
PEOPLE WITH BIG HEART
(FRIENDSHIP WITHOUT BORDERS)

PEOPLE WITH BIG HEART
(FRIENDSHIP WITHOUT BORDERS)

Publisher
Beogradska knjiga

* * *

Miodrag Nikolic
Los Angeles, USA – Belgrade, Serbia/ Montenegro

Editor
Dobrolo Aranitovich

* * *

Translation from Serbian
Tatjana Colin, M.A.
Dr. Danica Djokich
Dr. Vida Jankovich (poems)

PEOPLE WITH BIG HEART

(FRIENDSHIP WITHOUT BORDERS)

Compiled by Milosh Jevtich



Belgrade,
2004

FORWARD

By publishing this book, I wanted to honor my maternal grandfather, Miodrag Petrovich, who performed, even though it had cost him his career, prosperity and family life, an outstanding humanitarian act by harboring the Jewish refugees in Sabac (Shabats), Western Serbia, in 1940, at the time when very few people in Europe dared to do so. Unfortunately, these Jews were found and executed by the Germans in 1941 in the village of Zasavica (Zasavitsa) near Sabac.

After hearing that the Jewish Society of Belgrade was interested in making a documentary about this event, and being in possession of some notes related to this event written by my relative, Mara Jovanovich, I decided to undertake the task of gathering more information about the arrival of Jews in the Sabac area, their activities and life in Sabac from the beginning of the 18th century until the tragic events of 1941-1945, all the way to the time when their presence in this region completely ceased. In this endeavor I was generously helped by a dear friend of mine, Mr. Radomir Putnikovich, as well as a number of other people who selflessly provided their time and energy to make researches into historical facts, and to objectively document this book.

I was particularly interested in reports that the Jews from this region often declared themselves as Serbs, and refused to abandon their homes in Sabac as Hitler's forces were advancing, replying to neighbors urging them to lea-

ve by saying: “Why should *we* leave? We are Serbs, like you...” Many of them who volunteered for service and fought in the Serbian Royal Army became close friends with other Serbs and generally felt and behaved like natives of Sabac. I am very proud of my Serbian countrymen from Sabac, the town where I was born, for they compassionately protected the Jews, Gypsies, and others prosecuted by the Germans as if they had been their own flesh and blood.

With this book, I also wanted to pay respect to my great benefactor, a Jewish man, Mr. Ario Leo Hanin, born November 20th, 1913 in Lithuania. As a new immigrant to America in 1972, when I needed help most, Mr. Hanin embraced me without any questions, supported and helped me start my own business, which enabled me to secure my family’s well-being, success and prosperity in the new country. I interpreted Mr. Hanin’s support as *karma*, a return for my grandfather’s good deeds toward the Jewish people whom he helped without ever asking anything in return, though Mr. Hanin knew nothing about my grandfather. During World War II, Leo also helped out, as he told me, smuggling Jews out of Lithuania, Poland and Ukraine via Shanghai into China where he spent the war years.

Like my ancestors, my great-grandparents, my grandparents, and my beloved mother and father, I also strive to continue the tradition of helping those in need. Whenever I can, I aid the refugees from Krajina (Krayina) and Kosovo and Metohija (Metohiya), financially support the children whose parents were killed, and contribute to the deprived. Humanitarian work is a great pleasure for me. I believe that our Christian tradition obliges every single one of us to help out the ones in need whenever we can.

Belgrade - Los Angeles
May, 2003

Miodrag Nikolic

THE CANDLE AT THE DOORSTEP IS BURNING OUT

At the end of autumn 1939, three unusual looking boats docked on the Danube River near Kladovo. Aboard these boats were the Jews from Eastern Europe who were trying to escape Nazi pogroms, bound for Palestine, the land of their ancestors. They were from Czechoslovakia, Poland, Austria (already forcefully annexed into the Reich by the “crazy Austrian corporal”), Hungary, as well as some Yugoslav territories. They were well aware that the countries in which they were born and had lived for centuries, and which were succumbing, one after another to the German racist madness, had nothing else to offer but more gas chambers, mass-graves and new “crystal nights”. Those three boats, later replaced by ordinary barges, looked like Noah’s Ark from the Old Testament aimlessly trying to find its new Ararat. For, Romania had already denied the crossing into the Black and Mediterranean Sea over its territories; England, who at the time held Palestine as its protectorate, did not allow immigration into its provinces; and most cities in Yugoslavia, too, afraid of Hitler’s reprisals, were unwilling to help these unfortunate souls. The situation was absolutely desperate for most people who were spending the freezing winter on the ice-

wedged, dilapidating Danube barges, though some of them, using various smuggling routes, did succeed in reaching their destination. For those trapped without an apparent way out, in those days of complete confusion and fear, unexpectedly, in summer 1940, a grim sign of hope and salvation, even for a short time, was offered by the citizens of Sabac.

For these thirteen hundred Jews, Sabac soon became that one lonely spot on the European map that signified compassion and hospitality, the city where the destiny of Serbs and Jews would, once again, become intertwined and joint. Only a quarter of the century before, Sabac had endured its own Calvary from the same conquerors – the ruthless Austro-Hungarian army. “Serbian Verdin” was the place where resistance to the occupying forces was fierce, but the fallout for the local population was devastating; the city was all but destroyed, its residents decimated. These events could have been the foundation for this city’s compassion for those threatened with physical annihilation. In the second decade of the previous century, Sabac’s inhabitants, themselves, experienced the destructive force of German militant aspirations. Besides, as a former border city, it had expanded its economy and trade, industrial development and cultural growth, welcoming European influences and traditions with eagerness and enthusiasm. The drift of bourgeois sophistication was coming both, from Srem and Macva (Matchva) regions. The hospitality of Sabac’s residents, their sincere affability, flexibility and open-mindedness, as famous Stanislav Vinaver indicates, were the result of their strong “sense of humanity”, their tolerance, liberalism and progressiveness in respect to cultural, social, and industrial novelties, as well as their genuine appreciation of various ethnic influences.

At the beginning of World War II, Sabac had already had a strong, vibrant, copious and influential Jewish community for more than a century and a half. The Jews enriched the city life with a number of reputable craftsmen, artists, doctors, lawyers, industrialists, and manufacturers – people whose integrity, productivity, and prosperity was protected by complete absence of any religious or ethnic biases. That could be the reason why so many Jewish residents of Sabac openly declared themselves as “The Serbs of Moses”. This feeling of belonging is well illustrated by the words of one of Sabac’ Sephardic Jews, Oscar Davicho. In a poem from his renowned *Childhood* opus, he writes about returning from exile in 1918, after World War I:

*After the war, we returned to Serbia.
I loved being a Serb,
A Serb of Moses, just like my father was.
For, together we triumphed over the Germans,
For, the Serbs value accuracy, my father says,
As we do, my brother, you and I,
For, the Serbs value good food, my brother,
And good wine, as you and I,
For, they are not deceitful or anti-Semites.*

At that time, though, Sabac also had a mayor well suited to such a grand city. Miodrag Petrovich, the son of a distinguished lawyer, author and political activist, Mr. Dragoljub-Draza Petrovich, was a true European intellectual, with sinuous outlook and broad education. He obtained his Doctoral Degree in France, spent many years in the diplomatic service, and developed close friendships with many Sabac’ Jews, whom he sympathized with, sin-

ce he, too, was expatriated as a young man during World War I. Despite certain reservations and opposition, he was the one with enough courage and conscience to initiate the reception of refugee Jews from Kladovo, and to provide them with a shelter and endurable life conditions in an adapted old mill in Sabac.

Ten years earlier, before the dark anti-Semitic forces commenced their execution of the “final solution to the Jewish problem”, in March of 1931, in Jerusalem, *The Garden of Petar I Karadjordjevic (Karageorgevich)*, the first European monarch to grant the Jews the very same rights his own people had, was opened. Such honor was previously bestowed only onto two other individuals: Theodore Herschel, the founder of Zionism, national and political movement for the creation of an independent Jewish state in Palestine, and Arthur James Balfour, the British Foreign Affairs Minister, who published his famous “Balfour Proclamation” in November 1917, promising that the Jews, indeed, would see this dream realized.

However, soon after the launching of World War II hostilities, in April 1941, Yugoslavia was forced to capitulate in an uneven fight against the German occupying forces and their allies. Slavery and oppression engulfed Sabac and all its inhabitants. Soon, the concentration camps were overflowing with Jews, Serbs, Gypsies, and all progressives opposing the German rule. Bodies were floating down the Sava River daily, and Sabac, once again, became an oasis of hope for the numerous Serbian refugees forced to flee Croatia, run by an anti-Serb, pro-Nazi, Ustasha regime.

Shortly, the retaliatory, cruel, gory Nazi retributions began: hangings, executions, “Bloody March to Jarak” of several thousand Serbs, Jews and Gypsies, and then – the

infamous October 13th, 1941 when 1,057 Jews, 131 of them natives of Sabac, were bestially murdered on the hill of Zasavica. In January 1942, the remaining Jewish women and children were first transported by train to the city of Ruma, and from there, were forced to walk some 30 kilometers to the concentration camp in Zemun. Not *one* of them survived.

The persecution and annihilation of these Jews is an illustration of the most repulsive, sordid, repugnant, sadistic madness, the deepest degradation of all that is human and civilized. The executors, the members of the “superior, Arian, race”, like human vultures, pillaged their victims’ money, jewelry, even golden teeth, before killing them. The later suffering of Jewish women and children is appalling, indescribable. The native of Sabac, Mrs. Mara Jovanovich, remembering these unspeakable events, comments: *“Afterwards, stories about the Golgotha these women and children had experienced on their way to death were heard around the city. They were forced to march from Ruma to Zemun. The winter was bitter, the road long, so that the younger children couldn’t move through the deep snow. Many froze to death. The mothers struggled to protect their children by embracing and carrying them, to no avail. Mothers buried their dead children hastily, covering them with snow, hoping that with the spring thaw, villagers would find them and give them a proper funeral [...] The mothers were mad with grief. The empty, frozen road echoed with shrieks. In unbearable anguish, they pulled their hair, scratched their faces, beat their chests. Older women died on the road, too...”*

“When the dead family member is not in the house, a candle is placed on the doorstep to burn out”, Mrs. Mara Jovanovich reminds us of the old Serbian tradition. That

horrific winter of 1941, thousands of candles were burning out on the doorsteps of Jewish and Serbian homes all over Sabac and Podrinje (Podrinje) region, all over Serbia. Nevertheless, as the poet says, these flickers of light “spoke to us from the darkness”. The story of Sabac’ Jews is only a segment in the universal tragedy of both the Jews and Serbs. It is a story of an unforeseen catastrophe, but also a testimony that the compassion, solidarity, humanness and a “bond of fellow man” are indestructible, and can overcome the worst iniquities.

The gates of the brutal 20th century slammed behind the Jewish and Serbian people who, together, suffered the worst hardships in their history. But, history is not represented just by heaps of data, regardless of how relevant, carefully recorded and accurate they may be. History is represented by a communal spirit, stories handed down by elders, by preservation of the memory and maintenance of awareness. “*A glint of the blade mirrors the future*”, the poet said. Collective memory was the very weapon that outfitted the Jews to rebuild their homeland on their ancestral soil, and the Serbs two hundred years ago to rise up from the darkness of a long Ottoman oppression, reconstruct their statehood and save themselves from disappearing into the darkness of history.

The tragic tale of Sabac’ Jews does not characterize the entire account of Serbian and Jewish cohabitation and common life. It started during the first decades of the restored Serbian state, and it lasts to this day. More than a decade ago, a Serbian-Jewish Friendship Association was established in Sabac. It was one of the most active organizations, until its work was abruptly halted when the last two Jewish families from Sabac moved to Israel at the height of former Yugoslavia’s disintegration.

There are no Jews living in Sabac today. But, the memory of their past existence endures. For, the contributions of prominent Jewish artists and novelists from Sabac can never be obliterated from Serbian culture. Allow me to mention only the most distinguished: the painter Leon Cohen, the composer Robert Tolinger, the poet, essayist, and translator Stanislav Vinaver, one of the “1300 corporals”, and Oscar Davicho who inscribed some of the most poignant patriotic poems in Serbian language in the fifties of last century.

This book, too, represents just another fragment in the continuing story of Sabac and its Jews. Mr. Milosh Jevtich, the son of a legendary goalie of Sabac’ soccer team “Macva” (“Matchva”), a distinguished literary and cultural promoter, was able to combine in this book a variety of materials from different sources into one congruent entity. This book is like a wheat from Macva’s fields - it embodies diverse entities: tender and sentimental memories of Mrs. Mara Jovanovich, an individual with undeniable literary talent; condense and precise journal notes from 1941 of Rev. Glisha Babovich, pastor and novelist; socio-cultural research concerning 19th century didactic, social, and religious emancipation of Jews in Sabac of Mr. Milan Jevtich, ethnologist; and an overview of the lives and output of Sabac Jews from the beginnings of the 19th century to their demise during World War II, with the emphasis on their contributions to the economic, cultural and societal growth of Sabac, Podrinje region, and the entire Serbia written by the novelists Mr. Nikola Devura and Milivoje Vasiljevich. The copiously structured materials in this book and assiduously selected observations about the people, events, and issues from the pen of two revered Serbian-language writers, Stanislav Vinaver and Oscar Da-

vicho, define it as a distinct and valuable literary endeavor.

The words engraved on the memorial of WWII Jasenovac (Yasenovats) concentration camp assert: “*The dead give sight to the living*”. We can only hope that the tale from the past recounted in this book will help both Serbian and Jewish people better see in the future who their true, genuine allies were, and still are.

Dobrolo Aranitovich

We Pack, We Unpack
Wir Packen, Wir Auspacken

Mara Jovanovich

WE PACK, WE UNPACK WIR PACKEN, WIR AUSPAKEN

**Tragic Fate of Jewish Refugees
From Sabac, 1941**

*Dedicated to the memory of those
who sacrificed themselves in the valiant
struggle of all freedom loving people
against fascism, the worst enemy of hu-
manity and freedom.*

It was the summer of 1939. For the last nine years, the old mill had been dilapidated, its surroundings outgrown by weeds, cluttered with broken bricks and pieces of metal. Its interior had swallowed the entire roof structure; the rusted, coiled aluminum shrieked with every gust of the wind, spooking the occasional passerby. Now, however, this old wreckage, the property of the deceased Jakov Vukosavljevich (Yakov Vukosavlyevich), wine merchant from Janko Veselinovich (Yanko Veselinovich) Street No.7, was being feverishly reconstructed. Even an outhouse with four lavatories was added.

The first inhabited house next to the mill was the property of the late Vasa “Andolija” (“Andoliya”), the musician, and next to it was the residence of Mr. Dushan Lekich, a respected merchant.

There were rumors that some refugee Jews from Vienna were moving into the mill. This news caused great

commotion. The workers labored at the mill, while stories about the city mayor were spreading from door to door, like a wildfire, all over town. The hearsay about this new city official was at best controversial. “Mister” Doctor of Law, Mr. Miodrag Petrovich, loves Jews so much, that he wants to populate the city exclusively with them. The others were spitefully commenting that Sabac was already full of Jews, and those that everyone had rejected beforehand would only bring about the wrath of Hitler’s cronies onto the city. Some were saying that the mayor was friends with many of the Jews, had great respect for them, especially for the city doctor, Albert Bata Cohen, and simply was obliged to help.

While the city officials sent a communiqué to the Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Yugoslavia, Mr. Dragisha Cvetkovich, complaining about the mayor’s reckless and conceited dealings which, as they claimed, would result in devastating consequences for the entire city, some citizens of Sabac were denouncing, while the others approved Mr. Petrovich’s actions. The city officials were most concerned about the local economy. They feared that the prices of everyday commodities would increase drastically when so many people who, as everyone suspected, had ample assets, converged on the city with only 16.000 inhabitants and, at the time, the cheapest farmers market in the entire country.

Moreover, rumors about the contagious diseases these poor refugees who had spent a considerable time in unsanitary conditions on the ships in Kladovo might bring to the city were circulating among the citizens. The Jews were waiting for days for transit visas from Romanians in the hope of crossing the Black Sea, and reaching Palestine. The British, who ruled Palestine at the time, had already denied them visas to relocate there.

After the annexation of Austria in 1939, forced to leave under the German oppression, the steady stream of Jewish refugees started trickling into the region. And now, the river of 1,300 people was surging into the city, their backs bent under the heavy weight of their luggage, they sauntered next to the horse-driven carriages filled with their possessions. The younger children were placed on top of the bags, swaying as the carriages moved, and the adults, men and women, were walking by their side. They held up their children to keep them stable on the wobbly vehicles, while these violently shook and squeaked under the old, Turkish, cobbled road on their way to Baira (the Gipsy community in Sabac). The procession enwrapped in the ominous cloud of dust was sullen and grim. This lattice of cars, luggage, horses and weary people was gradually progressing, away from evil, from their wicked, superior foes, from beasts that had put their bloody paws on those who had been persecuted since the Old Testament. They were running away from it all – despair, anguish, torment, storms, rain, and scorching sun. The Viennese Jews had come to Sabac.

The residents of our tiny street at the time were mixed: Serbs and Slovaks some Gypsies and Russians who immigrated during the communist revolution of 1917. Our street was in the poor section of town, but its people were hard-working and honest. Several Slovak households jointly built a place of worship for themselves.

Everyone was curious about the newcomers: old and young, rich and poor, prominent and marginal, every single soul was on the street, curiously examining this clammy, exhausted procession. The locals stood there, nonchalantly leaning on the fences, gawking at this unusually composed and orderly convoy, as it appeared to our affa-

ble, openhearted women dressed in simple folkloric dresses covered with starched and well ironed aprons. Their heads were covered with scarves, colors corresponding to their age. The older women wore dark, unadorned ones, middle aged checkered, light ones, or decorated with small flowers or spots, while the younger women wore their hair tightly brushed in a bun.

In front of the mill, the atmosphere was almost festive. Local children, both light and dark, were running around making clouds of dust. The adults looked in wonder through the fence. This mass of strange people of all ages, from elderly to infants in the arms of their mothers, was enveloped by an eerie tranquility as they calmly and orderly, without any racket and clamor, entered the property. As they penetrated the spacious front yard, they slumped on their suitcases and bundles, waiting to be assigned.

Their conduct was most unusual for the spectators who were watching them through the lace-wired fence. They carried themselves with, for the situation, atypical poise and dignity. It radiated from their every move. The locals were moved; everyone felt compelled to help. As one group continued passing the mill, I remember someone from the crowd inquiring loudly: "Where are you going?" A dark, man with a moustache frowned, and with obvious irritation in his voice answered that this group was being sent to the Lower Street where merchant Drago Toshkovich and the Prague Bank had their warehouses with plenty of storage space. The Prague Bank had its branch in Sabac, and had sold its warehouses to Mr. Richard Frelih, a wheat merchant, one of the bank patrons, who at the time lived in Belgrade. This space was at the end of Pop Lukina Street, and, like all the other ones, had already been prepared for the newcomers.

Back in the mill, a tall, well dressed man in short pants and spiked boots had been calling out the names of families, spouses, individuals, elders, adults and youngsters. At the bottom of the stairs, at the front yard entrance into the mill, there was a man gesticulating and explaining to each person in German where his assigned space and bed was. Methodically, swiftly, and efficiently, within only a couple of hours, by the end of that serene September day, more than 500 people were settled at this location. At dusk, the yard was empty and completely still.

This is how the Jews arrived in Sabac, unaccounted, unrecorded, neither in the official refugee register nor in the imported merchandise catalog of the firm “Ristich and Miloshevich”, neither as people, nor as things. Still alive, but nonexistent.

On the ground floor, which was slightly elevated, there were bunk beds made of wood. In the middle of that wide and airy space were long tables. The belongings and clothes were neatly kept under the beds. Something in Hebrew was written on the east wall. A couple of postcards underneath were the only decorations. Right next to the main entrance was a large furnace made out of a tin barrel. The smoke pipe was placed through the window. The smoke could be seen coming out of it very rarely, only when it was unbearably cold. Wooden stairs lead to the first and second floor. The ground was always scrubbed, clean and shiny. There was no heating in the entire building. I remember once asking a young man whom we called Pupe why there was no fire in the furnace. He said that there was no need for it, that everything was just fine without it. I recall commenting that it was simply impossible for any place to be “just fine” without heat in freezing winter. Pupe smiled and explained – it was just fine beca-

use it could be worse. A person must be prepared to have nothing in order to appreciate a little. At the time, I could not comprehend his attitude; I was a child, and I knew nothing about the cruelty of life. Years later, I understood why these brave people acted that way and did not build a single chimney on the roof.

In the middle of the front yard, there was an unused stable, soon converted into a small, make-shift infirmary. To the left and right from it, toward the main gate, there were huge columns. Underneath were barrels for plum storage. At the edge of the yard there were quarters for distilling plums into brandy. Now, they were transformed into a wood shop. In the middle of the yard was a water siphon, and next to it a willow tree.

For me, this mill was a painting canvas on which every inhabitant, without a brush or palette, painted a heroic picture of human dignity in the face of adversity. I was inescapably drawn to it, enthralled by these peoples' courageousness, saddened by their suffering.

The warehouses in Pop Lukina Street had been built before World War I. The first building, about fifteen meters long, with a large, black, metal gate, was joined with a second building constructed in the shape of the letter "u", which also had another entrance from the street. A long, narrow passage connected the two buildings. Small windows with metal blinds were placed throughout the building at a distance of four-five meters, so that the wheat could be aired and dried. The buildings had been used for wheat storage until 1939, when Jewish refugees were housed there. These structures were sizeable, but dim and stifling, with huge wooden pillars positioned in the middle. The buildings were intertwined with wooden stairs, and had two levels only.

Neither location was spacious enough to accommodate as many people as were originally placed there. Shortly after their arrival, the refugees began leaving these locations, accepting the locals' invitations to move in with them. Some transferred into the private residences in the city, some into the surrounding villages, Velika Vranjska (Velika Vranyska) and Jevremovac (Yevremovats). The respected landowner, Mr. Dragich Adamovich, a farmer from Jevremovac, took on seven refugees into his home. Hospitality toward the ones in need is a highly valued traditional quality in rural communities. Mr. Adamovich honored it, and his guests repaid his trust by behaving commendably in his household. They demonstrated great respect for the head of the house and his family, and assisted in everyday chores and fieldwork. The relationship between Mr. Adamovich and his guests matured into true friendship based on mutual respect and reverence. One of the young Jews residing in his house was Sim, the tailor. His host allowed him the use of the sewing machine, securing some income for his guests. Most refugees spoke German, but the language was not a barrier for the development of close and warm relationships.

The Jews that left for Velika Vranjska were provided accommodation in the village mayor's residence. The ones that remained in the mill and Pop Lukina Street ate together, in the communal kitchen. The days were passing uneventfully, structured and organized, with every member of that huge Jewish family fulfilling their assigned duties with admirable simplicity and efficiency. They were synchronized like the bees in a hive, even though they themselves had differing backgrounds; they were from Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria. Their local neighbors, Sabac citizens, were fascinated. Among these

people, under the circumstances they found themselves in, each individual's previous social standing, profession or background became irrelevant; they seemed perfectly well aware of what their duties were, and complied soundly.

The mill kitchen and dining room were located in the former engine room. The food was prepared and distributed every day. The ones remaining in the mill, especially younger, unmarried men, women, and couples without children, were responsible for supplying the compound with fresh produce, as well as for cleaning, food preparation, washing the dishes and the cement floor in the kitchen. These men and women worked equally hard.

The areas around the compound were bustling with activity throughout the day. From all directions, from Donji Sor (Donyi Shor), Kamicak (Kamitchak), Rabadziluk, Sana's Sor (Sana's Shor) areas, the refugees were coming either to eat in the mill, or pick up the food to take away. Regardless of the weather conditions, whether it snowed, rained, or was scorching hot, in exact order of arrival, these people would orderly form a line, take their bread and food, proceed into the dining room, take their place at the table, and would quickly and quietly consume their meal, to free the space for the next person. Some would just pick up the food and take it with them to where they lived.

Toward the end of the fall, the shortage of wood became alarming. I noticed that for several days people were returning from the mill empty handed, with bread only. Several days later, I observed a convoy of horse-driven wagons filled with chopped wood. The coaches were passing our house when I stopped one and asked: "Where are you bringing this wood from?"

"From Mr., Draza's property", the peasant explained.

Seeing my confused face, he smiled and clarified: "From Vranjska forests. Mr. Draza's son, Mile (Miodrag

Petrovich), our mayor, paid the villagers to cut several acres of his forest for the Jewish refugees. This is the way to the mill, right?"

"It is", I replied.

"What a man, huh? All this wood! Just like that, a present for them! The wood is still wet, though; it'll take some time before it dries out, so it can burn well."

Everyday encounters with our new neighbors resulted in the desire to communicate. Greeting each other on the street was the beginning. Everyone did so, young or old, acquaintance or not. At first, we just nodded our heads, but later, we started greeting them in German. As the time progressed, our new neighbors became familiar with our language, and began greeting us in Serbian. They had a very funny accent, and I would always giggle when they spoke. I was very young, but keenly aware of the honor their attempts represented. They would timidly accept our compliments about their pronunciation, commenting later on in German that one inevitably acquires good pronunciation from good teachers. As far as I know, everyone readily accepted contact initiated by them. And, they seemed so pleased to be established among their neighbors.

"How are you?" a tiny, curly, dark-haired girl timidly said once in German as she was passing by. Later on I found out that her name was Edita.

"Good" I responded hesitantly, since I wasn't certain what she was saying, nor did I know any other German words. Long time after that encounter I thought about Edita, regretting my shyness and inability to create more meaningful, longer conversation. Maybe she felt the same. Maybe she wanted to learn Serbian as badly as I wanted to learn German, so we could play.

During October, there were numerous families and individuals already living with the local population. Life

was becoming a shielded routine. The Jews and the locals became close and friendships developed. I remember one willowy, young woman who gave ballet lessons to my friend. Olga Chalich prepared a ballet number for the annual performance in the local school for Saint Sava Day. Some older, Jewish ladies frequented the so called “better houses” where someone in the household always spoke German, and they participated in parties for upper class ladies, spending time gossiping and knitting. Five or six of those ladies were said to have completed a large knitted picture of a replica of the *Last Supper* in just two months.

I would often pass older Jewish men on the street, seeing in their hands books borrowed from the local library, with mostly French and German titles. Some were regulars in the library; spending mornings bent over foreign press releases in order to keep up with the latest news.

In February, the Jewish youth organized a beautiful performance in the officer’s hall at the “*Paris*” hotel. Many prominent Sabac citizens were invited, and even the city officials attended, accompanied by their wives. I knew one girl who sang and played the guitar beautifully. She had a solo number in the performance. Young Jewish men formed a band, and they entertained the guests through the night. There was even a ballet number in the performance. For this occasion only, the song “Wir Packen, Wir Auspacken”

(“We are Packing, We are Unpacking”) was especially composed, and later became very popular all around Sabac.

A Jewish sculptor carved up a statue of the Sabac mayor, as a sign of gratitude for the care and hospitality given to the Jewish people upon their arrival to Sabac. That sculpture is to this day in possession of mayor’s descendants.

Young Jewish men joined other activities typical for young men. In the fall and spring they would attend soccer team “Macva’s” condition trainings. Eventually, three of them became the front men, forward attackers of “Macva” soccer team. One of them was Kurt Hilkovets, the very scorer that “wiped out Zamora with five goals”, as Mr. Ljubomir (Lyubomir) Vukadinovich, the sport journalist, wrote in his 1967 article “Remembrance of one Remarkable Soccer Team”.

In the evening, young men and women went to the city “corzo”, a leisurely stroll down the main street, to meet and encounter other youngsters. They used to visit other youngster’s houses. Often, these young Jewish men and women were patrons of the “*Grand*”, the hotel close to the County Court. The ones that did have some money stashed away were the ones having their meals at that place. They also went to the movies quite often. During the 1940-1941, some Jewish families also leased 20 acres of land that belonged to the late Pepika Rumie, the butcher, and on that land they grew a beautiful vegetable garden. They worked hard in it. They decided to do this because the land in question was close to the mill. They only needed to cross the stream, and they were at the piece of land that felt like their own. At that time, Sabac truly was the only place in the entire Europe where Jews lived freely among the native population, working on land, and moving about without restrictions.

I went to the high school, and my friend Musha went to the sowing school. She was the second child from the first marriage of a rail worker, Milorad Stepanovich, called Yarda, from Janko Veselinovich Street. She was a beautiful girl, tall, skinny, blond, pale skinned, and with mesmerizing green eyes. If the eyes are the “window into

one's soul", than she was mild natured, quiet, content and always with a smile on her face. That spring, I saw Musha one day with a funny patch on her leg made out of some green weed that could be found in every yard. I asked her what that was all about, and she said that it was the cure for the pain in her leg that would come suddenly from nowhere.

When she took the patch away, there was a sight – her pain did not come from nowhere, there was a wound, a real, gaping wound! She still claimed that it was nothing. I remember, we were sitting on the bench in front of my house, and talking. At that moment, an older gentleman came out of the mill, walking past us. He was tidily dressed, his hair neatly cut, clean shaven, and with glasses. He greeted us in German, and we greeted him back. Suddenly, he hesitated drawn by Musha's appearance, came close to us, gently took the patch away, intently looked at her wound, and shook his head. He said that momentarily he had to attend some other business, but tomorrow he'd be in the Pop Karan Street, and he wanted us to come there, too. He said he wanted to look at Musha's leg one more time. I thanked him. It was difficult to understand what he had said, but I tried to behave like I was older, and somehow, I translated to Musha what he had said. As he continued walking down the street, Musha and I talked about whether he really was a doctor, or just a concerned grown up. He could have been anything, I commented, how could I have known what these people were doing in Vienna before any of this happened. Musha showed fear for the first time, and said that she would not go to see that man tomorrow. I told her that he must be a doctor, because he smelled like hospital.

The next day, Musha and her stepmother Andja (Andya), who was an unusually nice woman, went toget-

her to look for the stranger who had made the appointment the previous day. They were looking for a Jewish doctor in the street that is, accidentally, to this very day, right next to the hospital. He examined Musha, and prescribed some medicine that solved the problem right away. Andja remembers this Jewish doctor to this day, and always talks of him with gratitude and tenderness. He was a single man, and lived alone in a little room in a house owned by an older local lady. Throughout the next two months, he insisted that Musha should come to him, so he could change her bandages. Andja told me later how surprised she was when the doctor refused to take a single penny for his services from her. "You know" she'd tell me, "I realize now that that man saved Musha. I can never repay him. Only now I realize it was gangrene, and I am absolutely certain she would have lost her leg, if it hadn't been for that man. I thank him, even in death, every single day. And, every day, I damn the Germans for killing that man, and all the other innocent Jews from Sabac".

The infirmary worked whenever it was needed. It was mostly used as a quarantine to prevent epidemics from spreading, whenever some contagious disease appeared. It was also used as an operating facility. In this Jewish infirmary my friend Edo was operated on, and I remember going to visit him. There, we again met our mysterious doctor, this time very serious and with glasses. I simply could not believe the sight. I knew the old stable. What these people turned it into was just unbelievable. Inside, everything was spotless, two cupboards for surgical instruments and a disposal can were neatly placed. In the next room, there were three beds with spotless white linen, it was the recovery room. In one of those beds was Edo. Even the floor was all white, painted and freshly scrubbed; the who-

le place was so clean that it was giving out a glare one could hardly look at.

We gave Edo our presents, and then I lost interest in him. I wanted to talk to the doctor, and ask him what exactly he did when he lived in Vienna. He was warm, sweet and polite. He said he used to be a surgeon, that now he only treated his own people, and that the working conditions were, as we could see ourselves, very difficult. He said that he was a happy man, though, because his wife and one of his sons were already in Palestine, the land of their ancestors. His oldest son, he said, went to Switzerland, but he hadn't heard from him since he arrived there. Then, suddenly, he quieted down, and drafted in his own thoughts. Musha and I realized that we should go, and we quietly left, with him mechanically, politely, absent-mindedly, walking us to the door.

Doctor Berkverk was an extraordinary man, always ready to help. He had a healing personality; he didn't need to do anything, in his presence alone, people felt better. I was always enchanted by people like that. He accepted us as if we were the most important people in the world, yet he saw us only a couple of times. It was widely known that he was the one that healed Musha's infected leg, so his reputation grew among the locals. People become closest when hard times strike. Whenever someone needed help, he was ready to give it. Someone always needed help, and the doctor was always giving it; he was always working. He was one of those people devoted to their profession. Even though he wasn't even sure whether he'd live to the next day, he was always with a medical book, continuously improving his professional knowledge so that he could be a better physician. He had such a wide education, not only limited to the medical field, but, to life, too. He

spoke three languages: German, English, and French. He was one of those people who put their patients before themselves. He never showed anxiety aroused by uncertainty in which he found himself. I wish I could convey the truth about him and those who shared the same destiny as him, and how noble they all were. His personality, his commitment and dedication to the people around him should be an example to all of us. He became someone I so admired that I wanted to be like him; he was my unsung hero. I admired his calm demeanor, his life philosophy, his tranquil manner, his Spartan attitude.

During the 1940 and 1941, two trains did, indeed, leave for Palestine. The first carried only women and their children, and we went to the train station to see them off. I was there, with many other kids, and I remember it as one of the saddest and, at the same time, the most joyous events in my life. I remember little heads and arms peering through the windows in the third class. There were many solemn people at the station, watching the train slowly depart. Next to me there was a man who quietly wiped off the tears from his cheeks. I remember wondering whether he was sad to see his family leave, or to see himself stay.

A couple of days later, some Jews who lived with city families moved back into the mill. Life continued routinely, even though the sense of sadness was obviously prevalent. In February, another train took people to Palestine. These were mostly sick and elderly, and I remember feeling what everyone else felt - that many of them would not survive the voyage. The first train that left did arrive to Palestine, but this second one, the one that went via Bulgaria, upon reaching the Black Sea was bombed by the Germans.

Some people opted to leave the mill individually. One of them was Doctor Jozef Vinter, a Czechoslovakian Jew

somewhere from South Moravska, who studied law at Karlov University, and practiced law in Mielnyik. In Sabac, he became friends with the late painter Chalich and his wife, who was Czechoslovakian. He was a sophisticated and highly educated man. He spoke Check perfectly, and, probably that was one of the reasons why he befriended the Chalichs. He disliked speaking German. He was blond, curly haired, short, he wore glasses, and was a very quiet, well-balanced man.

I heard about his escape from my friend Olga. Actually, he was the only person from the mill who left it officially, legally. One day in 1940, he came to visit the Chalichs, and found Professor Chalich alone at home. He asked him to borrow a very large sum of money. Luckily, Mr. Chalich did have the money, since at the time he was painting a church near the village Klenka. Mr. Chalich consulted his wife, and decided to lend Mr. Vinter the money, without ever asking what it was for. He did, of course, suspect that the doctor was planning to somehow escape to Palestine, as was every other inhabitant of the mill.

Later on, we found out that Mr. Vinter, taking advantage of his friendship with the Ruma rabbi, contacted the monks in one of the Fruska (Frushka) Gora monasteries, and, using the route of Serbian Orthodox monasteries, succeeded in reaching Greece, from where he was smuggled into Turkey. From there, he sent the message about his journey to one of his friends in the mill, and that man informed the Chalichs about the whole ordeal. Some time later, encouraged by Vinter's escape, several other adult mill residents, approached Mr. Chalich with the same request – to assist them in their escape. Unfortunately, except for the money, Mr. Chalich could not help them, since he had no idea about the details of Vinter's escape – he kept it to himself, and disclosed details to no one.

Before he left for Greece, doctor Vinter had left his belongings with the rabbi in Ruma, with an explanation that he would collect them soon afterwards. After several weeks without hearing a word from the doctor, the rabbi brought the suitcases to the Sabac police station, and reported Mr. Vinter's disappearance. Accidentally, Mrs. Chalich was there to witness this whole event. The police chief, Mr. Kujundzic (Kuyundzich), processed Vinter's belongings, and informed his staff that they should not search for Mr. Vinter, since he surely was deceased by now. Yarmila Chalich knew differently, and left the station certain that her friend was alive, content that her husband and she had helped at least one person to escape the uncertainty of the mill.

One need go no further than to mention the Jewish refugees to the Sabac elderly, to evoke their stories about these brave people and to initiate reminiscences about the strength of human spirit, the power of deep religious beliefs, and to entice them into retelling of who and how among the Sabac Jews they knew and met. These men and women believed, without any shred of doubt that the evil would be surmounted, and the good would triumph eventually. That was why they endured all those perils, regardless of what they were named: Fascism, anti-Semitism, Nazism.

When on March 27th, 1941, a group of local high school students launched protests against the Yugoslav government's signing of the pact with Germany; they marched in the direction of the "*Zorka*" factory. As they reached Donji Sor Street, in front of a Jewish refugee camp there, a group of young Jewish men joined them. Within moments, the protest turned rowdy, and the residences of German experts who worked in the factory were attacked.

Almost all their windows were smashed. When the police arrived, the protestors scattered in the direction of the cemetery.

I was among them, and, after running like mad, when everything appeared safe and calm, I returned home crossing the graveyard property and the railway tracks. As I approached home, I observed a group of young Jewish men and women in front of the mill gate. Enci Doych, a Jewish boy whom we all called Zoran, realizing where I was coming from, came up to me and congratulated me. He spoke very good Serbian.

“Excellent, girl! Just keep it up! Don’t let them run all over you! You do realize now how we found ourselves here, don’t you?”

Still shaking, I just looked at him, continued walking, and in a couple of steps, I found myself in the safety of my own yard. My mother, pale with fear, under her breath, angry, said only: “Were you the one among those who smashed those windows? You are lucky you weren’t hit in the head yourself, stupid girl! Another war! I can’t believe I’ll have to live through another one! How many times will everything be destroyed and we’d have to rebuilt from scratch!?”

I ate quietly, and as soon as I could escape my mother’s watchful eye, I ran back on the street again. The same group of youngsters was still in front of the mill. Pleased with my achievement, I started giggling, but the group remained sullen and somber.

“What’s wrong with you? Why are you so quiet? Are you hungry?”

No one responded. Finding some strange courage in me, the courage that was really fear, I advised them to better go and eat something and get strength, not to fear, and

to meet me again in the same place later. As I was saying this, I saw my father approaching, which made me run into my yard, breathless. As he walked into the yard, right after me, my mother anxiously started with questions: “Dushan, what was happening out there?”

“It’s bad, bad...” answered my father absently. Suddenly, as woken up from a dream, he turned toward me:” I forbid you to go to the city unless you have some serious business. They are mobilizing people, drafting everyone of fighting age, yet the army doesn’t have a clue. Here, look at the early edition of the “*Pravda*” newspapers. The whole country is in upheaval, everyone in Belgrade is protesting. Now I realize that these Jewish refugees must have known long before us what would be happening to all of us!”

And then, the Sunday, April 6th 1941 came. As usual, my father was listening to the radio on Sunday mornings. To our bewilderment, the words from the radio were saying: “Attention, citizens! German planes are dropping bombs on Belgrade!”. I jumped out of bed. I couldn’t believe what I was hearing. The announcer’s voice was cracking as if he would burst into tears any moment. My father gained control over himself, it seemed, almost immediately.

In an icy, unnaturally calm voice, he addressed my mother: “What are we going to do with the kids now?” Without waiting for an answer that wasn’t coming anyway, he continued:” All right, we should not panic. We’ll leave the house tomorrow, and send the kids to stay with friends and uncle Aleksich, in the village of Vranjska. This cannot last too long. It will be over before you know it. The Germans have superior weaponry, and our army is completely tousled and confused. The country is in a state of chaos.”

I couldn't stay in the house. I went outside, to see the neighbors who began gathering around the house of Branko Petrovich. Seeing the crowd, he opened his windows and brought his radio outside, so everyone could hear it. Every couple of minutes the announcer was reporting about the bombing of Belgrade. Someone commented that Belgrade was being bombed for so long because of its reputation as an open, liberal city. People around the window and on the street were restless and clearly worried. Jewish friends among us, mostly young men, kept going in and out of their compound in the mill. People were quiet, grave, and somber. Some time around noon, the crowds started dispersing. Soon, there was not a living soul on the streets. Around dusk, almost all those people, entire families, started leaving the city seeking the safety with friends and relatives in the rural surroundings of the town. I was surprised to see some men from the mill leave as well. Asked where they were going, they answered that they decided to join our Royal Army, and share their faith, whatever befell them. My father, also, insisted that my mother and I leave, and we did so.

Later on, mother and I agreed that we would regularly return to check the house. We decided that I should complete that task first. I'll never forget my first return visit on April 13th, 1941. As soon as I entered the city limits, I could see the Germans on their motorcycles, green uniforms and helmets, swarming around. I was petrified even to look at them; I just kept walking, looking down into my feet, aiming straight for the center of the city. There was not one single person I knew on the street. The noise German motorcycles made deafened me. The store windows of the old shoe store "*Minyon*", right next to the "*Paris*" tavern were smashed into bits. I was scared out of my wits. "This

could not be happening. This is the end of the world,” I thought as I was hurriedly walking home. Passing the Bair section, the area where our Jewish refugee friends were housed, I became aware of the complete and utter silence. It was as if not a soul were there. The sigh of relief came over me as I entered my own street. I saw the first familiar person in front of uncle Branko’s house. Mr. Jova Radosavljevich (Yova Radosavlyevich), the World War I veteran, was sitting in front of the house, just staring ahead.

I quickly entered into our yard, without saying anything. I walked into the house. It was empty, but everything was still in its place. I walked through the living room, climbed the stairs, and walked out on the balcony from where I could see some commotion at the train station. I went out on the street again, and saw a woman carrying a large bag on her back. I called her, and asked what was happening down there. She replied that people were looting all over town, everyone was doing it, she said, Gypsies, peasants from near-by villages, poor, even respected citizens.

Some childish curiosity drew me toward the station. I had to see for myself what was happening. I came close to the train that was stationed there. People, none of which I knew, were pushing and shoving, swarming all over the area. They were climbing the wagons, entering through windows, falling, getting up again, walking over the ones still on the ground. Complete chaos. Somehow I succeeded in reaching the warehouse close to the station. The noise was deafening, unbearable. One could hear only yelling, cursing, and mourning. All over the ground, there was rice, flour, wheat, spilled from the bags people were dragging around and fighting over. There were shoes and rolls of materials on the sidewalk. Looting, madness, all

over. I saw a child's feet peering from the barrel with oil. I ran to it, terrified and amazed, just to see a tiny girl trying to scoop up the oil from the bottom of the barrel with a bowl, struggling to free herself. I grabbed her feet and pulled as hard I could. As she emerged, I saw her face smeared with oil. She could have drowned if I hadn't pulled her out. I started crying, and running toward home.

I couldn't wait to reach its safety. As I approached it, I saw a couple of Jewish boys watching in amazement and bewilderment our shame, degradation, and demise. I asked them why they were just standing there instead of joining in, and grabbing some rice from the wagons. They looked at me with such disgust and abhorrence, that I felt my face burning with the shame I suddenly felt. At the moment, I felt an overwhelming hatred for the Germans who caused this bedlam. I turned to the boys and defiantly said: "Well, better we take it than those bastards!" They understood my embarrassment, smiled among all that disorder, and in unison shook their heads. These boys were so proud. Facing their own uncertainty and the realistic possibility of starvation, they still refused to participate in the looting, and pilfer something that didn't belong to them.

At this moment, I felt rage. "Stupid pride! That's why you're in this predicament!" I thought to myself. I turned around, and started running toward the wagons containing rice bags. I pushed people as if I were mad, with some inhuman strength, my mind blurred. I grabbed two bags, threw them out of the wagon, and dragged them, crying, toward my street. The boys were still standing at the same spot when I dropped these two bags in front of them. I was beside myself with anger, humiliation and despair. I hated those boys for not helping me. Still crying, I ran into my

yard. Suddenly, I remembered what I came for. I composed myself, looked around one more time to assure myself that everything was in order, and proceeded to return to the nearby village to meet my mother. The Jewish boys were still standing by the fence. Their faces were the same as a minute ago, quiet and pale, but the bags I had brought were gone. Confused, I passed by them, looking around for the bags of rice, when I heard my name being called from the mill area. I turned into that direction to see the carpenter from the mill, Mr. Josif. Quietly, in German, he said: "Thank you, Mara", turned around and walked away.

As I was walking toward the village, I saw many people I knew from Livade, all of them dragging bags filled with food. They could barely carry the weight, their backs bent almost to the ground. I didn't ask anything, knowing what they were hauling. We were both embarrassed by the encounter.

My mother was crazy with worry by the time I returned. I told her about what I had seen - the Germans who were already in Sabac, about the looting. She just shrugged her shoulders and commented that what was happening was understandable in a time like this- in the time of war, someone always benefits, she said.

Then, May 10th, 1941 came. We had already returned home by that time. The only difference was that the mill was missing many of its young inhabitants. Less than twenty days after the Germans arrived and occupied the city, the new city mayor was appointed, Mr. Branko Petrovich, who lived in our street, and until then had worked as a bank clerk in the Sabac bank "*Kosnica*" ("*Koshnitsa*").

On that May 10th, a German officer arrived at the mill with his entourage. All who noticed him were petrified to see him there. I watched from my yard, shaking, on the

verge of tears. I knew that his visit meant nothing good. The officer and two soldiers entered the mill gate, and soon came out with almost all adult men from the compound. He lined up the men, who were with their backs turned to me. He stood in front of the line, and spoke for a few moments. Then, one of the soldiers pulled out a box from the car and gave it to one of the older men in the line. The men opened the packet, and started distributing some yellow bands to all in the line. When the last men in the line received the yellow band, the German officer and the soldiers who were with him, without a word, left the area.

I was relieved, almost happy – not only did the Germans leave our friends unharmed, but they gave them something! I ran out of my hiding, straight into the mill yard. I was surprised to see the look on people's faces; they didn't appear pleased at all. I was approached by a group of people I knew, who showed me the bands they had received. The word "Yuden" was written on each. By their facial expressions, the mixture of humiliation, embarrassment, discomfort and anger, I realized that the "present" wasn't gladly received. I whispered a question, enquiring what the word meant. No one answered. The group started dispersing in silence. A boy I knew, Zoran, suddenly threw the band on the ground, and started stomping it, his eyes filling up with tears. Then, finally, he, too, went into the mill. I stood there, still not knowing what the whole thing was about, but realizing all too well, that something awful had just happened. Never again did I see Zoran out of the mill; he didn't want to wear the band, thus, he stopped going out of the mill. I knew that he often went hungry for days; because in the following months when the food was scarce, he refused even to visit his friends from Sabac.

Soon after the Jews had gone into the mill, some Gypsy children from my street gathered around. They were watching the event as well, but just now they decided to come out. I told them about what I had seen, and commented on how Hitler obviously was a crazy jerk, but that everyone in his army seemed very obedient to his directives, as stupid as they were. A Gypsy girl Milka, a beautiful, dark kid, said: "Thank God we have our mayor, uncle Branko. I know he will protect us, the Gypsies. He was always good to us". However, after only a month, all the Gypsies were gathered by the Germans and taken to the city hall. Upon their return they cried and shared that a city clerk had read to them a decree limiting their movement around the city. The curfew imposed on all civilians forbidding them the movement around the city after a certain hour was stricter for the Gypsies and the Jews. They could move about from 7 AM until 6 PM, and only with the bands prominently displayed around their arms. They could go to the market only after 11 AM. Soon after their visit to the city hall, the posters defining new rules were placed all over town. Posters clearly indicated the consequences for disobedience – immediate deployment to a forced labor camp.

The Jews and the Gypsies received equally harsh treatment from the German occupying forces. On June 19th, the Gypsies were forbidden to play in Sabac taverns, and all Jewish and Gypsy workers and doctors were prohibited to continue working. The decree underlining these regulations were posted everywhere, even on the mill gate, in German and Serbian.

Smoke stopped coming from the mill chimney even on rare occasions. The food supplies that were always limited completely ran out, and the inhabitants of the mill were

slowly starving. They must have been grateful for those two bags of rice I brought that day. They started selling jewelry and fine clothes for overpriced food at the market. I will never forget the following: one day, an older Jewish woman, called me across the fence, and in great secrecy, showed me a beautiful fur coat in pristine condition. She begged me to find someone who would be willing to buy it and able to afford it. I have never seen such a coat, I didn't know how much it could be worth, but I felt terribly sorry, and told her about some wealthier people I knew in Sabac. I don't know what happened to that beautiful coat.

The time was such that everyone had to be inventive and resourceful to get food for bare survival. I remember the carpenter, Josif, who made attractive wooden sandals with leather stripes – “Roman shoes”, as we called them. They were so well made that, even though they were made out of wood, they were soft and comfortable to wear. I wanted a pair, but could not afford them.

Many Jewish women started working as domestic help in the houses that could pay them. The pay was not in money, no one could do that, but mostly in food. That wasn't a problem; food was what these women worked for, anyway. They neither were allowed in the market, nor could earn enough to afford anything from it. They were grateful for any edible item they received. Anyhow, there wasn't anything in the markets any more. The Germans virtually cleaned the stores, and sent the packets home. The rationing of all important items was enforced almost immediately; bread, salt, sugar, and meat, in particular.

The bakers were using up the last supplies of flour, and there was no meat in the stores. The farmers from the nearby villages rarely came into sight at the farmers market, and when they did, they had only limited supplies of expensive fruits and vegetables.

The survival of Jewish refugees remained entrusted to their food committee. These people had an impossible task to plan the portions, obtain the food, and distribute it fairly. They could go to the markets only after 11 AM, and even if they could afford something, they could buy it only with German officials' approval. The payments went through German bureaucratic channels. The only significant help the Jews ever received was from other Jews, through their connection with Ruma's Jewish Association. Sometimes, from Ruma, some corn bread would arrive, thin and cracked, unappealing even to look at, let alone be eaten. The mill inhabitants ate it with some herb tea, and for lunch and dinner they would get a cup of watery soup, with a tiny slice of cabbage or a potato. A bean soup would be a real treat. Even half-starved, they never complained. They carried their faith with grace and dignity. Sometimes my mother would send me with a piece of bread, or cheese to give to them. They always offered to pay, but my mother wouldn't hear of it.

Sometimes, they'd give me some change through the fence, and I would run to the market early in the morning to fetch them some bread. They were extremely grateful for such small favors.

Finally, spring came. The mill inhabitants had gotten older during the harsh winter. All seemed to have more wrinkles than they had before. Their hearts were still full of hope, though. And love. I noticed that some romantic relationships had developed during the winter. Maybe these lovers, stealing rare moments of intimacy, knew that behind them would be left so much, and that ahead of them was so little. They knew that separation was imminent. The day when our Jewish friends were to leave their sheltered place was coming closer and closer, and it se-

emed that the lovers were more keenly aware of it than the rest of us. It seemed as if the punishment for those scarce moments of normalcy and closeness was looming above their heads. The ones in love would be separated. They might even live like that for a while, but their hearts would remain scarred. These relationships were simply doomed to end tragically. I remember how sad I was when I saw young Rudi's handwritten message- a heart speared through the middle with the initials RD in it - Rudi's testament that love was endless, and even in times of adversity, it grows in us. I always feel melancholy when I think about these love stories, heartbreaking but not pathetic at all...

It was the end of July. The Jews had packed whatever they had left, almost nothing compared to when they arrived. The Germans had announced that the next day, all of them would be transported by trucks to another location on the Sava River. The youngsters from our street agreed that our Jewish friends ought to have some kind of a farewell party, but one without tears and sorrow. The summer evening was warm and calm, full of anticipation and anxiety. We agreed to run into the yards if the hated Germans arrived. Dressed in their best clothes, the adolescents met on the bench in front of my fence. The girls were sitting, and the boys were standing. Laza and Nikola, our Gypsy friends, were there too, softly playing their violins with shaky hands. The weeping sound of the violins was dispersing through the quiet street. The voices quietly singing *I Could Never Forget You* accompanied the melody. Spomenka, my friend, was leading while a whole chorus of young voices was supporting her. We sang sentimental, love songs, and some patriotic ones: *The French Boat is Sailing, Far, Far Away* and *Raise Your Wine Glasses, Life is Short My Friend*. The candles to fight off mosquitoes were slowly burning out.

Traumatic, major events in one's life can breathe some enthusiasm into people. This German occupation that happened to all of us triggered some of our actions that would have never happened under different circumstances, and it narrowed down our choices. Secretly, I advised Zoran to escape during the night with his buddies, to find the Chetnic guerrillas in the nearby forests, and to fight with them. "I can't", he said, "They will kill all our elders if all of us aren't accounted for in the morning".

"How would they know how many of you there are exactly?" I asked.

"Our Jewish Association sent them the list of every person in this camp. You know, Mara, even though we have chosen the difficult and uncertain path, we must stay together. We have only that one choice now. Only together we will become heroes."

That was the life philosophy of our Jewish Viennese friends: of dear merchant Edi, sophisticated and talented man, of romantic Rudy, a factory worker, good natured, optimistic boy, and all the others. Having known these young men for so long as gentle, delicate, and kind people, I could never think of them as heroes. They were, though. So were these other men and women in the mill, every single one of them.

The next morning, a convoy of German trucks arrived in front of the mill. The soldiers swiftly jumped out of the trucks, and one of them, with a higher rank, sternly walked into the mill. Soon afterwards, people started coming out, carrying beds and other belongings, loading them into trucks. Eventually, all the tables, furnaces, household items, and clothes were loaded. Men and women, with bundles on their backs stood silently, waiting for orders to start marching into their new camp. Handshakes. Tears.

“Good bye, friends. We will never forget you.” The irritated, impatient Germans are looking at us threateningly. We don’t care. Let them watch. Let them see. These were our brothers, our neighbors.

And, they were gone forever. The old mill is still there. It has seen many tears, but there is no memorial, not even the slightest sign that all these people lived there for so long. That same day, 1,107 Jews from the mill became the first inmates in the infamous concentration camp on the banks of the Sava River. The camp was on the right shore of the river, at the exact place where the military barracks were before the war. The Jews adapted six of those barracks themselves, so they could all find shelter there. The buildings had a dirt-floor, and all the windows were broken. The Jewish inmates bolted plywood to close them. The only thing brought there by the Germans was the barbed wire that encircled the property.

These structures were forty-five meters long, and about ten meters wide. All had two entrances, one on the northeast, and the other on the southwest side of the building. Through the main door, one would first enter a narrow hallway that lead into two large rooms. The same layout was on both ends of the building. There were also two side entrances. Above these, camp residents built a rain covering. The stairs lead to the tiny patio, and from it two doors lead into two separate rooms. Every structure had a clear marking; first, second, third, fourth, fifth, sixth. Four barracks housed the Jews from Vienna, another two the ones from Sabac, and the men and women with children were in separate quarters. All these buildings were later demolished, just as was the bridge on the southeast side. The silent witnesses to Jewish suffering disappeared. The only thing that was left standing was a water well right in the middle of the compound.

The entrances to the entire complex were from the southwest and southeast side. There were two bridges over the Sava River, too. The first bridge from the Kamicak area was used for German vehicles, supplies and men transport, and the second one, less sturdy and hurriedly put together, was used for the camp inmates. Both bridges were heavily guarded by the Germans. The main path through the middle of the camp was directed to the main German offices. On the other side, closer to the river, there were several buildings previously used for boat storage. One of them was now used as a stockroom for all residents' valuables that were, naturally, raided from the Jews. Next to it was a small kitchen where Jewish women prepared food. The third structure was used as a laundry room and an area where craftsmen Jews worked. On the right side of the inmate's bridge, following German instructions, the inmates plowed the soil and created a vegetable garden.

The Jews were taken out of the compound daily for forced labor assignments in the city. In the old Teacher's Academy, building left to the city by the late Stana M. Milovanovich, the Germans opened a hospital for their own patients. Jewish women worked as cleaners in the hospital, as well as in the German headquarters – the County ones located at “*Zeleni Venac*” (“*Zeleni Venats*”) Hotel, the Field Command in today's building of the Internal Affairs Ministry, and the soldiers' quarters located in the old army barracks in “*Zelena Skola*” (Green school) Jewish women also worked in private houses occupied by German officers. Their duties were cleaning, scrubbing, and upkeep of the sanitary facilities. Jewish men were assigned to the heaviest physical labor, moving heavy furniture, digging, and building, all without any equipment and with only basic tools.

One day I bumped into Josif, the carpenter. His face was wrinkled, burned and aged from the sun, yet gentle and thoughtful. He was walking about town from the German headquarters back to the camp alone. He had his yellow band around his arm, and a heavy canister of acid for bathroom disinfection. He was very pleased to see me. Quietly, quickly, in barely comprehensible Serbian, he confided that his wife was very sick, and that she was bedridden in the camp. He was worried that she would be disposed of by the Germans since she was useless to them now. I welled up with tears, and tucked in a pack of cigarettes into his pocket, having nothing else to give to him.

The helplessness and humiliation that these people experienced left an enduring mark on my soul. I will never forget how I felt seeing them around the occupied city, walking without guards, in camp clothes, with yellow bands, dragging their feet from exhaustion. These people truly loved our city, its buildings, boulevards, trees, and their former neighbors who looked them in the face, smiling and showing sympathy in spite of callous German soldiers in repulsive green uniforms who sported the words “God is with us” engraved onto their belts, yet had a merciless heart.

At that time, during the summer, I used to go swimming close to the camp grounds, right next to “Macva’s” beach where only Germans and natives of German ancestry were allowed. I went just to see how ugly they were, just to hate and despise them. And, they truly were the most repulsive creatures I had ever seen. Purple skin with orange freckles all over their hands and backs, reddish hair, small, wicked eyes, fat and flabby – everyone was looking at them secretly. They all wore their metal army identification tags around their necks. They were having a gre-

at time. They'd swim and splash around, while some would spend lazy afternoons in the shade, sipping wine. They'd be relaxed and content, and would often sing songs whose words I didn't understand; I remember only the middle part – *Lily Marlene*. Even though the song had a nice, melancholy melody, I hated it with all my heart, as I hated every one of them.

One day, as I was settling myself on the beach, I saw my friends from the camp, boys we had spent the last night together with. I was so happy to see them, I could hardly contain myself; this was our first encounter since they were taken away from the mill. My hands shaking with excitement, I asked them surreptitiously what they were doing on the beach, so close to the Germans. Enci confided that they had decided to swim across the river from the camp, and pretend that they were just ordinary adolescents, like us, concealed by a number of other young people on the beach. This was a risky idea, since they weren't allowed to leave the camp, let alone swim on the beach. But, it was worth it. We talked about the mill, and they referred to those days as good, old, happy times. Conditions were truly horrible now, they confessed. They work from dawn to dusk, carrying heavy loads. Food is scarce and barely eatable. Germans are cruel and malicious. "We haul gigantic bags of wheat into trains bound for Germany all day long. If someone drops one, he is shot on the spot. It is considered an open act of sabotage to drop and moist the wheat, since it will sprout up by the time it reaches Germany. Now you understand how it is", Enci said.

Some time later, while we were still talking, other kids from the neighborhood arrived, Musha, Vera, Laza, Nikola, all delighted to see old friends from the camp. It was a

magical day. For a moment, we all forgot our predicament and it was just like before. We were just a bunch of kids enjoying the beach on a hot, summer day. But, we all knew what we were risking. As hard as it was to leave the camp, it was even more difficult to return unnoticed.

The shots that woke me up in the night between August 20th and 21st sounded like thunder. I jumped out of my bed, still unaware of what it really was. Realizing that, indeed, it was a rifle I'd heard, I intently focused to determine where the shots were coming from. My mother jumped, and pulled me back: "You must be out of your mind! Get down!". She was shaking. "Who was it? Maybe the Germans killed those hostages they had picked up... What is the world coming to? Why would the life of one German be more valuable than a hundred Serbs? Whose mother will cry tonight? Well, it's all the same, actually, all the mothers will weep tonight. They are evil, evil..." my mother ended her rumbling, still shaking like a leaf.

We didn't go back to sleep that night. We were pacing nervously, afraid to peek out, since it was still dark and dangerous. The night was one of the longest in my life. Finally, with the first light, Yoka called from my yard. She was calling for me to join the bread line. "If we don't get to the bakery early enough, we'll end up without bread" she said nervously.

Yoka, Musha and I began walking hurriedly - across the pond, through the former Jewish gardens, and straight to Mr. Dushan Lekich' bakery. Our feet were soaking wet from last night's rain. We walked as fast as we could, afraid to break the unbearable silence. We didn't even notice the morning cold. Finally, we reached the bakery. The bread was distributed in the yard to somehow control the crowds. People already gathered there were subdued and

grim. One woman standing next to us alleged that the Germans killed doctor Bora Tirich in cold blood last night. "They just came for him, took him outside, and shot him in the back", she said. It happened next to the old well at the farmers' market, where "*Zorka*" high-rise stands today. We wouldn't believe it, but when we decided to follow some of the people to the location, we saw a body spread on the cobbled street just as the woman had said, and there was another one next to it. It was unbelievable, incomprehensible, surreal, dreamlike.

We turned around and began running home. The habit took us through the center of the city, where we encountered another horrible sight. Next to the National Bank, under the supervision of two phlegmatic German soldiers, two old Jewish inmates were dragging the bloody body of another man toward the electricity pole. Around the pole was a rope tight as if prepared for hanging. We couldn't face the sight. As we simultaneously turned the other way, toward the Agricultural Association building, we were faced with another corpse—a young man in traditional vest and pants was on the ground. In a state of stupor, we continued walking, and encountered several more bodies, all tended by Jewish inmates. The old Jews' faces were placid, expressionless, as if they had stopped wondering how someone could have done such a crime. For years after this blight day I kept wondering why anyone would hang a dead man. Why? And, I kept seeing these bloodied, limp bodies lifted for the rope to be put around them, the rope soon becoming red with blood, and the bodies disobediently slipping away. I kept seeing people walking by, turning their heads away in horror, wiping their tears, biting their lips in silent rage. There are no words adequate enough to describe that day. It was the day no one could ever forget.

Around noon, we already knew who was killed: doctor Bora Tirich, craftsman Milutin Jovanovich, fetched from their homes at night and killed right away, doctor Alfred-Bata Cohen, picked up from the villa of Miodrag Petrovich in Vranjska, taken first to the county jail and then taken out and killed, wheat merchant Rista Ukopina, killed in front of his house, and farmers from Bair – Milutin Petrovich, Milutin Misojcich, Nikola Perich, Dragoljub Dabich and Velimir Dukich.

The next day, August 22nd, The Jewish inmates had to take down and load into the garbage truck those same corpses they had had to hang dead the previous day. The garbage truck was driven past our house. Yellow, dirty feet, pieces of clothes, and a fisted hand of a young man were flaccidly hanging from the truck. The truck drove slowly, like a funeral car would, only, there were no grieving relatives, fathers, brothers, children, mothers and wives behind it. Instead, only Jewish inmates with shovels were there. But, the whole city was silently crying in their homes. Killed men were dumped into the collective, unmarked grave in the graveyard at the end of Donji Sor.

The same afternoon, all of us kids went to the beach. Just waiting to be told, all our grief and sorrow poured out of us. We talked for hours, when our friends from the camp showed up. Zoran said that he didn't care whether he lived or died any more. "I am already dead", he said. He shared that he couldn't bear what he had to do – bury those men. It was heartbreaking just to look at him. He was barely standing, his feet giving up, his body swaying, looking as if he'd collapse at any moment. After a while, he told us for the first time about the Sabac native Jews' arrival into the camp: "There were sixty three of them. They were sent into the fifth barrack. Of course, first the

Germans robbed them of all possessions that had some value: money, jewelry, even bed-linen, clothes and food. The tailor Melemed broke down the very first night, and never again gained back his sanity. Doctor Ruso, doctors Berkverk and Markus attempted to help, to no avail. Now everyone is absolutely desperate. These Jews, whose houses are just around the corner, still cannot accept that everything they possessed was taken away. They had given the Germans more than half a million dinars, and still were taken into the camp. They are being maltreated, the women forced to work constantly. They are washing soldiers' clothes, mending their uniforms, cleaning. Their hands are raw from cold water, infected and bleeding. Each is given a quota of washing a hundred bedspreads a day in addition to other work. They are fed irregularly. They have all thinned down and lost their spirits" he was saying through tears. That day was the last time I saw my friend.

Still, life continued - among barbed wire, guns aimed at them constantly, and deaths that became a daily occurrence. Hope is an amazing thing, though. Even in those conditions, people still wanted to survive, to see the end to suffering, to feel the sun rays again as free men.

September came. There was a talk around town that the Chetnics were advancing toward us. One could feel that in the Germans' eyes. They were not going anywhere alone, staying in the same area, they had stopped visiting nearby villages and returning with confiscated chickens and ducks. The trains stopped commuting. People were saying that the Chetnics liberated Loznica (Loznitsa) and Banja Koviljaca (Banya Kovilyatcha). No train whistles, no people crowding at the train station. The attack seemed imminent. "*Zelena Skola*" was filled with anxious Ger-

mans, instead of children, as was hoped for by its founder, Andra Jovanovich. The locals were rarely allowed on the streets, chased away when they came for water, German reprisals more spiteful, soldiers nervous.

On the eve of September 21st, we were sitting on the bench in front of my house, reminiscing about old days when at this time villagers took their cattle to the fair. The yearly “Gospoyinski” fair was known far and wide. Just before the religious holiday of Mala Gospoyina, every household in town would prepare a great feast. Now, all that was gone. Not even the smallest hint of domestic animals could be seen. The entire city was encircled by wire. The Germans were guarding all roads to the city. As if the city was under siege. No person was allowed in or out, unless dead. Tension was unbearable. Everyone was expecting something to happen. Citizens of Sabac were dreaming of freedom, food, stores stocked with candy, meat, and stew at the table. Only dreaming.

The German newspapers *Novo Vreme* (*New Time*) were reporting how the glorious German army was enclosing Moscow. Liars! Everything they said was a lie. The posters all over town informed “Hundred thousand dinars will be awarded to any person who informs about the communists and Chetnics”.

My mother called me into the house. I didn’t want to go to bed that early, but I had to obey. I was in bed right after dinner. As I was drifting into sleep, suddenly, I heard shots being fired. “Finally, it has started”, I thought. Around midnight, the electricity went off. Our fighters are advancing. They’re here, I thought. We waited for dawn full of hope.

But, the next morning when we came out, we realized that our empty stables were full of Chetnics, not the parti-

sans. It became clear that from the “*Zorka*” factory, over the Dundara area, train station and the pond, the Chetnics were coming. For two whole days we weren’t able either to sleep or eat. The third day, the fighting ceased. Only a single shot here and there could be heard. The rebels were surrounded. The Chetnics just stormed through. They were pushed away, too. Freedom was still just a dream.

Quickly, the enraged Germans, heavily armed and mad, began breaking into people’s houses and collecting all able bodied men. They were taking them in groups toward the “*Zelena Skola*” area. Panic could be seen in the people’s eyes. Around noon, the city announcer, Boshko, arrived to the city square near Kolenac (Kolenats). Everyone gathered around. He read the new decree: “All male citizens aged fourteen to seventy are required to leave their homes with provisions to last two days, and register with the German command. The ones who are still found in their homes one hour after this announcement will be shot instantly!” The women started wailing. All the men were already taken away. Some were collected in their underwear and pajamas. We, the kids, ran to the “*Zelena Skola*” immediately. All our men were there, confused and quiet. I asked my father where uncle Branko was. He replied that our friend and neighbor was taken away early in the morning, probably into the city hall building. We didn’t exchange any more words, since a German guard approached and pushed me away.

Between noon and 4 PM, all inhabitants of Baire area were taken to Mihajlovac (Mihaylovats). Around 5 PM, a couple of kids from my street and I decided to ask a German soldier who was patrolling our street since early morning to permit us to take food to our folks. He glanced at his watch and replied that he would be replaced by anot-

her soldier in an hour, and, if we could finish our business within that time, he'd allow us to do what we intended to.

We ran to our homes, took the already prepared bread, food, and some extra clothes, and ran back to meet our fathers, brothers, grandfathers and uncles. There, I remember clearly, as we walked in, there was everyone, on the left side our guys, on the right – the Jews from the camp. Inside, complete silence. Suddenly, as I said “We brought food...”, hundreds of hands went up in the air, calling me. I didn't know what to do now. I took out a piece of bread prepared for my father, extended my hand to give it to one emaciated Jewish woman, just to be pushed away by a screaming German soldier: “Los, los!”

As I struggled to maintain balance, I spotted my father from the corner of my eye. I ran to him before the soldier could reach me again, threw the bundle with food and clothes in his direction, and backed up. All my relatives, my father, brother, my brothers in law, they were all clustered together. As I was leaving, Mr. Ivan Gajich, craftsmen, handed me his keys and told me to take them to his wife.

We ran home breathlessly. Our mothers were anxiously waiting, since the hour we were given had almost expired. None of us kids could speak for a while, from excitement and fatigue. Only after a while, when I caught my breath again, I told my mother that I did find my father. The news of finding him calmed her down just temporarily. We still had no idea what the Germans' intentions were. What would happen now? Some were saying that they'd be all executed, some that they'd be taken to a forced labor camp. In all the commotion, I spotted Mr. Miodrag Petrovich, our old city mayor, heading toward “*Zelena Skola*”. I ran toward him, and desperately grabbed his arm. “Uncle Mile, what will happen to our men?”. A man of few words, he just looked at me and absently said “I

don't know, child". All the women froze. "If he doesn't know, who would? Oh, my god", I thought, "They'll kill them all! Five thousand men! This cannot be happening! This cannot happen!" A thought that petrified us all.

The German punitive expedition arrived on September 25th, all the way from La Manche, France. Early in the morning, those new German forces began breaking down the gate to our house. As the gate gave away, before we could even comprehend what was happening, a whole bunch of infantry men was swarming all over our yard. One of them ordered me to take our horses out of the stable. As I did so, the Germans unloaded their mounts, and placed them into our stable. Angry, frowning, arrogant S. S. troops who arrived through the back entrance requested that we free a couple of rooms for their accommodation. I shrugged and opened up a few unused back rooms. There wasn't anything one could do but obey. I went out on the porch, looking toward the camp site, wondering what was happening down there. It seemed as if a great of number of female figures was in the camp area. I couldn't see straight, since the fog was obstructing my view. Musha arrived soon after and joined me in a silly game of staring into the whiteness in front. She, however, was absolutely certain that there were women in the camp yard. They were the Jewish women, she confirmed. I was overjoyed. The Germans let the women free! I ran downstairs to share the good news with my mother. My mother's reaction surprised me. She bowed her head and sadly said: "These are Germans, my child! Don't be foolish. Women being returned might mean only one thing – they're going to kill all the men".

Around noon we could sense a strong, foul smell of something burning. At first, no one could determine where it was coming from. I went out on the street to enquire about what was happening. Yoka was there, ominously reporting:

“I think they’ve lit the fires in the compound. They’re taking women and children somewhere.” I ran down the street - there was no doubt - wailing Jewish women were hoarded down the road, hauling their screaming children along, just disappearing behind the “*Golden Faucet*” tavern.

The buzz around the neighborhood was that the partisans fought fiercely for every yard and every house, and they were progressing slowly but certainly. The anxiety and fear could be felt in the air. Early next morning, without a word, the Germans who were staying in our house packed up and left. They continued retreating, but deliberately destroying everything in their path. During the next three to four days, machine gun shots could be heard continuously in the Bara area. The Germans executed a number of villagers on their way. I have witnessed many horrible scenes which I am afraid to recall even in my memory.

However, within the next few days some good news reached us. It was being whispered that the Red Cross successfully delivered packets for the prisoners from our area, both our own and the Jews. That was the very first indication we had received for many days that our loved ones were still alive, and they were in the Jarak area. My mother immediately, reticently, wiping her eyes, prepared a packet for my father, and I set off to deliver it.

In the town center, near the farmers’ market there were several carriages already filled with similar packets from other households. The line of people who were submitting them was dragging from the city hall, all the way to the “*Zirovni Venac*” tavern, even farther. It was interesting to see only women at the head of these carriages – there weren’t many men left; only bakers, electricians, firemen, policemen, and Sabac locals of German ancestry whom one could recognize because of the black band with the swastika around their arms. Everyone else was gone.

In the lead of this long convoy with packets was Ms. Manda Sandich.

Just before the sunset, our women came back, unharmed. We heard for the first time that our men were forced to run 23 kilometers, all the way to the Jarak area. The ones that were unable to do so, some 800 they said, were killed on the way. The total number of our men who were still alive was jointly estimated to around 5,000. The Germans added some 1,100 Jews to the group held in Jarak. Some of them were from the camp on the Sava River, some from elsewhere.

The next day, another 6,000 men were forcefully marched toward the same area. The Germans were determined to make it as hellish as possible. They laughed as they forced the ones at the back of the line to catch up, and surpass the ones at the front. Unable to do so, five Jews and three local men ended their journey on that bloody march.

Some unknown reason, probably German's inability to dispose of everyone, caused them to allow our women to go to Jarak and collect all the sick, wounded and old men. The joy of Sabac families was short lived – the machine guns could be heard yet again, and once more from the Bara area. The bloody reveling of the Germans continued. Suddenly, everything stopped. In the late afternoon on that 30th day of September, our men began appearing down the road. The streets were quiet and empty, as the Germans had ordered. The subjugated always show more common sense than their occupiers. However, behind every curtain and every window, there were mothers, sisters and wives, invisible, straining their eyes and praying for their loved ones' return. The weary, withered procession, however, only passed through the city, on their way to the camp in Senjak (Senyak). One barbedwire was just replaced by another one. That was the last time many of these men were seen alive.

This marked the period of the worst killing we have seen. One couldn't discriminate between women weeping and the wind howling that bloody autumn. The Germans had killed so many; they could not dispose of the bodies fast enough. One by one, groups of men were slaughtered, in Mali and Veliki Zabran. Bodies were everywhere. Just like before, Sabac was paying in blood for its rebellious spirit.

I remember the Jews being forced to pull the bodies of several men who were killed in the Knezevich' house out of the basement, and load them into the carriage. The bodies were already decaying, the stench was unbearable. The poor Jews barely had enough strength to lift the bodies. They were tortured by the Germans, beaten and unfed, yet forced to perform the hardest physical tasks. Sabac residents still succeeded in secretly supplying these unfortunate men with some food. Then, in the evening of October 6th these men were taken to the camp on the River Sava.

I cannot remember whether it was the night of October 12th, or the 13th, 1941, but I remember that the sky was stormy, with ominous black clouds ragingly rolling across, and the wind twirling dust about the empty streets. The night was heavy, dark and depressing, just like the news we received the very next morning. During the night, the Germans picked up some of the very last - Laza, Nikola, Prodan, Gaga, Buja (Buya), Sveta, Vita and Jova (Yova) were taken away with some hundred other men to be executed. Again, crying and cursing saturated the day. Black garments worn in sign of mourning, hundreds of candles burning on the doorsteps, since the deceased was not in his home. Still, a grain of hope in everyone's eyes: maybe, just maybe their loved ones were taken to Germany for forced labor. One second overwhelmed with hope, another with grief, constantly fearing that everyone taken was shot together with the Jews. As the elders used to say at that ti-

me of great confusion and despair – it really didn't matter much – whomever, wherever, whenever, one would inevitably face the barrel.

The tragedy in Zasavica was witnessed by around forty men from Sabac and nearby villages who, at the time it happened, were taken from the camp in Senjak, over the Sava River, into Klenak, and from there, packed into cattle wagons, and transported to Sremska Mitrovica (Sremska Mitrovitsa). Crammed, thirsty and starving, they prepared themselves for death, since it was the time of death for all of us.

In the small village of Poloj (Poloy), located between the Sava River and the road connecting Macvanska Mitrovica (Matchvanska Mitrovitsa) and Zasavica, they were forced to disembark, and dig a trench about 200 meters long, 2 – 2,5 meters wide, and 2 meters deep. They had no idea what the trench was intended for. Its distance from the Sava River was about 150 meters, and from the road about 200 meters. The trench was dug among farms planted with corn. There were only a few abandoned homes in the vicinity. Their residents ran away in front of the German hit squads. Having no other choice, they left their dogs that were now howling from hunger and frustration, still being chained in their owners' yards. As the men were digging accompanied by dogs' threatening barking, the German soldiers were pounding into the ground around fifty poles spread out at the exactly same distance at around 3 meters away from the trench.

Suddenly, along the river banks, a long procession of exhausted and scrawny people appeared. The Germans were supervising the progress of those Jews and Gypsies who were brought there by train from Sabac direction. Their march was halted when they reached the trench. A group of several older men was separated from the rest,

and placed along the poles, facing the trench. Behind their backs, the German soldiers positioned themselves with their rifles cocked, ready to deliver their final message – death. Two soldiers aimed at each man. The German with the highest rank ordered the men to place all their belongings into a bag that was handed from one to the other, down the entire row. His eyes were glassy and cold, his face emotionless. The bag was received by an almost adolescent German soldier, the member of Hitler-Jugend squads.

Order: “Fire!” The entire row of people, like the scythe cutting wheat, simultaneously dropped to the ground, their faces into the mud. The higher ranking officers approached them, and finished off the ones that still showed signs of life. It was the first round, and many more followed. Older men, finishing off their rolled cigarettes made of the remaining tobacco crumbs found in their pockets, walked forward when called on with some heavenly peace on their faces, casually, as if they were stepping off the bus on their way to visit a friend somewhere in their far away homelands, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Austria, Germany. They knew they were an example to the younger brethren, whose turn had not yet come. In those last minutes of their lives, they wanted to send the message of hope, dignity, and humility to the rest.

Killings lasted for two whole days. All the Jews, both local and the ones from abroad, were eliminated on the first day, the Gypsies on the second. Milorad Jelesich, a farmer from the nearby village of Majur (Mayur) witnessed these unspeakable crimes, since he was the one brought to cover the bodies with a thin layer of earth once all men had been killed. His story after the event was unreal: “I remember, it was a Christian holiday, Mijoljdan (Miyolydan). On that very day, the Germans selected around forty-something of us from the camp, and took us to

Macvanska Mitrovica, and from there to Zasavica. I didn't know why they had selected us, but I was certain we would die that day. When we reached the banks of the Sava River, they ordered us to sit and wait. It was foggy, cold, and muddy. A man from our group stood up and asked a soldier in front of us to just kill us immediately, without making us go through the agony of waiting under such conditions. Another soldier, who spoke some Serbian, replied that we were not to be killed, and that we were needed as laborers. Soon after, a squad of about 150 German soldiers arrived. A field kitchen arrived, too, and the soldiers had lunch. Short time after their lunch, the first group of fifty people, whom I instantly recognized as Jews, was brought into the area. They gave them a bag, so that they could place their valuables, money, wedding bands, watches, in it. When they completed this task, the Germans killed them all. We were told to push the dead into the trench, but first to check their pockets for any remaining valuables. They told us to pay special attention to any jewelry, and to look at every person's hands for rings and wedding bands. We found some, but we couldn't get them off the dead men's fingers. One German gave me pliers, so I cut them off. They came with pliers to pull out the golden teeth before pushing the dead into the trench. Sometimes they couldn't pull them out, so they would kick the mouth with their army boots until they had smashed them completely, so the teeth would come off. Then, it was easy to collect the teeth. When the first round was over, we were ordered to sit behind some rows of corn, and wait. Then, another group of fifty came, and the same thing was repeated. We worked all day, and at dusk, they returned us back to Sremska Mitrovica, and locked us in one train car for the night. The next morning, they marched us to the very same place in Zasavica, and they be-

gan again. While only Jews were killed the first day, the second day, there were more Gypsies than Jews. While all this was happening, German photographers were taking pictures of their victims-as they were placed near the poles, as they were lying on the ground, as their bodies were dragged into the trench. They photographed German soldiers before they would shoot. The first night we didn't cover the trench, so when we returned the next day, there was a pack of hungry dogs eating the flesh of the dead. One German soldier shot one of the dogs, and while the others scattered, the soldier commented how the Jews were dogs, too, so they all belonged together anyway.

Aunt Ana adored her husband, Uncle Josif. After he had been killed, she became unresponsive, unreachable. Her beautiful, small face wrinkled up and simply lost any expression. Neither she, nor the other women, could be recognized any more. As they were pushed into the wagons that would take them to the labor camp in Krajskomanda (Krayskomanda), they showed no emotion. They were still alive, and even though the work in the camp would be difficult, at least they could expect to warm up from time to time. But, it didn't matter any more. They'd lost their husbands, brothers, sons. Nothing mattered any more. Those poor women! Their frail bodies tortured by cold and hunger, their souls by the memories of the loved ones and the awareness that they would never be back. How much longer would they be able to bear all this? How much more of this torture could they stand? Freezing cold had cracked their hearts. They were alive, yet dead long ago. Thus, as the Germans started forcing them into the train, the closeness of death was a relief. It was almost liberating knowing that death was near. Around 10 AM on January 26, 1942, in their ragged clothes, they began their final journey. In cattle wagons, the Germans were taking them to Ruma.

The rail workers later told stories of women putting their infant children onto the train with frozen, blackened hands. The workers were compelled to help, lifting the children and strollers into the wagons, even though being viciously beaten by the German soldiers, with words they had learned so well by now :”Los, los!”. Afterward, stories about the Golgotha which these women and children experienced on their way to death were heard around the city. They were forced to march from Ruma to Zemun, some 30 kilometers. The winter was bitter, the road long, so that the younger children couldn’t move through the deep snow. Many froze to death. Mothers struggled to protect their children by embracing and carrying them, to no avail. They buried their dead children hastily; covering them with snow, hoping that with the spring thaw, villagers would find them and give them a proper funeral.

The wife of Kurt Hilkovets lost all her three children that day. The youngest, born in Sabac froze in her embrace, on her breasts. The women were mad with grief. The empty, frozen road echoed with shrieks. In unbearable anguish, they pulled their hair, scratched their faces, beat their chests. Older women died on the road, too. Only some of them, the younger and stronger, made it to the final destination. They survived, but not for long. In May, they were all killed.

The Germans lost the war. The occupiers became the occupied. The very buildings that sheltered the Sabac Jews became places where German POWs were temporarily housed. When they were killing the Jews, German soldiers must have never suspected that such fate would befall them. They never expected that they would sleep in the very place where Jewish spirits roamed, the place that became an unmarked shrine for all of us.



Dr. Miodrag – Mile Petrovich, in diplomatic service

MIODRAG PETROVICH – AN HONORABLE LIFE

At the time when the Jews arrived in Sabac from Kladovo in 1939, Sabac's mayor was Mr. Miodrag "Mile" Petrovich, Doctor of Law. His humanity, altruism, and courageousness attributed to his actions in this incredibly brave endeavor, at the time when fear prevented anyone from getting involved in such sensitive matters. His decision to accept the misfortunate Jews certainly was also influenced by the fact that throughout his life he had formed close friendships with people of all religious backgrounds, many of whom were Jewish. From today's perspective, that appears quite common and ordinary, but at the dawn of World War II, when many states aligned or submitted to the aspirations of the Powers of Axis, his actions were beyond brave - they were heroic.

Mr. Miodrag Petrovich was born on May, 24th, 1894 in the town of Sabac. His father was a prominent Sabac attorney, Dragoljub "Draza" (Drazha) Petrovich, one of the leaders of the Radical political party. To this day, the elders in Sabac retell stories about his incredible professional skills, and his subtle yet powerful influence on the political scene at the time. When the king of Yugoslavia, Aleksandar I Karadjordjević visited Sabac in 1934, just a

few weeks before he traveled to France where he was assassinated, the person who received and greeted him in Sabac was no other than Mr. Draza Petrovich. To this day there is a saying widely used in and around Sabac that pertains to his skills and refers to a job well done: *Don't let me fold you up like Draza folds a stack of paper!*

Miodrag Petrovich, Draza's son, completed his elementary and high school education in Sabac. During World War I he was a soldier in the Serbian army, and had participated in the famous Serbian infantry crossing over Albania into Greece. He was sent to France before the end of the war. Together with several other Serbian youngsters, he was selected by the French government for a free scholarship at the French University and sent there to study. This act of friendship from the French was aimed at producing quality personnel who would lead Serbia's recovery after the war, and respect French democratic values and free economy.

Mr. Petrovich studied law in Gann, today's Belgium, at the Aix En Provance University. He graduated on February 12th, 1920. Even though he had offers for employment in France, his strong patriotic feelings and a sense of duty resulted in a decision to return to his motherland, Serbia.

His professional and personal success following his return seemed quite natural. As a son of a well-known politician and lawyer, educated and subtle, he was expected to turn to diplomatic service, which he did. He worked as a Serbian diplomat for seven years, from 1920 to 1927.

His first post was as first secretary of Serbian legation (embassy) in Brussels, Belgium. His eldest daughter, Ljiljana (Lyilyana), was born at that time.

His diplomatic career continued with the post of consul in Bern, Switzerland, where he arrived in 1922. That

same year, on October 26th, while he worked in the Serbian legation, he received his PhD from the French Université de L'Etat a Gand.

At the beginning of 1923, Mr. Miodrag Petrovich was nominated consul to Trieste, Italy, and the very next year, 1924, he moved to the same post in Zadar, where he remained until he resigned from the diplomatic service in 1927, when he returned to his place of birth, Sabac.

In 1934, he moved to the nearby town Bogatich, where he spent a year working as a practicing attorney, and then he moved back to Sabac to work in his father's law firm, as a partner. Soon, this man who had already earned a great respect as a diplomat and a skillful attorney was elected Mayor of Sabac.

At the time he became Mayor, a large group of Jewish refugees from central Europe, running away from the Nazi pogroms and oppression, bound for Palestine, got wedged in the city of Kladovo. The Romanian officials refused to allow the three ships with Jewish refugees to continue traveling through their territory, down the Danube River toward the Black Sea. As the time dragged on, and the overall political situation progressively deteriorated, the three ships were replaced by three ordinary barges, and the original group of Polish, Austrian and Czechoslovaks were reinforced by a number of Serbian Jews as well.

Finding out about the predicament of stranded Jews in Kladovo, Mr. Petrovich decided to organize proper accommodation for these people whom he respected and loved. His decision was a precedent in Europe at the time, since no other state or city government was willing to acknowledge the Jewish presence, let alone accept them as their own. The first group of Jewish refugees with the most dire needs were housed in the residences of promi-

ment and wealthy Sabac citizens who had ample living space. Mr. Miodrag Petrovich, himself, took into his own home three Jewish families who had already lost their fathers. Later on, as the situation worsened, he initiated and financed the restoration of an old mill in Sabac, insisting that Jewish refugees receive as comfortable and humane treatment as possible.

After the initial apprehension and tensions, Sabac residents accepted their new neighbors well. City records document that originally there were fears among the natives that the food supplies would be depleted with such great influx of new people, and that the Jewish presence would significantly increase the already intolerable costs of living. But, these fears were quickly dispersed, and as the time passed, the native populace and the newcomers developed truly friendly relationships based on mutual respect and reverence. It is not an exaggeration to say that the life between these two groups of people separated by different languages was affable. The Jews worked very hard and proved to be well organized and quite self-sufficient. Their professionals, doctors especially, provided services for all. One of the young Jews became a renowned player in the local soccer team “Macva”, rising to the ranks of a local celebrity.

Mr. Miodrag Petrovich continued caring for the Jews throughout their ordeal. There are records that during the exceptionally harsh winter of 1940, at his own expense, he collected firewood for the refugees by cutting several acres of his father’s forests. As a token of gratitude, a young Jewish artist sculpted Mr. Petrovich’s bust. The descendants of Mr. Petrovich are still in possession of this beautiful effigy that symbolizes the bond between them and their Jewish friends.

Just before the official announcement of war, sensing that bad times were ahead, Mr. Petrovich secretly assembled a train convoy in which he placed all Jewish children with proper documentation and passports, and personally oversaw their transport to Palestine. He called on his old friends from diplomatic service days, and through his personal connections assured the train's safe arrival to the Greek border. Only a couple of days after reaching Greece, the border was completely sealed off due to the official commencement of WWII, but the children were already securely on their way to Palestine. A couple of months later, the train passengers, three daughters from the Markus family, sent a wire informing everyone about their successful arrival in Palestine.

Just before the start of war, Mr. Petrovich had accepted a diplomatic service position. He was appointed a Secretary of the Foreign Affairs Ministry, but immediately after the Yugoslavian army capitulated under Hitler's forces, he left Belgrade and returned to Sabac.

During this short absence, his old friend and a Sabac native, a medical doctor, a Jew, Bata Cohen, had occupied Mr. Petrovich's vacant summer house in Mala Vranjska with his family. From that very residence, one gloomy night the Germans summoned Doctor Cohen, took him to Sabac, and hung him, which was the beginning of pogroms committed against the Jewish population of Serbian descent in these parts of Europe. The Germans deported Cohen's wife Elsa and their three-year-old daughter into Zemun concentration camp. The little girl died during transport, and Elsa was gassed shortly upon arrival.

Mr. Petrovich later participated on the side of Serb Chetnics in a desperate effort to liberate Sabac from the German occupiers. Soon after this failed attempt, he took

refuge with the military leaders of Sabac- Majevisa (Mayevitsa) Chetnics squadron, commanded by Mr. Ratchich. By that time, it was quite obvious that he could not be safe in Sabac. The Germans never forgot his actions related to Jewish refugees. He was eventually arrested by the German occupying forces, but, luckily, was treated as a POW. Incredibly, he escaped from jail, and took refuge in Belgrade. Keeping a low profile, he didn't work as an attorney, but supported his family working as a shoemaker and doing odd jobs. He was an incredibly talented and intelligent man.

Eventually, the Germans caught up with him, arrested him once again in 1943, and this time sent him to Banjica (Banyitsa) concentration camp near Belgrade, where he spent the rest of the war. After the communists came to power, as soon as his brother, Mr. Bata Petrovich, personal physician of Draza Mihajlovic (Drazha Mihaylovich), was freed from jail, he left the country. He escaped his jailors twice, but could not avoid Serbia becoming a communist country after the end of war.

Since he spoke Italian fluently, his first choice was to immigrate to Italy, which he did in 1945. There, he worked as a communication technician for British military forces. During his exile in Italy, he was received by the Pope. He was offered a civil position with the church, but he politely declined, convinced that, being a Serb and a Christian Orthodox, it would be inappropriate to work for the Catholic clergy.

He moved to Belgium in 1947, and two years later, he journeyed across the Ocean and went to America. He first settled in the city of Gary, Indiana. Unfortunately, he couldn't find employment that would suit his education and skills. Desperately trying to earn a living, he worked as a

mechanic in car shops. The fact that before the war, as a young wealthy man he owned a car, one of the very first automobiles in Sabac, and was intrigued by it, learning how to fix it, proved helpful at that time of dire need. Finally, he moved to Los Angeles, California in 1953.

He never could escape his reputation for helping the Jews. He lost the lawsuit he filed against Germany demanding payment for the loss of property and lives in Sabac, as part of war reparations.

He returned to his homeland several times before he died. The citizens of Sabac, young and old, never forgot Mr. Petrovich, and his wartime deeds. Sabac is proud of their former mayor, their Jewish brethren, and themselves.

Miodrag Mile Petrovich passed away in United States of America on February 11th, 1982, far away from the city he was born in, the city he marked so profoundly. His wish to be buried in that city has not been fulfilled yet, despite his grandson's, Miodrag Nikolich, attempts to do so.

ANNEX

Nikola Devura
Milivoje Vasiljevich

THE JEWS IN SABAC

In its five-century long existence, the city of Sabac, the largest city in Western Serbia, suffered innumerable devastation, mostly due to its geographic location as the main gate on the road along which copious armadas of conquerors went, both from north and south, west and east. This city was always at the threshold of history, the place where blades became dull from cutting heads, where numerous kings drew and changed the map of the Balkans with their swords, and where old countries were destroyed and new ones were made.

This is the place where Mehmed II Fatih annihilated the Serbian medieval rulers' fortress on the Sava River in 1470, and built a new city - Sabac (Turkish: Bejurdelen). In the strategic sense, by doing so, the Turks have cut off the heads of their main nemesis at the time, Ugrians. From that time, this city has seen many kingdoms form and disintegrate, many people slaughtered at its doorstep, people of various nations and religions, but mainly the Serbs.

Beside Belgrade, Sabac was the most frequently attacked city in Serbia. Not one war partaking in this area, and there were many, sidestepped this grand city. One could only try to imagine the horrifying events that had befallen the population of this area on the banks of the Sava River

throughout the years. Since the winners of wars are also the ones who write history books, and in Sabac's case, those were frequently the authors commissioned from Vienna, Budapest or the Vatican, its citizens were regularly marginalized, their plights presented as negligible, irrelevant and inconsequential, and their struggles as forlorn and aimless. Scarcely, its people did receive backing and support from Russians and Greeks, Tsintsars, sometimes even Germans and Ugars, but only when these were in conflict themselves and needed allies. The Jews had simply not been mentioned in any official documents from this area until the 19th century, which cannot be the truth, since it is utterly illogical, and in disparity with common sense and other historical data. It is simply improbable that the Jews who were so mobile, and did, indeed, populate many places in this area, avoided, for such a long time, the city in the center of all the main trade routes. The geographic proximity to Belgrade, the city with an exceptionally prominent Jewish community throughout the centuries, and one of the strongest trading guilds almost exclusively comprised of Jewish merchants could not be ignored in this argument, since Sabac must have been affected by it. Plainly, the lack of written documents about the existence of Jews in Sabac does not mean that they were not there. The Jews are generally a very discrete, cautious and wise people who traditionally avoided censuses, lists, open declarations of dissimilarity with the local population, and often conducted their business away from the official eye. That is why we are convinced that the Jews did live and work in Sabac, as they had done in Belgrade, for centuries. The deficiency of evidence for this claim escapes our elucidation. Unfortunately, in history, what is not verified didn't happen. In Sabac, the Jews are missing

from historical documents, at least over the many centuries this city was under the Ottoman rule.

The first mention of them in Podrinje region appears only at the beginning of the 19th century. The Serbian administration and their newly freed state list the Jews as its own subjects and citizens. Reciprocally, the Jews accept this Serbian state as its own, consider the Serbs to be their close friends, especially due to historical similarities, and assimilate effortlessly, though maintaining their distinct cultural and religious characteristics.

In the 20th century, the Jews from Sabac contributed greatly to this city's growing trade, art and literature, as well as to the other aspects of everyday life, which proves how attached they were to the Serbs who traditionally were receptive and tolerant toward the people of other nations and religions.

The Sabac Jews attributed several exceptional people to Serbian culture, artists and literary authors especially, and they produced the work that undeniably attests to their acceptance of the Serb nationals and their language as their own. Stanislav Vinaver and Oscar Davicho are among the most prominent names in Serbian literature, and their eloquence in Serbian language is unsurpassed. Leon Cohen, a great European painter born in Sabac, not in Belgrade as it is often quoted, also deserves to be mentioned here. The Cohen clan was the strongest in Sabac during the 19th century. Another extraordinary Jewish man, a thriving attorney, proliferating writer and a patriot, Jovan Mandil, also should be remembered. He volunteered to accompany the Serbian army as a reporter, but fell ill and died in Greece in 1915.

It is important to note that all these men considered themselves to be Serbs of Jewish faith. Many of the Ser-

bian Jews were great patriots, promoting uncompromisingly their country's interests, and working relentlessly on its prosperity, regardless of their political and ideological differences.

Of course, there were many other Jews from other professions who affected markedly the life in Serbia and Podrinje region. The most prominent Jews in Sabac from the second half on the 19th century were: Dr. Rosenberg, Dr. Isaac Herzog Rego, and Dr. Avram Vinaver. Between WWI and WWII these outstanding professionals lived and worked in Shabats: Dr. Hasim Ruso, Dr. Alfred Bata Cohen, Dr. Laza Krishaber, Dr. Danko Papo, as well as Mr. Zak Jacob, merchant and manufacturer.

The Sabac' Jews were virtually annihilated during the Second World War, which is the main reason why there are no more Jewish families in Sabac. In October 1941, in the village of Zasavica, where the rivers Sava and Drina merge, German occupying forces killed all Jewish men from Sabac together with more than a thousand Jewish refugees from Austria, Czechoslovakia, and other parts of Hitler's Third Reich.

Today, the only testimony of Jewish existence in Sabac is the Jewish cemetery, the largest one in western Serbia. It was reconditioned some ten years ago. Its upkeep is entrusted to the city services, and they do their job well, as is the case with the cemeteries of other nationalities and religions in the city. We can only hope this would continue.

But, let us start from the beginning. In the 19th century, especially during its second half, it is certain that Sabac had a vibrant and prosperous Jewish community, since the paper "*Sabac Glasnik*" from 1829, before the Austro-Turkish war and Peace Treaty in Svishtovo, writes about a Greek school in Sabac attended by Greek and Je-

wish children. Furthermore, some accidentally found documents (passports, court judgments, etc.) from the very beginning of the 19th century indicate that a significant number of Jewish families lived in this area, and that their community was forming and thriving without any obstructions. This, however, exhausts all the data about the Jewish existence in the 19th century.

Only in the middle of the 20th century did Serbia become an appealing place for business people and entrepreneurs from around Europe, Jews included. Since Sabac, right after Belgrade, increasingly became the area's trade center, it attracted newcomers of all nationalities and religions from Bosnia, Montenegro, Kosovo, Herzegovina, and other areas of the Balkans where the wars were still raging and the Turkish occupation continued. At the time, this part of Serbia was relatively peaceful and safe, which resulted in the immediate economic and cultural prosperity. The number of Sephardic Jews from Sarajevo, the ones who arrived in Bosnia and Herzegovina during the Middle Ages escaping the Spanish Inquisition, also arrived in Sabac, many of them still speaking only Spanish.

One of the first documents about the Jews in Sabac is *The Record of Sabac Inhabitants and their Property* from the year 1862. This record lists a number of Jewish families, with all the family members logged, starting with the *pater familias*, the head of the family. The record shows that most of them were not wealthy; they were mostly traders and craftsmen without any major assets.

What could be concluded from this document dating to the seventh decade of the 19th century? First, the Sabac Jews at the time were comprised of several large extended families of modest means, only the head of the family financially contributing. Second, the number of young peo-

ple in these families was disproportionately larger than the number of elders, which indicates that these people were recently moved into this area (probably from Sarajevo), thus, had not yet been able to acquire any sizeable property. Only one of them, Mr. Benjamin Minandil, owned land and substantial assets (250 golden coins). Among these Jews there were nine merchants, one teacher, tailor, scribe, welder, leather craftsman, businessman, two brick-makers, craftsmen apprentices, and farmers, seven store assistants, and one with an undefined profession.

This small Jewish colony, it seems, arrived in the area during a short period of time, and settled down in close proximity to each other. They seemed to believe that their new environment would be productive for the betterment of their lives. Most of them were young, and their arrival must have occurred shortly before this document was comprised, at the beginning of Knez Mihailo's rule. At that time, Serbia had a reputation as a safe and stable country, which was in contrast to the other areas in the Balkan region still ruled by the Turks. Moreover, Sabac was at that time a rapidly growing city with a monopoly of over 50 percent of the trade going through Serbia. The city already had strong and well developed trade contracts with Austro-Hungarian territories. Sabac' merchants traded with Vienna and Budapest, and some imported goods from Berlin and Paris, distributing it all over the Balkans.

The Jews continued to move into Sabac during the next two decades in great numbers, which can be seen from educational documents, where the names of new students in local schools, as well as those missing from the 1862 census, occur: Cohen, Banbasa, Albahari, David, Mandil, Testa, Muntiyas, etc.

The 1862 census offers other valuable information about the Jews in Sabac. The most important conclusion, tho-

ugh, is that the Jews, progressively growing in numbers and influence, were inevitably becoming an important factor in Sabac's social, cultural and economic development.

After the 1862 census, there were no other documents of that type about the Jews in Sabac. From then on, we learn about them from various archives – court papers, trade documents, craftsmen association lists, passport agencies, and others. Here are several interesting excerpts from those records:

- Karlo Scasni sold on May 11th, 1864 his property in Baire to the Jewish buyers Josif Almuli and Cadic Cohen, for the purpose of building a synagogue, and now requests from the court to officiate the transaction. The buyers, as representatives of Sabac residents of Jewish religion, also request that the transaction be properly registered into land books, since the real-estate bureau refuses to do so, quoting the 1861 law under which the Jews are forbidden to acquire property. (This law, indeed, was in effect for a while, and was decreed by Knez Mihailo under the influence of pro-Germans in his office.)

- Mosho Atias, teacher and a rabbi from Sabac is lodging a complaint to the decision of a lower court from September 24th, 1872, by which he is no longer allowed to teach Jewish children, and is required to immigrate back to Bosnia, where he came from without proper papers. The Jewish Association, too, supports this complaint by sending an official dispatch to Belgrade's Ministry of Religious Affairs. The complaint was eventually denied by the Ministry, since Mr. Atias did not possess proper immigration documentation. He was deported back to Bosnia, and the Jewish Association was ordered to find a replacement for him, another Jewish teacher with acceptable documentation. It was 1880 when Mr. Avram Cohen and

Ms. Bilja (Bilya) Mandil, in the name of the Jewish Association, submitted a request with the Ministry of Education to open a Jewish School in Sabac. They argued their request by stating that Jewish children cannot master their language in local schools. They demanded that Jewish children continue to attend local Serbian schools, but also the place to be provided for the study of Hebrew. They requested financial assistance from the city of Sabac and the Ministry of Education in Belgrade to open up. Neither institution could grant their request, though both politely responded that they wholeheartedly supported the idea, provided that the Jewish Association was the one to fully finance it. The Jewish School in Sabac would open twenty years later.

- Jakov Macliyah, a merchant from Sabac, on September 21st, 1878, by sending a wire to the Ministry of Education, is requesting that his children, students in Sabac lyceum, be excused from school for the period of ten days because his eldest daughter is getting married.

- Leon Dyerasi, a merchant, is requesting the guardianship over the children of the late Avram Cohen, two sons and two daughters, all minors, and another son of legal age, Haim Cohen, since he is the closest relative of the deceased. Avram owns shared assets and property with his business partners, Rista Damjanovich and Dimitrije Jotich, also merchants, with whom he traded plum products with Budapest. The witnesses signed on the court documents are Jakov Avramovich and Barah Ruso.

In the last decades of the 19th century, many documents like the ones above illustrate the life of Jews who had settled, and continued to move into Sabac area. Various Sabac' archives contain the documentation about legal matters such as inheritance, trading agreements, money

borrowing, and property buying and selling... There are no legal documents related to the nationally or religiously based issues, though. Thus, living among tolerant and open people of Sabac, the Jewish community continued to grow, prosper, and gain political, social, cultural and economic influence.

Eventually, the Jewish synagogue was built in the very center of the city, which undoubtedly meant that Sabac Jews became absolute equals with its local Christian population. The synagogue opened up in 1894. The building still stands, but is used today as a City Library storage space. Before it acquired its current use, the building had changed numerous owners and purposes – after WWII for a while it was used as a boarding school, just to become a silent memorial to a brave and proud people and a time gone long ago. We hold high hopes that this important building would be restored and modified into a museum of Sabac Jews who were so mercilessly killed by the Germans.

A few more names and events related to Jews in Sabac in the 19th century should be noted here, especially the ones from the last decades.

- One old law suit filed in Sabac in 1873 mentions for the very first time a Jewish cemetery (“chivutsko groblje”), where, apparently, herds of sheep were roaming freely.

- A request for loan return filed in 1878 by Dragomir Teodorovich, merchant from Sabac, entails that the court should mediate in the return of 85 forintas from Danil Nahmiyas, a Jewish merchant, also from Sabac.

- Previously mentioned, renowned Jewish merchant from Sabac, Benjamin Mandil, is named in a law suit as a party owing 178 forintas and 4 crunas to Adolf Falk and his Vienna based company. The company in question grants the power of attorney to Janicije (Yanichiye) Pante-

lich, a lawyer from Belgrade, to lead the suit and collect the loan.

Mr. Pantelich requests a deed on Mr. Mandil's house as collateral, but the defendant pays the loan before the end of 1873, and the suit is discontinued.

It is interesting to mention here that the same plaintiff, Mr. Adolf Falk, appears in a very similar law suit years later in 1881, when, in attempts to collect the money he loaned, he requests the deed on the property of Moshe Fintsi, succeeding only in repossessing some household items worth 810 dinars. The estimate of the household goods price was conducted by Danilo Nahmias and Mosha Cohen, signed on the documents both in Cyrillic and Hebrew writings.

From the archival documentation, one could falsely conclude that the Jews appeared mostly in law suits. Of course, there were other, more joyous events, still recorded by the courts.

- After the law suit between Isaac Avramovich and Zivko Jurisich (Zhivko Yurishich), both merchants from Sabac, had been filed, they resolved their issues, withdrew the suit, and continued working as partners.

- Mr. Avram Cohen requests that the courts allow him to change his name into Avram Avramovich. The reasons for this are unclear. There was no pressure to assimilate in such manner. This request was filed in 1897, during the reign of the last king from the Obrenovich dynasty.

- In 1896, Mr. Avram Vinaver, a physician, is requesting from Sabac court and the Immigration Ministry to grant his request to become a Serbian citizen. Dr. Vinaver had come to Serbia several years before from Czechoslovakia.

- One of the highest civilian honors awarded by the government, Takovo Cross of the Fifth Order, was awarded

to Mr. Nahman Avramovich, a merchant, and Mr. Solomon Nasim, president of the Jewish Association in Sabac, on August 11th, 1899.

- Kalma Almuli, receives the Serbian citizenship (becomes the subject of the Kingdom of Serbia) on April 5th, 1900.

The deeper one digs into court papers, the clearer the picture about Sabac and its citizens becomes. These documents are silent witnesses of many various aspects of life in Sabac from the past. They also show what kind of city Sabac was: a vibrant, dynamic place, with live trade and manufacture, full of people, both rich and poor. Court papers also document some downbeat events.

- Milan Chotrich, a trader, is suing Jakov Macliyah, also a trader, for issuing him a fake bond, on which his signature was forged. The character witnesses for Mr. Macliyah are David Joshua and Avram Albala. The court jury is comprised of Mr. Stoyan Markovich, high school principal, Mr. Djordje Robich, high school professor, and Aleksa Proshich, art professor in the same school. How this law suit was resolved is not known.

- In 1888 (exact date not indicated) the court officiate an auction of assets and household items that belonged to the deceased Yovan Kvirents, a merchant. The bidders were Emil Levi, Jitsa Sari, and Hayim Undiya. What was bought, and how much it was paid for is not indicated.

- Isaac Melamed, born in Belgrade, craftsmen's assistant, is subpoenaed as a witness for the plaintiff Nikola Nadbantich, a bartender in the tavern "*Paris*", and against the defendant Milutin Nikolich, a store owner. Nikola accuses the defendant of inciting prostitution in his café. Young Melamed is called as a witness, since his boss' business was located right across the street from the tavern,

so he could always see the patrons coming in and out. Also, he often ate and drank at the tavern. This law suit was filed in 1890, and is the only document indicating that in Sabac, too, there was an organized prostitution ring.

- Another Jew was called as a witness in the suit filed by Julius Shteher, owner of the “*Europa*” tavern, against Mr. Milan Petrovich, a shoemaker. As court officials appear two other Jewish citizens of Sabac, Mr. Avram Avramovich and Mr. Isaac Macliyah. There are no records indicating what the issue was, nor how it was resolved. This suit was filed in 1897.

In another court document filed a year earlier, Mr. Friedrich Velker (assessor) and Mr. Avram Avramovich (court representative) are mentioned again. It seems that these men were not only prominent citizens of Sabac, but trusted court officials as well.

One document regulating a deed on the house mentions Mr. Gavro Nahmiyas, a border guard, clearly a Jewish man. Unfortunately, there isn’t more information about where Mr. Nahmiyas’ post was, or where he came from.

Now, we should mention some important and respected Jewish citizens of Sabac who lived and worked at the very end of the 19th, and the beginning of the 20th century.

1. AVRAM VINAVER, a Polish Jew, born in Warsaw. The year of his birth is disputed; some documents indicate 1861, 1862, or 1869. However, 1862 seems most probable, since it is specified in more than one source. He came from a prominent Jewish family that bestowed several exceptional professionals, scientists, physicians, literary authors and artists. He had to flee Warsaw, and complete his studies of medicine in Krakow, because he was expelled from his birth place due to his revolutionary political activities. Upon completing his studies, he intended to travel

to India, but made a stop in Belgrade, where he unexpectedly accepted a position as a physician in a City Hospital. That was in 1889, the same year when he moved to Sabac, to a higher position in a County Hospital. He arrives to Sabac recently married, with his young wife Ruza, a pianist by profession. They had two children, both born in Sabac, a son Stanislav, born on March 1st, and a daughter Mjaceslava (Myatseslava) - Myetsa, who would live for only 12 years. Dr. Avram Vinaver had a private practice in Sabac until 1912; he left the hospital due to a personal conflict with a rigid superior. He, however, had an excellent reputation as an outstanding physician, and constantly had a steady clientele. He was one of the first medical doctors in Serbia to obtain a newly invented X-ray apparatus in 1900. During his life, he wrote a number of important medical papers, none of them published, probably due to the apprehension and jealousy of the scientific magazine editors. His beloved daughter Mjaceslava, adored by everyone, died in 1910. Her later famous brother Stanislav would name his first book of poems after her. Mr. Vinaver was devastated by his daughter's death, which weakened his health, but he still volunteered for the military service whenever his country needed him. He worked as a physician and ran the military hospital in Kursumlija (Kurshumliya) and Vranje (Vranje) during the wars with Turkey and Bulgaria. During WWI he became head of a hospital in Valjevo (Valjevo), another large Serbian city, in 1914. There, he was captured by the retreating Germans who condemned him to death. Luckily, they never executed the sentence, due to an unexpectedly hasty retreat, and Mr. Vinaver saved his life. But, he soon contracted typhus, and just after the recovery caught malaria, dying of it in the hospital in Djevdjelija (Dyevdyeliya). At his own request,

he was buried with all the other patients who died of contagious diseases, in an especially designed collective grave smothered in acid (to prevent the spread of the disease). That was the end of a great man, a Polish Jew, but a Serbian patriot.

2. Dr. DAVID ROSENBERG. There are no documents indicating where he was born and where he came from, nor where he completed his medical studies. But, there are numerous letters, articles, and other documents indicating that he was one of the most dedicated, loved and trusted physicians in Sabac, who always responded to a call regardless of how far the patient lived. Stories about him are still retold, stories of his dedication and his arrivals at the last moment to wherever he was summoned - some god forsaken place in rural areas, proudly riding his horse and carrying his bag, always with a kind word. The fact that so little official documents are left behind this great man is an indication of his modesty.

3. Dr. ISAAC HERCOG REGO. Where he came from and where he completed his medical studies is not known, either. It is supposed that he worked in Belgrade for a while, and that he was transferred to Sabac because of his expertise and skill.

This is just a short summary of information saved about the Sabac Jews. Of course, it would be impossible to list the names of all Jewish citizens of Sabac from this time period, since there were so many. We have purposefully omitted some information that was unclear or misrepresented. That is the only reason why only a few Sabac Jews from the 19th century have been mentioned in this section.

In the 20th century, the Jewish community in Sabac enlarges greatly, and with it, their influence on the city life increases, too. By that time, the Jewish families in Sa-

bac are numerous, quite wealthy, and influential. Their businesses are mostly related to trade, craftsmanship and manufacturing, but there are also many intellectuals, artists and scholars who significantly affect the overall development of this city on the Sava River, and even further, the entire Serbia and Yugoslavia.

We should start from the beginnings of the 20th century, the time when the Jews in Sabac were already well assimilated and accommodated among their Christian neighbors in this small area in the Kingdom of Serbia. Here is a summarized list of only the most important Jewish citizens who were well known and respected in their profession. The list we selected is just one of many, since they were made every year. However not all of them were saved to this day. For example, the record of prominent citizens for 1907 lists merchants Moris Albahari, Isaac Avramovich Cohen, and Yesha Yeush, while the one from 1906 indicates only the tailor, Mr. Gavra Nahmiyas.

Here is the list of students who graduated from the Shabats high school between 1901 and 1914: Mosha Avramovich, Emilio Rosenberg, Zivko Piyade, Zivko Baruh, Alka Papo, Josif Abinun, Stanislav Vinaver, Jakov Macliyah, Pavle Vinterstain, Natan Baruh, David Jeushua, Leon Papo, Israil Alfandari, Asher Papo, Samuilo Yakovljevich, Isaac Eshkenazi, Leon Alkalaj, Nisim Salom, and Isaac Alfandari.

In 1901, The Jewish association requested again from the Sabac officials and the Ministry of Education permission to open up a school for Jewish children, with Jewish teachers and staff. This time, the Ministry approved the request, and awarded the new teacher, Mr. Josif Levi, an apartment and a salary, likewise to all other teachers. This school was open until 1914. Jewish children attended it in

addition to a regular public, city school. In their school, they studied Hebrew and Jewish religion.

Just as in the Balkan wars, many Jews volunteered for the military service when World War I began. They responded to the needs of their country in a true patriotic spirit, and exhibited admirable skills and bravery in combat. The Sabac Jews who lost their lives fighting for the freedom of Serbia are: Dr. Avram Vinaver, head of the military hospital, and Bokor Albahari, Jacov Macliyah, and David Montiyas, privates.

It is interesting to note that during WWI Austrian occupational forces recorded only three adult Jewish males as living in Sabac, which indicates that all the others were actively serving in the Serbian army. These three were:

Avram Baruh Natanovich, trader, 65-years old, with his wife (45), son (30) and daughter (19), all of which spoke Spanish, and, at the time, owned no land property,

Zdravko Baruh, welder, 49-years old, with his wife Rosa (30), three sons (11, 8 and 6), all of which spoke Spanish and owned a sizable piece of land,

Mosha Beracha, lawyer, 30-years old, with wife Matilda (23), twin daughters (8), all of whome spoke both Spanish and German, and owned no land or property.

The next official list of Jews in Sabac, but only of those requesting work permits, was comprised in 1919. That record, contains another date, too, 1932, thus, making it indistinguishable when each of these men was registered as a craftsman.

This record lists: Samuilo Melamed, shoemaker, Jakov Melamed, tailor, Zdravko Baruh, welder, Jacov Zak Biti, soap-maker, Avram Bararon, tinsmith, Mika Bararon, jeweler, Israel Krza Rajh, weaver, Jakov Bararon, jeweler. All these men owned residences and businesses in the very center of the city.

We think that the names of the Sabac Jews whose firms and businesses were recorded in the official royal address book should also be mentioned here: Rafailo Papo, iron craftsman; Asher Papo, export/import firm; Avramovich Cohen, trader; Avram Bararon, welder; Baruh Zdravko, wilder; Hayim Cohen, manufacturer; Mosha Abinun, store owner; Fintsi Brothers, carpenters and furniture store owners; Biti Zak Jakov, soap manufacturer; Avram Bararon J., technical devices store; Gavra Nahmiyas, linen distributor; and Mika Bararon, jewelry store owner. It is interesting to note that both records contain almost exactly the same names, which indicates that these men were well respected in their prospective businesses.

During the two World Wars, there were also a significant number of intellectuals and scholars working and living in Sabac. Most respected and revered were the physicians: Dr. Alfred Bata Cohen, Dr. Haim Ruso, and Dr. Laza Krishaber.

Dr. Cohen, an exceptional professional and a man of great integrity and authority, whose wife and children did not survive to the end of WWII is still remembered in Sabac with great piety and love - a street in Sabac named after him still exists.

The life of Dr. Haim Ruso, a county physician, was biographed by Aleksandar Demayo, who wrote extensively about the descendents of Avram S. Amar. Dr. Ruso was married to beautiful Zana Amar. He was the beloved county physician for many years, first in Vladimirci (Vladimirtsi), and then in Sabac. He lived with his family in the residence on Masarikova Street number 30, next door to the City Library. He had two sons: David and Avram. In 1941, while he worked as head of the military hospital in Mostar, he was arrested by the Germans, but somehow

escaped, and returned to Sabac. However, upon his arrival, he was taken to the infamous “Bloody March to Jarak” by the Germans, and, with hundreds of other Jews, never returned. He died crossing the Sava River; he was too old and frail to even make it to the execution place. Not one of his family members survived the war: his son David was executed in Zasavica, and his beautiful wife and younger son Avram died in the concentration camp Sajmiste (Saymishte), near Belgrade. We find it important to say that Dr. Haim Ruso fought throughout World War I as a Serbian soldier. He, too, is due to have a street in Sabac named after him, and, as far as we know, such plans are in the works.

Another physician loved by all citizens of Sabac was Dr. Laza Krishaber, a dentist who lived and worked in Karadjordjeva (Karageorgeva) Street, in the center of the city. His wife Rika was a sophisticated, beautiful woman. They were both very young when they were killed by the Nazis – Dr. Laza was murdered in Zasavica and Rika in the concentration camp near Belgrade.

Older citizens of Sabac still remember Jakov Melamed in his grocery store where they shopped on Mondays. And, Mosha Bararon, who had the antiquities shop at the place where later hotel “*Yugoslavia*” was built. Salon Albahari, too.

We should mention the Sabac rabbi, respected Mr. Nisim Aditzes, who had five daughters, true beauties, high school girls, who were all heartlessly murdered by the Germans in Sajmiste concentration camp. And poor Nisim Aditzes was put through the worst torture before he, too, was killed in Sabac. The Germans even shaved his beard before killing him, which was a gesture of the worst humiliation for him.

The only one among the Sabac Jews who survived the war was Mr. Haim Avramovich, a person whose lucky star saved him from a horrible fate. As an officer in the Serbian Royal Army, he was captured by the Germans at the beginning of the war, and taken to the camp in Germany. Accidentally, he was housed in the same barrack with Stanislav Vinaver, who spoke perfect German and who was treated gently by the German officers because he was a well known translator of German poets and philosophers. Being Vinaver's friend, Haim was spared, and somehow survived the war in the concentration camp. Afterwards, he returned to Sabac, got married, and had two sons: Zoran and Borko. Mr. Haim Avramovich died some twenty years ago, and was buried in Sabac, in the Jewish cemetery. His sons moved to Israel with their families as soon as the latest unrests in Yugoslavia in the 1990s began.

Today, there aren't any Jewish families in Sabac.

The last Jewish inhabitant of Sabac died only a couple of years ago. Everyone called him simply Bata, since no one could remember his real name. He was old, lived alone, and never had a family.

Seventy years ago, according to the 1931 census, there were 85 Jews living in Sabac. Ten years later, the 1940 census lists 131 members of the Jewish community living in Sabac. There would be even more of them, hadn't the Jewish parents traditionally sent their children to larger universities for schooling, where their children often remained, forming their own families.

It is important to add that in 1939 many Jews arrived in Sabac from various parts of Europe, primarily Austria and Czechoslovakia, trying to escape pogroms and prosecutions. These Jewish refugees traveled around for months, not being able to settle anywhere, since no coun-

try was ready to offer them refuge in fear of Hitler's reprisals. When they came to Sabac, they were treated with respect and kindness by the local population. Some 1300 of them spent two entire years in relative peace and security in Sabac. By the end of that time they were well adapted, and assimilated with the local population. Today, there would have been more Jews in Sabac than in any other city in Yugoslavia, if it hadn't been for that tragic autumn in 1941.

Among these Jews who arrived in Sabac in 1939 there were many educated people, experts in many professions, people who could have contributed so much to this city had they remained living there. They were physicians, lawyers, engineers, merchants and manufacturers, jewelers, and craftsmen. What would Sabac be like today if these people hadn't been killed!

As soon as they occupied Sabac, the Germans began terrorizing the Jews. First, they isolated them, and confiscated their property. Then, they started deporting them to concentration camps; some were taken to Jarak, some to the other camps. Only the Jews who had arrived to Sabac before the Germans did, and who were determined to reach Israel at any cost, had any chance of survival. There were two groups bound for Israel that actually left before the Germans arrived - one, they say, did reach its destination, the other didn't. Their ship was torpedoed in the Black Sea.

On October 13th 1941, all Jewish males older than 14-years of age were taken near the village of Zasavica by Macvanska Mitrovica, and shot in cold blood, in broad daylight. The witnesses report that the killers wore white gloves. At the end of that bloody day there were 1,057 Jews in the communal grave dug near the sight. Their na-

mes are listed in the book written by the teacher, Ms. Mara Jovanovich *Tragic Fate of the Jewish Refugees in Sabac in 1941*. Among these refugees were 131 Jews from Sabac.

Jewish women and children were forced to march to Belgrade, and there, in a concentration camp, in a most horrid manner, they were killed in a gas chamber. This tragedy could be compared only to the ones written by Ancient Greeks.

Summary

There are no Jews in Sabac today.

There is only a Jewish cemetery there today, a silent memorial to the ancient people who lived and worked on this soil for more than two centuries, people whose city of birth was Sabac, and whose country was Serbia. The Jewish cemetery is right next to the Serbian one, in Donji Sor (Donyi Shor) Street, next to the “Zorka” factory walls.

Today, the Jewish and Serbian graveyards are separated by a paved walkway formed over time, by a thin line that shouldn’t be there - separating the Jews and the Serbs. The connection and respect still exists, though - the Serbs have kept the Jewish cemetery neat and clean, restoring it properly several years ago. Today, the gravestones are clean, neat, yet lonely, looking toward the bridge over the River Sava. Its quietness evokes sadness. That melancholy greets whoever comes in or leaves Sabac. There are only 36 gravestones in the cemetery, but 130 Jewish souls are buried there, their names and surnames crammed on the stone and marble plaques. All of them were Sabac residents. The first one was put to rest here in 1825, and the last one in 1938. The last 130 Sabac Jews who died on the

very same day are not in this cemetery where they should be. Their bones are scattered from Zasavica to Banjica (Banyica), Jajinci (Yayintsi), or Sajmiste (Saymishte) camp sites.

Over the two centuries of its existence, the Jewish cemetery had provided the final rest to 30 members of the Cohen family. The memory of them could never be obliterated; they were one of the most influential Sabac families, contributing a number of physicians, painters, traders, craftsmen and industrialists to their city. This was, after all, the best known Sabac family.

The memory of Sabac Jews is also kept alive by their synagogue, a diminutive and dilapidated structure in the very center of the city. Today, it holds thousands of books, and after the war, for a while, it housed children. It is imperative that this building gets restored and transformed into a museum that would contain items related to the Sabac Jews and their lives in this beautiful city.

Sabac is proud of their Jewish brothers. Especially two of them: Stanislav Vinaver and Oscar Davicho, two masters of Serbian language. So much has been recorded about them; any additional comments from us are unnecessary. Thousands of pages have been written about them, and they themselves have written thousands of pages. These two were true geniuses, two unsurpassed literary authors. Davicho had produced 33 books of poetry and ten novels, and Vinaver had translated from several languages. People like these are not born every day!

SABAC UNDER GERMAN OCCUPATION

Diary from 1941 to 1944

Sabac is quite different from usual on this January 1st, as it enters the New Year, 1941. Some things still appear normal, but there are more of those that give the city a completely different, new, and extraordinary look.

The war that is still physically away, yet close in mind can be felt by many uncommon occurrences. First of all, how expensive everything is! With the beginning of the New Year, the price of newspapers has increased from one to two dinars. There are shortages of basic supplies (also rumors that the store owners are hiding them): coffee, cooking oil, petroleum, tea, flour. The biggest surprise was the price of bread. Until the autumn of 1940, we could buy white bread in the stores, since then, only dark, “people’s” bread. By the end of January 1941, city bakers, following the orders, started adding about thirty percent of corn flour into that already barely edible “people’s bread”. Citizens were grumbling about it, but there was no choice- it was the only bread available in the stores. At times, they would put even powdered potatoes into the flour mix. The price for a loaf of such bread, though, was astonishing 4 dinars, while a year ago white bread was two dinars.

At the beginning of February, meat became dangerously scarce. The city officials insisted on limiting the pri-

ces, so the butchers wouldn't slay animals any more; it just wasn't feasible. The result – there would be no meat anywhere in the city for a period of two-three days, and then it would appear here and there for a day or two, and then nothing again...

There was a celebration in January, though. From the 7th to the 14th, the city library and its bookstores, under the leadership of Mr. Zika Popovich, organized festivities related to the hundredth anniversary of the very first theater performance ever played in Shabats.

January had little snow. Thank God, the winter was mild.

On February 15th something unusual happened. There was a strong storm in the afternoon, there was lightning and twirling winds, like in the middle of summer, and then, just before dusk, there was a rainbow across the entire sky. The elders were saying that it was an omen, good or bad, but something major was about to happen.

One pleasant change in Sabac this winter was- walking the streets. They were full of people all the time, because the Jews were rushing somewhere all the time. Most of them were unemployed; still, they were all going somewhere. Walking the streets one can hear many languages; Serbian, German, Russian, Polish, Hungarian. The Jews working in the “*Zorka*” factory spoke German, Polish Jews spoke Polish, Russian Jews babbled in Russian, and the Hungarian ones, also from “*Zorka*” talked in Hungarian.

At the beginning of March, the amount of corn flour in “people's bread” became 50 percent, and some added 30 percent of corn flour with 20 percent of powdered potatoes. One kilogram of the lowest quality meat was 14 dinars. Petroleum for light was rationed, and could be bought only with food stamps.

The war between Italy and Greece was the source of great anxiety and worry. Even though the Italians didn't progress at all during the winter (the Greeks even made some gains, to everyone's delight), the prevailing opinion was that, with the spring, the Germans, Italy's allies, would send reinforcements, and that the Greeks were doomed. The biggest fears were that we would not be able to escape this whole war mess, since it was known that the Bulgarians aligned with the Germans.

On March 10th, all Sabac residents woke up to a great surprise: a long procession of peasants, with white bags over their shoulders, was passing through the city. They were mobilized for the 165th and 166th regiment, and they were heading toward the mobilization centers in Koceljevo (Kochelyevo) and Mishar. They were all from Pocerina (Potserina) and Macva (Matchva), and among them, were some from Srem, with their horses. Some of them were riding, some walking next to their horses, and some were driving the carriages pulled by five to six horses. Our military personnel were strategically placed at the city market, regulating this unusual traffic. These soon-to-be-soldiers were enthusiastically singing and joking, marching to their destiny, their mood engulfing the onlookers. They were greeted euphorically from the younger crowds. Some of the peasants from Srem, the ones with horses, came all the way from Vukovar and Vinkovci (Vinkovtsi).

This convoy marched through Sabac for three entire days.

On Wednesday, March 12th, the leaders of the air defense squadrons arrived and settled in the church yard (the same position as they took in 1940), took over the nearby offices, and on the top of the church designed a wooden surveillance structure. They connected the phone and ra-

dio lines with other groups positioned around the outskirts of the city.

On Sunday, March 16th, the 165th regiment arrived from Koceljevo to spend the night in Sabac. At dawn, they were loaded into trains and transported to their final positions, somewhere near the city of Nis (Nish). The new soldiers spent the night on the athletic fields, “Macva” soccer team stadium, and in the one existing military barrack in the city. All the soldiers were in brand new uniforms, gleaming from top to bottom. Even though they were exhausted because they walked all the way from Koceljevo and spent a very cold night outdoors, they were still fervent, and sang patriotic songs deep into the night.

When Sabac residents learned that Dragisha Cvetkovich and Aleksandar Markovich went to Vienna for a meeting with Hitler to sign an allegiance with the “Axes”, the feelings of disapproval and resignation erupted.

At that time, I had access to virtually all classes and types of residents in our town. It was fascinating for me that all of them, regardless of their socioeconomic status and background, were ardently against this pact. “We should not capitulate and align with them just like that. Even if Germany attempts to conquer us by force, we should fight”, they claimed. Women, especially, harbored great animosity against the Germans.

One lady from the tavern, around 60 years old, who still remembered World War I, said to me: “I have four sons, and I’d sent them all to fight for the honor of our people. If they die, at least I’ll know what they died for. Because, it’s better to be dead and free, than alive and disgraced...”

An intellectual, the wife of a local judge, told me: “My husband will volunteer for war among the first, I know that. And, let him. Let us all die- him, my three children, me, just so we won’t live dishonored...”

The wife of a military officer, Croatian woman, said: "My husband is all packed. He is leaving; my three brothers are leaving, too. What I and my two children can do now is to pray for the victory..."

The shoemaker's modestly looking wife exclaimed: "I know what war is. I went through one, and I was hungry and miserable, I barely survived, but, if it needs to happen again, let it – just so that we are free from the damn Germans."

I've heard hundreds of statements like these. Virtually every single soul spoke about the pact with Germany with loathing and abhorrence. People openly detested Hitler and reviled Nazi Germany.

Tuesday, May 6th – The morning has broken gloomy, dark, cold and cloudy. Better that way! We don't need to remember that these Djurdjevdan (St. George) holiday mornings should be warm and promising. It has been raining for days now. Let it be.

On Sunday they summoned twenty prominent people, and jailed them. The reason...they need them as hostages!

The city is swarming with German soldiers. They are in every street, on every corner, in Kamicak, Jevremova, Masarikova, Karadjordjeva, everywhere.

The new price list for the basic food items was posted today. Bread is four dinars, flour 8, 50, meat 20-25 dinars. Taverns charge 20 dinars for a bottle of wine, 10 for beer.

No civilians are allowed to drive any more. Whoever owns any kind of vehicle must hand it in to the German command.

Even though it's a holiday, St. George's Day, there are no songs, no celebrations. Everything is silent.

We haven't heard any news about our POWs. There are hundreds of them, many officers, from Sabac. Not a single word from them yet.

The post office is open, but the mail from outside town has not been arriving for days now.

City clerks received their salaries yesterday. Not all of them, and not the full amount, but it's something. As soon as some money arrives, they'll continue.

The Serb refugees from Backa (Bachka), expelled from their properties by local Hungarians, have been placed in "Letnjikovac". There are around 120 of them. They've been taken care of by our Red Cross. One of them, a clerk from Backa tells me: "I ran away just on time, with my wife. We were really lucky, and passed through Srem without any problems. When we arrived in Sabac, we couldn't walk anymore. We went to the city market, each dragging along two suitcases. We were exhausted. We sat down on our suitcases, not knowing what to do next. No money, no shelter. Who would help us, where should we go? People are passing by, hurrying about their business. Suddenly, a man approaches. "Are you refugees?" he asked. "Yes," we replied. "Where from?" he continued. "From Hungary...from Becej (Bechey)". "And, what are you going to do now?"

"We don't know, really". "Well, come with me. You can stay with me until you find something better". So, we went with him, to his home, and that's where we are now."

I am sorry I didn't write down the name of that Sabac' man. I wish I did.

Saturday, May 10th. Rain again. The whole spring has been like this – a day or two of sun, and then endless rain again.

Sabac is still filled with German soldiers and trucks. Today they took 30 hostages. They are replacing them all the time, but keeping the numbers steady. People spend two-three days with them, and then they are released and replaced by others.

Today, all Jewish refugees received a yellow band with the Star of David, and must wear them at all times. They've also posted warnings on all Jewish stores in Sabac "Jewish owned".

City clerks received more money today. They were paid in German marks.

There are 140 refugees from Backa in "Letnjikovac" now. There are also many clerks and teachers who came from Bosnia and Herzegovina. Ustahas are slaughtering Serbs all over Bosnia and Herzegovina. The ones that stayed are not likely to survive this.

Thursday, May, 15th – A couple of days ago, the bodies of 13 Royal Army soldiers who were killed on the Sava River banks were unearthed. Their remains were taken to the cemetery. We think they are mostly from Backa and Banat. We don't know their names. Someone is waiting for their return in vain.

The high school reopened today, but only for the higher grades, and only for finals. They are all crammed in Kamicak School, since the German soldiers are in the lyceum.

The barge goes to Belgrade twice a week. There is no real schedule, and the travel is completely disorganized. The trains are not commuting any more, since all the bridges are damaged. There is one that leaves from Klenak at 5 PM, and that's the only train that can reach Belgrade. It stops in Ruma for several hours, so one reaches Belgrade late in the evening, if at all. Since there is a forced curfew, and no civilians are allowed outside after 8 PM, all the travelers must spend the night somewhere in Zemun. Only in the morning can they cross the river by boats and reach Belgrade. The bridges are down. If someone's final destination is Obrenovac (Obrenovats), they are really in trou-

ble – they must use a car, and drivers charge 800 dinars and up for such a ride.

Sugar cannot be found anywhere anymore. There isn't any oil, coffee or lemons. The smokers are in agony, no more tobacco.

Saturday, May 17th. Today, they began distributing food stamps. What food – no one knows. They say that we would be able to buy 200 grams of sugar per person once per month!

People are saying that the Jewish refugees in the mill are starving. They have not been receiving any help for a while, and are left to fend for themselves. There are so many of them, though; there must be still over a thousand. They walk around Sabac aimlessly with those yellow bands tied around their arms.

The main question on everyone's mind is – how would all the people in Sabac survive? What will we eat?

The high school, lyceum, and a few elementary grade classes are working in the Kamicak School, the only one that is now vacant.

New German soldiers are arriving every day. They have filled out the theaters, and all the Halls – “Sokolana” and the Trade Association.

Still no news about our prisoners of war. No one knows where they have been taken. There are many officers among them. It seems that they fought especially fiercely.

Wednesday, May 21st – The weather is nice today. We are all craving some warmth, since the spring was unusually cold and rainy. The day before yesterday Ustashes halted the crossing over Klenak. The Serbs from here cannot go over there, nor can the ones from there come here any more. The Croats pronounced themselves to be a sovereign state!

The Hungarian soldiers were transported somewhere from Sabac, and with them went many Germans, too. We are breathing a little easier now; at least they are off our backs for food. Of course, they ate for free.

Sunday, May 25th – The “Zorka” factory reopened on Monday, May 19th.

The city announcer informed the public on the city square that, starting today, listening to any “enemy” radio stations is strictly forbidden. The ones who fail to comply would be punished severely.

Friday, May 30th – On Tuesday, the regular bus line to Obrenovac was reopened. They even take the mail. The newspaper “*Novo Vreme*” comes in every third-fourth day. Although I’ve never liked this daily, I’m reading it with eagerness now.

Throughout the night one can hear the music from the taverns, even the ones that never before had live music. There are many musicians among the Serb refugees from Bosnia and Croatia, and so many of them are in Sabac. They need to eat, too!

They’ve modified the curfew, and allowed the civilians to remain outdoors until 10 PM now (it’s really 9 PM, according to our calculation of time).

Starting Monday, all school age children will be allowed back to school. Since the German soldiers are still occupying some school buildings, the students will attend their classes in different buildings.

There’s nothing in the stores. The German soldiers cleaned them out. Women’s stockings cannot be found anywhere, at any price. When some tobacco arrives, there are almost fist fights breaking out among the nervous smokers in line.

No news from the prisoners of war.

Today, I went to the cemetery to pay respects to our soldiers. There are 38 graves, but only 13 are marked by a wooden cross, with names written in pen. I carefully wrote down those 13 names. We may never know who the other ones are. Their families may never know where they were buried.

Wednesday, June 4th – The Germans announced today that the work of all associations and assemblies is strictly forbidden, starting today. The only ones allowed to continue work are economic and agricultural organizations.

The entrance to the hotel “*Zeleni Venac*” is restricted for the local population. The German officers eat there. At night, there is live entertainment. The hotel is filled with green uniforms.

Sunday, June 8th – They’ve been changing the 1,000 dinar bills since June 3rd. The queues in front of the bank are enormous.

It’s been rumored that the families in the villages around Mount Cer (Tser) are starving to death. They cannot locate any flour.

The Jews have been forced to labor for the Germans in the surrounding fields and farms. Young Jewish women, unaccustomed to such type of work, have been suffering terribly.

The Gypsies have been required to wear arm bands, as well. The price of bread rose to 4, 5 dinars this week. And, it’s made mostly from corn bread. A liter of milk is 4 dinars now. The first strawberries and cherries appeared on the market. The price- 10 dinars!

The schools have been swarmed by new Serbian refugees from Vojvodina and Bosnia and Herzegovina.

Wednesday, June 11th – I saw many Gypsies from the neighborhood with yellow bands around their arms.

Since the route to Belgrade through Srem has been closed by the Croats, the barge from Sabac to Belgrade started operating today.

The refugees keep coming. There are more than 2,000 of them in Sabac now.

Friday, June 13th – Not a single Serb from Srem could be seen on the farmers' market today. The Ustashas have sealed off the "border". Today, they are celebrating the uprising of the "Independent State of Croatia" which spreads all the way to Zemun!

The Gypsies are not allowed to play in the taverns or anywhere else any more. All Jewish stores and businesses have been closed.

We are not getting any mail from Srem, Backa, Croatia, or Bosnia and Herzegovina. They say that Klenak is full of bags with mail, but the Ustashas are not allowing it to cross, since they are a new and separate state now!

Saturday, June 21st – The weather got a bit better, but it's not the usual summer heat.

The city officials were distributing flour in exchange for food stamps, five kilograms per person, maximum. Of course, most of it was distributed in just a couple of hours, and the majority of the city people still haven't received any.

We've received a few letters from our prisoners of war. What a joy!

Sunday, June 22nd – A first real summer day. We heard on the radio today that Germany attacked the Soviet Union. Disbelief. People couldn't stop talking about the final result of this gigantic conflict all day.

Monday, June 23rd – At 2 PM, all radio stations broadcast the news about the incredible progress the glorious German Army has already made in the war against the Soviet Union.

Around 3 PM, the city announcer declared that the German command has confiscating all the radios in the city. All inhabitants of Sabac are required to turn their radios into the German head office (hotel “*Zeleni Venac*”) immediately. The ones disobeying this order would be severely punished!

High school pupils are having their graduation exams today.

Bread is scarce. Corn flour cannot be found any more. The inhabitants of nearby villages are walking around the city, looking for flour or corn around the mills and storages in the city.

The refugees are continuously reporting about the increased terror of the Ustasha regime in Croatia. The Serbian population is petrified. In desperation, people are converting to the Catholic faith, or running into the woods and hiding.

Friday, June 27th – Last Tuesday, everyone I know had turned in their radios to the Germans, but not one person got a receipt for it. Everyone remembered to write their names on the back of their radios, though. However, the German soldiers were seen on Wednesday carrying those same radios to their quarters. Only the good ones, of course. They even took some to Klenak. They presented a few to the local owners of their favorite taverns, but they altered the dials, so only the German stations can be heard.

This week has been extremely hot. There is no usual swimming on the Sava River, though, since corpses keep floating down the river. We don’t recognize any of them. These are the Serbs, arriving from the “Independent State of Croatia”.

Still no flour! Not a grain of corn could be found anywhere. The prices of items that could be found are

beyond anyone's means. There is no empty room in Sabac, and the steady stream of refugees keeps coming every day. Those lucky enough to get some bread must have got it before dawn. By sunrise, all the bread is gone.

Saturday, July 5th - So many clergy members have arrived from Srem this week! , Only yesterday, by 5 PM, there were 97 new refugees registered in the City Hall. More enlisted with the "Kolo Srpskih Sestara" humanitarian agency. The town is literally overflowing with people.

Two days ago, singing and parading through the city in full combat gear, young German soldiers left Sabac. They'd been sent to the Russian Front. They were replaced by some older infantry soldiers right away.

We are getting confusing news all the time. There is not a radio in the vicinity to check what is really happening. Well, maybe two or three radios are still hidden, but no one would talk about it. Anyway, the rumors circulating around the city are in total disparity with the news published in "*Novo Vreme*". We read that the Germans had conquered Lvov, Byalystock, Vilna, Riga, that they crossed the Prut River, captured 160,000 and downed and destroyed 2,000 Russian planes. At the same time, there are rumors that the Russians have cut off the entire German Army in the North, that their paratroopers were already in Romania and have reached the Danube. They say that the Turks declared war on Germany, and that joined Russian and British troops have taken over Constantinople. The British have landed in France, and joined by the French are progressing toward Germany. Goebels and Goering have abandoned Hitler, and the political situation in Germany is unstable. One doesn't know what to think, really!

It's been five days since the butchers killed the last animal. The situation is even worse for the people in nearby

villages. The peasants are harvesting unripe crops, and while they are doing it, people are waiting to buy. Food scarcity is alarming. This spring, all the corn was taken to Germany. That's why we have none now.

This afternoon, many refugees from Slavonia have arrived. They left in a hurry, and brought with them almost nothing. They've been placed with others, in the school.

The Germans are becoming more arrogant. They are taking even local Jews to forced labor camps now.

It's been cold all week.

Monday, July 7th – Today, across the Drina River some 1,500 new Serb refugees arrived from Slavonia. They were expelled from Gunya into Bosnia and Herzegovina, and now they find themselves here. There are many toddlers among them. Some have been traveling on foot for 10-14 days. They are from Nasica (Nashitsa), Virovitica (Virovititsa), and Podravska Slatina. Today, by orders of the county, some trucks arrived and took them to the surrounding villages.

Saturday, July 12th – It's been cold and raining again. It's preventing farmers from working the fields. And, we really need bread. Too many people haven't seen bread in days.

The refugees from Slavonia keep coming this week. There must have been more than 2,000 of them that just passed through Sabac.

The donations collection for the refugees and the ones displaced from Smederevo was not successful. We collected only 50.000 dinars in Sabac.

Monday, July 14th – New refugees are coming steadily. Small groups and individuals are arriving from Srem, whole loads from Bosnia and Herzegovina. There are so many children without parents, women without husbands,

and even parents whose children didn't make it. Today I heard that one of the women had her husband taken to the forced labor camp, and that six of her children were killed. She looked disheveled and completely distraught with grief. A girl, thirteen years of age who saw her parents murdered in front of her, cannot stop wailing. Another woman, running for dear life, forgot her baby in the crib.

During the day, there are even moments of apparent normalcy. But, then, one passes by the posters covering the city. Most of them are German announcements, and then the ones belittling communists and Jews. Every single business, every store, tavern and hotel carries a huge sign "Entrance Prohibited for Jews and Gypsies". They are not allowed into parks, cinemas, or other public places, either.

Sabac is the saddest in the evening. At 9:30 PM, actually, at 8:30 according to the sun, when it is still light outside, there isn't a living soul to be seen on the streets any more.

Wednesday, July 16th – I must write down a dream I had last night. I dreamt clear skies, and the sun shining brightly. I am in some unfamiliar town, and there are people on the streets, people everywhere. Suddenly, I see a gigantic flag with the swastika up in the air. The flag is huge, it covers the entire sky, and it's flapping and moving over my head. As it passes over me, it begins to fall. Lower, and lower, one could touch it now; it slowly lands into a yard ahead of me. People are set in motion. They are running toward the flag, someone saying "I'll make an apron from this". Suddenly, another flag appears. People are calling from the streets, wanting it to fall as well. And, it does! As if their energy had pulled it down. The people are becoming louder and louder, and the flags more nume-

rous, there are hundreds of them now, but they are all falling, right into the hands of the ecstatic people.

I believe this dream to be the prediction for the future. I believe this nightmare will end just like the one in my dream!

Tuesday, November 4th - Today, I had to go to the cemetery on Kamicak. I was told that some 25 men, women and children were killed in Livade, the village close to Bogosavac, on September 28th. I saw what had happened to that part of town. The entire Gypsy commune, all its scruffy dwellings were torn down or burnt. There are only bricks thrown around left. Even part of their cemetery is vandalized, together with its tiny chapel. Gravestones are thrown around, ripped from the ground. Some women wandering the cemetery told me that yesterday one man from Sabac and five Gypsies were executed in the woods of Klenak.

This morning I met a woman who came from Loznica (Loznitsa), and who told me that the Germans had surrendered there to the Serb Chetnics.

Thursday, November 6th – The Germans have been releasing some people from detention, some men from Sabac, and some from the surrounding villages. One could still see visitors going toward the place where they were kept, which means that many are still there. Women are carrying packets to them, and, each several fire wood pieces, too. Peasants could be seen more frequently in the city, but only since a couple of days ago.

Groups of emaciated Jewish women could be seen walking alone with brooms and cleaning tools from or toward the German quarters.

As I wrote on October 15th, “it seems that the Germans have executed some Jews and some Gypsies”. To-

day, I found out it was the truth. They killed some 100-120 Gypsies, many exceptional musicians among them. I knew some of them; they were known far and wide, they played in Zagreb, Sarajevo, Novi Sad, and other major cities. Witnesses say that the Germans lined them up by a trench dug especially for that purpose, and shot them straight in the head. They also killed more than 600 Jews. The workers who afterwards covered the trench with soil told me so. They said the Germans first stripped all the Jews, took all their money and valuables, and pulled out their gold teeth even before they killed them. The Jews were killed some days before the Gypsies; it seems, on October 12th. This event took place in Zasavica. The Germans loaded all these people on a train, and took them over Klenak to Sremska Mitrovica, and then transferred them over the River Sava.

Even though these stories are told by the people who witnessed these horrible events, there is a strong disbelief among the Jews that this really did not happen. They are stubbornly claiming that their men were not killed, but taken to a forced labor camp near Novska in Croatia. However, the women are hiding their male children whenever a German soldier appears. The Jewish women who are Sabac natives remain in their houses all the time. They don't come to the city any more.

The peasants are desperate for salt. They are walking through the city, from one house to the other, offering people eggs, chickens, corn, even flour, trying to barter for salt. Some people are banking on this situation, ruthlessly using the peasants. I've heard that a man from Donji Sor exchanged six kilograms of salt for two turkeys. That means - the salt was paid some 25-30 dinars per kilogram. Its current price is two dinars! It is depressing to hear stories

like these. Isn't it difficult enough already; we mustn't succumb to immorality and wickedness at times like these.

Yesterday, I went to bless a house for Mitrovdan, a saint's day, and as I entered with my open umbrella, I commented; "This freezing rain seems to complement all the other evils that have befallen us". The lady of the house, an older woman, replied: "Oh, no, the rain is falling to wash off all the innocent blood spilled recently...so much blood spilled...That's why it's falling...To clean it all."

It's been raining constantly since Sunday, October 12th.

The Russian merchants are closing their businesses. Some of them – Zupchevski, Ikonikov, Shtcherbakov, Pavlov, Manastirski, Molykov, and others – had some of the biggest stores in town. They are even preparing to sell their houses, and "return" back to Russia, to the territories Hitler has freed from the communists. The war is still raging in Russia, but they blindly believe that communist days in Russia are over. They think that Hitler cannot be defeated.

Saturday, November 8th – Rain, rain... I went to give a sermon and bless the graves of those killed on Sunday, September 28th, when they left Sabac for Bogosavac, Dobrich, and Culjkovich. The Germans didn't scorch the houses close to their barracks, but, closer to Mutnik they burned absolutely everything – all the houses, stables, cattle, everything! Whoever was there at the time was killed or burned, too. Thank god, most residents escaped on time, and saved their lives. The Germans completely destroyed some 20 houses. Grandpa Dushan Katich was shot in his yard, while sitting and smoking his pipe. Grandma Cveta Vishnjich was killed while holding a basket in her hand. So many people without shelter or food... why? They say

Mutnik was destroyed because the partisans passed that way.

Today, a squadron of “volunteers” arrived in Sabac.

All the remaining gypsies were rounded and locked up. They are with those peasants who remained in detention. Around the buildings, thick mud everywhere. People are getting tortured and beaten up. The punches are falling on their heads like rain falling on ours.

Sunday, November 9th – Rain. Today is exactly one month since it has been falling without a break.

There are more than 12,000 people still detained by the Germans. Among them, there are some 500 Sabac natives, mostly younger men, considered “suspicious” for some reason. The release from detention is turning into a lucrative business for the Germans. Families are “buying” off their loved ones. There are a couple of middlemen who conduct the trade. They receive expensive rugs, jewelry, pigs, oil, wheat, flour, money – they ask from two to five thousand dinars. They forward it to the Germans, and people really get released, overjoyed to be out and away from the misery, mud, lice, beatings, jail food. Wealthier families would gladly deposit up to 10,000 dinars just to get out. Not everyone can do it, though. The road from Sabac to Jevremovac is clogged by carriages and pedestrians, all women, who are waiting for a word from their men, and waiting to deliver packets with food and necessities.

Some 150 people were taken from the detention building today, forced to walk through Kamenjak and Kamicak, and killed near Poljoprivreda.

The principals of all primary and secondary schools have been called for a meeting to discuss how to conduct instruction for students this winter. They are facing two insurmountable obstacles – there is no available space, and

no wood for heating. The Germans approved the use of the agricultural school, but it was not feasible since it is too far from the city. There were suggestions to use the city taverns, but they don't have enough tables or any heat.

Tuesday, November 11th – Gloomy, cloudy. The peasants are complaining that no one planted wheat this year. The harvest of corn is a real torture – freezing weather, mud up to one's neck, and freezing rain. The Germans keep coming and going. They seem to be in a hurry. They are leaving bulky things they cannot carry any more. Rugs, plates, paintings, silverware, even chickens and geese! Who knows where these things came from?

The new squadron of General Nedic' "Serbian Army" arrived in Sabac today. They've been positioning around Sabac all day – Bogatic (Bogatich), Valdimirci (Vladimirtsi), and other surrounding areas.

Mr. Milan Jevtich

THE JEWISH SCHOOL IN SABAC IN THE 19th CENTURY

Sabac has always been a city with an exceptionally rich cultural and educational tradition. In that particular domain, Sabac was an exemplary city among all other cities in Serbia in the 19th century – its elementary schools were formed before the rebellion against the Ottomans. The city had an elementary school as early as 1826, the same year when the Greek School was opened. Education was always highly valued on these territories, and a number of elementary schools opened up in almost all surrounding villages, and in 1837 Sabac got its first High School.

As a city with increasingly growing manufacture and trade, Sabac had attracted many outsiders and foreigners since the very beginning of the 19th century, especially the ones whose professions were uncommon and infrequent in Serbia. There aren't many documents from that time that take notice of the Jewish population, not because they were overlooked, but because they simply weren't there yet. The Sabac authorities comprised the *List of all Guilds in Sabac and Surrounding Counties*¹ in 1836. This document contains detailed information about 32 professional asso-

¹ Historical Archive of Sabac – “Ispravnicestvo” of the Sabac County, no. 2174 from October 29th, 1836

ciations and lists 426 craftsmen and traders, only one of which was Jewish. In the Shopkeepers Guild he is registered as “Mushika Solom from the city”². The very next year, 1837, city fathers published the *List of Streets and Properties in Sabac*. Not one Jewish name appears in this document.³ Only in the second half of the 19th century, probably due to the continuous cultural and economic development, as well as to the strengthening of industrialist and capitalist influence in this region, a significant number of Jewish families moved into Sabac. At that time, most of them lived in Sabac only temporarily; they remained citizens of their native countries, and did not own property or businesses. This is strongly supported by the 1862 *Record of Sabac Citizens and their Properties*, which mentions numerous Jewish families:⁴

93. BOKOR CADIK, leather craftsman, 44 years old, wife Beja, 35 years old, son Nathan craftsman’s understudy, 17 years old, daughters: Veneciana, 14 years old, Merijama, 5 years old, Dona, 2 years old. Property – none. Monthly income - 15 taliras. Income level- class III.

649. JOSIF ALMUL, Jewish trader, 37 years old, wife Esther, 32 years old, sons: Solomon, 16 years old, Jovan, 9 years old, Kalmi, 5 years old, Leon, 2 years old, daughter Rachela, 12 years old, and Pinhans Mun, his understudy, 18 years of age. Attention: Josif Almul is a French citizen, extensions of his labor visa done regularly, once every year. Pinhans is an Austrian citizen, extensions of his labor visa done regularly, once every year.

² Historical Archive of Sabac – “Ispravnicestvo” of the Sabac County, no. 2174 from October 29th, 1836

³ Historical Archive of Sabac – “Ispravnicestvo” of the Sabac County, no. 174 from January 27th, 1837

⁴ Dr. Branko Perunicic, the *Census of Sabac Residents and their Property*, 1862, the annual issue of the Historical Archive of Sabac, book IV, V.

650. DAVID TAJSTACHAK, craftsman understudy, 26 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 13 taliras. Income level – class III.

654. BINYAMIN MINANDIL, Jewish, craftsman, 37 years old, wife Sarah, 23 years old, daughter Anula, 5 years old. Property – one house with surroundings in Belgrade, 250 Cesar coins. Monthly income 14 taliras. Property level- class II, income level – class III.

676. MOSHO FINC, Jewish, trader, 23 years old, brother Jacov 15 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 31 taliras. Income level – class VI.

677. LEON DZERAS, trader, 25 years old, wife Sumhan, 20 years old. Property – none, Monthly income – 55 taliras. Income level – class VI.

678. ISAAC ALKALIN, Jewish, teacher, 50 years old, son Aaron, 14 years old, daughters: Clara, 20 years old, Merjam, 17 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 10 taliras. Income level – class II.

679. HAIM ALKALAIN, Jewish, coachman, 23 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 10 taliras. Income level – class II.

698. AMER FERMA, Jewish, trader, 23 years old, mother Rachel, 45 years old, Kalmi Levi, his understudy, 15 years old. Property – none. Amer Ferma is an Austrian citizen, extensions of his labor visa done regularly, once every year.

724. MUSHEKA SALON, scribe, 50 years old, wife Dona, 38 years old, son Presjadon, 5 years old, daughters: Jester, 14 years old, Hanah, 7 years old. Property – none. Monthly income 10 taliras. Income level – class II.

758. HAIM NAHMIYAS, draper, 38 years old, wife Ster, 30 years old, son Gavriliko, 3 years old, daughters: Mirkedika, 9 years old, Lijaika, 2 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 15 taliras. Income level – class III.

759. DANIL NAHMIYAS, draper, 35 years old, wife Luna, 30 years old, sons: Gavriliko, 4 years old, Mushiko, 1 year old, daughters: Bohora, 12 years old, Clarka, 1 year old. Property – none. Monthly income – 21 taliras. Income level – class IV.

821. ISAAC MISHULAN, leather goods manufacturer, 51 years old, wife Regina, 40 years old, sons: Rafail, 14 years old, Avram, 11 years old, Solomon, 5 years old, daughter Chimka, 17 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 7 taliras. Income level – class II.

822. JAKOV ALKALAJ, merchant, 28 years old, wife Merjam, 26 years old, sons: Mordaj, 8 years old, Isaac, 5 years old, Merjam Papu, an orphan, 8 years old. Property – none. Monthly income 55 taliras. Income level – class VI.

823. ISAAC ADANYA, craftsman understudy, 16 years old. Property – none, Monthly income – 5 taliras. Income level – class I.

830. JAKOV ISRAIL, tailor, 30 years old, wife Simka, 22 years old, son Avram, 5 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 7 taliras. Income level – class II.

1391. KONORTA BAROH, Jewish, merchant, 28 years old, wife Rica, 18 years old, son David, 2 years old, daughter Djukas, 6 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 35 taliras. Income level – class V.

1392. ASLAN KATALA, craftsman understudy, 24 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 7 taliras. Income level – class II.

1747. NATAN BAROH, speculator, 28 years old, wife Reina, 20 years old, son Josif, 6 years old, daughter Simka, 2 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 13 taliras. Income level – class III.

1822. JACOV AVRAMOVICH, Jewish, merchant, 23 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 25 taliras. Income level – class IV.

1823. MOSHO AVRAMOVICH, Jewish, merchant, 20 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 13 taliras. Income level – class III.

1824. ISAAC LEVI, merchant, 28 years old, wife Andreja, 20 years old, daughter Rivka, 2 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 35 taliras. Income level – class V.

1825. NISIM ALVADARI, craftsman understudy, 15 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 9 taliras. Income level – class II.

1826. AVRAM MILASH, craftsman understudy, 15 years old. Property – none. Monthly income – 6 taliras. Income level – class I.

1870. JOZEF MISLIN, brick-maker, 45 years old, wife Marija, 39 years old, sons: Unrad, 22 years old, Adam, 1 year old, daughters: Marija, 19 years old, Nanika, 4 years old. DANILO MILER, brick-maker, 35 years old, wife Lica, 22 years old, son Pavle, 6 years old. DAVID VINDERSHTAIN, 36 years old, wife Katarina, 48 years old, son Avram, 11 years old, daughter Magdalena, 20 years old.⁵

The data recorded in this document offer some quite valuable information about the Jews who lived in Sabac at the time. Our focus being on education, the mention of Mr. Isaac Alkalaj, the teacher with a monthly salary of 10 taliras, is of outmost importance, since it definitely attests that at the time this document was published there was, indeed, a Jewish school operating in Sabac.

Even though the documentation about the educational and pedagogical accomplishments in Sabac in the 19th century is abundant, some of it is ambiguous. It could be

⁵ According to this census, only Binjamin Minandil had a class II property level. The others' income levels were distributed as follows: class I – five, Class II – seven, class III – six, class IV – two, Class V –two, class VI – two.

stated with some degree of certainty that the Jewish School in Sabac was not operating on a full time basis, and that it was functioning under less than perfect conditions. In the middle of 1872, a certain Mosha Atijas, a rabbi, arrived from Brcko (Brčko) to Sabac, and under Jewish Association patronage, opened up a Jewish school. At the end of September that same year, Mr. Atijas filed a complaint with the Ministry of Education, objecting to the local officials' decision "forbidding him to educate Jewish children and ordering him to leave town".⁶ Two days later, the Jewish Association of Sabac lodged a similar complaint regarding this same matter to the Ministry of Education in Belgrade. The Ministry responded that, though they were fully supportive of Jewish children being educated by a Jewish teacher, they were in agreement with the local authorities. Since Mr. Atijas did not possess proper immigration documents, he was ordered to leave.⁷

At the beginning of 1880, Mr. Avram Cohen and Ms. Bilja Mandil, representing the Jewish Association of Sabac, filed a request with the Ministry of Education in Belgrade to open up a special school for Jewish children. Their application states that the Jewish children in Sabac "have been denied their right to study and learn their own language".⁸ Further, they specify the desire that Jewish children continue attending the local schools, but should have the opportunity to attend classes to learn Hebrew, and that "the government finance this endeavor by paying the teacher's salary and expenses, as well as provide him with appropri-

⁶ Archives of Serbia – The Ministry of Education, no. 5057 from September 27th, 1872 – F IX, r-97/1872.

⁷ Archives of Serbia – The Ministry of Education, no. 5102 from September 29th, 1872 – F IX, r-97/1872.

⁸ Archives of Serbia – The Ministry of Education, F IV - r-171/1880.

ate accommodation in the city”.⁹ The Ministry responded by requesting additional information about the number of Jewish children, “how many children of school age are there among the Jewish population in Sabac, and how much money from the local budget could be allotted for the proposed project”.¹⁰ The response from the local authorities indicated that at the time, there were 14 female children between the ages of 7 and 12, and 26 male children between the ages of 6 and 15. The report sent to the Ministry included the names of all these children:

Females:

1. Zlata N. Baruh, 10
2. Ana N. Avramovic, 10
3. Salchika A. Cohen, 12
4. Lenka A. Cohen, 9
5. Zaneta B. Almuli, 8
6. Bella Tajtachak, 8
7. Rivka D. Nahmijas, 9
8. Gospava D. Nahmijas, 9
9. Rachela D. Nahmijas, 7
10. Bulisa B. Albala, 10
11. Clara Muntijas
12. Veza M. Finci, 8
13. Rivka Benbasa, 12
14. Rakila Benbasa, 10

Males:

1. Johanan B. Mandil, 8
2. Mosha N. Baruh, 9

⁹ Archives of Serbia – The Ministry of Education, F IV - r-171/1880.

¹⁰ Archives of Serbia – The Ministry of Education, F IV - r-171/1880.

-
3. Avram J. Avramovich, 14
 4. Mosa J. Avramovich, 12
 5. Nahman J Avramovich, 8
 6. Majir J. Avramovich, 6
 7. Solomon L. Djerasi, 12
 8. Rafail A Cohen, 6
 9. Rafail M. Finci, 10
 10. Hiskija M. Albahari, 12
 11. Danilo M. Albahari, 9
 12. Lazar M. Albahari, 7
 13. Josif Almuli, 10
 14. Isaac Almuli, 8
 15. Josif Macliyah, 10
 16. Sati Macliyah, 6
 17. Bikir Testa, 14
 18. Jakov Testa, 10
 19. Avram Testa, 12
 20. Haim Testa, 8
 21. Israil Tajtachak, 9
 22. David Muntiyas, 6
 23. Jeshua David, 15
 24. Jacov David, 13
 25. Biti Albasa, 15
 26. Avram Benariya, 14¹¹

The Ministry's final response was very supportive and promising, but that was the end of it. At the end of 1880, the Ministry, actually the Minister of education himself, informed all the interested parties that "In the name of the Ministry of Education, we wish to inform you that we unreservedly support your attempt to provide the Jewish children the opportunity to attend a Jewish school in addition to the

¹¹ Archives of Serbia – The Ministry of Education, F IV - r-171/1880.

local Serbian school, and to study and learn their own language. Therefore, we have strongly encouraged the local authorities responsible for the educational issues to provide the space for the work of such a school. However, this seems to be impossible at the moment. There are neither funds to support this project, nor the available space for it. For the time being, we are forced to request that your children continue to attend the local schools. We assure you that, as soon as some funds become available, we will promptly revisit this matter, and address it so to meet your requirements”.¹²

Twenty years later, at the end of 1901, the Jewish Association repeated their request, addressing both the Sabac County Court and the Ministry of Education, applying once again, this time listing more than thirty children. A month later, the Ministry informed the interested parties that their request had been approved and appointed Mr. Josif Levi for a teacher “with salary, expenses, and an apartment paid from the budget, as is the case with all other teachers selected by the Ministry”.¹³

It is almost certain that the Jewish school worked continuously until the beginning of World War I, since the Sabac county superintendent reported the following after his visit to the school at the end of 1903/04 school year: “The Jewish school opened up in 1894. This year, it was attended by 17 children who, after regular classes in their local schools, come here for lessons in Jewish religion and language. The educational achievements were poor to moderate. Currently, the Jewish Association is in the process of hiring a new teacher, with better credentials.”¹⁴

Besides their separate school, some of the Jewish children attended the Sabac High School, and we wish to

¹² Archives of Serbia – The Ministry of Education, F IV - r-171/1880.

¹³ Archives of Serbia – The Ministry of Education, F 34 - r-56/1905.

¹⁴ Archives of Serbia – The Ministry of Education, F 59 - r-35/1904.

mention the names of those who had completed the four, six or eight-year program - depending on the curriculum required at the time:

School Year 1869/70 Bohor Macliyah
School Year 1878/79 Avram Macliyah
School Year 1878/79 Isaac Macliyah
School Year 1878/79 Nisim Tajtachak
School Year 1884/85 Rafailo Finc
School Year 1891/92 Jovan Mandil
School Year 1893/94 Menahej Alkalaj
School Year 1897/98 Bukich Pijade
School Year 1898/99 Emilo Ajhinger
School Year 1900/01 Mosha Avramovich
School Year 1902/03 Emilo Rosenberg
School Yea 1903/04 Zivko Pijade
School Year 1903/04 Zivko Baruh
School Year 1905/06 Alka Papo
School Year 1905/06 Josif Abinun
School Year 1906/07 Stanislav Vinaver
School Year 1906/07 Jacov Macliyah
School Year 1907/08 Pavle Vintershtain
School Year 1908/09 Natan Baruh
School Year 1908/09 David Jeshua
School Year 1909/10 Leon Papo
School Year 1910/11 Izraily Alfandari
School Year 1911/12 Asher Papo
School Year 1912/13 Samuilo Yavoljevich
School Year 1912/13 Isaac Eshkenazi
School Year 1913/14 Leon Alkalaj
School Year 1913/14 Nisim Salom
School Year 1913/14 Isaac Alfandari¹⁵

¹⁵ The History of Sabac High School , Sabac, 1937, pp. 259-319.

Oscar Davicho

MY CHILDHOOD

III

Hurrah! To the war! To the war! Shouts from the
Inn reverberate;
Peskar and Mandil Afera embrace and leap;
- Heroes! In unison they bellow – your lucky wounds
We'll consecrate!
- The brandy and the beer stink.
The folk laugh and weep.

The banners are dark in the night. All is dark
and horrid.
The men are wildly pudgy, dirty, sweaty and piggish,
Only mom is white
She alone is pallid;
- They'll kill you, hug your dad,
don't you dare to perish
in this war that's mad!

I cry, so dark it is.
Dad kisses and scratches me with his whiskers
moist from drinking
- Who cries and fears, nor Serb nor hero is.
I still cry,

the street is full
of people singed by fire.
The nightly smoke and soot
conceal what they are thinking.

V

Young men drunken howl.
Fires are burning all round.
Dad to the sky has lifted me;
drunken men are embracing.
Throughout the night
from the park
from the balconies
from the platform
and the stalls,
the horns and drums
the war are mournfully announcing.

Rockets are shot into the sky,
and wounded stars are falling.
From Kamichak mounted draftees are approaching.
the crowd watches, listens, tremulously presaged,
while they, the young and enraged,
sing their songs while riding.

IX

The road is filled with children, old men and women,
with rags, bundles and bales,
donkeys, dogs, goats and cattle.

A woman screams and falls.
Trampled by the fleeing throngs.

The folk are fleeing, Misery is fleeing
Threadbare, disheveled, slobbery and graying,
while the woman screams
on the roadway lying,
trembling, her teeth digging and nails clawing;
while the fleeing folk trample
their horses' hoofs kicking her,
and maddened by the children's cries and barking dogs,
the throngs are fleeing
fleeing away,
from Serbia.

XIII

- Is it far away, Mom, is Sabac a long way off?
- Far off, farther than the sky.
- Did the old red robin, Mom,
say that Sabac was far, far away, farther than the sky?

The rain is falling into the Danube,
Oh, dear God, dear God,
The Danube is soaked
to its very sod.

- Turn round, my son, for the last time,
for what is dark through the mist and rain,
what through the mist and rain is dark,
that is another country,
another country.

The rain falls into the Danube,
Oh, dear god, dear God.
The Danube is drenched to
its very sod.

Stanislav Vinaver

COMRADES-IN-ARMS

Dragosh from Lipolist

Dragosh from Lipolist
In a torn wool jerkin
With an old-fashioned rifle
Like all the others
Of the third call-up,
Guarded a bridge behind the front.

If a train thundered by
He would throw out his chest and salute,
Without a single muscle quivering
On his elderly face.

He would chatter the live-long day
Of bygone wars
When he was young
And fought in a forward line.
Those wars were tougher
And nicer.

Dragosh well knew this, offered no help.
But it pleased him.

The desire tormented him
To somehow join the first call up
- Like an old best-men at the wedding-
Where his two sons were,
Milutin and Mutimir,
- If only for one battle
- If only for one assault.

Finally, the bridge was no longer guarded,
That small, unsaved bridge.
But after his strenuous efforts in the retreat
He ended up in hospital on Vido
If he did survive through Albania
It was only due to the hope to see his sons.

He did see them,
Under the olive trees in Corfu,
And they talked to their heart's content
And cherished each other.

...In the military cemetery on Vido,
Regardless of unit or rank,
Assembled are all these warriors of ours
And Dragosh from Lipolist among them,
- The old, experienced, third call-up man –
No longer guards a simple bridge,
Which had provoked untoward words
And all kinds of jests –
But a whole island.

Dr. Avram Vinaver

What are they saying
Those men in white shirts,
With bulging eyes
Lean and dark and unearthly?
What's the uproar about?

The nurses are preventing them
From jumping out of windows.
The physicians visit them with fear.
At any moment someone is carried out.

They lie in rooms, in corridors,
Some in the courtyard, on pavements,
In the streets;
They've started encompassing all of Valjevo,
Our whole state.

They rave
And with them raves our whole land by typhus struck,
They're also in the camps,
The railways carry them,
They're filling all homes.
In the villages, on small huts,
On store-rooms,
In plum orchards,
Black flags are unfurled,
Mortal throes envelop the world.

Dr. Avram Vinaver
Sanitation major
Director of the Fifth Reserve Hospital

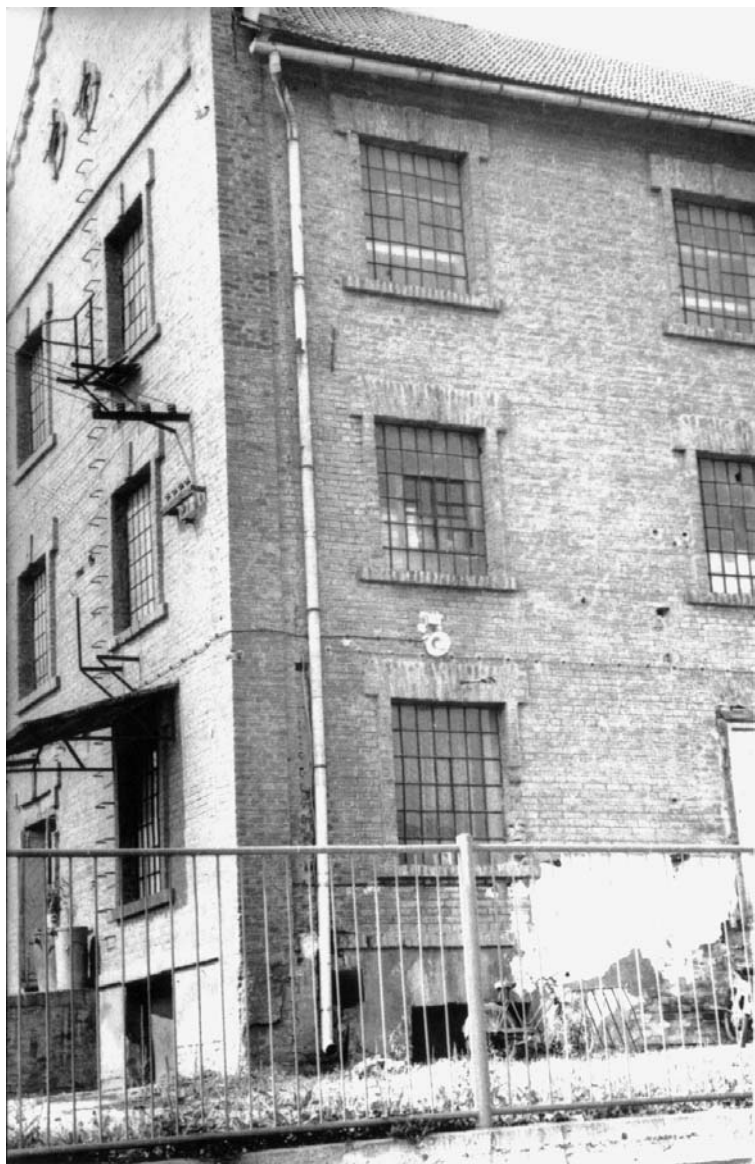
Leaning heavily on his cane,
Exhausted from illness and cares,
Visited the sick day and night
Observing their terrified looks
That told him where each man stood
On the path to life or death.
He oversaw the work being done,
And with his presence lent his aid
To induce among the soldiers
That easy feeling of peaceful, the
healthy
That constitutes all life.
With some he discussed matters
In a special way,
Endlessly patient and fatherly
With a desperate love
- Far many of them, howlingly
Sought answers to the question:
Why were they not allowed to leap
Out of the windows, through the walls and
the doors,
When they were pursued from all sides
Like wild beasts.

Major Avram
With superhuman effort
Kept his eyes open
- His big blue eyes under the gold-rimmed
pince-nez -
Not daring to shut them for even a moment,
For he knew
- that as the fever was shaking him as well for
So many days already,

And he had not asked for a replacement
- For this was not time for that
When doctors were lacking –
That it might happen,
He too could succumb
To the hoarse-voiced reasons;
To those desperate entities
And so convincing ones
Uttered by countless patients,
Which he listened to day and night
Not hearing aught but this. –

And then, to open the window,
To jump out of his room
Out of this town,
Out of this universe

Documents



The mill in Yanko Veselinovch Street where the Jewish refugees were housed



The building of the Prague Bank warehouses in Pop Lukina Street where the Jewish refugees were housed



The building marked with an arrow housed Jewish refugees



*The building of the Draga Tenekovic warehouse in Sabac
where the Jewish refugees were housed*



Dr. Miodrag – Mile Petrovic



Dr. Miodrag – Mile Petrovic, as Officer of the Royal Army



Dr. Mile Petrovic, with wife Dobrila



*Mr. Draza Petrovic, attorney, greets King Aleksandar
in Sabac, 1934*



Dr. Mile Petrovic, in America, 1970s



From one of the practice sessions of “Macva” soccer club, 1940, bottom right, the last player, kneeling, Kurt Hilkovets



Kurt Hilkovets with his eldest son Hajim



Jewish adolescents from the mill



Life in the mill kitchen



One of the rooms in which the Jewish refugees were housed

не", па

Мали
жидеру
в стари
о право
гасоњу.
а га пу-
о Вуко-
рио га
ицу, па
натраг:
што нас
море!...
год и

огласан
која се

сипаху на попов рачун, стари прота Самуило извуче неколике десетице за напојницу малом Јаши. Овога ончас покри као нека тешка индигнација, па скочи, махну руком љутито и крену к вратима. На прагу се окрену и готово кроз плач узвикну:

— Прото, много сам вас волео и поштовао. Више од свих овде. А да сам јутрос могао знати шта ћете најзад учинити, не бих Вам услугу учинио... Јер, јер сам се надао да бар ви можете боље мислити о... о... Јаши Алфандарију и... и о Јеврејима...

р — Дан примирја



ена палим јунацима за Слободу, Незави-
дана две чланице Фидака посетиле су
има на Сефардском гробљу и ставили на
разе пошту и сећање на оне, који су са
и величини Југославије и нашој Слободи.

47 од
шку;
ија се
рјем
и ово
пуће-

з ову
ге му
жених

које смо примили у стари конак. Ваљда ће вас и Давичо о томе извести. Молим да ми јавите хоћемо ли одмах тамо (у Крагујевцу) послати, или да стоје док и оне друге стигну."

Давичо је био угледан грађанин београдски и посверљива личност кнежева.

Д-р Ранковић

Београдски Јевреји за »кладовске« избеглице у Шапцу

На позив Савеза јеврејских веро исповедних општина обе наше општине, у заједници са Удружењем цинистичких жена „ВИЦО" и осталим нашим хуманим и омладинским друштвима, провеле су и успешно завршиле акцију за прикупљање о-
дних и других предмета за избеглице у Шапцу, где их има око 1200. Сакупљено је свега 433 пакета.

Сви су ови пакети отворени, прикупљене ствари пажљиво сортиране и спаковане у 15 великих сандука, који су били тешки 2700 кг. Све ове ствари послате су у Шабач.

Поред пакета примљено је и прилога у новцу, и то Дин 33.088.—

Управе обеју општина сматрају за своју дужност да се свима племенитим дародавцима најтоплије захвале на послатим прилозима као и свима члановима Одбора за несребичан рад око прикупљања прилога, чиме су дали видног доказа да знају да цене душевне и материјалне патње наше невинне и напашене браће у изгнанству.

Чланови Одбора за прикупљање предмета посетили су 9 новембра скупо бораиште избеглица у Шапцу. Посета је обухватила преглед целокупне организације старана о емигрантима: становања, прехране, одевања, лечења болесника, живот емиграната итд.

На лицу места чланови одбора утврдили су: да је организација скупног бораишта у Шапцу добро изведена, да су прилике под којима емигранти живе у погледу становања, прехране, одевања и лечења према датим могућностима врло повољне.

Даље је утврђено да су све критике упућене у томе правцу не само неосноване, већ и неоправдане.



The Jewish periodical "Vesnik" from December 1st, 1940, reports about the welcome Jewish refugees received

НАРЕДБА

КОЈА СЕ ОДНОСИ НА ЈЕВРЕЈЕ И ЦИГАНЕ

Штампана у "Листу Уредаба" Војног заповедника у Србији № 8.

На основу оваквих изазова ми од стране Главномкомандујућег војне силе наређујем следеће:

I. ЈЕВРЕЈИ

У смислу већ издатих наредби и оних које ће издати Главни војни заповедник за Србију, Јеврејиним се сматра свако лице које води порекло од најмање три Јеврејска претка (под овим се подразумевају родитељи оца и мајке).

Претход се сматрају за Јевреје и оне су, по релативним Јеврејским или припадњу Јеврејској породици или су јој припадници.

Како Јевреји се сматрају и Јевреји можда од једног или два Јеврејска претка (под овим се подразумевају родитељи оца и мајке) који су после 8-ог априла 1941. године припадници Јеврејског Јеврејског породице или јој припадници.

Исто тако се сматрају Јеврејима и Јеврејски мезени, који су везани Јеврејским или који ступе у брак са Јеврејиним.

§ 1.

Јевреји се изају пријати у року од две недеље после објаве ове наредбе својим познаницима, пријатељима, а ујерм заједно и својим родитељима, или се припремају да, да би се ујерм ујерм својим родитељима, пријати преко старејше куће долазеће за да изају породицу.

§ 3.

Јевреји су дужни обавезати се. Они морају појити на левој руци јузу тачку са латинском „Јеврејина“.

§ 4.

Јевреји не могу бити јавни службеници. Нијеко укључено из установа морају одаћи да изврше српске власти.

§ 5.

Јеврејима не може бити дозвољено управљање праксе адвоката, лекара, зубног лекара, ветеринара и аутомобила.

Јеврејски адвокати који су досада имали адвокатску праксу не смеју више изаћи пред суд или власти као заступници.

Јеврејски лекарима и зубним лекарима се одузима пракса, у којој се не ради о лечењу Јевреја. На указу у одговарајућим мора бити издати Јеврејско порекло и забрана лечења Ариваца.

Јеврејским ветеринарима и аутомобилима се забрањује рад.

§ 6.

За поврху ратом издатах иста постоји за Јевреје оба пола у старости од 14 до 60 година припадници рада.

О броју учесника Јевреја у раду одлажући иза себе Окружне комисије или они одлажући које је одредио Главни војни заповедник за Србију.

§ 7.

Јеврејски је забрањено поседовање поштомата, биоскопа, места за разоноду свих врста, јавних културних, спортских приредба и јавних ваншкола.

Поседовање гостина тачко је забрањено Јеврејима, укључено власници долазили својим добрим одабрање од Главни војни заповедник за Србију, да могу долазити кристи Јеврејима. Они долази Јеврејима да обавезати наредбом омаком.

§ 8.

Јевреји не могу бити власници калитки, или забавних, установа или да буду у њима запослени.

§ 9.

Јеврејима који су забавили на окупираним српске територије забрањено је појити у месту.

Или Јеврејини не сме бити одабрање за његово место становања и пребивања иза себе Окружне Команде да изају своје долазеће место становања или пребивања.

Сваки Јеврејин мора да остане у својем стану од 20 до 6 часова.

§ 10.

Сви радио-апарати и материја чије су власници Јевреји или се налазе у власном поседу, морају се одаћи пријати преко иза себе општине њиховог места становања или пребивања Окружне комисије.

§ 11.

Јевреји и суружници Јевреји морају у року од 10 дана по објави ове Наредбе преко иза себе општине своје места становања или пребивања пријати Окружну комисију својим иза себе са иза себе где се овај налази.

Сваког располагање његовом безбедношћу или у нареду забрањено је. Посади заједно на својој основи који су суружници одабрање, појитију се. Оне иза себе се изајују иза себе на њихову најпотребнија иза себе.

§ 12.

Јеврејски приредба, иза себе ова приредба која су после 5 априла 1941 још била Јеврејска, морају се пријати иза себе Окружне комисије од 15 јуна 1941. Најмање је Окружна комисија у којој окупити пријати своја места становања и правна лица своја седишта. Ово важи и за Јеврејима приредба приредба са седиштем иза себе окупираним територије, и то за овај део Јеврејска приредба која се врше на окупираним територијама.

Пријати мора да садржи:

- имена, седиште власника или закупа приредба иза себе окупираним на територија која је приредба Јеврејско или је до 5 априла 1941 било још Јеврејско;
- број приредба која вине иза себе Јеврејска, окупираних која који су оне приредба одаје;
- врсту приредба према врсти робе, који се тргује, морају или уривања, иза себе галерија артила;
- франка, рачунице и споредне рачуне;
- бројет према иза себе окупираним;
- вредност ствари робе, постојеће колоне ствари, иза себе којима се располаже и новац.

§ 13.

Приредба приредба у смислу ове наредбе је свако приредба које учествује на иза себе добра, приредба добра, појити добра, и уривања добра, без обзира на правну форму приредба и без обзира на унос у регистар. Под ово подразумева и банке, осигуравајућа друштва, компаније, јавне, мелане и приредба за неоптереца иза себе.

Јеврејско је ово приредба чије су власници или закупци:

- Јевреји, или
 - друштва, чија је један члан Јеврејин, или
 - друштва са ограниченим одговорношћу, чија је једна трећина чланова Јевреји или се вине од једне трећине уласи намами у рачун Јеврејских чланова, или чија је једна поседница Јеврејин, или су вине од једне трећине чланова иза себе одбора Јевреји, или
 - акционарски друштва чији је претседник управног одбора или један од чланова Јеврејин, или су вине од једне трећине чланова управног одбора Јевреји.
- Главни окупираним за приредбу у Србији може приредба једно приредба за Јеврејско, или стоји претекано под Јеврејским утицајем.

§ 14.

Сва Јеврејска приредба приредба као и сва правна лица која вине приредба приредба и која вине иза себе од једне трећине Јевреји међу својим члановима или у уплати, морају до 15 јуна 1941. пријати код иза себе Окружне комисије:

- своје или њима иза себе акције, уласе друштва,
 - чије учешће у приредби приредба и појити учешће приредби приредба,
 - као и своје иза себе имале и права на имале.
- За примарни пријати иза себе је ова Окружна комисија у којој окупити приредба или седиште или у којој окупити се налази иза себе имале које подлаже свој наредби.

§ 15.

Приме послове из времена после 5 априла 1941 иза себе на располагању његовом лица појитију у § 11 и § 14, може Главни окупираним за приредбу у Србији појити.

§ 16.

За Јеврејска приредба приредба може се поставити комисија-приредба. На негу се примитију, прописи Уредаба о вођству појитију (Лист Уредаба Бр. 2, страна 19).

Она поставља комисија-управника управник је дужан да урива оно послове.

§ 17.

Окружне комисије мора да иза себе на Прејатини триложа-а општине, у којима стању је вине Јевреји, иза себе Јеврејина да кога је вине Јевреји иза себе.

II. ЦИГАНИ

§ 18.

Цигани се иза себе иза себе за њих важе одговарајуће одредбе ове Наредбе.

§ 19.

Циганом се сматра оно лице које води порекло од најмање три циганска претка. Са циганима се иза себе цигански и цигански мезени који воде порекло од једног или два циганска претка и који су окупирани циганом или ступе у брак са циганом.

§ 20.

За обавезавање цигана, преко се трети које морају исто тако бити жите и носити иза себе „Циганин“.

Цигани се на основу пријаве убављају у циганске јасце.

III. ДУЖНОСТИ СРПСКИХ ВЛАСТИ

§ 21.

Српске власти су одговорне за извршење приредба садржаних у овој Наредби.

IV. КАЗНЕНЕ МЕРЕ

§ 22.

Ко се упротрпни одредбама ове Наредбе биве казнен затвором и новчаном иза себе, или једном од оне две казне. У њихом саједина казнен се робити или смрт.

Београд, 30 маја 1941.

Војни заповедник у Србији

From the beginning of German occupation the Jews and the Gypsies were prosecuted systematically, and the local population was made aware of the severe punishment following the failure to obey orders

Комитету Јевреја Емиграната

Ш А Б А Ц

Према наређењу КРАЈСКОМАНДАНТУРЕ у Шапцу од 29 јуна 1941 године I 847. - Сви јевреји па и емигранти имају се неизоставно упутити сместа у логар - бараке - касарне бившег понтонирског пука најдаље до 15 јула 1941 године.

Стога се наређује комитету да у свему поступи по предњем наређењу - у противном сносиће последице.

По пријему к знању предњег наређења акт одмах вратити Поглаварству.



П. Р.
Претседника
Градског Поглаварства,

Јован Р. Петровић

Садржеј примили смо до знања.

Управа јеврејског емигрантског логора

Милан

*The dispatch to the Jewish Refugee Committee about
the transfer of Jews into concentration camps*

8092 21 августа 41

УПРАВИ МАБАЧКИХ ЈЕВРЕЈА

Ш А Б А Ц.



Сви Мабачки Јевреји у току сутрашњег дана т.ј. у току 22 августа 1941 године имају се безусловно преселити у лагер-бараке код мабачког Града. Собом могу понети најнеопходније постелне ствари, пресвлаке-веш, и потребан прибор за храну. Ове остале ствари које се у стану налазе ни у каквом виду несму се склавати ни отуђивати. Ове ствари пописале одређена комисија то ће се са истим поступити по нахођењу комисије.



Председник
Градског поглаварства,

*The German order about the transfer of Jews into
concentration camps*

Рађено 22 августа 1941 године у
Поглаварству града Шапца

8370 33. август 41.

Према усменом наређењу Немачких
војних власти, у току данашњег дана
имају се иселити у лагер јевреји ко-
ји живе у граду Шапцу.

Ради обезбеђења њихове заостале
имовине, а на основу § 96 Закона о гра-
дским општинама овим



НАРЕЂУЈЕМ :

Да се образује комисија за ~~их~~ по-
пис и процену јеврејске имовине. У коми-
сију одређујем г. Г. Кујунџић Јевту, Јови-
чић Стевана и Бранислава Синделића, чи-
новника овога Поглаварства.

Покретна имовина покућанство ста-
виће се јеврејима на расположење. Она
имовина која остане у стану има се по-
писати и ~~оцени~~ проценити. Списак пописа
има се доставити Немачкој команди у пр-
воду на немачком, један примерак издати
сопственику-јеврејину, а један оставити
за Поглаварство.

Станови се имају запечатити и за-
кључати. Исти станови имају се издати
избеглицама, којима ће се накнадно одре-
дити висина закупа. Избеглице које стан
приме да ће потврду да су ствари јевре-
јске примили на чување под законском
одговорношћу, које ће стаће остати све
док се не донесе одлука о заједничком
смештају свих јеврејских ствари заоста-
лих и пописаних по јеврејским становим.

Предње саопштити комисији ради
знања и управљања с тим да сви јевреји
морају бити исељени из вароши у току
данашњег дана, а попис њихове имовине
мора се извршити у најкраћем времену.
По могућатеу попису и процени могу при-
суствовати сопственици-јевреји имовине
која се пописује, који ће записник тако
ће потписати.

Претседник Поглаварства

B. Sinđelić

Данас 22 (двадесет другог) августа 1941 године саопштена
нам је предња наредба.

Ген. Кујунџић
Синделић
Ген. Синделић

The order about the confiscation of Jewish property

Градско Поглаварство
ШАБАЦ

Gradske Poglavarištv
ŠABAC

Бр: 8303 / 26 августа 1941



МИНИСТАРСТВУ УНУТРАШЊИХ ПОСЛОВА

БЕОГРАД.

Услед изгреда у околини Шапца, а према наређењу Крајскокомандатуре у Шапцу, сви Јевреји Шабачки који су живели на територији ове Општине исељени су из вароши у лагер-баракe код Шабачког града. Сва њихова покретна имовина која се већином састојала из ствари дато им је на слободно располагање, од којих су већином пренели у лагер а мањи део остао је у њиховим становима, који је комисијски пописан. У ове станове усељене су избеглице.

Сем избеглица, у непокретним добрима која су сопственост Јевреја налазе се и други станари који су станове издани у закуп раније кућевласници-Јевреји.

Да би се ова Јеврејска имовина правилно и потпуно даље обезбедила умољава се Министарство за хитна упуства по овој ствари.

Ради упуства Поглаварство Вам упућује г. Митровића. Божицара правног референта овог Поглаварства.

МИНИСТАРСТВО УНУТРАШЊИХ ПОСЛОВА

1 Бр. 1039

30. VIII. 1941 г.

Београд

5/2



Претседник

Градског Поглаварства,

ГРАДСКОМ ПОГЛАВАРСТВУ

ШАБАЦ.

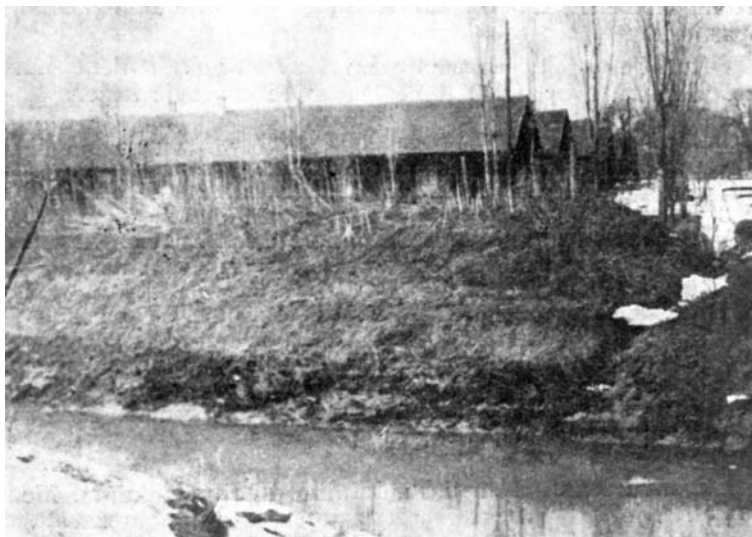
Повратком акта извештава се Поглаварство да је за расправљање предлог питања надлежна Крајскокомандатура у Шапцу.

По наредби Комесара
Министарства унутрашњих послова
За Начелника
саветник,

30 августа 1941 год.
Београд.

[Signature]

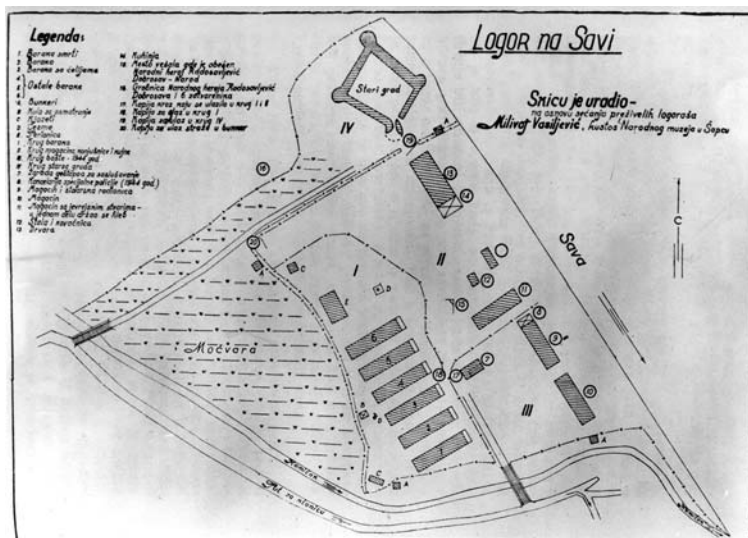
The memo confirming the execution of German orders regarding Jewish property and their transfer to the camp



*The camp barracks where the first Jewish inmates
were placed*



The camp on the Sava River



The plan of the camp on the Sava River



The first executions in Sabac



*Prominent Jewish citizens were first shot, and then hanged
in the main city square*



Bloody March –the Germans shooting a detainee



*Executions in Zasavica – 1,057 Jews were executed
and buried in one mass grave*



SERBISCHES ROTES KREUZ

BELGRAD

Simina 19

СРПСКО ДРУШТВО ЦРВЕНОГ КРСТА

БЕОГРАД

Симина 19

reg. br. 1600 Signature K.22-64/4-69 dr. negative



ANTRAG

auf Nachrichtenübermittlung
an das

Internationale Komitee vom Roten Kreuz

GENF

durch das

Deutsche Rote Kreuz, Präsidium, Berlin

УПИТНИК

Међународном комитету црвеног крста

ЖЕНЕВА

преко

Немачког црвеног крста, Претседништво, Берлин

1. Absender: Richard Renberger

Пошиљалац: Sabac, Serbien

Anschrift: Sabac, Serbien

Адреса: bittet an
моли да се

2. Empfänger: Margit Renberger

Примаоцу: 124, Westbourne Terrace, Paddington,

Anschrift: London W 2, England

Адреса: folgendes zu übermitteln:
саопшти следеће:

(Höchstens 25 Worte!)
(највише 25 речи)

Wir sind alle gesund. Mutter und Fredy grüssen
herzlichst. in Sorge wegen Dir. ich arbeite,
verdiente sehr schön und unterstütze die
Mutter reichlich.

Viele Küsse!

Richard

Unterschrift
Потпис

Datum
датум

3. Der Empfänger antwortet umseitig.
Прималац одговара на другој страни.

4518 *15 JUN 1942 1 DEC 1941

Red Cross inquiry about the missing Jews...



The Jews who had successfully reached Israel visited Sabac and Ms. Mara Jovanovich with their families, decades later



Ms. Elizabeth Maxwell, vice-president of the Christian-Jewish World Association, on official visit to the Association of Serbian-Jewish Friendship in Sabac, in 1990



The Jewish delegation with Sabac residents in front of the memorial in Zasavica



The original gravestone marking the mass grave of the victims of German terror



Ms. Mara Jovanovich in front of the memorial honoring the ones killed in Zasavica in 1941.

FINAL WORD FROM THE EDITOR

The making of the book *The Encounter of Jews and Sabac* was initiated by Mr. Miodrag Nikolich who resides the United States.

Mr. Nikolich is the great-grandson of the famous Sabac lawyer, Mr. Dragoljub – Draza Petrovich, and the grandson of Mr. Miodrag Petrovich, Doctor of Law, diplomat, and the mayor of Sabac, who welcomed the Jewish refugees when no one else dared to offer them a sanctuary from German prosecution. Mr. Nikolic's motive for initiating the publishing of this book was to preserve the memory of the unbreakable bond between the citizens of his native Sabac and the Jewish families who lived among them.

* * *

The name of the family Nikolic is well known and respected in Sabac to this day. With his hard work, honesty and integrity, Mr. Miodrag (Mile, Nik) Nikolic, a successful California businessman, and Serbian immigrant, has only added to the reputation of his family.

Mr. Nikolic's father Mihailo and his paternal grandfather Tihomir were well known wine producers from Sabac. They were recognized everywhere by their nicknames, Tika – Vinar (Winemaker) and Mika – Pinter (Barrel maker).

Mr. Nikolic's maternal great-grandfather and grandfather were also very prominent citizens of Sabac. His great-grandfather was the legendary Sabac attorney, famous

Draza Petrovich. He was also one of the area's Radical Party leaders. Mr. Nikolic's grandfather, Miodrag Petrovich, was a renowned lawyer, first secretary of our legation in Belgium, consul in Italy and Switzerland, and the mayor of Sabac before the outbreak of World War II.

Their descendent, Mr. Miodrag – Mile Nikolic, called Nik by his American partners and friends, was born in Sabac on October 23rd, 1943, in the family of Mr. Mihailo and Ljiljana Nikolic, who had three sons.

Until he was twelve, young Mr. Nikolic had an untrobled and carefree childhood in Sabac. He remembers to this day the city and the surrounding villages, including Mala Vranjska, the vast fields that belonged to his grandmother from the Vukosich family, and the farms of his numerous relatives where he participated in field work and farm duties, learning from an early age that only hard work and diligence breed success.

Mr. Nikolic's childhood dream was to become a jockey, since he had a pony. His aspirations changed during his pre-teen years, when he wholeheartedly believed he would become a professional athlete, encouraged by the success he achieved in amateur competitions organized by the local sports clubs.

Christmas, Easter, and his family Saint's Day, St. Trifun, the occasions for family gatherings and celebrations, are remembered by Mr. Nikolic as the happiest days of his childhood. Christian Orthodox values have been his guiding principles and a source of strength, clarity and direction throughout his personal and professional life. The visit to the monastery Hilandar on the Holy Mount in Greece was one of the most important experiences for Mr. Nikolic, a Serb and a Christian Orthodox from Los Angeles. Self reportedly, he would like to spend at least a week

every year in that monastery, since the profound spiritual peace and cleansing he underwent during his visit could be experienced only on that holy soil. He says that his visit to this Christian Orthodox Holy Land has expanded his views, opened his mind, and enriched his soul and his heart.

In the forming of his personality great influences were played by Mr. Milorad Vukosavljevich, Mr. Bata Metejich, Professor Dushan Dohchevich, members of his extended family and his friends, but primarily his father Mihailo. With the mandatory transfer of his father from Sabac' "*Navip*", the new name for the company formed from his grandfather's old brewery confiscated by the communist government in 1945, the Nikolic family suddenly found themselves without any assets, and the young Miodrag overnight became a child of a clerk in Belgrade.

The family moved to Belgrade in 1956, when Miodrag was 13 years old. However, health problems forced young Nikolic to move again. In 1959, his parents sent him for a health treatment to America, to his maternal grandfather who emigrated there in 1945. He didn't stay there too long, though. The nostalgia for his home and family were unbearable, and he returned to Belgrade in 1960.

There, he completed high school for accounting and bookkeeping, and then enrolled in the Community College for International Trade. He did not graduate because he returned to the States in 1972.

His mother and father were his role models in learning how to conduct himself with dignity, honesty, and true investment both in his work and with his family. As the creator of our most recognized type of brandy, "*Manastirka*", his father, the late Mihailo Nikolic from Sabac, remained his strongest model. Mr. Mihailo Nikolic died in 1997. He taught his three sons to work hard and help the ones in

need, to get in line with the common workers every month to receive their pay, in his own brewery. Only when his sons grew up did they realize that their pay came from their father's own pocket; instead of giving them an "allowance", he made them earn their "salary" by working, in order to teach them the value of labor and responsibility.

Since his teenage years Mile Nikolic worked at various jobs all over Belgrade – the manager's assistant in the Fair exhibit halls of Sajam, messenger for the law firm of his relative Milorad Vukosavljevich, day laborer in the fruit factory in Indjija - Belgrade.

After only a six-month period in "*Universal*", the young telephone operator was promoted into a clerk responsible for several small accounts. He worked even harder, and learned about the trade business continuously. For years, he maintained a 14-hour work day schedule, eventually becoming an employee with the most successful record and the highest number of trusted clients. In 1972 he married Slobodanka Maletic from Belgrade and had two children with her – daughter Olga, and son Mihailo.

Even though his professional reputation grew, he was not awarded an apartment by his firm. That was the reason why he moved to the States in May 1972. He took his young wife with him, and started from scratch.

The new beginning was anything but easy. Upon his arrival, he worked as a courier, a painters' assistant, a cleaning man, and, eventually formed his own international trade firm, naming it "*Universal*". Besides his regular job as an employee in the customs brokerage freight forwarding company, he constantly tried to start export-import company using the knowledge and skills he acquired in Belgrade, without much success.

After unexpectedly being laid off by "*Karl Schrott*" company, which was his first experience of that kind, he

decided to contact one of his clients from “*Lloyd Electronics*” and confide in him. His client asked what kind of help Mr. Nikolic would need in order to open up his own business. Nikolic requested one thing only – that the jobs completed for this client be paid within 24 hours. Mr. Ari Hanin, a Jew from Lithuania, agreed immediately, providing Mr. Nikolic with much needed opportunity to start his own customs broker company. Mr. Hanin has been one of Mr. Nikolic’ closest friends and business associates in the States to this day.

Mr. Nikolic today owns two companies, “*Nik and Associates*”, registered in 1976, and “*Nik Transport*”, registered a few years later. He employs 26 workers, all of which are treated like members of the extended Nikolic family. His companies look a bit like the United Nations family, too, since his employees come from more than ten different countries and nationalities. His wife Slobodanka, a college graduate, works in his companies, as well. His daughter Olga is currently completing her Doctorate Degree in Britain, writing a thesis on modern day political and national Balkan issues. His son Mihailo is majoring in Computer Sciences. Both children speak fluently the Serbian language.

Mr. Nikolic’ companies have representatives and agents around the United States and the world. These are highly competitive firms with an excellent reputation, having as clients some of the largest international trade businesses.

Mr. Miodrag Nikolic is one of the most active Serb activists and patriots in the United States. He is a life member of the Serbian Unity Congress, and the Association for Serbian National Defense, as well as the local SNO chapter secretary for Los Angeles. He is one of the founders of

“Save Displaced Serbs” (SDS), a nonprofit humanitarian organization assisting the orphaned children from the territories of former Yugoslavia. To date, this organization has distributed donations exceeding two and a half (2.5) million dollars.

Mr. Nikolic was also the president and a vice president of the Christ the Savior Church from Arcadia, California, and in that role he represented this church’s constituency in the Serbian Orthodox Churches meetings in Diaspora, and the conference in Chicago that reestablished the Serbian Orthodox Church unity.

The Nikolic family has never stopped being actively involved in sports. Mr. Nikolic created a soccer team *“California Stars”*, where his son Mihailo played for years. Mr. Nikolic was a coach and a referee, and his wife refereed many games, too. Their family supported eight players from their team. *“California Stars”* became one of the most successful amateur soccer teams in the United States. They participated in some tournaments abroad, and in 1993 they were placed second in the 16-year-olds national tournament of American National Soccer Federation. Currently, *“California Stars”* coach is Mr. Zoran Lomich, Nikolic family’s friend and a former soccer player from Belgrade. Mr. Nikolic’s office is decorated with dozens of trophies and awards won by his team.

Mr. Nikolic’s company will celebrate its 25th anniversary this year. Observing this event, Mr. Nikolic wishes to remember the slogan his businesses have been built on, the life philosophy of his late father, Mr. Mihailo “Mika” Nikolic from Sabac, who used to say: “Son, the only true riches in life are – real friends”. Following this guiding philosophy, Mr. Nikolic can be a contented man – he already knows that regardless of what the future brings, he and his family will always be rich.

Radomir Putnikovich, the author of many books, and a London publisher, responding to Mr. Nikolich' appeal, has supported and aided this project continuously throughout its realization that has required months of research.

It delights me that Ms. Mara Jovanovich agreed that her text about the arrival and settlement of Jewish refugees, as well as the tragic conclusion of their stay in Sabac, represents the central segment of this book.

The additional sections of this book, writings that complete the picture about the cohabitation of Jews and Serbs in Sabac, that address the horrifying events that took place in Zasavica are the works of Mr. Nikola Devura, literary author, and Mr. Milivoje Vasiljevich, ethnologist, as well as the late Rev. Glisha Babovich, a priest from Sabac, and the historian Mr. Milan Jeftich, M.A.

The introductory part of this book was written by Mr. Dobrilo Aranitovich, renowned librarian and author, and first secretary of the Jewish-Serbian Association from Sabac, giving the reader a comprehensive context for the events described later.

Assistance and support for this project was given by the Jewish Museum in Belgrade, Historical Archives of Sabac, Sabac City Library, and the National Museum in Sabac. I wish to thank them all.

Undoubtedly, this book will represent much more than just a factual document about the life and tragedy of Sabac' Jews. It will be an initiator and reminder of the continuous partnership, cooperation, and closeness between the Jewish and Serbian people.

Belgrade,
April, 2003

Milos Jevtic

LIST OF THE JEWS FROM ŠABAC AND JUIŠH REFUGEES

KILLED IN ZASAVICA IN OCTOBER 1941

1. *Albinum* Josef, 35 years old, from Šabac
2. *Albinum* Samuilo, University student, 19 years old, from Šabac
3. *Albinum* Alfred, University student, 17 years old, from Šabac
4. *Abrahamovič* Berta, born on June 2, 1894
5. *Abrahamovič* Salomon, born in Germany on October 1, 1893
6. *Adi*es Rabiner, 56 years old, from Šabac
7. *Adi*es Sofija, housewife, 40 years old, from Šabac
8. *Adi*es Amada, pupil, 20 years old, from Šabac
9. *Adi*es Margareta, pupil, 18 years old, from Šabac
10. *Adi*es Rachela, dressmaker, 25 years old, from Šabac
11. *Adi*es Reina, child, 13 years old, from Šabac
12. *Adi*es Sarah, housewife, 23 years old, from Šabac
13. *Albahari* Salomon, merchant, 73 years old, from Šabac
14. *Albahari* Bukas, housewife, 63 years old, from Šabac
15. *Aleksander* Herbert, born on September 6, 1904
16. *Aleksander* Ruth, born on March 14, 1911
17. *Altman* Leo, born on February 9, 1919
18. *Altman* Maksimilian, born on January 13, 1907
19. *Amzanowsky* Aron, born in Danzing on August 6, 1893
20. *Amzanowsky* Sima, born on October 15, 1892
21. *Antserl* Rosa, born on August 16, 1908
22. *Antserl* Oskar, born on May 2, 1897
23. *Aschenbrenner* Margarete, born on September 24, 1915
24. *Aufrihtig* Egon, born on February 7, 1907
25. *Austerer* Moses, born on August 25, 1896
26. *Avramovič* Ascher, dental technician, 20 years old, from Šabac

-
27. *Avramovič* Jakob, commercial employee, 27 years old, from Šabac
 28. *Batscha* dr Albert, born on October 3, 1885
 29. *Baile-Malke* Mader, born on October 13, 1891
 30. *Bader* Lydia, born on December 11, 1921
 31. *Bader* Pavel, born on July 15, 1920
 32. *Back* Arpad, born on February 21, 1909
 33. *Bana* Moses, born on April 21, 1897
 34. *Baner* Haim, born on October 17, 1885
 35. *Bararon* Jakob, tinsmith, 49 years old, from Šabac
 36. *Bararon* Roas, housewife, 50 years old, from Šabac
 37. *Bararon* Eugenia, child, 10 years old, from Šabac
 38. *Bauchbar* dr Israel-Hans, born on January 13, 1890
 39. *Barsai* Ester, born on October 2, 1892
 40. *Bartz* Margot, born on February 26, 1913
 41. *Baron* Elias, born on July 10, 1897
 42. *Barbe* Alfred, born on May 19, 1907
 43. *Bär* Walter, born on March 5, 1911
 44. *Baran* Mehnla, born on July 18, 1899
 45. *Baran* Heinrich, born on March 18, 1891
 46. *Bassist* Otto, born on September 6, 1911
 47. *Bassist* Berta, born on January 19, 1914
 48. *Batsa* Blanka, born on July 23, 1894
 49. *Bazman* Otto, professor
 50. *Bauer* G., professor
 51. *Bauer* Alice, born on December 16, 1919
 52. *Bauer* Rolf, born on May 25, 1920
 53. *Bauer* Walter, born on December 25, 1909
 54. *Bauer* Walter, born on March 19, 1920
 55. *Baumann* Paul, born on February 5, 1922
 56. *Baumgarten* Irma, born on June 1, 1887
 57. *Baumgarten* Josef, born on September 21, 1900
 58. *Baumwoll* Simon, born on September 21, 1900
 59. *Baumfeld* Friedrich-Egon, born on September 13, 1915
 60. *Beer* Anna, born on October 27, 1884
 61. *Beer* Bethold, born on April 5, 1923

-
62. *Beer* Frieda, born on June 22, 1911
 63. *Benner* Haja, born on May 17, 1888
 64. *Becksmann* Alfred, born on April 10, 1912
 65. *Bendit* David-Karl, born on July 18, 1891
 66. *Berényi* Ilona, born on July 24, 1900, from France
 67. *Berger* Edith, born on June 25, 1921
 68. *Berger* Helene, born on March 14, 1884
 69. *Bergeld* Adam
 70. *Bergmann* dr Herbert, born on October 6, 1918
 71. *Bergmann* Emilie, born on May 8, 1890
 72. *Bergmann* Otto, born on January 30, 1885, from Germany
 73. *Bernbach* Adolf, born on March 11, 1893, from Poland
 74. *Bernstein* Rachel, born on July 7, 1889, from Germany
 75. *Bernstein* Thea, born on August 4, 1922
 76. *Berkmann* Julius, born on April 15, 1886, from Germany
 77. *Bergwerk* Felicia, born on May 20, 1898
 78. *Bergwerk* dr Salo, born on January 17, 1896
 79. *Blatt* Kaja, born on October 2, 1897, from Poland
 80. *Blaustein* Edmund, born on September 22, 1915
 81. *Blitz* Rosalie, born on December 26, 1860
 82. *Bloch* Eugen, born on March 31, 1893
 83. *Bloch* Margot, born on October 4, 1919
 84. *Bloch* Herman, born on September 2, 1914
 85. *Blumenthal* Judith, born on October 12, 1909, from Germany
 86. *Blumenthal* Lili, born on August 13, 1918, from Germany
 87. *Böhm* dr Oskar, born on January 25, 1891
 88. *Bohrer* Max, born on July 18, 1922
 89. *Bolezk* Minna, born on February 12, 1900
 90. *Bolezk* Noah, born on September 23, 1905
 91. *Boschkoviæ* Karl, born on October 14, 1906
 92. *Braslawsky* Margarete, born on October 6, 1893
 93. *Bialogowsky* Hersh, born on May 20, 1919
 94. *Bialogowsky* Max, born on April 1, 1893
 95. *Binderfeld* Robert, born on March 16, 1921
 96. *Bichler* Wilhelm, born on February 27, 1915
 97. *Breier* Sigmund, born on September 29, 1884, from Vienna

-
98. *Breier* Gustav, born on March 9, 1893
 99. *Breier* Hilda, born on July 14, 1904
 100. *Breier* Abraham, born on August 1, 1903
 101. *Brenner* Lili, born on June 8, 1921
 102. *Brenner* Anna-Edith, born on May 28, 1921, from Hungary
 103. *Brestiker* Jakob, born on November 27, 1918
 104. *Brettholz* Norbert, born on April 17, 1920
 105. *Brings* Liese, born on December 11, 1921, from Germany
 106. *Brod* Aleksandar, engineer (*see* Protocol)
 107. *Brodski* Flora, born on April 22, 1901
 108. *Brocky* eng. Aleksandar, born on January 7, 1900
 109. *Broner* Rachele, born Speiser, from Luka Mala (Poland)
 110. *Broner* Rosa, born on November 12, 1921
 111. *Broner* Jakob, born on November 11, 1932
 112. *Brunner* Leonora, born on November 13, 1921
 113. *Brunner* Eva, born May 1, 1904
 114. *Brunner* Hugo, born on December 20, 1893
 115. *Brunner* Rosa, born on September 4, 1898
 116. *Brunner* Emil, born on June 2, 1893
 117. *Burnstein* Rifka, born on March 13, 1900
 118. *Burnstein* Wolf, born on August 27, 1901
 119. *Bucheloviae* Robert, Vienna (*see* Protocol)
 120. *Buckoviae* Norbert, born on May 7, 1912
 121. *Battel* Rena, born on July 26, 1920
 122. *Damit* Joachim, born on May 17, 1903
 123. *Danziger* Eugen, born on June 6, 1921
 124. *Banker* Fredo, born on February 21, 1900
 125. *Danemark* Abraham, born on August 23, 1887
 126. *Dasche* Hermann, born on February 23, 1910
 127. *Daskaloviae* Elizabeth, born on November 18, 1901
 128. *Daskaloviae* Samuel, born on January 26, 1902
 129. *Datz* Sarah, born on December 2, 1902
 130. *Datz* Hermann, born on November 28, 1896
 131. *David* Marcel, born on March 16, 1920
 132. *David* Otto, born on September 16, 1904
 133. *David* Werner, born on June 27, 1904

-
134. *David* Martha, born on January 15, 1921
 135. *David* Grete, born on July 6, 1898
 136. *David* Wilhelm, born on September 19, 1909
 137. *David* Luise, born on November 6, 1921
 138. *Dermer* Abraham, born on June 4, 1897
 139. *Dresner* Bernhard, born on September 29, 1905
 140. *Deutsch* Bernhard, born on March 3, 1911
 141. *Deutsch* Johann, born on May 3, 1912
 142. *Deutsch* Edith, born on October 22, 1921
 143. *Deutsch* Beno, born on March 14, 1884, from Vienna
 144. *Deutsch* Fritz, born on December 26, 1923
 145. *Deutsch* Ernst, born on September 22, 1920
 146. *Deutsch* Heinrich, born on January 24, 1922
 147. *Deutsch* Ignatz, born on June 27, 1911
 148. *Diamant* Adolf, born on October 6, 1913
 149. *Dodal* Rifka, born on May 20, 1918
 150. *Donskoj* Max, born on May 13, 1900
 151. *Dorfmann* Jakob, born on July 14, 1884
 152. *Dorfmann* Rebeka, born on February 16, 1991
 153. *Dorfmann* Adolf, born on February 16, 1919
 154. *Dornreich* Hans, born on January 26, 1892
 155. *Dornreich* Marianne, born on June 5, 1898
 156. *Dortort* Haim-Fischel, born on March 26, 1897
 157. *Drucker* Gertrude, born on June 13, 1918
 158. *Drucker* Ernst, born on July 3, 1913
 159. *Dvoriensky* Vera, born on December 25, 1897
 160. *Dvoriensky* Daisy, born on March 14, 1919
 161. *Dvoriensky* Walter, born on October 21, 1919
 162. *Eckstein* Heinrich, born on May 19, 1920
 163. *Edel* dr Jakob, born on May 20, 1887
 164. *Edel* Gisa, born on December 2, 1892
 165. *Eger* Fritz, born on November 23, 1904
 166. *Eger* Moses, born on November 11, 1905
 167. *Eger* Gertrud, born on November 11, 1905
 168. *Egert* Lilli, born on February 29, 1920
 169. *Ehrenkranz* Heinrich, born on March 13, 1905

-
170. *Ehrlich* Ester, born on March 17, 1892
 171. *Ehrlich* Erwin, born on May 1, 1913
 172. *Ehrlich* Kurt, born on February 6, 1912
 173. *Ehrlich* Bruno, born on July 25, 1910
 174. *Ehrmann* Max, born on July 24, 1906
 175. *Eisenhammer* Robert, born on October 10, 1895
 176. *Eisland* Etel, born on October 31, 1897
 177. *Ellbogen* Lothar, born on June 19, 1900
 178. *Elefant* Rifka, born on October 10, 1913, from Hungary
 179. *Elefant* Ladislaus, born on March 17, 1916
 180. *Eisner* Dušan, (*see* Protocol)
 181. *Ellenberg* Gerson, born on March 2, 1879
 182. *Elias* Edmund, born on June 24, 1884
 183. *Elias* Irma, born on May 28, 1890
 184. *Engel* Edith, born on June 20, 1904, from Germany
 185. *Engel* Blanka, born on June 21, 1915
 186. *Engel* Oskar, born on November 1, 1896
 187. *Engel* Grete, born on June 23, 1884
 188. *Engelmann* Moses, born on December 7, 1889
 189. *Engelmann* Lea, born on September 30, 1891
 190. *Engelmann* Cilli, born on June 1, 1912
 191. *Engelmann* Mirianna, born on April 1, 1912
 192. *Engler* Edith, born on June 20, 1904
 193. *Engler* Alfred, born on August 16, 1900
 194. *Eppler* Felix, born on February 10, 1922
 195. *Epstein* Perl, born on May 7, 1895
 196. *Epstein* Viktor, born on January 12, 1893
 197. *Epstein* Erich, born on June 19, 1919
 198. *Ereitner* Robert, born on November 13, 1887
 199. *Erlbaum* Hans Moritz, born on December 14, 1889
 200. *Eugen* Juda, born on October 31, 1899
 201. *Fabian* Max, born on August 24, 1916
 202. *Feder* Tommy, born on March 30, 1910
 203. *Feder* Hermann, born on October 20, 1906
 204. *Feigl* Erich, born on April 2, 1908
 205. *Feintuch* Paul, born on November 14, 1911

-
206. *Feldmann* Hilda, born on January 21, 1890
 207. *Fenichtel* Otto, born on December 23, 1920
 208. *Feral* Bruno, born on June 9, 1920
 209. *Ferri* Otto, born on December 23, 1920
 210. *Ferschko* Rosa, born on May 12, 1921
 211. *Ferschko* Edith, born on July 27, 1915
 212. *Ferschko* Erwin, born on June 5, 1915
 213. *Feuerstein* Wolf, born on July 4, 1893
 214. *Feuerstein* Jetty, born on October 30, 1893
 215. *Fieselson* Isak, born on August 14, 1893
 216. *Figdor* Elsa, born on June 20, 1908
 217. *Figdor* Regina, born on February 16, 1890
 218. *Figdor* Ernst, born on July 24, 1916
 219. *Finder* Lisa, born on September 2, 1921
 220. *Fingerhut* Salomon, rabbi from Ruma
 221. *Fink* Josef Moses, born on June 12, 1906
 222. *Fink* Walter, born on June 17, 1909
 223. *Fink* Faite, born on December 13, 1900
 224. *Fischer* Paul, born on January 1, 1922
 225. *Fischer* Gideon, born on October 5, 1918
 226. *Fischer* Serena, born on May 19, 1903
 227. *Fischer* Saul, born on June 18, 1896
 228. *Fischer* Gisela, born on September 13, 1917
 229. *Fischer* Eduard, born on December 6t, 1917
 230. *Fiscks* Lucy, born on June 30, 1921
 231. *Fiscks* Stella, born on June 1, 1900
 232. *Fiscks* Ignatz, born on November 17, 1893
 233. *Flaschner* Egon, born on November 23, 1890
 234. *Flesch* Leopold, born on December 1, 1920
 235. *Fluss* Erich, born on February 16, 1922
 236. *Fotel* Hanni, born on October 29, 1913
 237. *Forstenzer* Margarete, born on October 30, 1893
 238. *Forstenzer* Paul, born on September 16, 1891
 239. *Frankfelder* Josef, born on November 30, 1920
 240. *Frankfurter* Sophie, born on March 5, 1919
 241. *Frankfurter* Heinrich, born on January 3, 1919

-
242. *Frankfurt* eng. Sigmund, born on April 15, 1889
243. *Freud* dr Erich, born on September 25, 1896
244. *Freud* Frederike, born on November 7, 1896
245. *Freud* Hans, born on September 8, 1907
246. *Freund* Margarete, born on October 23, 1908
247. *Fried* dr Kurt, born on January 21, 1911
248. *Fried* Arnold, born on September 15, 1916
249. *Fried* Gotthold, born on May 9, 1881 (Ephraim)
250. *Fried* Hans, born on February 11, 1902
251. *Friedel* Ernst, born in 1903, fom Germany
252. *Friedland* Louise, born on May 8, 1920
253. *Friedfertig* Abraham, born on March 13, 1900 or 1909
254. *Friedmann* Aron, born on March 15, 1888
255. *Friedmann* Vera, born on October 19, 1921
256. *Friedmann* Isak, born on July 13, 1913
257. *Friedman* Emil, born on October 14, 1895
258. *Friemet* Simon, born on July 2, 1913
259. *Fromm* Leib, born on April 14, 1907
260. *Fromm* Anna, born on November 20, 1911
261. *Fuchs* Heinrich, born on March 16, 1905
262. *Fuchs* Aurelia, born on January 27, 1909
263. *Fuchs* Erwin, born on December 21, 1919
264. *Fuchs* Leo, born on June 27, 1882
265. *Fuchs* Gertrude, born on January 25, 1921
266. *Fuhrmann* Alfred, born on February 16, 1921
267. *Fürst* Edith, born on July 1, 1894
268. *Fürstenberg* Marian, born on November 17, 1917
269. *Fürstenberg* Martha, born on February 19, 1924
270. *Gans* Oskar, born on November 18, 1896
271. *Gans* Fradella, born on December 16, 1896
272. *Gänser* dr Moses, born on December 21, 1889
273. *Gänser* Rachela, born on May 5, 1902
274. *Gelbard* Batja, born on July 1, 1896
275. *Gelbard* Arie-Leib, born on August 16, 1889
276. *Gelbberger* Theodor, born on February 23, 1921
277. *Geller* Alfred, born on September 20, 1920, Vienna

-
278. *Geri* Heinrich, born on January 16, 1912
279. *Gerschen* Gerhard, born on July 1, 1920
280. *Gerson* Minna, born on September 21, 1920
281. *Gerecht* Eiseg, born on February 11, 1887
282. *Gerecht* Rosa, born on December 16, 1886
283. *Gidice* Gedalja, housewife, 20 years old, from Šabac
284. *Gidice* Naum, merchant, 49 years old, from Šabac
285. *Gidice* Delisia, housewife, 20 years old, from Šabac
286. *Gidice* Samuilo, child, 7 years old, from Šabac
287. *Gidice* Fatima, housewife, 43 years old, from Šabac
288. *Gigulsky* Wolf, born on December 1, 1898, from Russia
289. *Glase* Max, from Vienna (*see* Protocol)
290. *Glaser* Walter, born on December 28, 1912
291. *Glaubauer* Josef, born on November 13, 1921
292. *Glück* Erich, born on November 26, 1918
293. *Glück* Lotte, born on June 3, 1925
294. *Glückmann* Hanna, born on December 14, 1893
295. *Glückmann* Adolf, born on November 25, 1888
296. *Glückselig* Hugo, born on January 6, 1914
297. *Goldberg* Richard, born on June 4, 1914
298. *Goldenberg* Gustav, born on February 28, 1913
299. *Goldberg* Berta, born on May 15, 1895
300. *Goldberg* David, born on April 30, 1895
301. *Goldschmidt* Eduard, born on September 2, 1914
302. *Goldschmidt* Wilhelm, born on December 13, 1899
303. *Goldschmidt* Anna, born on July 27, 1908
304. *Goldschmidt* Rosa, born on October 27, 1897
305. *Goldschmidt* David, born on November 15, 1889
306. *Gottesmann* Haim (Hermann), born on December 3, 1885,
from Vienna
307. *Gottesmann* Sima, born on June 14, 1896
308. *Gottesmann* Pinkas, born on March 25, 1897
309. *Gottlieber* Chaim Kurt, born on May 25, 1921, Vienna
310. *Gottlieb* Greta, born on July 19, 1908
311. *Gottlieb* Alexander, born on December 29, 1904
312. *Goldring* Eduard, born on September 2, 1914

-
313. *Gorlitzer* Alter, born on October 7, 1902
 314. *Graf* Grete, born on March 5, 1897
 315. *Grenek* Simon, born on May 15, 1911
 316. *Grebler* Sabse Sigmund, born on May 12, 1899
 317. *Griffel* Alfred, born on July 24, 1908
 318. *Groiner* Kurt, born on December 21, 1921
 319. *Gröniger* Ida, born on March 27, 1887
 320. *Grossfeld* Sarul, born on January 24, 1900
 321. *Gruber* Gusta, born on May 19, 1895
 322. *Gruber* Moses, born on December 28, 1888
 323. *Grünberger* Herbert, born on October 17, 1920
 324. *Grünsfeld* Wilhelmina, born on February 23, 1921
 325. *Grünfeld* Regina, born on February 23, 1921
 326. *Grünstein* Tibor, born on January 25, 1915
 327. *Günsberger* Julius, merchant, 73 years old, from Šabac
 328. *Gutstein* Leo, born on September 20, 1922
 329. *Guttman* Freidle, born on April 16, 1905, from Poland
 330. *Guttman* Bär, born on February 19, 1907
 331. *Haas* Hans, born on January 1, 1912
 332. *Haber* Josefina, born on April 11, 1921
 333. *Haber* Max, born on February 10, 1919
 334. *Hacker* Alfred, born on November 1, 1914
 335. *Hacker* Helene, born on August 5, 1892
 336. *Hacker* Josef, born on January 23, 1890
 337. *Hacker* Hilde, born on September 16, 1913
 338. *Hacker* Samuel, born on June 6, 1908
 339. *Hacker* Malvine, born on September 12, 1896
 340. *Hacker* Siegfried, born on December 11, 1912,
from Germany
 341. *Hacker* Arnold, born on June, 14th 1882
 342. *Hacker* Johanna, born on August 23, 1889
 343. *Hoffmann* Leopold, born on July 17, 1906
 344. *Hahn* Fanny, born on May 9, 1889
 345. *Hahn* Berthold, born on September 11, 1891
 346. *Hahn* Robert, born on July 18, 1910
 347. *Halbkran* Franz, born on November 10, 1913

-
348. *Helpern* Rosa, born on January 17, 1909
349. *Hambach* Fedor
350. *Hamm* Josefine, born on January 7, 1902
351. *Hamber* Antonia, born on April 15, 1898
352. *Hamber* Hugo, born on March 23, 1889
353. *Hammerstein* Gerda, born on April 21, 1914
354. *Hammerstein* Fritz, born on September 12, 1906
355. *Hana* Rachela, born on March 15, 1896
356. *Handler* Heinrich, born on May 29, 1920
357. *Hand* Margarete, born on August 24, 1902
358. *Hand* dr Richard, born on January 2, 1891
359. *Hartmann* Hans, born on December 19, 1913
360. *Harmann* Maria, born on December 29, 1891
361. *Harmann* Juda, born on November 19, 1888
362. *Hass* Greta, born on August 5, 1922
363. *Hasserl* Rosa, born on September 24, 1890
364. *Haas* Moritz, born on February 20, 1879
365. *Hauser* Georg, born on October 18, 1913, Vienna
366. *Hauser* Grete, born on June 7, 1912
367. *Hauser* Oscar, born on October 14, 1901
368. *Hauser* Cilly, born on April 9, 1901
369. *Hauser* Oswald, born on January 8, 1919
370. *Hauser* Berta, born on April 18, 1892
371. *Hauser* Gottfried, born on March 26, 1882
372. *Hecht* Siegfried, born on March 3, 1905
373. *Heimbacher* Eli
374. *Heilbrunn* Kurt, born on July 24, 1913
375. *Helmrich* Herbert, born on January 13, 1922
376. *Heller* Heinrich, born on October 9, 1919
377. *Held* Heinz, born on June 10, 1922
378. *Held* Alice, born on December 8, 1921
379. *Held* Siegrifried, born on December 20, 1900
380. *Hönig* Hans, born on December 29, 1914
381. *Hönig* Livia, born on May 11, 1888
382. *Hönig* Matje, born on November 25, 1888
383. *Herschenbaum* Naftali, born on November 4, 1921

-
384. *Hermann* Kurt, born on January 26, 1920
385. *Hermann* Paul, from Padeborn (*see* Protocol)
386. *Hertz* Manfred, born on February 26, 1923
387. *Hess* Otto-Sami, born on February 22, 1923
388. *Hess* Selma, born on March 14, 1919
389. *Hess* Benö, born on September 19, 1914
390. *Hertze* Nelly, born on October 21, 1917
391. *Hertze* Hans, born on April 14, 1907
392. *Herschmann* Leonora, born on November 4, 1920
393. *Herschmann* Georg, born on May 22, 1918
394. *Herschel* Siegfried, born on May 29, 1918
395. *Herschel* Josef, born on May 9, 1905
396. *Hhofmeister* Klara (?)
397. *Hochhaus* Alfred, born on December 19, 1909
398. *Hofmann* Cipolea, born on September 16, 1888
399. *Hofmann* Wolf, born on August 15, 1885
400. *Hollenberg* Mordko, born on February 6, 1909
401. *Holz* Gertrude, born on November 3, 1920
402. *Holz* Johanna, born on May 27, 1912
403. *Horowitz* Israel, born on December 6, 1895
404. *Husserl* Marsel, born on August 21, 1889
405. *Hilkovic* Wilhelm, born on May 14, 1912
406. *Hilkovic* Irma, born on August 24, 1914, with 3 children,
two of them came and the third was born in Šabac
407. *Hilkovic* Kurt, born on November 25, 1911
408. *Hirschenhauser* Eugenie, born on February 15, 1922
409. *Hirschhorn* Bernhard, born on March 1, 1920
410. *Hirsch* Fritz, born on July 27, 1920
411. *Hirschl* Margarete, born on September 26, 1916
412. *Hirschl* Samuel, born on October 27, 1909
413. *Hirsch* Hildegard, born on March 2, 1919
414. *Hirsch* Martin, born on June 10, 1915
415. *Hirsch* Mayer, born on September 28, 1889
416. *Hvat* (Chwat) Mardo, born on September 28, 1894
417. *Immergut* Herta, born on September 12, 1921
418. *Jäger* Ignatz, born on November 6, 1916

-
419. *Jakob* Ilsa, born on December 31, 1922
420. *Jakobi* Rachel, born on June 28, 1901
421. *Jakob* Jack, industrialist, 60 years old, from Šabac
422. *Jakob* Sarina, housewife, 53 years old, from Šabac
423. *Jakubitz* Nathan, born on April 6, 1915
424. *Jedlinsky* Walter, born on April 7, 1918
425. *Jakobowitsch* Miklaus, born on December 8, 1920, from Germany
426. *Joffe* Manfred, born on January 3, 1921
427. *Jecie* (Jetzitsch) Tauba, born on September 3, 1889
428. *Joachimson* Agnas, born on July 28, 1908
429. *Joachimson* Franz, born on December 31, 1912
430. *Julius* dr Leopold
431. *Jungleib* Elka, born on December 4, 1917
432. *Kachane* Wolf, born on January 23, 1895
433. *Kachan* Mosche, born on January 27, 1919, from Hungary
434. *Kahn* Eva, born on July 31, 1920
435. *Kahn* Helmut, born on December 25, 1913, from Germany
436. *Kahn* Wolfgang
437. *Kagan* Leon, born on September 19, 1903
438. *Kaiser* Barthold, born on April 12, 1921
439. *Kalisky* Hans, born on September 18, 1919
440. *Kamlot* Fanny, born on June 26, 1886
441. *Kanditor* Haim Isak, born on May 25, 1909
442. *Kanditor* Mali, born on April 10, 1890
443. *Kandel* Pinkas, born on February 15, 1907
444. *Karpeles* Maria, born on November 29, 1896
445. *Karpeles* Otto, born on September 8, 1886
446. *Karpeles* Fritz, born on February 3, 1881
447. *Kari* Otto, born on January 1, 1921
448. *Käser* Herman, born on March 28, 1914
449. *Kassierer* Heinz, born on February 10, 1918
450. *Kastner* Karl, born on February 12, 1911
451. *Kaster* Otto, born on October 2, 1917
452. *Kastner* Salika, born on September 23, 1912
453. *Katz* Blanka, born on March 9, 1913

-
454. *Katz* Amalia, born on March 9, 1913
455. *Kaufmann* Josef, born on August 23, 1888
456. *Kerner* Israel, born on November 15, 1878
457. *Kerner* Ester, born on August 24, 1884
458. *Kessler* Ernst, born on January 11, 1913
459. *Kessler* Walter, born on May 23, 1914
460. *Kiefer* Ernest, born on September 4, 1920
461. *Kinberg* Isidor, Berlin
462. *Klapp* Melanie, born on July 23, 1921
463. *Klapp* Rudolf, born on March 23, 1921
464. *Klawon* Erna, born on November 13, 1893
465. *Kleinberg* Sofia, born on March 5, 1903
466. *Kleinberger* Ignatz, born on October 26, 1908
467. *Klein* Isidor, born on June 5, 1878
468. *Klein* Isak
469. *Klein* Karl, born on October 5, 1891
470. *Klein* Otto, born on January 3, 1920
471. *Klein* Walter, born on September 13, 1913
472. *Kleiner* Heinz, born on December 13, 1920
473. *Klimka* Mikulas, born on April 27, 1919, from Slovakia
474. *Klug* Markus, born on March 12, 1878, from Vienna
475. *Klug* Therese, born on June 29, 1878
476. *Knesbach* Osijas, born on December 10, 1888
477. *Knesbach* Jeti, born on May 21, 1892
478. *Knobel* Bernhard, born on June 26, 1885, from Poland
479. *Koen* Luci, 4 years old child, from Šabac
480. *Koen* Elsa, widow, 29 years old, from Šabac
481. *Kohn* Siegfried, born on December 11, 1899
482. *Kohn* Sidonie, born on January 6, 1895
483. *Kohn* Josef, born on April 5, 1911
484. *Kohn* Ella, born on December 18, 1916
485. *Kohn* Wolfgang, born on November 4, 1920
486. *Kohn* Hilde-Ruth, born on July 3, 1914
487. *Kohn* Anna, born on August 11, 1919
488. *Kohn* Friedrich, engineer, born on June 25, 1901
489. *Kohn* Hermine, born on August 3, 1920

-
490. *Kohn* Isidor, druggist
491. *Kohn* Lea, born on May 4, 1920
492. *Kohn* Oskar, born on May 28, 1916, from Germany
493. *Kohn* Kurt, born on March 9, 1910
494. *Kohn* Franz, born on December 3, 1899
495. *Kohn* Friedrich, born on February 23, 1917
496. *Kohn* Friedrich, born on May 14, 1918
497. *Kohn* Kurt, born on January 27, 1922
498. *Kohn* Maximilian, born on May 11, 1919
499. *Kohn* Rudolf, born on June 23, 1921
500. *Kohn* Sigmund, born on September 26, 1916
501. *Kohn* Wilhelm, born on January 28, 1910
502. *Koffler* Ester, born on December 27, 1895
503. *Koffler* Jakob, born on November 17, 1892
504. *Kolnik* Benzion, born on April 4, 1893
505. *Kolnik* Edith, born on December 19, 1901
506. *Kolb* Gertrude, born on November 7, 1919
507. *Koppstein* Alexander, born on October 5, 1921
508. *Kopper* Alfred, born on July 5, 1921
509. *Koppel* Malvine, born in 1918
510. *Koppel* Klara, born on January 14, 1921
511. *Komornik* Silvia, born on June 29, 1921
512. *Kornfein* Walter, born on December 5, 1920
513. *Körner* Max, born on March 2, 1912
514. *Korn* Hanna, born on April 8, 1891
515. *Körner* Elka, born on March 15, 1909
516. *Kornblut* Gertrude, born on August 12, 1921
517. *Kormann-Gabel* Rosa, born on September 29, 1897
518. *Kormann-Gabel* Josef, born on January 11, 1889
519. *Kozminsky* Martin, born on April 21, 1921
520. *Kozminsky* Friedrich, born on August 12, 1888
521. *Krahl* Kurt, born on August 26, 1922
522. *Krainer* Artur, born on June 5, 1884
523. *Krainer* Zlata, born on October 3, 1891
524. *Kraft* Josef, born on August 16, 1898
525. *Kraft* Aurelia, born on May 24, 1905

-
526. *Kramer* Haim, born on February 11, 1896
527. *Kramer* Nikolaus, born on September 9, 1896
528. *Kramer* Rosa, born on July 3, 1899
529. *Kramer* Robert, born on October 12, 1889
530. *Kreutner* Wilhelm, born on April 17, 1918
531. *Krebs* Heinz, born on April 16, 1922
532. *Kriss* Karl, born on June 26, 1922
533. *Kriss* Regina, born on September 1, 1903
534. *Kriss* Alfred, born on April 22, 1899
535. *Kriegsmann* Karl, born on June 19, 1914
536. *Kriegsmann* Frieda, born on March 4, 1912
537. *Krishaber* dr Lazo, dentist, 29 years old, from Šabac
538. *Krishaber* Riki, housewife, 22 years old, from Šabac
539. *Kuh* Viktor, born on November 25, 1917
540. *Kulka* Lilli, born on September 28, 1924
541. *Kulka* Olga, born on April 5, 1896
542. *Kümmelheim* Leon, born on December 18, 1902
543. *Kupfermann* Karpel, born on December 25, 1892
544. *Kupfermann* Sara, born on September 16, 1895
545. *Kuttner* Cveta, born on May 15, 1912
546. *Kuttner* Isak, born on July 27, 1920
547. *Kutscher* Simon, born on August 25, 1907
548. *Lackenbacher* Anna, born on August 18, 1863
549. *Lagstein* Paul, born on January 21, 1920
550. *Lagstein* Moses, born on January 21, 1920
551. *Lamp* Georg, born on December 20, 1921
552. *Lampl* Rudolf, born on April 4, 1909
553. *Lampl* Margarete, born on December 17, 1912
554. *Landau* Laibis, born on February 2, 1886
555. *Landsberg* Jakob, born on March 3, 1922
556. *Landskroner* Hersch, born on July 18, 1897
557. *Lang* Theodor
558. *Langsam* Aron, born on August 1, 1902, Vienna
559. *Langenbach* Werner, born on December 21, 1919
560. *Lassmann* Leo, born on May 23, 1922
561. *Lauringer* Moritz, born on October 18, 1914

-
562. *Lautner* Dora, born on November 21, 1893
563. *Lautner* Klara, born on November 5, 1920
564. *Ledenheim* Alexander, born on March 2, 1912
565. *Leihkram* Gisele, born on November 4, 1924
566. *Leinwender* Benno, born on May 12, 1885
567. *Leinwender* Emilija, born on September 28, 1885
568. *Leinkram* Paula, born on July 27, 1899
569. *Lemb* Karl, born on June 3, 1917
570. *Lemberg* Sita, born on September 30, 1897
571. *Lemberger* Erich, born on February 10, 1914
572. *Lamberger* Antonia, born on August 2, 1889
573. *Lampel* dr Oscar, born on September 28, 1909
574. *Leozisky* Brandla, born on November 4, 1892
575. *Lerch* dr Markus, born on June 16, 1898
576. *Lerch* Anna-Eugenie, born on December 15, 1903
577. *Lewinson* Karl-Filip
578. *Lewniewsky* Malvine, born on March 14, 1910
579. *Lewnowsky* Minna, born on January 28, 1912
580. *Liebling* Friedrich, born on December 19, 1915
581. *Liebert* Heinz, born on October 7, 1920
582. *Liebreich* Ignatz, born on December 15, 1903
583. *Liesback* Majlech, born on February 9, 1921
584. *Linder* Kurt, born on February 25, 1922
585. *Linsen* Paul, born on April 24, 1909
586. *Linker* Leon, born on February 18, 1907
587. *Linker* Hedwig, born on July 3, 1917
588. *Lion* Margarete, born on December 15, 1909
589. *Litwitz* Liese, born on March 13, 1893
590. *Löb* Max, born on March 26, 1922
591. *Löbl* Lucie, born on June 16, 1880
592. *Löbl* Agnes Rachel, born on June 10, 1916
593. *Löffler* Emil, born on June 25, 1896
594. *Laserstein* Gertrude, born on November 4, 1924
595. *Löwl* Šandor, born on June 14, 1914
596. *Löwy* Sigmund Moritz, born on September 12, 1885
597. *Löwy* Lilli, born on May 3, 1920

-
598. *Löwy Hermann*, born on January 26, 1918
599. *Löwy Irma*, born on July 18, 1914
600. *Löwy Gustav*, born on March 31, 1921
601. *Lustig Grete*, born on March 17, 1917
602. *Lustig Max*, born on March 19, 1908
603. *Mader Beile Malke*, called Berta Mader,
born Nazissenfeld on October 7, 1891
604. *Mayer Kata*, born on August 27, 1919
605. *Mayer Siegbert*, born on August 27, 1919
606. *Mayer Benno*, born on April 5, 1885
607. *Mayer Aron*, born on November 28, 1892
608. *Mayer Anna*, born on November 18, 1895
609. *Makowsky Heil*, born on July 10, 1907
610. *Mamber Otilie*, born on October 19, 1910
611. *Mandl Emmerich*, born on October 22, 1880
612. *Mandl Elsa*, born on April April 18, 1891
613. *Mandl Rosa*, born on January 14, 1916
614. *Mandl Maria*, born on April 2, 1888
615. *Mandl Ernst*, born on February 5, 1922
616. *Mandl Leib-Ignatz*, born on July 27, 1916
617. *Mandel Leib*, born on October 4, 1889
618. *Mandel Theodor*, born on December 6, 1912
619. *Manswirth Friedrich*, born on January 26, 1918
620. *Mantler Kurt*, born on April 18, 1917
621. *Mantler Grete*, born on January 21, 1911
622. *Marchfeld Walter*, born on February 18, 1917
623. *Marbahn Karl*, born on September 22, 1897
624. *Margulis Felicia*, born on February 7, 1890
625. *Margulis Moses*, born on April 15, 1890
626. *Markbreiter Ignatz*, born on April 30, 1911
627. *Markstein Ernst*, born on September 4, 1895
628. *Markus Ida*, born on March 2, 1889
629. *Markus Kurt*, born on October 13, 1921
630. *Markus Frieda*, born on July 1, 1898
631. *Medina Buchora*, 71 years old, housewife from Šabac
632. *Medina Binja*, 73 years old, merchant from Šabac

-
633. *Medina* Salomon, rent beneficiary, 50 years old, from Šabac
634. *Medina* Rebka, 42 years old, housewife from Šabac
635. *Medina* Benno, 20 years old
636. *Medina* Ignatz, 17 years old
637. *Melamed* Samuilo
638. *Melamed* Jakob, 54 years old, merchant from Šabac
639. *Melamed* Lika, 35 years old, housewife from Šabac
640. *Melamed* Nissim, 25 years old
641. *Melamed* Isak, 22 years old
642. *Melamed* Sultana, 17 years old, housewife from Šabac
643. *Melamed* Samuel
644. *Melamed* Silva, child, 12 years old, from Šabac
645. *Melamed* Jeanina, child, 10 years old, from Šabac
646. *Melamed* Nissim, child, 5 years old, from Šabac
647. *Melser* Susanne, born on August 3, 1920
648. *Mendelsohn* Genter, born on April 4, 1913
649. *Mendelsohn* Lilli, born on January 6, 1930
650. *Mezies* Klara, born on April 27, 1910
651. *Milcinsky* Harli, born on July 20, 1905
652. *Milcinsky* Pailine, born on April 9, 1918
653. *Mittelmann* Samuel, born on May 16, 1892
654. *Mittelmann* Regina, born on October 17, 1875
655. *Moorberger* Rudolf, born on September 5, 1888
656. *Möller* Josef Hirsch, born on December 26, 1894
657. *Moreno* Moritz, 39 years old, merchant from Šabac
658. *Morgenstern* Ester, born on August 9, 1892
659. *Morgenstern* Fritz, born on November 13, 1910
660. *Morgenstern* Netti Sara, born on March 27, 1921
661. *Mondschein* Renée, born on April 21, 1912
662. *Müler* Berthold, born on June 2, 1910
663. *Müler* Henry, born on October 4, 1922
664. *Müler* Sulamith, born on August 12, 1919
665. *Münzer* Felga, born on September 24, 1896
666. *Münzer* Moses, born on April 16, 1891
667. *Münz* Anny, born on January 2, 1907
668. *Münz* Adolf, born on June 29, 1911

-
669. *Nachmann* Samuel (see Protocol)
670. *Nasimov* Felix, born on June 14, 1922
671. *Neiger* Karl, born on August 15, 1917
672. *Német* Jakob, born on October 12, 1894
673. *Német* Berta, born on May 25, 1900
674. *Neuberger* Ignatz, born on October 24, 1907
675. *Neufeld* Lilli, born on May 9, 1905
676. *Neuhauser* Leopold, born on May 1, 1909
677. *Neumann* Bernhard, born on March 9, 1906
678. *Neumann* Richard, born on June 16, 1921
679. *Neumann* Rudolf, born on February 11, 1911
680. *Neumann* dr Hilda, born on June 7, 1893
681. *Neumann* dr Paul, born on November 23, 1876
682. *Neumann* Julius, born on February 8, 1886
683. *Neumann* Katherine, born on June 2, 1885
684. *Neumann* Gertrude, born on December 19, 1884
685. *Nowak* Siegfried, born on May 12, 1921
686. *Ochshorn* Gisa, born on July 6, 1913
687. *Orenstein* Leopold, born on September 27, 1922
688. *Pachtmann* Haja, born on September 23, 1886
689. *Pachtmann* Marcel, born on September 11, 1913
690. *Pais* Mosek, born on May 14, 1886
691. *Pais* Erna, born on August 21, 1923
692. *Pais* Itta, born on August 31, 1896
693. *Papo* Danko, 30 yerars old, dental technician from Šabac
694. *Paschkes* Rosita, born on April 1, 1919
695. *Paschkes* Walter, born on January 16, 1914
696. *Paul* Serel Basia, born on April 10, 1889
697. *Paul* Isidor Jakob, born on March 26, 1897
698. *Penner* Gittel, born on October 2, 1892
699. *Penner* Simon, born on April 16, 1890
700. *Perlmann* Moritz, born on January 4, 1908
701. *Petschenik* Abraham Hirsh, born on August 11, 1892
702. *Pfeffe* Heinrich, born on January 30, 1908
703. *Pfeffer* Siegfried, born on April 16, 1909, from Germany
704. *Pfeffer* Anna, born on January 15, 1907

-
705. *Picker* Rachel, born on September 2, 1913
706. *Pinkascheviæ* Theodor, born on November 28, 1921
707. *Pinkus* Kurt, born on January 26, 1912
708. *Platschek* Siegfried, born on November 28, 1921
709. *Plaut* Herman, born on December 5, 1909
710. *Politscher* Eugen, born on March 21, 1921
711. *Pollak* Heinrich, born on May 17t,1909
712. *Pollak* Aranka, born on October 20, 1888
713. *Pollak* Julius, born on December 24, 1882
714. *Polonsky* Susa, born on December 12, 1910
715. *Polonsky* Gerhard, born on May 9, 1905
716. *Pomerant* Eli, born on August 26, 1893
717. *Pomerant* Max, born on August 26, 1893
718. *Pompan* Jakob, born on May 2, 1884
719. *Pompan* Regina, born on September 25, 1891
720. *Pragan* Rudolf, born on March 30, 1920
721. *Preis* Gisela, born on November 15, 1919
722. *Preis* Otto, born on November 15, 1919
723. *Preis* Friedel, born on January 1, 1923
724. *Preis* Walter, born on April 14, 1920
725. *Preminger* Hudia, born on March 14, 1906
726. *Preminger* Emil, born on November 19, 1899
727. *Preminger* Mela, born on February 12, 1890
728. *Preminger* Heinrich, born on March 10, 1885
729. *Prucker* Friedal, born on October 14, 1920
730. *Pulgram* Hermann, born on December 11, 1908
731. *Puretz* Sarah, born on April 1, 1893 as Schöнала Leā
732. *Rat* Elsa, born on September 25, 1920
733. *Rechnitzer* Hedwig, born on October 15, 1900
734. *Rechnitzer* Jakob, born on October 3, 1908
735. *Rehberger* Richard, born on November 9, 1908
736. *Reinhold* Hermina, born on December 20, 1920
737. *Reiniger* Martha, born on April 19, 1928
738. *Reis* Lilli, born on August 12, 1915
739. *Reis* Friedrich, born on July 11, 1914
740. *Reis* Simche, born on October 19, 1909

-
741. *Reiser* Molo, born on October 15, 1896
742. *Reiser* Lemel, born on February 19, 1892
743. *Reismann* Elsa, born on April 4, 1914
744. *Reismann* Julian, born on March 7, 1909
745. *Renhold* Adolf, born on December 20, 1916
746. *Repstein* Nita, born on December 20, 1915
747. *Rewelsky* Hermann, born on June 22, 1910
748. *Richter* Hans, born on June 30, 1920
749. *Riegler* Elsa, born on May 23, 1900
750. *Riegler* Leopold, born on April 21, 1895
751. *Riegler* Julia, born on November 3, 1885
752. *Riegler* Julius, born on December 28, 1880
753. *Riese* Karl, born on June 23, 1922
754. *Rosenbaum* Kurt, born on September 22, 1922
755. *Rosenbaum* Ludwig, born on May 14, 1910
756. *Rosenberg* Paula, born on October 26, 1908
757. *Rosenberg* Rudolf (Rudolf-Viktor), born on
September 7, 1921
758. *Rosenberg* Herbert, born on June 2, 1922
759. *Rosenberg* Irma, born on November 17, 1910
760. *Rosenberg* Karl, born on June 13, 1898
761. *Rosenblum* Moritz, born on November 3, 1920
762. *Rosenblum* Traute, born on January 3, 1916
763. *Rosenblum* Wolf, born on August 27, 1918
764. *Rosenstrauch* Adelheid, born on May 20, 1905
765. *Rosenstrauch* J. Abraham, born on March 29, 1892
766. *Rotenstreich* Rachela, born on May 29, 1900
767. *Rotenstreich* Karl, born on June 13, 1893, from Kolomen
(see Protocol)
768. *Rosenstingl* Gyula, born on December 12, 1920,
from Hungary (Julius)
769. *Rosenthal* Leitzer, born on June 6, 1906, from Poland
770. *Rosenthal* Günther, born on May 31, 1920
771. *Rosenthal* Karl, born on June 10, 1913, from Germany
772. *Rossmann* Rosa, born on May 28, 1895
773. *Rossmann* Josef, born on April 28, 1889

-
774. *Rosner* Edita, born on February 1, 1909
775. *Rosner* Căcilie, born on December 19, 1909
776. *Rosner* Friedrich, born on April 15, 1870, Vienna
777. *Rosner* Else, born on April 9, 1932
778. *Rosner* Walter, born on January 17, 1912
779. *Rotberg* Eva, born on August 15, 1921
780. *Roth* Giser Elisa, born on February 6, 1921
781. *Roth* Giser Lothar, born on November 4, 1912
782. *Roth* Margit (Margarete), born on April 26, 1909
783. *Roth* Aleksander, born on July 30, 1904
784. *Rothstein* Feiga, born on August 19, 1911
785. *Rothstein* Asig, born on February 10, 1913
786. *Rotter* Ernestine, born on March 27, 1902
787. *Rottmann* Sara, born on February 5, 1898
788. *Rottmann* Jakob, born on April 22, 1898
789. *Ruchhalter* Amelie, born on January 14, 1922
790. *Rubensohn* Werner, born on April 25, 1921
791. *Rübner* Alfred, born on July 16, 1906, from Germany
792. *Ruff* Artur, born on July 16, 1906
793. *Russa* Avram, 17 years old, pupil from Šabac
794. *Russa* David, 25 years old, employee from Šabac
795. *Russo* Jeanne, 53 years old, housewife from Šabac
796. *Russo* dr Haim, 65 years old, physician from Šabac
797. *Sachs* Adam-Adolf, born on September 9, 1921
798. *Salomon* Ella, born on October 14, 1921
799. *Salomon* Hermann, born on November 24, 1888
800. *Salomon* Laura, born on June 27, 1897
801. *Salomon* Judith, born on September 22, 1922
802. *Salter* Sofia-Gisela, born on April 25, 1897
803. *Salter* Erwin, born on April 6, 1892
804. *Samori* Eduard, born on January 1, 1893
805. *Samueli* Nacman, born on April 16, 1892
806. *Samueli* Regine, born on January 15, 1893
807. *Saphier* Erwin-Robert, born on July 21, 1921
808. *Saphierstein* Arthur, born on January 31, 1921
809. *Säufer* Amjaram-Naftali, born on September 26, 1892

-
810. *Säufer* Hanna, born on August 24, 1892
811. *Sechter* Emil, born on March 31, 1903
812. *Seefeld* Irma, born on January 15, 1914
813. *Seelinger* Siegbert, born on January 10, 1914
814. *Seelinger* Lotte, born on November 10, 1914
815. *Seidler* Lewek, born on May 9, 1888
816. *Seidler* Sabine, born on January 15, 1898
817. *Seidner* Hermine, born on May 1, 1892
818. *Seidner* Stella, born on March 28, 1922
819. *Seif* Abraham, born on February 5, 1897
820. *Seif* Frieda, born on December 23, 1897
821. *Seinblüth* Josef-Mosko, born on February 1, 1882
822. *Seinblüth* Feiga, born on July 5, 1887
823. *Seinmann* Josef, born on June 25, 1909
824. *Seinmann* Xenia, born on October 11, 1912
825. *Seisse* Wolf, born on December 13, 1904
826. *Seiwach* Regine, born on May 1, 1921
827. *Siegel* Berish, born on April 24, 1909
828. *Silber* Haja, born on August 27, 1897
829. *Silbermann* Emil, born on July 12, 1909
830. *Silbermann* Josefina, born on April 8, 1912
831. *Simonovici* Rakila, 12 years old, widow from Šabac
832. *Singer* Abraham-Haim, born on February 2, 1882
833. *Singer* Salim, born on January 12, 1891
834. *Singer* Karl, born on April 1, 1917
835. *Sklarek* Georg, born on April 3, 1890
836. *Sklarek* Else, born on December 20, 1892
837. *Smejansky* Ester, born on April 4, 1885
838. *Sonntag* Hertha, born on February 18, 1922
839. *Spiegel* Johann, born on July 11, 1921
840. *Spiegel* Max, born on December 22, 1918
841. *Spiegel* Ernest, born on March 2, 1908
842. *Spiegel* Elsa, born on December 7, 1922
843. *Spiegler* Erich, born on March 31, 1911
844. *Spiegler* Alice, born on November 11, 1902
845. *Spielberger* Albert, born on July 21, 1916

-
846. *Spielberger* Paul, born on May 10, 1920
847. *Spitz* Käthe, born on May 19, 1920
848. *Spitz* Kurt, born on April 2, 1915
849. *Spitz* Elisabet, born on September 11, 1902
850. *Spitz* Emanuel, born on January 20, 1894
851. *Spitzer* Alice, born on October 20, 1910
852. *Spitzer* Ernest, born on May 4, 1897
853. *Spitzer* Jana, born on September 29, 1915
854. *Spitzer* Otto, born on January 12, 1906
855. *Spira* Moses, born on April 19, 1913, from Poland
856. *Springer* Käthe, born on December 29, 1918
857. *Sprung* Gusta, born on February 4, 1893
858. *Sulfer* Rudolf, born on September 6, 1906
859. *Sulke* Max-Herman, born on May 25, 1921
860. *Süssmann* Karl, born on June 5, 1891
861. *Süssmann* Therese, born on July 19, 1891
862. *Süssmann* Max, born on November 13, 1921
863. *Sprung* Mandel, born on April 20, 1893
864. *Swintalsky* Haim, born on August 22, 1899
865. *Szabo* Viktor, born on September 30, 1894
866. *Schächter* Rifka, born on July 23, 1878
867. *Schächter* Josef, born on July 27, 1908
868. *Schächter* Anna, born on October 15, 1909
869. *Schaner* Franzuska, born on January 19, 1902
870. *Schapira* Ignatz, born on November 13, 1902
871. *Schapira* Minna, born on July 4, 1894
872. *Schatzker* Jetta, born on April 1, 1900
873. *Schein* Isak Levi, born on July 21, 1891
874. *Schein* Herner Rifka, born on October 10, 1893
875. *Schenk* dr Nathan-Aron, born on Januar, 2, 1913
876. *Schenk* Anna, born on November 13, 1912
877. *Scherf* Salomon born on July 27, 1898
878. *Scherf* Gusta, born on March 14, 1898
879. *Schimper* Scharl Stella, born on September 29, 1910
880. *Schindler* Walter, born on September 6, 1911
881. *Schleifer* Erwin, born on October 5, 1911

-
882. *Schlesinger* Elka, born on July 19, 1911
883. *Schlimper* Robert, born on December 17, 1916
884. *Schmetterling* Karl, born on January 20, 1898
885. *Schmetterling* Malka, born on July 19,
886. *Schmittmayer* Kela, born on June 23, 1921
887. *Schmitz* Ernst, born on January 17, 1919
888. *Schneider* Robert, born on December 22, 1918
889. *Schneider* Albert, born on September 14, 1914
890. *Schneider* Haim Pinkas, born on June 17, 1904
891. *Schober* Ernst, born on September 9, 1914
892. *Schober* Gisela, born on May 30, 1914
893. *Schober* Josef, born on October 11, 1912
894. *Schönfeld* Stella, born on August 24, 1897
895. *Schaner* Theodor, born on August 22, 1897
896. *Schram* Simon, born on August 19, 1897
897. *Schram* Josefina, born on January 22, 1900
898. *Schreiber* Leib, born on July 20, 1891
899. *Schreiber* Max, born on June 25, 1922
900. *Schröter* Anna, born on August 18, 1902
901. *Schröter* Leo, born on October 11, 1908
902. *Schulemann* Walter, born on December 28, 1909
903. *Schwachter* Ignatz, born on June 2, 1907
904. *Schwadron* Moses, born on November 10, 1888
905. *Schwadron* Oskar, born on October 24, 1917
906. *Schwalbe* Inge, born on January 21, 1919
907. *Schwamm* Otto, born on November 29, 1908
908. *Schwamm* Klara, born on April 4, 1911
909. *Schwarzblattel* Otto, born on March 13, 1905
910. *Schwarzblattel* Jannet (Jenny), born as Dickmann
on June 18, 1914
911. *Schwarz* Egon-Eugen, born on September 11, 1894
912. *Schwarz* Paula, born on April 1, 1897
913. *Schwarz* Gustav, born on February 5, 1909
914. *Schwarz* Marcel, born on October 31, 1921
915. *Schwarz* Stefanie, born on December 26, 1887
916. *Schwatzer* Kurt, born on December 30, 1887

-
917. *Schweber* Sara, born on August 9, 1885
918. *Schweber* Markus, born on August 13, 1886
919. *Schwerger* Malvine, born on September 18, 1922
920. *Stegl* Fritz, born on December 7, 1905
921. *Stereifler* Jonas-Jakob, born on October 4, 1888
922. *Stein* Leo, born on January 30, 1894
923. *Stein* Alice, born on November 3, 1898. Zasavica
924. *Stein* Berich Leo, born on July 17, 1913
925. *Stein* Moritz-Martin, born on April 23, 1907
926. *Stein* Kurt, born on November 2, 1919
927. *Steinberg* Leo, born on August 26, 1918
928. *Steiner* Paul, born on February 10, 1921
929. *Steiner* Edith, born on December 20, 1892
930. *Steiner* Otto, born on April 22, 1909
931. *Steiner* Franz, born on June 22, 1897
932. *Steiner* Artur, born on September 22, 1904
933. *Steiner* Hermann, born on April 19, 1920
934. *Steiner* Julia, born on December 25, 1921
935. *Steiner* Hans, born on September 1, 1920
936. *Stelper* Kurt, born on October 11, 1913
937. *Stern* Josef, born on July 15, 1893
938. *Stern* Emil, born on August 28, 1903
939. *Stern* Else, born on March 19, 1899
940. *Stern* Mathias, born on April 1, 1915
941. *Stern* Rudolf, born on June 20, 1908
942. *Stern* Aladar, born on August 27, 1906
943. *Sternberg* Bassia, born on November 17, 1889
944. *Sternberg* Fabian, born on May 5, 1889
945. *Stolz* Haim, born on May 22, 1900
946. *Strauber* dr Solomon, born on February 23, 1912
947. *Strauber* Franziska, born on October 9, 1914
948. *Strassmann* Wolf-Leib, born on March 5, 1898
949. *Strassmann* Isak, born on October 23, 1908
950. *Streifler* Lotta, born on October 23, 1908
951. *Strübel* Herbert, born on August 18, 1921
952. *Talert* Egon, born on April 4, 1910

-
953. *Tannenbaum* Herman, born on August 12, 1922
954. *Tannenbaum* Ernnt, born on November 2, 1919
955. *Tannenbaum* Robert, born on October 4, 1909
956. *Tauber* Salomon, born on May 25, 1911
957. *Tauber* Josef, born on September 26, 1913
958. *Taubenschlag* Werner, born on March 26, 1921
959. *Trebitsch* Herta, born on January 6, 1921
960. *Tuchfeld* Herbert, born on July 19, 1923
961. *Tutter* Heinrich, born on February 27, 1920
962. *Tutter* Jetti, born on October 20, 1920
963. *Ullmann* Kurt, born on November 17, 1921
964. *Urban* Eduard, born on March 7, 1912
965. *Urban* Ella, born on November 14, 1912
966. *Versändig* Moses, born on June 12, 1901
967. *Versändig* Malka, born on August 20, 1904
968. *Waldmann* Malvina, born on January 19, 1901
969. *Waldmann* Ernst, born on July 21, 1878
970. *Waltuch* Fritz, born on October 7, 1917
971. *Wassermann* Rifka, born on October 15, 1897
972. *Wassermann* Simche, born on January 20, 1897
973. *Wassermann* Friedel, born on December 20, 1901
974. *Weigel* Walter, born on February 27, 1907
975. *Weinberger* Emanuel, born on January 15, 1880
976. *Weniberger* Martha, born on March 2, 1896
977. *Weitraub* Sara, born on November 10, 1909
978. *Weitraub* Moses, born on January 10, 1899
979. *Weinstein* Sabina, born on July 6, 1894
980. *Weinstein* Sandor, born on June 7, 1921
981. *Weingarten* Betty, born on June 23, 1921
982. *Weinstock* Haja Ides, born on May 10, 1895
983. *Weiss* Eva, born on November 10, 1925
984. *Weiss* Ruth, born on August 25, 1924
985. *Weiss* Lisabeth, born on January 29, 1922
986. *Weiss* Alexander, born on December 9, 1921
987. *Weiss* Franz, born on April 19, 1920
988. *Weiss* Fritz, born on July 14, 1916

-
989. *Weiss* Gerold, born on March 6, 1915
 990. *Weiss* Karoline, born on October 14, 1910
 991. *Weiss* Adelberg, born on April 6, 1902
 992. *Weiss* Ester, born on November 28, 1909
 993. *Weiss* Frieda, born on August 6, 1914
 994. *Weiss* Rudolf, born on September 15, 1901
 995. *Weiser* Helene, born on April 27, 1907
 996. *Weiser* Georg, born on June 2, 1902
 997. *Weissberg* Mordoko, born on September 21, 1898
 998. *Weissberg* Bulin, born on September 23, 1905
 999. *Weissberg* Siegrfried, born on June 1, 1921
 1000. *Weitz* Angela, born on February 6, 1883
 1001. *Weitz* dr Ignatz, born on June 24, 1889
 1002. *Wellwahr* Elwire, born on September 4, 1914
 1003. *Wellwahr* Emil, born on March 7, 1915
 1004. *Wellisch* Melanie, born on January 3, 1907
 1005. *Wellisch* Ernst, born on May 10, 1908
 1006. *Wenig* Hansi, born on July 19, 1900
 1007. *Wettendorfer* Bernat, 70 years old, retired, from Šabac
 1008. *Wettendorfer* Alexander, 35 years old, from Šabac
 1009. *Wettendorfer* Franz, 32 years old, from Šabac
 1010. *Werthim* Alfred, born on June 11, 1920
 1011. *Werdheim* Karl, born on October 31, 1921
 1012. *Wesel* Feiga, born on April 19, 1918
 1013. *Wesel* Paul, born on July 12, 1912
 1014. *Wickelholz* Ella, born on November 5, 1916
 1015. *Widder* Eugen, born on September 30, 1911, from Slovakia
 1016. *Wieselberg* Minna, born on April 3, 1920
 1017. *Wieselberg* Artur, born on May 10, 1916
 1018. *Wieselmann* Max, born on September 4, 1922
 1019. *Wiesner* Amelie, born on January 6, 1892
 1020. *Wiesner* Daniel, engineer, born on August 7, 1881
 1021. *Wisternitz* Hans, born on March 7, 1921
 1022. *Widowsky* Mordoko, born on April 13, 1918
 1023. *Willner* Wilhelmine, born on March 31, 1899
 1024. *Wimmer* Gottlieb, born on August 12, 1896

-
1025. *Wimmer* Rachel, born on March 8, 1900
1026. *Wimmer* Haim, born on February 19, 1910
1027. *Winkler* Alexander, born on September 24, 1918
1028. *Witsches* Sofie, born on December 6, 1889
1029. *Witsches* Salomon, born on November 8, 1895
1030. *Wiesinger* Ernst, born on September 17, 1927
1031. *Wohl* Karl-Heinz, born on June 4, 1922
1032. *Wolfsohn* Ester-Emma, born on September 20, 1880
1033. *Wollisch* dr Friedrich, born on January 16, 1903
1034. *Wollmann* Juliette, born on July 7, 1895
1035. *Wünschbacher* Erich, born on June 16, 1922
1036. *Zámory* Manfred, born on August 19, 1924
1037. *Zimmermann* Lydia, born on April 6, 1888
1038. *Zimmermann* Samuel, born on March 19, 1881
1039. *Zewitzger* Robert (*see* Protocol)
1040. *Zuckerberg* Zittel, born on March 21, 1880
1041. *Zuckerberg* Anna, born on December 10, 1908
1042. *Zwicker* Berta, born in 1897, Zasavica (*see* Protocol)
1043. *Zwicker* Josefina, born on November 21, 1893
1044. *Zwicker* Suzanne, born on April 10, 1925
1045. *Zwicker* Siegrfried, born on May 1, 1885
1046. *Zwicker* Robert, born on June 29, 1909
1047. *Zwicker* Ilona, born on July 23, 1909
1048. *Zwicker* Julius, born in 1898, from Vienna
1049. *Zwicker* Franz, born on August 19, 1919
1050. *Zwiebel* Sofie, born on May 5, 1901
1051. *Zwiebel* Süsskind, born on August 15, 1900
1052. *Zwirn* Egon, born on January 7, 1919
1053. *Zeigfinger* Benjamin, born on May 16, 1900
1054. *Zenner* Rossa, born on April 26, 1890, from Vienna
1055. *Zenner* Haim, born on June 28, 1887, from Vienna

Belgrade, December 24, 1945

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Forward (Miodrag Nikolic)	5
The Candle at the Doorstep is Burning Out (Dobriilo Aranitovich)	7

WE PACK, WE UNPAC

Wir Packen, Wir Auspaken (Mara Jovanovich)	17
Miodrag Petrovich – An honorable Life	67

ANNEX

The Jews in Sabac (Nikola Devura, Milivoje Vasiljevich)	77
Sabac Under German Occupation (Glisha Babovich)	99
The Jewish School in Sabac in 19 th Century (Milan Jeftich, M.A.).	119
My Childhood (Oscar Davicho).	129
Comrades-In-Arms (Stanislav Vinaver).	132
Documents	137
Final Word from the Editor	165
List of the Jews from Sabac and Juish Refugees. . .	172

PEOPLE WITH WITH BIG HEART

(Compiled by Milosh Jevtich)

Publisher

Beogradska knjiga

* * *

Miodrag Nikolic

Los Angeles, USA – Belgrade, Serbia/ Montenegro

Editor

Dobriko Aranitovich

Translation from Serbian

Tatjana Colin, M.A.

Dr. Danica Djokich

Dr. Vida Jankovich (poems)

Printed by

Radunich, Belgrade

ISBN 86–7590–083–X

CIP – Каталогизација у публикацији
Народна библиотека Србије, Београд

94(947.11)(=411.16)„18/19“
341.485(=411.16)(497.11)„1941“

PEOPLE With Big Heart : (friendship without borders
/ compiled by Milosh Jevtich ; [translation from Serbian
Tatjana Colin, Danica Djokich, Vida Jankovich (poems)].
Belgrade : Beogradska knjiga, 2004 (Belgrade : Radunich).
– 201 str. : fotogr. ; 21 cm.

Izv. stv. nasl. : Šabac i Jevreji u susretu / priredio Miloš
Jevtić. – Tiraž 3.000. – Str. 5–6: Forward / Miodrag
Nikolich. – Str. 7–14: The candle at the doorstep is burning
out / Dobrilo Aranitovich.

ISBN 86–7590–083–X

1. Jevtić, Miloš

а) Јевреји – Шабац – 19–20 в. б) Јевреји – Прогони –
Шабац – 1941

COBISS.SR-ID 116757772