

# SVJEDOČENJA

Ponekada nam se dešavaju stvari kojima nismo mogli predvidjeti, ponekad, prosto neobjašnjivo, nabasamo na informacije o nama poznatim osobama, o dogadjajima i epizodama iz njihovih života koje nam nisu bile dostupne desetinama godina. I na žalost, ponekad su te epizode dramatične, pa i tragične. Desilo se nešto tako našem članu Dejanu Stojniću koji je neočekivano naišao na isповijest svog djeda Monija Altarca, koju je ovaj davne 1955 i 1956. g. ispovijedao u pisaću mašinu Dejanovog oca Slobodana Bode Stojnića. Redakcija SaLona je uz Dejanov pristanak odlučila da objavi ova sjećanja u četiri nastavka, kako su i zabilježena. Žestok razlog za ovu odluku redakcija je imala u činjenici da se radi o ličnom svjedočenju preživjelog jedne od najsurovijih zločinačkih epizoda II Svjetskog Rata, epizoda kada se čovjek najviše udaljio od humanizma, možda i više od onoga kuda je zagazio njemački nacional-socijalizam. Ovo zbog toga što ovdjezločin, masovni zločin, nije bio industrializiran, već je bio ličan i pojedinačan, unatoč svojoj masovnosti. Ta epizoda se zove Jasenovac. Za one koji ne znaju ili koji su premladi, pa im niko nije ispričao, Jasenovac je gubilište nezamislive surovosti, koje su hrvatski ekstremni nacionalisti – rukama svojih dželata – Ustaša, ustanovili i u kome su počeli svoju zločinačku rabotu još 1941. g., dakle prije mašinerija nacističkih logora istrebljenja, sa ciljem konačnog razračuna sa Srbima, Jevrejima, Ciganima, ali i rodoljubivim Hrvatima. Ukupni broj žrtava se izražava 6-to cifrenim brojkama. Ove priloge treba shvatiti kao protest protiv svih onih pokušaja koji su dolazili i koji će vjerovatno dolaziti sa samog vrha nove države Hrvatske, da se veličina tragedije umanjii, pa čak i da se izjednače zločinac i žrtva.

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Bilo je rano proljeće, druga godina logorovanja. Radio sam u mehaničkoj radionici. Pored nje bile su još lančarija, bravarija, kovačija. Nas zatočenika nekoliko stotina. Sa mnom, na jednim kolima, radio je Maks Samlajić, Jevrejin. Zapravo, njegovo prezime je bilo Šomleji. Maks Šomleji. Otac mu je bio Poljak, poljski Jevrejin. živio je u Bosanskom Brodu godinama, pa su ga nazvali Samlajić. I tako je ostao i ovdje u logoru.

Sa nama je radio još jedan zatočenik, bojadžija. Bojio je kola. Bio je dobar majstor. Hrvat po narodnosti. Ne bih se više mogao sjetiti kako se zvao.

Jedne večeri završismo jedna kola. Ujutro ih je trebalo isprobati. Spremili su se Maks i bojadžija. I jedan ustaša, zastavnik. Kao pratnja. Prije nego je krenuo, Maks je došao do mene.

- Moni, hoćeš li ti sa nama na probu?

- Ne Maks - rekao sam – ne osjećam se danas nešto dobro. Krenite vas dvojica. Zaista, od sinoć se nisam osjećao dobro. Na mahove me hvatala nesvjestica. A rado bih pošao s Maksom.

Maks je čutao. Učinilo mi se da hoće još nešto da mi kaže, ali se ustručava.

- Amožda će ti bolje biti kada izidemo iz ove žice. Na svjež vazduh.

- Ne, Maks, ne vjerujem da će mi biti bolje.

Više ništa nije rekao. Samo, kada smo se pozdravili, jako mi je stegao ruku. Jače nego obično.

To je bilo oko sedam sati ujutro. Oko deset u radionicu je uletio ustaški zastavnik Nikola Hiršberger. Odmah sam znao da nešto nije u redu. Dojurio je do mene.

- Ti, jesli li znao da su Samlajić i bojadžija jutros otišli na probu? – gotovo je viknuo.

- Znao sam – odgovorio sam

- Zvali su i mene da podem sa njima.

- Tako. A jesli li znao da će pobjeći?

- To nisam znao.

- E, znaćeš!

Naglo se okrenuo i pošao ka izlazu. Na vratimaje za trenutak zastao. Dreknuo je:

- Banditi! Ubili su pratioce! Pretrnuo sam.

Sada je bilo razumljivo jutrošnje Maksovo držanje. I – zažalio sam što nisam krenuo s njim.

Bilo je pola jedanaest kada su okolo počeli da postavljaju mitraljeze. Ustaše su stavljali šljemove na glave.

NASTUP !

U jedanaest naletjelo ih je nekoliko, kao divlji psi.

- Napolje !

- Napolje !

- Napolje !

- Majku vam banditsku !

- Hoćeete da bježite, je li?

I tukli su. žilama, šmajserima. čime su prije stigli.

Konačno, postrojili smo se. Lančarija, bravarija, kovačija i mehanička radionica. čekali smo.

Vrijeme je prolazilo.

Bilo je rano proljeće. Nije bio hladan dan. A mene je hvatala drhtavica.

Pola dvanaest.

Dvanaest.

Pola jedan.

U početku smo se malo sašaptavali. Jedan drugog smo hrabrili, tješili. Kao laki povjetarac kroz stroj bi na mahove provejavao žamor.

Naročito kada bi se ustaše malo odaljili od nas. Ali, kako su sati prolazili, sve je manje bilo sašaptavanja. Pa i kada bi ustaše bili dalje od nas. Pa – i kada ih nije nikako bilo. Negdje poslije dva, zavladala je potpuna tišina.

Nijemi stroj zatočenika stajao je nepokretan, mrk, pritisnut crnom neizvjesnošću svakog idućeg trenutka.

Bilo je teško ovo čekanje.

Pola tri.

Na vratima ustaškog povjereništva pojavio se komandant logora Ivica Matković. Iza njega Luburić. Posmatrali su nas nijemo jedno vrijeme. Zatim su se uputili prema nama. Na desetak metara

## SALOMON MONI ALTARAC: SJEĆANJA IZ JASENOVCA

### - NASTUP -

Neko je pobegao iz logora. Ili je pokušao to da učini. Ili je ukrao komad hljeba. Ili je ... Ili je brojno stanje zatočenika isuviše poraslo. Svuda oko žice postavljaju mitraljeze. Ili oko onog mjesta gdje će da se vrši odmazda. Ustaše stavljaju šljemove na glavu.

Vika. Psovke. Batinanje. Puenjava.

- Pred barake !  
- Pred barake !  
- Pred barake !

Zbijaju nas u jednu gomilu. Nije nas uvijek isti broj. Nekada bude četiri stotine. Nekada četiri hiljade i više. Postrojavamo se. čekamo. Tada nailaze ONI. Njih pet-šest glavnih. I desetak onih nižih. Koljača.

- Zatočenici !

Najčešće ništa i ne objašnavaju.

- Jeden, dva, tri, četiri, pet, šest, sedam, osam, devet, deset.

IZAĐI!

- Izadi !

- Izadi !

Svaki deseti. Nekada svaki peti. Ili svaki treći.

Ti napuštaju logor? Ne, ti zauvijek ostaju tu.

To je nastup. Zapravo, jedan od njih. Jer svaki je malo drugačiji. I surov i strahovit na svoj način.

Jedan sam od rijetkih nesretnika koji su proveli punе četiri godine zatočeni u jasenovačkom logoru. Kako smo ga zvali – logoru uništenja. Za to vrijeme proživio sam mnogo nastupa. Posljednji je bio trideset i šesti po redu. Trideset i šest čekanja u stroju. čekanja koja su se otezala u vječnost. Na pljusku, u blatu do koljena, pod usijanom zvijezdom, u zoru, u noć. Peti. Deseti. Peti. Deseti. Bilo je to – bogu plakati.

Ovo je pričao jednom nastupu. Za mene – najtežem. A mislim i za druge. Za nas četiri stotine. Srba i Jevreja.

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od stroja stali su. Onda je Luburić prišao bliže.

- Srb i židovi na jednu stranu, katolici i muslimani na drugu! Nije viknuo, nije se izderao kada je ovo rekao – kako on to obično zna. Ne, rekao je to mirnim, čak bi se moglo reći, tihim glasom. Ali je to utoliko strašnije djelovalo na sve nas. Ja sam se osjetio kao da me je neko udario maljem po glavi.

- Hajde, brže!

Kraj mene u stroju, stajao je Miloš Urošević, kovač, čovjek nevjерovatne fizičke snage. Koliko sam putazaželio da sam snažan kao Miloš. Činilo mi se da bih se mnogo sigurnije osjećao, i ovdje, u logoru. Kada je palo naređenje da se razdvojimo, pogledao sam Miloša. To je bilo više instinkтивno. Kao da sam od njega očekivao pomoć u ovom teškom trenutku. Ali me je spopala jeza kada sam video kako Miloš izgleda. On je okrenuo glavu prema meni. Rekao je tiho:

- Moni, neće biti dobro ...

Radio sam sa Milošem već toliko vremena i mnogo sam ga cijenio. Kao druga i kao čovjeka. Ali to nije uvijek bilo tako. Bilo je dana kada sam ga se malo i priborjavao. Osjetio sam kako je nekoliko puta pokušao da mi se približi. U meni se pojavila sumnja u njegove dobre namjere. Razgovarao sam sa njim prijateljski, ali sam se uvijek držao na nekom odstojanju. Sve do jednom. Do jednog nastupa.

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Jedan zatočenik, radeći na logorskoj ekonomiji, uzeo je komad hljeba i četvrt kilograma maslaca. Pokušao je da to prebaci preko ograda, ženama. Uhvatili su ga. Zatvorili u Zvonaru.

NASTUP!

Tada je komendant logora bio Ivica Brkljačić. Stajao je kod stola. Sa strane, vezan, stajao je zatočenik koji se usudio da prebaci ženama hljeb i maslac.

- ZATOČENICI!

Obadvjema rukama komendant logora držao je šmajser koji je bio ostavljen na sto.

- Svima vama je dobro poznato kako prolaze oni koji se usuđe da uzmu nešto sa ekonomije. Odredujem da se ovaj ovdje išiba pedeset puta. Onaj zatočenik koji izvrši moje naredenje, primiće hljeb i

maslac.

Prestao je da govori. Oštrim pogledom prelazio je preko naših redova.

- Ko se javlja?

Niko se nije javljaо. Komandant je povisio glas:  
- ZAR SENIKONE JAVLJA?

U tom trenutku pritekao je u pomoć ustaški zastavnik Nikola Hiršberger:

- Ja predlažem da to učini zatočenik Urošević!

Kao i sada, Miloš je stajao u redu odmah do mene. Osjetio sam, kada je Hiršberger pomenuo njegovo ime, da se gotovo primjetno stresao. Pobiljedio, gledao je u jednu neodređenu tačku pred sobom. A onda je istupio iz stroja. Ali nije krenuo prema zatočeniku koji je čekao sa strepnjom. Stupio je pravo pred komandanta logora:

- Gospodine komandante, ja ga

- Ja se javljam!

Pred stroj je izišao čovjek koga ja ranije nisam primjećivao u logoru. Sada sam se zagledao u njega. Zagledale su se u njega četiri hiljade pari očiju, četiri hiljade prijetećih pari očiju. Da ne zaborave kako taj izgleda. Počelo je kažnjavanje.

Više nesrećnika stajao je komandant logora. Kada je ovaj primio prvi udarac i nije pisnuo, komandant se izderao:

- Broj, majku ti lopovsku!

Brojaćeš do pedeset!

Fiju!

- Dva.

Fiju!

- Tri.

Prevario se komandant logora Ivica Brkljačić. Zatočenik nije broja do pedeset. Ne zato što nije htio ...

Brojao je do – sedam. Više nije.

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Moni, ovo neće biti dobro ...

Kao kamen, ove Miloševe riječi navalile su mi se na dušu. Počelo je da mi se mrači pred očima. Od umora. I teške strepnje.

Razdvojili smo se. Mi, Srbi i Jevreji, ostali smo gdje smo i bili. Bila nas je većina. Oko četiri stotine.

Komendant logora i Luburić stajali su sada desetak metara od nas i tiho razgovarali. Bolje reći prepirali su se.

Matković je bio

nešto žučniji, više puta je pokazivao rukom u našem pravcu, prelazeći zlim očima preko naših redova. Luburić je bio mirniji, brojao je nešto na prste i pokazivao u pravcu one manje grupe.

Nisam mogao da čujem šta su razgovarali. Kao ni ostali u stroju. Ali sam po njima, po njihovim pokretima, pogledima, osjetio šta se spremaju. A to je bilo strašno saznanje.

Komendant je tražio našu likvidaciju.

Drugi zlikovac je bio automehaničar po zanimanju. Ovdje, u logoru, odgovoran za vozni park. Šta će biti sa tolikim kolima koja se nalaze u radu ako danas likvidiraju nas četiri stotine. To se neće tako brzo moći nadoknaditi. U jednom trenutku su začutali. A onda je Matković pružio

ruk u Luburiću i nešto rekao.

Ovaj je prihvatio.

Tada je Matković dozvao sebi jednog ustašu. Reako mu je nešto i ovaj je odjurio u zapovjedništvo. Ukrzo se vratio i predao Matkoviću u ruke ono što je ovaj tražio.

To je bila srebrena srpska pedesetodinarka.

Pljoštimice, Matković ju je stavio na dva prsta svoje desne ruke, na palac i srednjak.

- Glava ! – rekao je.

- Pismo ! – odgovorio je Luburić.

Pedesetodinarka je sunula u zrak. Ona se pretvorila u malu srebrenu kuglu u kojoj se munjevitko okretala sudbina nas četiri stotine živih ljudi, četiri stotine zatočenika.

Muslim, u tom trenutku niko od nas nije disao.

Konačno – kugla je pala.

- Pismo – rekao je Luburić. Matković se sagnuo. Uzeo je pedesetodinarku sa zemlje. Ponovo ju je postavio na dva prsta.

- Glava !

- Pismo !

Prsti su seodbili jedan od drugi. Ponovo su se naše oči pele za srebrenom kuglom, oči u kojima su se preplitali strah, nevjericu, nada, suze ... I sruštale se dolje, ka crnoj zemlji, na kojoj je trebalo da se riješi da li će moći još živjeti ili ne.

- Pismo !

Ja sam mahinalno prešao dlanom po čelu. Ledeni znoj mi je probijao kroz kožu.

Rekoh, za ove četiri godine u logoru preživio sam trideset i šest nastupa. Šta sve nisu radili od nas! Ubijali su nas, klali, batinali, mrcvarili ...

Danas - nikoga nisu ubili. Nikoga nisu čak ni dirnuli. Ali je ovaj nastup bio strašniji od svih koje sam u logoru preživio.

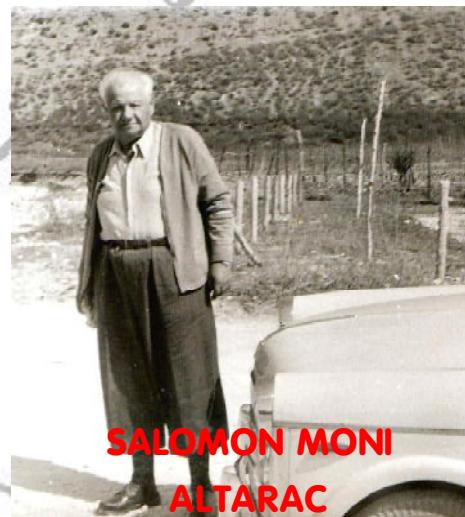
Od mene je ostala - krpa.

Matković se zagledao u pedesetodinarku koja je nepomično ležala na zemlji. Zatim je naglim pokretom skinuo šmajser i cijev uperio u nju.

Trrrrrrrrrrrrrrr.....

Pod ubitačnom vatrom metaka, pedesetodinarka je, zajedno sa hrpom zemlje, sunula u zrak, sva izrešetana, iskidana u komadiće. Zakrvavljenog pogleda zlikovac je prešao preko naših redova i izderao se:

- NAPOSAO !



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ALTARAC**

# TESTIMONIES

Sometimes things we could not predict happen to us; inexplicably sometimes we come upon information about persons known to us and about events and episodes from their lives not accessible to us for decades. Regretfully also, these episodes are sometimes dramatic and even tragic. One such thing happened to our member, Dejan Stojnić, who unexpectedly discovered the recollections of Moni Altarac, his grandfather as told into the typewriter of Slobodan Bodo Stojnić, Dejan's father back in 1955 and 1956. The editorial board of SaLon has decided, with Dejan's consent, to publish these memories in four instalments, reflecting the way they were recorded. A compelling reason for our decision was the fact that it is a personal testimony by a survivor from one of the most brutal criminal episodes of World War Two, where the distance of man from humanity was the greatest, probably even greater than the distance to which the German National-Socialism stepped in. It is because the crime, the mass crime, was not industrialized here but personal and individual in spite of its immensity. The name of that episode is Jasenovac. For those who do not know what it means or for those who are too young and nobody has told them yet: Jasenovac is a place of execution of unimaginable cruelty established by Croat extreme nationalists – by the hands of their executioners – the Ustashes, where they started their criminal actions already in 1941, namely before the Nazi extermination camps machine started; The purpose of Jasenovac was the final face-off with Serbs, Jews, Gypsies and patriotic Croats. The total number of victims is stated in six figures. The episodes published in SaLon should be understood as a protest against all the attempts that have been coming from the very top of the new state of Croatia to diminish the size of the tragedy and even to equate the criminal with the victim.

## SALOMON MONI ALTARAC RECOLLECTIONS FROM JASENOVAC

### -ROLL CALL-

Somebody fled the camp; or had tried to do so; or had stolen a piece of bread; or ...

Or the number of prisoners had increased significantly.

They place machine guns all around the wire; or around the place where retaliation is to be carried out.

The Ustashes put the helmets on their heads.

Shouts. Swearing. Beatings. Firings.

- To the front of the barracks!

- To the front of the barracks!

- To the front of the barracks!

They pile us together. We are not the same number all the time. At times there are four hundred of us. At other times four thousands and more.

We line up; we wait.

Then THEY come along. Five or six of the top ones. And about ten lower ranking ones. The butchers.

- Prisoners!

They almost never explain

- One, two, three, four five, six, seven, eight, nine ten! STEP

OUT!

-Step out!

-Step out!

Every tenth. Sometimes every fifth. Or every third man.

Do they leave the camp? No, they stay forever. This is the roll call. Actually one of them. Each of them is a bit different. Each of them is brutal and frightful in its unique way.

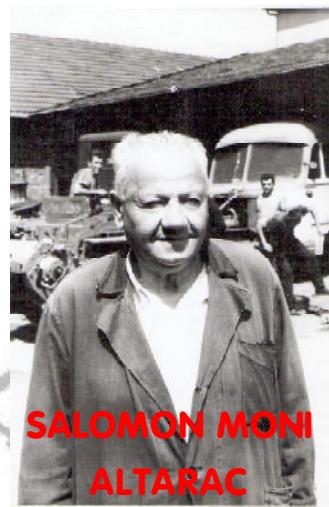
I am one of just a few unfortunate ones who were imprisoned for four long years in Jasenovac prison camp. We called it the extermination camp. Over that period of time I went through many roll calls. The last one was the thirty sixth. Thirty six times I was waiting in line up; for periods as long as eternities; during pouring rain; in knee-deep mud; under scorching sun; at dawn; in the dark of the night. The fifth. The tenth. The fifth. The tenth.

It was - a crying shame.

This is the story of one of these roll calls. The most difficult one for me; for others as well – I think; for us four hundred. Serbs and Jews.

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It was early in spring; the second year of imprisonment. I was working in the mechanical workshop. Next to it were also the other workshops: the



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one making chains, the hardware shop and the blacksmith shop. Several hundred prisoners were working there.

Working on one cart with me was Maks Samlajić. Actually his name was Šomleji. His father was Polish, a Polish Jew. He lived for years in Bosanski Brod where they changed his name to Samlajić. This is how they called him here in the camp also.

Another prisoner was working with us. His duty was to paint the carts. He was a good craftsman. A Croat by ethnicity. I cannot remember his name.

We finished a cart one evening. It had to be tested next morning. Maks and the craftsman prepared to do it. An Ustasha, a sergeant major was assigned to escort them.

Before leaving Maks came to me.

- Moni, would you like to come with us for the test?

- No Maks, I said, I do not feel very well today. You two go. It was true that I did not feel that good from the night before. I had spells of dizziness. Otherwise I would have enjoyed to go with Maks.

Maks was silent. I had the feeling that he wanted to tell me something else but he hesitated.

- You might feel better when we get out of this wire. Fresh air would do you good.

- No Maks, I do not think so. He said nothing more. Only when shaking hands with me

his grip was firm, much firmer than usually.

This took place at about seven in the morning. At about ten Nikola Hiršberger, the Ustasha sergeant major came running into the workshop. I knew immediately that something was wrong. He rushed to reach me.

- Did you know that Samlajić and the painter went to test the car this morning – he almost shouted.

- I knew, I replied, they had invited me to go with them.

- So. Did you know that they will get away?

- No. I did not.

- Well. You will know!

He turned hastily and headed to the exit. He lingered a short time at the door and shouted - Bandits! They killed the escort.

I numb with fear.

Maks behaviour in the morning became clear, and I regretted staying behind.

It was ten thirty when Ustashes started placing machine guns all around and helmets to their heads.

ROLL CALL!

At eleven several of them came rushing out; like wild dogs.

- Out!

- Out!

- Out!

- Damn you, you bandits!

- You want to run away, don't you?

And they were hitting us. With whips, machine guns and anything else they got hold of.

We finely lined up. Prisoners from the workshop making chains, the hardware shop, the blacksmith and the mechanical shop. We were waiting.

The time went on.

It was early spring. The day was not cold but I started shivering. Half past eleven.

Twelve.

Half past twelve.

At the beginning we started whispering, cheering up and consoling one another. Occasionally a murmur similar to a light breeze would go through the formation. Especially when the Ustashes would go some distance away from us. But, the whisper became ever weaker as the time was passing by. Even when the Ustashes were not near by. Even when they were not there at all.

After two the silence was complete.

# TESTIMONIES

The quiet formation of prisoners stood motionless, dark, under the pressure of the gloomy suspense, apprehending what might happen any moment. It was difficult to wait like that. Half past two.

The commander of the camp appeared on the door of the Ustasha's office. Ivica Matković. Behind him Luburić. They watched us in silence for a while. Then they moved towards us. They stopped some ten meters from the line. Then Luburić came nearer.

- Serbs and Jews to one side, Catholics and Muslims to the other!

Saying this he was not shouting as he usually did. No, his voice was quiet even low, one could say. It made an even more horrendous effect on all of us. It hit me like a pile of bricks.

- Hurry up! Faster!

Standing next to me in the line was Miloš Urošević. A blacksmith. A man of unbelievable physical strength. I wished so many times to be as strong as Miloš. I thought that it would make me feel safer even here in the camp.

When we were ordered to separate I looked at Miloš instinctively. As if I were waiting his help at this difficult moment. I was struck by the way he looked. He turned his head and said in a low voice:

- Moni, this won't be good ... I worked with Miloš for a long time and I respected him very much. Both as a friend and as a man. But this was not always like that. There were times when I was afraid of him a bit. I was aware that several times he tried to come closer to me and I started to question his good intentions. My tone was always friendly, but I always kept my distance. It all changed during one roll call.

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A prisoner working on the camp farm took a piece of bread and some butter. He tried to get it over the fence - to the women side of the camp. They caught and shut him in the Bell Tower. ROLL CALL!

Ivica Brkljačić was the camp commander at that time. He stood next to a table. On the side, tied up, stood the prisoner who dared to get the bread and butter to the women.

With both his hands the camp commander held the machine gun which was on the table.

- PRISONERS!

- All of you are well aware what befalls those who dare to take

something from the farm. I order that this one here has to be flogged fifty times. The prisoner who will execute my order will receive the bread and the butter.

He stopped talking. His stern look cast in the direction of our lines.

- Any volunteers?

No answer. The commander's voice became louder.

- ARE THERE NO VOLUNTEERS?

At that moment Nikola Hiršberger, the Ustasha sergeant major got involved:

- I would like to suggest prisoner Urošević to do it!

Just like now, Miloš was standing next to me. When his name was mentioned I felt his almost visible shiver. He turned white and looked to a vague point in front of him. Then he stepped out of the line. But he did not go to the prisoner who was fearfully waiting. He went straight to the commander.

- Mr Commander, sir, I can not flog him, so if necessary here is my head ...

Ivica Brkljačić stared at Miloš, as if he so him for the first time in his life.



- Head? - He said.

- Head. - Almost silently replied Miloš.

- Get to your place. Report to the commander office this evening!

Miloš came back to the formation. When standing next to me now, it seemed to me that he grew bigger suddenly. He was red in his face as if ashamed of something.

The camp commander patiently waited.

- Any volunteers?

No answer from the four thousand prisoners. Humans, most of whom were deformed by exhaustion and hunger. But - still humans.

Except for one. Somewhere from the centre of the formation came a squeaky voice:

- I volunteer!

A man I had not noticed before in the camp came out of the line. Now I watched him care-

fully. For thousand pair of eyes watched him carefully. Four thousand threatening pairs of eyes. Not to forget his looks. The punishment started. The camp commander was standing above the unfortunate man. When he was hit for the first time but has uttered no sound, the commander shouted:

- Start counting, damn you - you thief! You will count to fifty!

Feeu!

-Two.

Feeu!

- Three.

Ivica Brkljačić, the camp commander was wrong. The prisoner did not count to fifty. Not because he did not want to ... He counted to - seven. Not more than that.

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- Moni, this won't be good ... It was as if a stone fell on my heart when I heard these words. I felt faint. Not only because I was tired but also because of fear.

We separated. We Serbs and Jews stayed where we were. We were the majority. Some four hundred.

The camp commander and

be difficult to make up for the loss quickly. At a point of time they stopped talking. Then stretched out his hand to Luburić and said something.

He accepted his hand.

Then Matković called out for an Ustasha. He told him something and this one rushed to the commander's office. He came back soon and handed over to Matković what was requested. It was a silver coin of 50 Dinars. Matković placed it in a flat position to two fingers of his right hand - the thumb and middle finger.

- Head! - He said.

- Tails! - Luburić replied.

The coin was tossed into the air. It was transformed into a small silver ball in which the destiny of four hundred living people, four hundred prisoners was being rapidly decided. I think that nobody was breathing at that moment.

Finally - the ball fell down.

Tails - Luburić said.

Matković stooped. He took the fifty Dinars coin from the ground. He placed it again onto his two fingers.

- Head!

- Tails!

The fingers hit one another. Our eyes were rising up again following the silver ball, the eyes in which fear, incredulity, hope and tears were intertwined; and they moved down to the earth where the solution of our life or death will be reached.

- Tails!

I passed my hand over my forehead without thinking. Cold sweat broke through my skin. I mentioned before that I went through thirty seven roll calls over the four years I spent in the camp. It is difficult to say what they did to us. They killed us, butchered, flogged, they tortured us ...

Today - they killed nobody. They even touched nobody. But this roll call was the most dreadful I went through

I was completely exhausted. Matković stared at the motionless coin on the ground. Then he took the machine gun with a sudden movement and pointed the barrel to it.

TRRRRRRRRRR ...

Exposed to the ruinous fire, the fifty Dinars coin drilled by bullets and turned to pieces charged off the ground into the air together with a pile of earth. With bloodshot eyes the villain looked along our lines and shouted:

- GET TO WORK!