighter planes. They attacked them more and more frequently. British planes came from their bases in Italy, flying over the Adriatic Sea, coming in a sweeping flight, and pouring a rain of lightning projectiles on German convoys. They also aimed machine gun fire on the barracks next to our home. We children found very interesting watching all this. In a time of a minute the sky over our heads would be filled with a rain of luminous projectiles. The planes also used to open machine gun fire on German convoys and ground positions, and the Germans responded strongly from their four-barrel anti-aircraft machine guns. The projectiles flew past the aircrafts' wings and fuselages. We never even considered the possibility that British pilots might mistakenly pour their deadly gunfire on us.

Occasionally, very high in the sky, in strict formation, with a sound like dull thunder, American bomber squadrons - flying fortresses - also passed. They would leave long, white trails behind them. We would try to count the aircrafts. There were hundreds of them and they were heading for Romania and Germany. There they would dump their deadly cargo and return the same way. The Germans didn't even try to stop them.

One day a tall German officer appeared at our door. He looked very serious. He had a large, red dog on a leash. He threw me and my sister out of the room and stayed alone with my mother. Soon we heard from the room we heard a sharp, guttural German accent and my mother's sobbing voice. After half an hour of shouting and weeping, the officer and his dog left the room and our mother following him, white as a ghost.

What had happened? The rumor had reached the ears of the German intelligence officer - that near the barracks was a woman who spoke fluent German with a Viennese accent. She lived in the same house in which German soldiers were accommodated. In Albania, the land of eagles, in a forsaken Balkan country, such a combination of circumstances was certainly very suspicious. Especially in delicate times when the Germans were withdrawing. They tried to get out of Greece, make their way through the Albanian gorges, pass through Yugoslavia and somehow reach Austria and Germany with as few casualties as possible. The routes and times of their withdrawal had to be kept as secret as possible. The officer wanted to know who this woman was and what she was doing so close to the German barracks and the German troops. Mother's sangfroid and father's letters from captivity, written on a special form for German prisoners of war, verified with the stamp of the camp, probably saved our lives once again. It was clear to the officer that before him was a wife of a Jewish prisoner of war, whose name unequivocally indicated he was Jewish. As for her, maybe she was Aryan, maybe not. But this was no longer important. The officer had more important business to do and so he left.

All that was happening around us indicated that the end of war was approaching. German motorized convoys passed almost every day, they would stop only briefly and proceeded further. Holes in the windshields caused by machine-gun fire were seen on some gigantic trucks. German soldiers in the barracks and the surrounding buildings set to fire documents, papers, furniture and everything that seemed unnecessary. We children would enter the barracks and the surrounding buildings without fear. We took whatever seemed useful, whatever we thought we might need. The Russians were drinking more and more. And we kept running back and forth from the tavern to the barracks. Our tenants were packing and waiting for orders to move.

My mother was a gentle and sensitive woman, but once more, she had to show all her courage and presence of mind. A German officer visited us again, this time in a company of a young and terrified woman. Again my sister and I had to leave the room, but we heard from the inside how my mother was weeping and the rough male voice of the officer. After a short conversation, the officer and the young woman left. What happened? The young woman entertained the German soldiers and now as they were leaving, she became a burden and they needed to get rid of her. They wanted to leave her with us, with the woman who spoke German. But my mother was strongly opposed to this. From her moral standpoint it was unacceptable to take in this kind of woman even for a moment, although the unfortunate woman could cause no significant changes to our life. The officer and the woman turned and left.

Finally the day of liberation came. Shooting and explosions echoed all the night. We had no idea who was shooting or why. Next day was completely calm. There were no joyous celebrations, or welcoming of liberators. Total peace! As though the people of the land of eagles were not used publicly to express sentiments, or perhaps they didn't know what awaited them with the new authorities. They stayed cautious. Yet, later that day, we faced another unpleasant surprise. Sharp German commands were heard in the distance. Mother shuddered. "What, are they back again?" was her first question. Later we learned, it was a German officer, a prisoner, whom Partisans engaged to train them in basic military skills. We were happy that we had survived all this and now we needed to think about how to return home. There was no money to make our living and I had to continue visiting barracks and collecting things that we could perhaps sell. Some new people were now owners of the barracks. On one of my tours, when I tried to collect some coal for heating, a Partisan guard grabbed me and my friend by the hand. He imprisoned us. After several hours spent in the Partisan's prison, he let us go and we sincerely repented and promised not to repeat any similar deeds. Soon we left for Tirana with a Partisan passports and returned to Yugoslavia in a large convoy of Yugoslav trucks.