

Nenad Radošević (Natan Reiss-Rujs)

## EVENTS AND MEMORIES

*He was born in 1912 in Sarajevo, into the family of Simon and Hermina Reiss, née Zeichnei. He completed elementary school and a real gymnasium in Sarajevo, and later studied in Prague at the Technical University under the family name Natan Reiss. He graduated in 1936. After returning from his studies, he worked in textile-industry companies in Varaždin and Sarajevo.*

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Photo

Nenad Radosevic

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*At the beginning of the occupation of the country in 1941, he joined the illegal activities of the National Liberation Movement, first in Sarajevo and then in Split. When it became difficult for him to remain in Split because of his underground work, he moved to liberated territory and joined the partisan detachments. During the National Liberation War he fought in units in Dalmatia, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Montenegro, and Serbia, holding various positions. At the end of the war he was a member of the staff of the XVII Assault East-Bosnian Division in Kragujevac, from where he was transferred to the newly liberated Belgrade with the task of organizing the military economy. After the war he continued service in the Yugoslav People's Army under the name Nenad Radošević, which he had used during his underground work and participation in the National Liberation War.*

*In the postwar period he held several important positions in enterprises and military institutions. For the longest period he served as director of the Technological Institute, which he led until his retirement in 1970.*

*Alongside his official duties during his working life, and also after retirement, he was highly active in public and professional life. He initiated and organized many activities within the Association of Chemists and Technologists of Yugoslavia and showed exceptional engagement in publishing. He launched the publication of the Almanac of the Chemical Industry of Yugoslavia, and from 1956 he was a member of the editorial board of the journal Chemical Industry, which was published as part of the journal Technique, and later he became its editor-in-chief. Together with a group of collaborators, he prepared and published in 1962 the Handbook for Chemists and Technologists. The good reception and rapid sale of the handbook encouraged preparation of a more comprehensive Chemical-Technological Handbook intended to meet the needs of specialists of different profiles in the fields of chemistry and chemical engineering. Nenad Radošević accomplished this undertaking as well, gathering a large number of the most*

*prominent chemists and technologists as authors of this major edition published in six large-format volumes.*

*Among the members of Radošević's immediate family who perished in the Holocaust were his father, his mother, and his older brother Iso. In 1941, twenty-two members of his closest family were taken away, including his father, mother, and brother. None of them returned. Part of his relatives on his mother's side also perished in Jasenovac and Đakovo.*

*For his broad activity and overall work, he received several wartime and peacetime national awards and medals.*

*He died on July 21, 2008, and was buried in the Jewish cemetery in Belgrade.*

*The contribution that we publish in this book with the author's consent was prepared by the editors from the extensive manuscript entitled "My Family," which the author submitted to the Jewish Historical Museum in 1995. The excerpt contains parts that directly portray the struggle and suffering during the Second World War.*

My father Simon Reiss was born in 1875 in Galicia, in the town of Zloczów, where he learned the tailoring trade. In 1890 he came to Sarajevo together with many Polish Jews. After the annexation of Bosnia, the Austro-Hungarian monarchy guaranteed Jews civil security in Bosnia, unlike the situation in Poland, where they had been exposed to pogroms and persecution by the authorities. My father opened a women's tailoring salon in Sarajevo in which my mother Hermina Zeichnei, also born in Galicia, worked as well.

My parents had five children in a happy marriage, four of whom survived. With the arrival of the Ustaša regime in 1941, the family was scattered. My father was killed in November 1941 in Jasenovac, and my mother died in 1942 in the camp at Đakovo.

My older brother Iso (born 1902) studied architecture and completed his degree, but his life ended tragically in Jasenovac.

My older sister Lina (born 1904) completed training as a dental technician. She loved me very much and took care of me while my mother, in my father's absence during the First World War, looked after the family. My other sister Adela (born 1908) completed elementary education and helped our father in his work.

Both of my sisters, together with their families, survived the war. Part of my mother's family perished in Jasenovac and Đakovo, while those who survived emigrated to Israel and various other countries.

During the First World War there was great scarcity in Sarajevo, but my mother somehow managed so that we always had something to eat, even if only polenta. We were fortunate that my father returned from the First World War. Life had to be organized again. However, during that period trouble came from a direction from which it was least expected. The Sephardic Jews, who had settled in Bosnia and Herzegovina in the sixteenth century, began a campaign against the Ashkenazi Jews who had arrived with the Austro-Hungarian occupiers. They believed that when the occupation ended, these newcomers should leave as well. The campaign grew to such proportions that many people, including our parents, began selling all their movable property, thinking they might have to leave Sarajevo. The entire campaign subsided as suddenly as it had flared up.

In September 1919 my father took me to school. I belonged to the first generation that began elementary education in the new state, the Kingdom of Serbs, Croats, and Slovenes. My parents were hardworking and thrifty people whose lives were devoted to work and raising their children. Their wish was to educate their children and provide them with a basic direction in life. We were a close-knit family bound by many ties, characterized by mutual closeness, my father's strictness, and my mother's kindness and tenderness. Shared family gatherings for lunch and dinner were obligatory. Each of us had our permanent place at the table, which was always neatly set.

My parents were not devout, but they essentially observed the most important Jewish customs. I should try to explain what I mean by this. First of all, special hygiene was maintained in the kitchen so that the dishes used for "milk meals" were not mixed with those used for "meat meals." Pork and pork products never entered the kitchen or our menu, yet my mother countless times gave me money with the remark that I should buy myself a bread roll with ham.

On Fridays my mother baked two white loaves called *barhes*. One was prepared for Friday evening — a braided loaf made of four or five strands — and the other, intended for Saturday lunch, was sprinkled with poppy seeds and consisted of seven or eight small rolls surrounded by a single ring. For Saturday morning breakfast, a milk bread called *milhbrot* was usually prepared. No cooking was done on Saturday; it had been completed the day before. If it was necessary to light a fire for reheating food or warming the apartment, a woman from the neighborhood would come and do it.

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Photo

Nenad Radosevic parents: mother Hermina and father Simon

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On Friday evening the table was set ceremonially. At the first twilight my mother lit the candles and recited a prayer. She placed the *barhes* on the table, covered it with a cloth, put out salt, a silver cup for wine or a glass for brandy, and the other utensils needed for dinner on a white tablecloth. At the appointed time we all gathered for dinner. The men had their heads covered with their hats. My father would pour a small glass of brandy, recite a short prayer which we listened to while standing, say "amen," and then we would sit down. He would remove the cloth from the *barhes*, cut a piece, dip it in the salt, say a short blessing of thanks, and bring a small piece to his mouth. He then distributed pieces of the *barhes* to the others present.

After that the dinner began. In winter it was most often fish, usually carp prepared in the Polish manner, cooked in aspic, or in warmer weather baked or fried fish such as mullet or another type. From Risto Banduković, a neighbor who had his own bakery and excellent brandy, I would bring brandy or beer in mugs. After the fish we usually had plum compote or something similar.

On Friday evening or Saturday we did not go to the synagogue. However, when I was in the lower grades of secondary school we were released from school on Saturdays so that we could go to the synagogue. Sometimes we went, but more often we went to the Sarajevo museum, which was very well organized and arranged. In our parents' house the Jewish New Year, Yom Kippur, and Passover were observed in a certain way. On those days we went to the synagogue, in the evening before the holiday and the following morning. Special dishes were prepared and the clothes worn on those days were festive.

All of us together formed a large, good, and respected family in the environment in which we lived and worked. In 1941 that did not prevent criminals from destroying almost the entire family in an inhuman manner. In that year twenty-two members of my closest family were taken away, including my father, mother, and brother. None of them returned.

My brother Iso completed his studies of architecture in Zagreb in 1925. After working in several places he went to Prague, where he met his future wife Kete, a doctor of philosophy and the mother of my niece Rea, now married under the surname Živković.

Our older sister Lina, after completing secondary school, trained as a dental technician. After finishing her training she worked in a Sarajevo clinic in Koševo. The head of the clinic was named Polaček. I think my sister mastered the work quite well and occasionally did it privately at home.

Sometime around 1923, through Iso, she met—perhaps by chance, perhaps intentionally—a certain young man, Josef Maestro, an employee of the Jewish Bank in Sarajevo. As their meetings became more frequent, we noticed that after their walks he would escort her home only as far as the bridge on the Miljacka near our house. This was done for several reasons. One of them was that he was Sephardic and we were Ashkenazi. At that time the antagonism still existed: two communities, two newspapers, separate charitable and social organizations, two cemeteries, different traditions—and the tension was even increasing. It must be emphasized, however, that all these divisions and disputes existed mainly within the older generation. The younger people had largely freed themselves from them.

Their relationship gradually deepened. Our family accepted him, and they were married in May 1926 in the oldest Sephardic synagogue in Sarajevo.

They had two sons—David-Dino and Icko. In 1940, when David was thirteen years old, he was sent with other children to Palestine. Later they and other children from Yugoslavia founded the kibbutz Sha'ar HaAmakim.

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Photo

Reiss/Rajs family photo 1928

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Adela, my younger sister—beautiful, somewhat coquettish and quite self-confident—remained at home after finishing school and helped our father in his business. She got along very well with our brother Iso, and in the family it was often said that Adela and Iso were close in the same way that Lina and I were. The logic of age differences somehow pointed to that.

After a short acquaintance Adela married Branko Polić (Pollak) from Daruvar. He worked in Zenica as secretary of the steelworks. They had two children—Dragutin and Mirjam-Mira.

I should say something about myself as well.

After finishing elementary school, I attended a four-year civic school and, after passing the differential examination, transferred to the Real Gymnasium in 1927. During the last three years I sat in class with Erich Koš, who distinguished himself in the literary section of our school. Koš later became a significant literary figure and a member of the Serbian Academy of Sciences and Arts. In our class we students got along well. There were Serbs, Croats, and by religion Orthodox Christians, Roman Catholics, Muslims, and Jews. We all felt like brothers and it never occurred to anyone to make any kind of distinction.

In the final year of gymnasium, Erich Koš and I decided to study chemistry and chemical technology. We decided to study in Prague, and I arranged with my friend Emerik Blum that we would live together. I enrolled in chemistry at the German Technical University. I took my studies very seriously and worked diligently, but despite that I still found time to attend the opera, concerts, and other cultural events.

*Emerik Blum had been imprisoned in the Jasenovac camp and after the war became the long-time director of the large Sarajevo company Energoinvest, later a mayor of Sarajevo.*

When Hitler came to power in 1933 the atmosphere gradually began to change. At first it was restrained, but later our Sudeten German colleagues began to adopt Hitler's National Socialist principles as their own political orientation.

I met my future wife Anika by chance in 1935 at the Yugoslav embassy in Prague, where she had come to certify a document.

I graduated in June 1936. After returning home to Sarajevo I went to Varaždin for practical training in the textile industry. I completed my military service in 1936–1937 in Kragujevac. After finishing my service I decided to work in my father's workshop, which included a dyeing facility and a chemical cleaning shop.

In the period from 1931 to 1941 life in our family proceeded along lines that could be called normal and predictable. Despite the world economic crisis, which had not yet fully manifested itself in our country, there was noticeable business progress. My father's enterprise developed well, especially after I joined the work following the completion of my studies.

The general political situation was becoming increasingly difficult. German fascism was growing more aggressive. First the Sudeten regions fell, and then Austria was annexed. All of this represented a threat to us.

I remained in regular contact with Anika, who at that time lived in Zagreb and studied modern ballet. In the autumn of 1938, as a foreign citizen, she was required to leave the country, so in October we married in an accelerated procedure. The ceremony was performed by the chief rabbi Dr. Gavro Švarc (Schwartz).

After Anika completed her studies we settled in Sarajevo, and in our new apartment she opened a school of modern ballet. In the autumn of 1939 Oskar Danon met with Anika and Bora Drašković, and later with Daniel Ozmo, Vojo Dimitrijević, E. Blum, and others, and together they founded "Collegium Artisticum" as a section of the Sarajevo Philharmonic.

Through "Collegium Artisticum," in whose executive body we served—Anika as artistic associate and I as financial secretary—we participated in an interesting cultural and progressive effort. Through performances based on folk songs, through synthetic artistic expression, and through productions such as *Why Does Little Emma Cry*, as well as through exhibitions, lectures, critical writing, publishing activity, and other forms of work, we attempted to shake Sarajevo from the stagnation in which it had been and to awaken the youth.

We lived in harmony with our family and visited one another often. On Friday evenings and Saturday afternoons Anika and I usually went to my parents' home for lunch or dinner. These gatherings were always very pleasant. All of this was disrupted by the beginning of the Second World War on September 1, 1939. There was unrest in our country, but there remained an (illusory) hope that the war would bypass us. Refugees were arriving from Germany, Austria, and Czechoslovakia, yet it seemed distant to us, something that could not reach us. That was short-sighted.

The following year, 1940, was in many ways similar to the previous one. The *Collegium Artisticum* performance was staged, lectures were held at the People's University—"On Modern Ballet" by Anika and "Picasso as the Greatest Painter of Our Time" by Vojo Dimitrijević. Several events were organized along with the exhibition "Bosnian Village," as well as other cultural manifestations.

The year 1941 began as usual. Ana was working at the school, and I at the dye factory. *Collegium Artisticum* was still very active, the final editing of Nora Fried's book translation was underway, and at the same time rehearsals were being held for a performance under the same title as the book. It was a huge amount of work. Artistically, all the threads were held by Oskar Danon and Ana, then Voja Dimitrijević and Dr. Blum and Šuica Salom worked as electricians, while I acted as treasurer and stage manager during the performance. A large group of students from Ana's ballet school participated in the play.

The performance was held at the beginning of March in the Sarajevo Sokol House. The hall was full. The program included four dramatized stories from Nora Fried's book: "*Why Little Emma Cries*", "*Let the Double Bass Into the Radio*", "*About the Ball That Only Goes into the Opponent's Goal*", and "*Why Birds Sit on Telegraph Wires*". The audience greeted the end of the performance with ovations. The success was complete. Around the same time, the book was also published.

The planned reprise did not take place. Under the influence of the Catholic clergy and other forces, the police prevented the performance of the reprise, as well as the

distribution of the book itself. The police could ban the reprise, but as for the book – almost the entire print run had already been distributed.

The political situation in the country and in Europe became very complicated. After the annexation of Austria, the Germans conquered Poland, France, Denmark, the Netherlands, Belgium, Norway, Czechoslovakia, and through “alliances” all other European countries – so the pressure on our country was very strong. We read the illegal proclamations of the Communist Party, contributed to “red aid,” and were quite aware of the general situation. In the end, emigrants from Germany and Czechoslovakia partially informed us about what Nazism, Hitlerism, and fascism meant in general. We were all worried. However, nothing definite was undertaken; everyday work continued normally, I fear, for the older people without a clear orientation. We younger ones, relying on comrades from party circles, felt safe, having a base that gave us some guidance.

One morning in particular stuck in my memory – it was March 27, 1941. Still not knowing exactly what was happening, I went to the post office and there met Albert Maestre, Josef’s brother. From him, I learned that a coup had taken place in Belgrade, that the Cvetković-Maček government, which had signed the pact of accession to the Tripartite Pact with the Germans, had been overthrown, that General Simović had formed a new government, and finally, that the minor Petar had ascended the throne as King of Yugoslavia. My reaction was: “Well, that means we have a war!” Albert replied: “Better that than the pact.”

We were joyful yet full of anxiety because of the uncertainty ahead. What would the coming days and months bring? None of this boded well.

Despite the government’s peaceful statements regarding the pact with the Germans, mobilization was carried out. Lists were simply read by the authorities, and through acquaintances, people learned they had to join the army. I went to the military district upon the announcement and on April 1, 1941, traveled by train to Herceg Novi, where my mobilization station was. Ana saw me off at the station. By order, I was supposed to go further to Kumbor in the Bay of Kotor, but the commander detained me.

At that time, Herceg Novi, like all towns in the Bay of Kotor, was packed with generals, senior officers, civilians-refugees, thinking that the Allies (who?) would come with their ships to take them in. However, there were no ships. The crowd was indescribable. It was desperate to watch generals and colonels, as well as other dignitaries, hopelessly sitting in candle-lit cafes and restaurants – which once they had been.

Around April 15, the Germans reached Cetinje, the army disbanded, and people wandered aimlessly. In that chaos, Lieutenant Petrović, a professor from Dubrovnik and commander of the Military-Technical Department in Herceg Novi, whom I found there, and I decided to open the warehouses, distribute everything to the army, and disband it. The farewell to the soldiers was very touching. They understood that their release from further duties also meant the end of our state. Since we had civilian clothes, Petrović and I changed and set off. We went on foot, aiming to reach Dubrovnik. When we arrived, we saw the Germans entering Dubrovnik's port. The city was swarming – first the Germans, then the Italians, the Bersaglieri. All sorts of people had gathered, lost and disoriented.

One day, notices appeared in several places in the city, instructing all officers and reserve officers to report to the officers' club for a meeting. Thanks to my intuition, I did not attend that meeting. The next day I learned that all Serbs and Jews had been taken into captivity. There, for the first time, I avoided being taken prisoner. Once rail transport was established, I headed for Sarajevo. The Ustaše were already checking passengers on the train.

I arrived in Sarajevo on April 20 and found everyone at home. All eight of us were in our apartment.

The very next day, we read a notice stating that under the threat of the death penalty, all active and reserve officers must report to a certain barracks for captivity. My sister Adele's husband, Branko, and I packed our bags, said tearful goodbyes, and went to the designated place. There we learned that those working in industry could avoid captivity. I registered as working in the textile industry, received a release, and thus avoided captivity a second time.

For Jews, many restrictions were immediately introduced, and even in my father's company, a trustee was appointed.

A curfew was imposed, yellow armbands, restrictions on obtaining food supplies. Forced labor was also imposed. My father was subjected to it, Ana was picked up from the street twice and sent to work, but I managed to avoid this twice. Since movement was restricted, the family gathered on the terrace of our apartment. We pretended not to worry about the next day – it was still somewhat bearable.

We played cards and various games. Despite all the hardships, I remember those days as beautiful, the last beautiful days, with all of us together.

The oppression was growing ever harsher, and it was difficult to know what was right to do. Ana and I decided to leave Sarajevo. We had the possibility, through previously established party connections, to go into the "forest," but that connection failed due to some misunderstanding. We then decided to use the invitation of Ana's sister Micika and her husband Karlo to go to them in Split, which was under Italian rule.

Our exit from Sarajevo and the whole journey were organized by Micika and Karlo through a man, a police agent, which we only later learned when a large group of people he was leading was arrested.

By the same route, my sister Lina with her husband and son Icko also managed to escape.

Around the end of September, we learned that all our relatives had been taken to Loborgrad, but after a week they were returned to Sarajevo. Our parents believed that no one had harmed them and did nothing to save themselves. As it turns out, this was fatal.

Later, in Split, we learned that by the end of November all our relatives had been definitively taken: my father and Iso to Jasenovac, my mother, Kete, and Rea to Đakovo. Father and uncle were taken to Gradina, where they were shot and thrown into the Sava River. Iso worked in the drawing office of engineer Picilli in Jasenovac. He was killed on the night between April 21 and 22, 1945, just before the end of the war.

Our mother, with Kete and Rea, ended up in the Đakovo camp, guarded by Volksdeutsche, while the Jewish community from Osijek supplied food. The Osijek community managed to rescue several children from the camp. Through Julija Kraus, daughter of Osijek's chief rabbi Dr. Ungar, Rea was brought to Osijek to the family of Dr. Vilim and Julija Šmukler. Later, she went with them, their two daughters, and another girl from the camp to Bosnia, to Gračanica, where Dr. Šmukler worked in a campaign to combat endemic syphilis.

Our mother died of exhaustion in June 1942 in Đakovo, where she was buried in the Jewish cemetery. Kete also perished in Đakovo.

In Split, I worked (voluntarily) in a chemical-diagnostic laboratory, where I had the opportunity to make various incendiary mixtures for sabotage operations. We established contact with the National Liberation Movement, received their propaganda material, and participated in various actions.

Once our illegal work was discovered, we used our connections and in mid-August 1942 went to territory controlled by the Partisans. Our departure from Split was very well organized, and we arrived safely in liberated territory. We were warmly received by the Partisans. As soon as we arrived, we had to set off with a group of Partisans and after several days of marching reached the newly liberated Livno.

At the headquarters of the IV Operational Zone, we received our assignments: Ana to the cultural-artistic team, and I to the quartermaster service as deputy chief. There we were given lice for the first time, which was a shock, but we later got used to it.

In the mess hall, we were to give our names. While standing in line, Ana suggested we change our names. She gave me the name I used at the time – Nenad Radošević. I think that was useful and wise under the circumstances. Later, after liberation, we legalized this change with the authorities.

I was given my first task: to make military uniforms from about ten confiscated wagons of raw wool. This was a huge job, requiring constant movement along the Livno–Glamoč–Drvar–Petrovac route to organize women to complete the work as quickly as possible. Everything had to be done in “people’s workshops”: washing and carding the wool, weaving, dyeing, and sewing the clothing. Fortunately, thanks to the dedication of many wonderful women, the work was successfully completed. In Glamoč, I often stayed overnight with a kind old lady, Baba Milka, with whom I became friends. Ana also recovered there after surviving malaria. Later, when the Ustaše temporarily occupied Glamoč, this kind old lady was slaughtered.

In the National Liberation Army, I was assigned numerous and varied tasks, mostly in the quartermaster service, often disrupted by enemy offensives. Ana and I participated together in the IV, V, VI, and VII offensives. Each was particularly difficult, exhausting, accompanied by hunger, carried out in deep snow and freezing temperatures. The offensives were burdened with disease, especially typhus, wounded soldiers, and deaths, but, importantly, we were full of optimism and firmly believed in the ultimate success of our struggle.

The offensives we endured were marked by constant movement, regardless of the weather – warm or cold, rain or snow, through open fields or wilderness, by day or night. Night marches, especially without moonlight, were particularly difficult for me, as I could barely see in the dark.

During the IV enemy offensive in March 1943, when we were moving toward the Neretva River, after the third sleepless night, I sat down and fell asleep. My division moved on, leaving me alone. Exhausted, I began to hallucinate. I remember seeing a

huge barracks with soldiers inside, heading toward it, only to suddenly find myself in dense bushes. I thought it was a vision. Then I saw a beautiful street, walked to a house, became entangled in shrubs – and continued like this from house to house until dawn, until I woke from the cold. Fortunately, nearby I encountered a battalion of my division. I experienced similar hallucinations several more times in eastern Bosnia.

During the war, Ana and I were not together, but we met several times – once in Livno, then Glamoč, Bosanski Petrovac, and elsewhere. During the V enemy offensive on Zelengora, I came across the National Liberation Theater and its members, including Ana. She was starving and weak. I remember giving her a small piece of meat I had in my pack. After another meeting in eastern Bosnia, we reunited only in liberated Belgrade at the end of October 1944.

I feel the need to recount one more story. During the battles, while crossing the Piva River, I came across my relative Haini Singer and teacher Vajs from Sarajevo. At first, I did not recognize them. They were sitting on a clearing, extremely weak after surviving typhus. They were looking for food, common for typhus survivors. I told them to follow me along a steep and inaccessible canyon of the Piva River so we could reach the river where we had livestock, milk, and other supplies. I went ahead, hoping they would follow, crossed an improvised bridge, and returned via a small rubber boat. In the great chaos, with many soldiers and sick people, I did not see them. At that moment, a notice arrived that the rubber boat would return one last time. Soon after, the Germans arrived and killed everyone they found in the group.

Under such conditions – the conditions of war and constant movement, without a stable and secure base – even being slightly ill or wounded posed a great risk to survival, despite all care for the sick and wounded, given the limitations of treatment and transport.

However, the war inevitably produced a large number of wounded every day. Our medical corps cared for them and performed miracles under the conditions in which they worked. Amputations were often performed without anesthesia. Afterward, recovery in Partisan conditions was particularly difficult and slow. In addition to the wounded, we had to care for the sick who suffered from typical wartime illnesses – typhus, malaria, vitamin deficiencies, and similar diseases.

Sometime in April 1943, near the end of the IV offensive, in Kifino Selo near Nevesinje, I was reassigned and immediately upon arriving in the new unit fell ill with typhus, which was unequivocally confirmed. I was placed in a peasant's house, where the host cared for me and fed me well.

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*Photo*

*Nenad with his wife Ana, 1970*

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I spent the last year of my active wartime service in the battles for entry into Serbia. We entered Kragujevac on October 21, 1944 – exactly on the day, three years earlier, when the Germans had killed 4,000 citizens, including entire classes of high school students with their teachers.

By order of the Supreme Headquarters at the end of October 1944, I entered the newly liberated Belgrade with the task of organizing the Institute for the Production of Military Clothing and Footwear for the National Liberation Army of Yugoslavia. Later, in February 1945, I was transferred to the newly formed Department of Military Industry of the Ministry of National Defense, where I remained until 1948.

In September 1948, I moved to the Central Military-Technical Laboratory, where I worked as the director of the institution until my retirement in March 1970.

In liberated Belgrade at the end of October 1944, I learned that Ana was also there, together with members of the National Liberation Theater. We were happy to be together again after the difficult years of the war.

Rea, with the Šmukler family, arrived in Belgrade in April 1945 and stayed with us.

In Belgrade, Ana established a ballet school and worked at the National Theater as a director and choreographer.