

VERN GOMEZEL

# MY LIFE

Mr. Gomize G.

### Introduction.

Who ever is going to read this writing, my rightly say: this hasn't been written by a English person, there for not a presumption against it.

English language I begin to practice on the ship that brought Carol and Me to Australia. Actually a young Italian man; Him self infant in the English language, gathers us together, and taught us the simple question and answers, like what is the time, where is such and such street. Please, thanks etc. While being for about two weeks or so in Bonegilla camp waiting for employment, all new comers were daily invited or requested to visit a certain shed that was used for teaching the simplest English for beginners.

After commencing work, first ten or so years in Australia, most of the time, have been working with mostly non English speaking people. Yugoslav, Italian, Ukrainian, Polish etc. and could converse with them all. Of course there were Australia's too but as usual, couldn't converse in any subject if not competent in the language, on the other side felt shay knowing that I am incapable of proper expression and would finish up being ridiculed. Then in the fifties the Australians especially man wore far from friendly and cooperative with so call New Australian, they resented foreign people and tongues.

Some English I learn from books, like: English for beginners.

Most I learn by reading daily News paper and books and latter conversing with Australians, but even after fifty years I steel have difficulty finding proper words, quick enough, as to form a normal and satisfied conversation.

I am ashamed to confess that I have problem finding words in my mother language.

In another word: I am not talking the mother language for luck of practice and have not learned enough English, to be taken for Australian means: I don't know any tongue.

When speaking in English they noticing My accent, they ask: Where you came from? Visiting native Country Slovenia, people noticed some deficiency in My expression, so they ask: are you Slovenian? because You do not talk properly Slovenian, You must be from some where also. So, I ask My self. What I am?. Do not know.

With the help of three Dictionary: English- Slovene, Slovene- English and Italian Slovene, I modestly accomplished the task with out any assistance, but some advises, from our daughter Vivienne that advise me to write in English; the way I would write in mine own Mother language. Other ways no assistance, hardly family, inspiration.

Vern Gomizel.

Many time though to write my life event, but for lack of time and resources I could not decide a commencing time.

Probably lack of readiness and out of preparedness.

May wife Carol and I arrive to this Country of Australia poor as the Church mises: with out a single cent of our own. All we had; plenty of will power to start a new life doing any work any where.

So any free time after our rutin work was used for financial, social and house preparedness. We wore striving to adapt to the Country and people and be part of successful or at least average Australian society.

Not necessary wealthy just average and comfortable. Being of such nature and character, We did want to assimilated with the Australian and their way of life, but first priority; a reasonably and comfortable life for our self's. There for; spare no sacrifice, first for own comfort and our children when they eventually eventuate. Both of us proud by character, but being poor and homeless would fill uncomfortable and degraded among; a general population. There for; was no time for story writing, nor was there much time for personal and luxurious entertainment, no mention; going out to restaurant except; going out at Slovenian National functions; dancing singing that took place; probably six or more times per year.

Of course; We wore visiting old and new friends, have visitors our self etc.

In about ten years, all friends and acquaintances poses a small house and a car.

Still very young and energetic for further life and baseness advances.

Us and all our friends by then had one or two little children

At Weak ends We all met and together organise some sort of gathering, going out with children to country side, have Pick nicks. etc.

By then Slovenian community Clubs wore established, so even bigger, in hundreds of Us gather around Country sides and Club place. Every think in moderation.

Hardly e weak pass by that wouldn't, all together go some where to the Country site where among our self, means: Slovenian would have a really good time. Happy life with friends and acquaintances was very much appreciated.

All described entertainment or good time cost no more then buy petrol for the car and little of alcohol.

I must stress: alcohol was at all times used with precaution and moderation. Food was prepared individually at homes or together and brought it to the gathering, pick nick or what ever you want to called it. Our children and friends children grew and ply together are now scattered all over the world but mostly are still friendly and in touch.

Even then was encouraged to write My mostly bit sad silly memories.

Frequently thought to write all down. Occasionally would tell may past experiences to acquainted people and friends or my kits when grown up and could understand.

Few people suggested to compose it down, because it is interesting and exclusive.

Main problem was: undetermined to start and even if I would comments writing I wasn't sure how to resolve and what should be the appropriate line of the story. On the other side, I couldn't foresee, if my life would really be interested, but when ever I thought about, it gave me the persuasion to recorded, because was rather sad and very unique with moving experience. Same time full of sad and nostalgic moments.

Our daughter Vivienne still at high school ask me to write same of my past events, which I done by dictating on a type recorder. From there; she manage to write her school Assay, which; according the school authority was successful.

Actually the school administration saved Vivienne's Assay and at the new term; returned it back to her.

Described event gave me the encouragement, my be one day, I thought, when I will have enough time and patience, shall write every think.

Many years went by, actually a span of nearly fifty years and still no story. We became pensioners and still nothing, till begin to travel around the Continent of Australia.

As pensioners with my Wife Carol often; mostly by the bus have been touring around Australia. Among many bus drivers; one was: an ex. school teacher. Us passengers were all retired, first generation migrant that arrived after; second world war. Every one of us went through different war events. Mostly sad and sorry stories. The mention driver suggested to all of us: why don't every one of you; write your own life stories, I am sure; they will be very interesting. This suggestion also gave me the encouragement to start and record my past life.

After more than forty years in this Country accidentally happen.

At the Slovenian Community Club at the occasion of the yearly Club Assembly, I was; sort of push or rather elected: Club Secretary. Of course, this was not the first time, I was elected in the Committee.

In the sixties I was Club President, but then was no; such thing as today's, existing Computers.

This time as the Club secretarial position in the electronic modern time I was in need of a Computer, which I did not have. Lucky for me, Vivienne our daughter by then not a student but school Teacher; purchased for her self a new Computer and gave me the old one. This shall after all give me the first chance, to start writing my story or my autobiography.

As mention I was retired from permanent work. Had some experience typing, but last time I used the type writer was in 1946. that was way back in Ljubljana. You will read all about in latter narration.

Any way, then I was much younger and movable, now I am much older and clumsier then in 1946.

As I begin to type slowly with a single finger I notice; even that I never touch a type writer or a Computer for fifty years I could still with easy find the where about of the letters, but clumsiness slow me down. As I was attempting to press on the appropriate letter many times was looking at one, but strike the wrong one on the left or right side, means: **DELETE** button was used much to often for my liking, but given my self ample passion and time as Secretary in the Club Committee; wrote all that was needed, plus many articles for the community magazine.

The Editor of the magazine: Slovenski Vesnik: Sandra Karnel wrote: **even an old dog, { she mend me } can be taught new tricks.**

Yes, one will power can accomplish unforeseen results. I am very convinced about mention slogan. Mentioned alteration means: **Club Secretary** gave me the opportunity and means to achieve my long desired goal: to write my past event. Will same body be interested in it? Wishful, our daughter Vivienne and our son Henry and descents, I hope they will appreciate their paternity. My self shall, for the rest of my life have the satisfaction remind my self of mostly bitter past, which was caused; mostly by my self because I was stubborn, also sincere and naive, or too many times thought that I am smarter then others.

At the end of unfortunate events I ascertain; that others were smarter, because under then Yugoslav political circumstances, they knew how and when, what to talk at the apparent time. Most probably they were better informed.

For latter clarification of events I like to explain the political, social and national changes at our native geographical position.

We came from the Province of Trieste, inhabited; predominantly by Italian folks, while the suburbia and the whole of the Province is inhabited by Slovenian population. My self and Carol were both born on the Slovenian side.

Mentioned territory or Region was changing regimes and political system every time a shooting war ended.

I would warn the reader, not to be confused with so many mention nationality and regimes.

Regimes kept changing, but the territory was; constantly call: Province of Trieste. By saying that, my parents were Nationally Slovenian, born during **Austro-Hungarian Empire**, there for born as Austrian. My self and my wife Carol were born during **Italian Fascist domination**, there for born as **Italians** After the end of second world war; 1945 till 1957 the City of Trieste and part of the province where us two were born was under **British-American** protection. Most probably; during mention time, us two had no Citizenship at all. From 1947 onward We belong to **Socialist Yugoslavia**, there for: **citizens of Yugoslavia**. We came or escape; from Yugoslavia to the British- American territory. From there with few manoeuvre, you will read all about.

In 1951 migrated to Australia where ever since reside and became Citizens of Australia in 1956.

Mention territory that every European Country **want** had changed again in 1991 to became part of Republic of Slovenia, consequence of permitted referendum in 1991; when 85% of Slovenian population chose to option from Yugoslavia.

So, since 1992. Slovenia is ruled by democratic elected government and is call: **Republic of Slovenia**. If My self and My Wife Carol would be still at the old native home, We would be **Slovenian citizen**.

Wonder if I made any sense regarding our Nationhood.

Last mention sentence labelled us: people with constant changing custom and cultures, changing regimes with contradicting ISMS. From **Austro- Hungarian Imperial Regime** to **Italian Kingdom**, latter to **Italian Fascism**, following by **Nazism** and finally to **Yugoslav Communism** and forty years latter: thanks; **Democracy**. Up till now; hope fully I clear Our National and political position.

Let start my intended life story.

I am; fourth and last child in the family. Son of a farmers in the village of then only 60 odd farmers, now much less farmers but much more dwellers, about 350 in all. My deceased oldest brother Henry: born 1920. past away; in 1996.

widowed sister Gizela, born in 1923, living at the place where she moved after her marriage. She is: still healthy and happy with plenty sense of humours.

Last time I saw my Sister in 2006 and again 2007 both times; Carol and I wore touring Europe and visiting Slovenia.

Have one more brother; Franc: born in 1924. Franc is living in Melbourne not far from our residence, married with two sons.

**My mother:** Only child, born and married at the same property. Psychically cold in manner like my self. Hard worker and religiously; enthusiastic catholic. Clergyman was representing ingenuity and persons to be trusted.

She was very delighted, if we all went on Sunday to the big church mass, but very upset if any of the family did not attend the service and even more frustrated if some family member would miss: Easter confession.

On the home kitchen bread oven, she would at all time keep a half metre or so long, slender piece of birch. She never hesitated flogging us, or regretted for doing it. Up bringing us; specially me, with full blow of the birch. She did not choice to strike a particular part of the body, *say back side*, but beat, as I span, like to the tune of music. She would strike which ever part of body was facing the slender birch. This was the manner to assure life integrity on earth and affirmation for eternal life guarantee in heaven.

I would stress, that Mum beating and constant treat of it, did not really effect my behaviours, or was I used to it, so much, as was I used to the every day pray, which for me did not make any sense. Probably was my pig headiness born in me, that to this day has not abandon me.

In spite of Mum hard work in the field and home;[ looking after home animal: chicken, pigs, cows acc.] She would persist in winter evening praying. She would

pray ahead because no body else was prepared to do it, and the rest of the family; would follow, just to satisfy her persistence.

In the kitchen was a big cooker, where during winter time the whole family were sitting around to keep our body warm. When prying Mum would seat on the cooker at the end, next to the hot water container with Her legs on the stool [ *because was worm* ] and pray ahead. The rest of the family seated on the stool and leaning on the cooker and follow Mum's recitation. She was naturally tied from every day routine; house and farms work. No wonder that every ten or so recitation in that sitting position; she would fall asleep, still seating up, no word audible, just balancing and swinging. For us kids, it was extremely funny. We were hardly expecting it, especially my self being the youngest and childish was waiting to happen for the sake, of a good laughter. As Shi was swinging full rounds but no words, grand Mother would suddenly call: Tona - Tona .[ *Mum name was Tony* ] Mum would awake and continue to carry on with Her recitation, like nothing unusual has happened.

As mentioned, the pray only lasted about twenty minutes, to us; it seems it was going on for a whole night, very boring event.

**My father by name:** Henry arrived to the house by marriage to my mother. In Slovenia, we call it: ZET: Son in law to my grand parents. He was broad minded, a military cadet in the Austrian army. First world war began; sooner then his Army course accomplishment. Sent to the Russian front; as corporal, where he was on the first day of fighting; wounded to the leg.

Captured by the Russian soldiers and for a short period has been as P.O.W. and soon released at liberty, as civilian.

A captured Slovene from the Austrian army was for the Imperial Russia not been considered an enemy, therefore, Hi was working as civilian on the farms of choice where he learnt Russian language.

German language Hi learnt at school and in the Austrian army. Italian learnt while working in Trieste and his Mother language, plus fairly good Serbo- Croatian. So My Father was equip with five tongues. He was conscious of his Slovenian national belonging, therefore felt contempt toward all bigger and greedy nation that surrounded small Slovenia, [ *Italians, Germans, Hungarian and Croatian* ] all with the same goal; to nationally; annihilate little Slovenia.

**Father was good narrator or story teller.** Us kids: would ask him again and again to tell his adventure and experience. When telling us events that happens at the Russia war front and latter leaving and working in Russia among the Russian population; he would tell what the Russian man or woman told him in Russian, language then He would immediately translate every word to us in Slovenian; or telling us events from Germany or Italy; same thing. First He would tell us every word in Italian or German then every word translate to Slovenian:

He say so ( Italian, German or Russian ) and I said so. Again: He said so and I answered so, and so on. etc. etc.

Combination of all these foreign and Slovenian words and contents, about Father's past experience, gave me the impression, my father must have been; the cleverest man on this Planet.

All his stories I do remember to this day, as they would be told only a couple weeks ago. I wa proud of him and had a great respect for his physical look, behaviour and what he believed. He was a good singer. Knew to ply chess, ply on harmonica, but not as good the piano accordion, as I do. He would use the talent at people's gathering on happy occasion.. When young, what I could not remember, was singing in the church but I could not remember, I was too young, but I can remember Him; teaching the village Club chorus.

He never maltreated or beat me, but once. On one occasion, I was mischievous to my cousin coursing embarrassment to my Father. Consequently may father gave me couple of slaps over the face. That was only time I was castigated by my Father. During the week Hi would work in the field except Sunday afternoon, he would usually go to the village tavern playing bocce and have a drink.

I my say; that was all satisfaction a village farmer could have on a Sunday afternoon to go out and have a bit of fun, other wise nothing, but farm work.

I admit, he was very good at bocce. Was far around well known for bocce competition, just for one point; missed the Regional Championship.

When under little influence of alcohol and that would be on Sunday after the bocce game was over I would many times walk Him home, usually little under the influence of alcohol. On the way home would court me by telling: how much he like me, I am cleverer and should stay home, take over the property and carry on the name. I was very impressed and did; very much like the comments and receive it as compliments, because I was not used to attractive words, **but with all respect for the Father, my conscience; couldn't permit an empty promise**, because I never like to work the land, particularly with so limited available means for the cultivation and for such modest life. My desire goes back when still a little child. **Probably was my father him self, the strongest influence over me** for wanting to go, to the world, because of his stories.

I simply felt that out in the world; must be a better life, where **one is rewarded for the consciousness and effort**. Not like mother and clergy preaching and insistent that during life duration one have only to work and obey. Never dispute the Gods faith, because God is the only one, who knows what right and what is wrong. Even more degrading was the Mother believe that; **for every scrap of bread, we have the duty obligation to give full gratitude to God**, forget our hard afford to acquire, like that We do not deserve it, with out first; glorifying the God, and by doing it, We still own to **pray for our soul and beg forgiveness for the committed sins**, which we are continually fully loaded.

It is evident, that by staying home and work the land, I would have to overcome many misunderstanding, especially the wide difference between my Mothers religious persistence and dedication and my self that could, t care about the religious obligation.

**I was born in January 1928**, during the coldest month ever recorded. Stormy and snowy condition, with temperature: 28 bellow zero The bed room was not heated, therefore all the buildings are made of stone; 75 centimetre thick with small windows to prevent cold and heat entry in the building. Up to that stage; there was no electric light either. [The event of my berth was told to my wife Carol in early sixties, during my father visit to Australia.] As Father described: May Mother was kneeling beside the bed with hard labour in pitch darkness. The father was laying in bed not knowing or not wanting to do any thing or was the old fashion tradition where man was not supposed to be involve with such matter. After long waiting, suffering and moaning, finally at about two o'clock in the morning, my Father hear a bang on the wooden floor. **That bang happens; when I fell with my head first, from my mothers womb, on to the wooden floor. That a convincing good reason; way I am so stubborn.**

**First think after been born; fell on My head.**

**My Mother pick me up, wrap me in clean cloth and lye in bed till daylight**, when a women equip; no more then a pair of scissor and good will has been call and done what little she knew about: midwifery.

In the next couple of days; my mother was back at work, like that nothing unusual happen. Typical farms country woman, thous days treated not much better then cattle. Probably; if lucky have been rewarded with a couple bowls of chicken sup but hardly some think more rewarding. Doctor? `convalescence Never heard of such luxury.

Us kits; were no baby linen, had no baby food and special weekly nursery attention of today standard but ate; mostly farm produce, play and eat with cats, chicken, piglets and all other animal. Probably eating a lot of animal drooping and who knows what also? No one was preoccupied about it. because the God delivers

children to the World and God takes them to Heaven as He select. So way worry about children's health. Here is an old saying: only the strongest survive.

Thanks! At my eightieth and over I have never been seriously sick. My personal opinion is: that I am still physically and mentally fit. Correct me if I am wrong. My precious wife Carol, four and half years junior have also gone through hard times, yet thank, Her physical and mental fitness is excellent. She as well have never been seriously sick.

I am not bragging, but Carol takes good care of me and Her self, or is the help from good nature and God.

**As I already mention, I was born under Italian Fascist regime**, which with persisted demand to deny our nationhood, national past and identity and with force intrude to use the one and only language: Italian.

Was nothing really wrong with their Italian culture and language, but We got our own language and culture that is; as dear to us, as theirs own to them.

**I do not intend to be political or nationalistic**, only want to mention, that under Italian regime; between; first and second world war, the Slovenian population were very displeased with their nationalistic and chauvinistic behaviour. **They change our names and surnames**, force us at school and in every official place, latter from 1940, even on the village street to talk only Italian, which the general population, didn't even know.

I will mention one example: at school during lunch time, even that all of us kids wore Slovenian, were forbidden among our self to use our mother language.

The Italian teacher appointed a Slovenian pupil as supervisor, with the list of names of all of us, with instruction: any one using the mother tongue would get a tick for every word, following his name on the list.

Many pupil would rather not talk, for fear of reprisal.

My character tend to be revolting in seeing wrong dealing, therefore I kept saying; Slovenian or dialect words. Mentioned teacher's dummy has enjoyed him self adding more ticks on the list of names. On the termination of lunch time, the list of offenders would be presented to the teacher. The ticks were counted and as usual I was the worst offender with 36 ticks following my name. The teacher happily pick up a ordinary school writing book with 36 pages and presented to me by saying:

Gomicellil { Italian version for my original sir name: Gomizel } for tomorrow home work, you write all 36 pages and in every line: *a scuola si parla soltanto in Italiano. [ at school ! you only speak Italian.]* Like it or not I was busy writing all after noon and evening. With my temper I would normally revolt but my father did strictly demand to continue on and do as I was directed by the fascist teacher, because only few weeks before, My father was threaten by same teacher, for singing in Slovenian in a public place. Just imagine? **How humiliating for the wholly family not able to resist; without being persecuted.**

**Naturally, us kids knew our parents resentment toward the regime**, therefore felt obliged, to be mischievous. Then was war time, Italian loses and retreat at front lines were received with great satisfaction.

**September 1943, at my age of fifteen and half, thank goodness; fascist . Italy crumbled.** We all cheerfully greeted the unconditional surrender of our Italian Monarchy because we had enough of the Italian nationalistic pressure, wanting us; to became good and loyal Italian.

They mistakenly judges us. They forgot that we have been born on hard rock ground, therefore hard as rock to change us by force to same thing, we are not prepared to accept.

Soon after Italian capitulation, the Slovenian partisan or anti Fascist gorilla fighter or rebels, that have been already illegally active for last two years, just poor from every where; encouraging young boys and girls to join in. At the same time; on all available walls; busy glued propaganda slogan: *[ borba za svobodo, demokracijo in kruh ] FIGHT FOR LIBERTY, DEMOCRACY AND BREAD.* My self being; by nature bit of adventurer, made a great impression on me. I only need a hint from



some one, a bit of encouragement and I would join and be part of the elite, yet looking at the glued slogan I have not; actually knew the meaning of two words: **LIBERTY and DEMOCRACY**, probably; because under fascist regime, such words were by all means offensive, therefore; never heard of it, but the word: **BREAD**, sound more then attractive. Fight for bread? by all means, was most important. The other two words; for the time being had no meaning, wore not important at all.

When the reader of my story, will get; half way across the book will be surprise when found how important for me and every other citizen the two not understood world shall became. { liberty and democracy }

Here and there I hinted to the Father that I would like to join the partisans or rebels, as the Italian name them, but my Father was precautionary warning me; it is too soon, the war is going to last for many more years, it is life threatening etc. For Father sake resisted four month, after that couldn't restrain any longer, How stupid of Me. So in December 1943 against my father wish, My passion run out.

For fear of own consequence, Which I was not aware of, Father had no courage to stop Me. So I join; the [rebels] partisans. My narrow mind was telling me that the second world war, would not terminate with out my participation. The fact was: I seen an escape from home work, to same thing adventuress as well important amid a large concourse of people.

Very few dare to be adverse to the partisans activity, even my father was very precautionary; doubtful about partisan activity, probably because of Russian revolution where him self participate and seen the consequence of Communism. In a mild way, Father did try to persuade me; not to join the partisans or rebels. German call us bandits.

The partisan's organisation was not really voluntary, as one or My self on the outside would presume. This struggle for independence was lead; from underground by the ruthless Communist Party, which supervise every aspect of it. Any one opposing it or only try the persuasive way to stop one from joining it, was in serious trouble, even murdered.

Of course I was too young to notice the Communist cunning and my father for safety reason didn't dare to revel it to me.

I like to describe mention; rather frail struggle for National liberation.

As partisans, we fought like; Luis the local ex. pre war post man was telling me, soon after the war. I was listening. with caution when Luis was telling Me like this: Every time our partisan's Brigade went over the river Soča in to the Slovenska Benečija province; We render the German to run.

I knew; when the partisan went over the mention river the German were already waiting for the Partisans because the local Italian mix with the Slovenian population, did look down upon the Slovenian partisan, there for wore treacherous toward the Partisans. Here I told Luis: stop ! Do not go farther and said: where did the German run? After us; of course; Luis humorously explain. Luis tally was very logical way of describing the national liberation war for freedom, democracy and bread. In another word; our purpose have been; just to cause a stir to the German, also where possible; causing damage to structure like; railways and road bridges, castles and other structure to prevent the enemy the use of it.

In 1999 I have been back in native Slovenia the forth time. This time I went with the intention of visiting the remains of castles, which us partisans have during the war been so diligently demolishing.

Never before have I saw the castles in spite, that have been so close to it. The nearest was barren 11 kilometre away. I personally have not been part of demolishing team but participated. When I saw the damage which is still evident in spite that part have been repaired, I felt like crying, even guilty. What indescribable historical and ethical damage. So to say: We fought for so call: democracy and

freedom, without to lose one's consciousness or remorse, to destroy own structure like there is no tomorrow as Huns in the fifth century.

Let go back to the fierce fight. I join the partisan the day before Christmas. {One month before my sixteen birthday, } in the next village call Tomaj. I join the forth battalion of Kosovel Brigade, where have been other ten or more man from the same village; Kriš. Even there; although I wasn't a military experienced person soon notice, there was not any military discipline. No military exercises, just laying under the tents; talking and joking.

I did aspect some marching, may be; military training with weapons, shooting etc. Nothing. Sort of disappointed. What fighting force is this?

First four month, the Battalion had few encounters mostly with the Germans, less with Italians enemy combatant, otherwise it was like on a picnic or holiday adventures with plenty of fun, playing piano accordion, listening to jokes.

In the evening: meeting people, dancing in the villages with enthusiastic and sympathetic people. Girls all over us. Well! This is life. I though, food was daily regular with out hard work. Not like at home; tilling the land and feeding the animals. This way of life will not last I thought, it is much too easy.

With such passive restrain toward the enemy We shall never make any conquest, even les defeat the occupier and oppressor.

Let me describe the first day as partisan. I was dress in an Italian military uniform, minus the head cap, instead I ware a partisan cap with a red star pined at the front. Of course the reader may imagine; how very proud have I been, being a soldier at not even sixteen years of age.

**Do not imagine seeing a little skinny tin aged boy. At the age of sixteen I was grown up; big boy, no shorter then I am now, most probably; bigger and taller then many in the Battallon.**

I happily join my village Partisan companions, as mention, they wore there from previously and glad to be part of this great Liberation front as was then call, but so far have not obtain any weapon Thought same officer shall give me same training first and then if I pass the test my be presented with some fleshy weapon. No such luck. I was not even presented to some superior personality as I expected. Only hour or so since my arrival at the Battalion, half kilometre away by the town church where I receive my first communion and conformation, could hear a sporadic gun fire. Right away; oral loud order to every body in the camp **wore: every one with all weapons; run in the direction of the shooting.** So couple hundred of us moved in the given direction. My self; up to this stage only with a **couple of hand grenades, which wore handed to me on the way; toward the supposed enemy approach.**

**I felt fierce and resolved: now is time to score same revenge toward the oppressor, what fool was I.**

**But soon I notice; even then, that was my first such incident, most combatant wore not enthusiastic to ran ahead toward the supposed enemy as I would aspect.**

**Mostly hesitated to ran to the given direction, rather move to slower pace and let others move ahead. Who others? What cowards I thought: if you won't fight I will, if I have to do it all my self.**

**By this time same body handed me a rifle, which I grabbed enthusiastically and by obtaining the mentioned weapon I consider my self an accomplished professional soldier ready for any event.**

**How naive and crazy absolute ignorant was I. This was the first time in my life, I had a rifle in may hands.**

**I noticed other combatant pulling the rifle bolt. In like manner I done the same but was very surprised, the bolt would' t move.**

Like being an old experienced veteran I yell at man that gave me the rifle. Hay man! From up down I said! the rifle is not good, the bolt doesn't move. The man approach me again, took gently the rifle in His hands and very politely said! Look: He said, unlock the safe gadget like this and every think shall work.

I felt stupid and embarrassed for not knowing it my self.

Soon after the rifle lecture I forgot My embarrassment I felt a combatant of distinguished abilities.

I assure the reader; that was all military practice I receive in my military career. Running ahead with two hand grenades, plus rifle, I was going to *win the second word war* all by may self.

In mean time by the church sporadic rifle fire was still going on. When I was about 100 meters from the on coming fire, but still have not noticed where the enemy is. Lucky for me, they have not saw me because this presumed enemy was only shooting for the fun of it, till we show our self's uninvited. Only then became a confrontation between two opposite { ism ] By this time, behind may back: shooting commence. So I finish up, between two fires. I thought: it is too close for safety. Precautionary I move to the right; toward the building of primary school { where my self visit; only two years before.} with intend to go around and join my friends, because moving back toward my follow partisan, my be taken for enemy and shoot.

Careless I jump in the school garden. At that instant moment, at twenty metres distance, a machine gun on the school window rattle. Bullets past my body by centimetres. I instantly knew to whom the rattle was intended. Was no need to tell me what to do, just jump over the wall back where I came from, faster then the bullets destine for me. I must honestly admit: by now I was scare of dead.

If the machine gunner on the school window, have not been so aimless, I would be dead the first hr. after joining the Liberation army. Humble and frustrated I crawl along the vine yard and squeeze myself close to a big rock. By then I would rather be back home by my Father site, because the burst from the machine gunner on the school window though me more then all persuasive father's talk; way not to join the liberation movement, but on the other side, being unharmed, was satisfied and proud for what I was experiencing. Listening the bullets from two sides, fly over me, like in Russia I thought, during first world war, when my father was telling us kits: repeatedly how could hear bullets fly over head.

Father was narrative: Us Austrian were still distant and approaching the Russian lines, the bullets were few: fee, and again fee, a single bullet would past by, but as we were getting closer to the Russian lines, the bullets wore intense: fee, fee, fee, etc. Us kits would listen with tension and curiosity. Tell us more, tell us more. Now I am getting likewise my Father. I was alarmed, but proud to experience what my Father did twenty five years before.

As I mentioned: partisan life was mostly fun, accept same small crackling encounter with the German or Italian soldiers.

One such accident was heroic for me, for I obtain by great effort a German rifle, a pride of every combatant.

Two Platoon of us; about hundred and fifty man; in advance prepared ambush, attacked four enemy lorries and one armoured truck and destroy the lot, to the last man. Our losses wore: my platoon commander a machine gunner and two brothers from neighbour village.

Mention event turn to be a disaster for the surrounding population, because only few days latter the Germans and Italians military took revenge toward civilian population.

The Germans and Italians Army came in great force to revenge their loses. For two days they wore; luting, destroying, burning and killing. Tri villages with hundreds houses; burned to the ground and what was left of the population; was taken to Germany as forced labour. All we could do was: look from distance in disbelief.

During second evening of the German rampage, same body came to our command post with an alarming news that stated: the Germans in force are approaching toward our camping position. Apparently the message was accepted with a doubt, therefore is got to be verified by sending a patrol of combatant in the direction of enemy approach; if any, and disclose the fact. To my greatest surprise, the command put me; a warrior: sixteen and a bit over; year old, with no rank in charge of a corporal, a machine gunner and five rifle man. Of course; physically I was as big as average man, probably bigger. Also my courage has distinguished in the mention ambush and few other occasions.

Me a young punk felt being a general. Certainly I was going to do what was aspect it of me, regardless of taken risk. On departure from camp toward the suppose enemy approach, My self marched ahead with great pride; as a field Marshall and the rest of patrol obediently follow. We march toward the suppose direction of German approach, which suppose to be; about one kilometres away. We walk trough a village call Copriva, where many times before and after had much fun; dancing, where mostly girls were so cheerful and beautiful.

Walking on along the main road We arrive at the end of pine forest, spot where two roads led in to one, not a T, but like a Y shape intersection. I decide to place ourselves in between the two roads, close enough as to notice who are the arriving walkers if they ever came.

The idea was: not to fight the enemy if arrive but find how many are there and get to know where are they heading.

My fearless patrol with my self as great military strategist wore waiting among big pine trees, in pitch dark that couldn't see each other but because knew itch other, could sort of see our dark shadows.

Not even ten minutes wend by, when from enemy direction, could hear a lot of road marching paces. With unison marching the suppose enemy, was approaching our position. Our ears lift up, nerve tighten and eyes strain to see what is actually approaching; friends or foe, but how could I recognize any thing in the darkest night.

I was in charge and felt responsible. I am the one who suppose back; in the Camp to report to the commanding officer, that was anxiously waiting for good or bad news.

Only way to find out I though; would be; to let the unknown enemy pass by, on one or other road and by close look recognize who they are and at our convenient time; slip away and run to our command post and explain the, what ever situation.

*Well: this was my strategic war plan.* As the unknown marching lot got closer, unexpectedly the man under my leadership couldn't face the approaching foe, got too scare. Behind my back I notice that They are moving away. With hardly audible voice I threaten to shoot them but of no avail, they all disappear in the dark forest.

I was left alone while the approaching enemy are moving closer and closer to Me.

The reader would realise, I dit not feel very comfortable being alone, but responsibility must be; My first priority I thought. The trust was put up to Me. My pride would not have it any other way.

Left alone, have no choice; press my trembling body tight to the ground and waited.

This could be the last minute of My life I thought with restrain. The approaching group along the road was about ten metres away, but still could not guess who they are or how many. When arrive to the Y intersection they choose the smaller less wordy road. Instantly felt relaxed, suspecting; these people are civilian because German, especially at night wore not familiar with: by lanes. They pass me by three metres and I could see from deep down, looking toward the sky; between pine opening, about ten people in peasant heads, not army helms, no guns.

I was so relived, all my stress immediately melted away. By then I was standing up, I call out: hay! Comrades! Immediately all stop, like by superior order. Where you running from? I enquire, speaking from up down on them. From Stanjel {nearest village } was their answer. Ask where the German are. The German are

approaching Stanjel from other side, they said, [ *means Kilometres away* ] that way we moving away, while is still time.

I let the man hurry their way and I, You my imagine; was completely relieved of my tension.

My conclusion was: I am completely safe and that my mission was dutifully accomplished, and proudly so. Now; to easy the tension in the partisan camp I must hurry back and let the Command know; the safe situation. Actually I must relive the tension of the combatant with the information that there is no danger from any enemy approach.

I walk alone in to previously mentioned village Kopriva which was only few hundred meters away, where accidentally meet a high ranking partisan officer and told him what happen. The officer order me to go back to the spot that I just left and wait; till same body came to relive me. That I have done immediately with the thought that the high ranking officer shell inform the unit with My information. Actually I thought to tell the Commander to let My unit know what happen and that they are safe before the enemy. But even being a punk I was clever enough not to order a senior what to do, so I relay on Him. The fact was: the officer has done nothing of the sort.

My be Hi hasn't consider me serious enough for when saw such young soldier, Hi simply ignore every think. Probably the officer I met would consider under rated transferring some think a young punk has referred to Him.

As I said; I went back to the previously mention road intersection or rather a bit closer to the village, with the surety that what happens to Me is by neo in the Partisan's unit e well known fact, so nothing to worry about.

Soon the moon light appear on the clear sky and begin to shine. I was alone, but felt like a big accomplisher, proudly standing on a higher grounds like a border post between friends land and evil, only about hundred or so metres from where the rest of my patrol deserted me and about fifty meters from the road. From safe distance I could observe every movement on the road.

Only half a hour later, suddenly from friendly direction notice, after counting; fifteen combatants; very slowly creeping along the road toward the position I was controlling. I could notice; they were extremely precautions, worry and obviously; very frighten. The patrol imagine as I notice them very terrorised.

No wonder, after the story they wore told witch I didn't yet know.

Any moment, they my be trapped in an enemy ambush. Not much chance to survive the onslaught. So they imagine after they all hear a tragic event from my deserters, actually; that I was captured by the Germans and they the deserters escaped only by cunning evasion.

Where I was standing, was about 100 metres to the spot where, they were told; that I was captured by the enemy but the new patrol relentlessly kept aiming slowly but surely to that very spot.

Imagine being in their boots.

I smile to my self contented, knowing They do not know what is waiting for them at that spot, also knowing that it is quiet safe to go all the way where I was presumable captured.

In charge of the patrol, I notice was my tend mate: Franc. *Actually Franc at home is My sister Gizela; neighbour.* When close enough I call: Franc! Rightly Franc recognize my voice. Surly; he couldn't never before or after appreciate to see me alive and especially him self safe. The rest of the patrol wore relived from razor tension and immediately smiling with satisfaction. Relieved from deadly danger to complete safety.

I approach Franc and ask what is going on? what happen?' Way this unexpected visit? I though that the high ranking officer, that I met in the town done all necessary work that was needed, means inform the partisan command, that there is no enemy approach. The hight ranking officer that I met has done nothing as already stated.

Franc begins to tell: we in the camp have not received any information, but the most fearful news from man's. that under your command, apparently deserted you; came rushing in the camp, spreading alarming panic as to put the whole camp in disarray. Franc explains: The rest of the first patrol that you led to investigate the where about of the enemy, horror stricken came back in the camp arriving in full speed with the announcement: hundreds of Germans are approaching toward our camp. We narrowly escaped, but Vern {that me} has been capture, by the enemy. Lucky me. Thank. They were wrong, but that was the report of the of the chicken's combatant that deserted me.

The situation in the Partisan camp was, to a great gravity very tense, but not reliable verified. A new stronger patrol with a new leader have to be sent to investigate: are the enemy really approaching the Camp or not.

Imagine the filling of the new patrol. No wonder they crept with the wholly body bent to the ground. In mean time; the wholly camp crew{ about 150 man } hat to get up from night pleasant rest and stand along the wall in frizzing could in readiness for battle.

Franc; the man in charge of the second investigation patrol that I just med ordered me: to go fastest I can; back to camp and tell the officer in charge that where I just came from, are no approaching threatening enemy soldiers, but peaceful night. I done just that and sooner the camp officer in charge was by me told what happen, immediately ordered every body back to sleep and the lot of my patrol that deserted me; at once in the very could night duty; standing guard for the rest of the night. No more filling sorry for the cowards.

And what I got for my bravery? From ordinary combatant: many compliment, but from higher rank, nothing was mentioned, neither did I aspect to hear from same one but was proud for my execution.

Same time, when the whole of the: 9 Corpus, composed of the entire provincial fighting force, that same time consist of few thousand combatant, other time only few hundred.

Was already a usual habit, that when the German Army declared a general offensive on us; means on the partisans movement, we quickly disperse like rabbits; that mean: mostly of us live near by; ten or twenty kilometres from home and when was getting too hot for us; means: the Germans wore many and constantly too close behind our heels we simply disappear; run home, change clothes, hidden it and became normal civilians, and for few days till the land. When danger pass over, we assemble again and tease the Germans by disrupting their general communication.

Not that We voluntarily went back but wore usually gather together in groups and practically dragged back to the bush to form again the existing disintegrated Battalions, Brigades and Corpuses, as wore them call, mostly in names not combatant numbers.

One night a whole Partisans Corpus was attacking the village of Idrija where the enemy wore situated. To prove to the enemy that we are many and every where; our small detachment, went to fire up on a bigger German stronghold: call Aidovščina; a place where two month later, not far away I was wounded and to this day carry the scares of that incident.

At night; along a flat green plain approach the German barracks and begin to line behind the cement rail fences. Imagining that we are going to surprise and frighten the enemy but before being ready to fire, the enemy open fire on us. The rattle of enemy bullets struck the cement narrow pillars right before our eyes. To this day I am sure that the enemy has not have known of our approach. The enemy specially at night had the habit to fire from theyr emplacements. Just in case; on any suspected noise just to course panic. It did work. This time they scare us all right. Not suspecting a surprise attack have been petrified because we were suppose to surprise them, not vice versa. In panic we turn our back and ren with out firing one shoot. I bet the enemy didn't know for our presets. One man in confusion and panic

drop the rifle, was too scared to turn one pace back, worried that my life be left to the enemy that has no pity for bandits, as the Germans call us. We all kept running in disarray. A bit later and safely distant the commanding officer, noticed one combatant running without the rifle, quickly approached the man and enquired; where is the rifle? The man answered: I drop it. The commander ordered: go back and do not come back unless you get the rifle. *could mean any think*. That poor combatant stopped following us, but rather than go back and look for the lost rifle in desperation used his own trousers belt and hung himself on a cherry tree branch. He must have had a fool's misadventure. We laughed at him. How can a combatant, if he may be called that way, be so horror-stricken that rather hang himself on a cherry tree than risk going back and probably get his rifle, came back safe and alive, because the enemy in the strongholds, especially at night, as I said: had a very well known habit; to fire at any suspect noise or shadow without really see anything, just fear. Enemy are also people and human and scared for their life.

Equally funny or stupid, we had a case; when a person came to tell us that a group of ex-Italian soldiers in service for the Germans; had just moved near by to a school surrounded by few barracks.

We were told: they are well equipped with weapons, but yet not properly settled, was a well known fact; that Italian soldiers were never prepared to risk lives, especially when being servile to other nationality. We all thought: this is going to be a child's play; to disarm them and a sure booty. As we march like a flock of sheep to a secure loot and trying to be rather in front of each other, not to miss the main event or lavish loot, as we all wish fully expected.

I was second to a tall huge machine gunner, that was walking in front, as fast as he could. Why not when we were so sure of winning and seize big quantities of goodies; without a significant resistance.

Cveto: two years senior, a boy from the same village, usually slept together under same canvas and calling each other not by normal name, but; brothers. Cveto called me brother and I called him brother. Treaded each other brotherly, like sharing everything among the two of us.

I soon discovered; Cveto was a selfish type of a person and did like to take advantage of the friendship, be a friend till befriends somebody on a better position and drop or ignore previous friendship. He fancied to show off; specially to girls with a nice and bright weapon but without the courage to gain it by fighting and take it from the enemy.

So, as we walked towards the imaginary booty that we are shortly going to take from the Italian servile, Cveto kept constantly reminding me: do not forget me! we brothers you know. Grab one Tommy gun for you and one for me. Do not forget! we brothers, you know. He kept constantly repeating with no end, but would not be courageous enough to step up front, lead the attack and grab the wishful weapon from the enemy himself.

Any way; we all finished up disappointed.

As we got close to the mentioned school where we were settled; suppose Italian soldiers were; probably about fifty metres away and we still enthusiastic for our coming success; when from the barracks, or from outside, like thunder they opened fire on us. Was no need to tell us what to do. In split of a second, we turned our heels and ran in full flight away; feeling like: we have been deceived and deprived of something we never had.

Another time at night, as a platoon about fifty of us, were waiting in ambush beside the road along Trieste and Sezana. This was about four kilometres from my home town.

The commanding officer sent me alone; about hundred meters toward the approaching traffic; with the order to observe what coming along the road.

If German military lorries are spotted, you follow them till; parallel with our platoon waiting in ambush. When lined up with us; you let a shot with your rifle and immediately join us. I was waiting very close to the road to make sure I spot the right thing. Only about ten minutes in waiting; four lorries with military German marks.

come along. A fair distance behind the military lorry was a civilian small truck. I follow the lorries till they were all parallel with my crowd, then fire one shot with my rifle. My comrades did not dare to attack the first lorry, that would be too much to handle, rather fire at the last one, grab what is possible in a hurry and run. So be it. [The fifth lorry, was a civilian small truck] The whole platoon open fire on the fifth truck, and been all over it. The driver in panic was crying out; begging. For God sake! stop shooting I am Sluga shop keeper from Branica, I am your friend.

So he was. They let him limp on. Few days latter I and couple comrades passing by Sluga shop; have been curious to see what happen to Mr. Sluga, the driver of the fifth truck.

Something incredible. He was more then lucky. His truck was struck by hundreds and more bullets through the bonnet and doors. He did carry: all sorts of goods on his truck; several facial creams in tins, hundreds of shoes polish under his seat and other goods at the back of the truck.

Every tin in the boxes was not perforated with one; but several holes. Truck engine, radiator and Mr Sluga the driver have been absolutely unharmed. Must have be a miracle. When met Sluga at His place, He abuses us! How on the hell you dare to ambush a friend that constantly assist you with your struggle. Again We have been a laughing stock.

Soon after We deal a blow to the passing commercial train. The rail track blew, the locomotive run in the ditch. Few combatant kept firing toward the front of the train to keep the German guard at bay, in mean time the last carriage was force open, and what we enriched ourselves with: soup, soup, and nothing else. What bad luck. I will tell a another event, that end in laughter and disappointment.

About fifty of us, place our self between fifty and seventy meters from the road in ambush position, along the road only on the other side of Sezana - Storie. This was even closer to home town, then the previous time.

Was known fact that the lubrication oil in the Italian light machine guns frizz in temperature bellow frizzling point. When the trigger is pre set, it would let only one shoot and no more, so the machine gunner is god to be aware about the consequence of cold temperature. So one early morning in frizzling temperature, a couple dozens of us were waiting to ambush some enemy lorry. After waiting for about two hours, a lone German military lorry came along the road. We thought: just right! this is going to be an rewarding target. The lorry was right in front, when all machine gunner press the trigger. Us: rifle man, let one shot each, but no bursting from machine guns. All of us surprised ask way no burst from the machine guns? They were frozen. The military lorry responded with few rifle shoot and kept going. All we got was: cold body.

But most important fact about our liberation struggle was: the enemy; where ever they were, never felt safe and have been oblige to be present at very road or rail intersection and every where along the rail way to keep the war communication going. Mention fact did require thousands of Military man and equipment just for the safety of communication, there for; they were missing on needy front combat line. One spring sunny morning, the German army gave us a unpleasant surprise. Our platoon have been camping; next hill to a castle, which was; just as tall, but the top of this hill was flat with lots of beautiful tall chess nut trees. Nice place for camping, as was; partisan policy, of never stay at one place more then a week. We kept moving camp continually.

That morning was a pleasant spring day, as I mention, no threat from the foe. The commanding officer in usual good mood call us up. That enough bludging He said. As it looks; today is a perfect wether. Let have some morning exercise, you will fill much better; He screamed.

Most times we have kept ourselves low because of enemy reconnaissance air crafts, that were always active; looking for us. Even cooking, have to be done in villages, because smoke would give us away to the foe. This morning the commanding officer must have receive very favoured report regarding enemy where about. We all remove our shirts and comfortably spread on the green grass; happy



jumping and spot running, twisting etc, when suddenly not far away: engine noise could be heard. Civil population did not have; heavy motors. Such equipment is only own by the German army.

No orders have been given, but we all stop exercising, lifting our ears up and attentively listened. Tension became obvious and hearts bit accelerate. Slowly, all of us move on a spot from where we could have a clear view toward the suspected tread. Not far; probably one kilometre away a German military tank and column of trucks that follow, wore crossing the railway over the bridge. When the tank clear the bridge, turn the turret in our direction, like that hi saw us perving at it. Suddenly a smoke appear at the end of the tank gun barrel and the projectile was already travelling toward us on lookers, like that they knew we wore looking at them. Only few seconds latter the shell reach the rocks, only about twenty metres bellow us onlookers. That was the termination of morning exercises. That same day We had plenty more unexpected and undesirable exercises: not running on the spot, but very fast forward and ending up a very steep hills. Sweat was running down our faces and body's , but We kept running on and on. First shell from the enemy tank follow by more. Was time to place the tile between the legs and move, because We are not in condition to oppose a much bigger force, especially reinforced with steel plated armour.

Without wasting time, right away dismantle our sleeping quarters, took first priority. Any thing heavy like: machine guns and mortars, We hid under shrubs. On the opposite side from the enemy approach, with speed We all move down hill, The ground was very steep, but grassy. The opposite side of the hill was also much dipper with a creek running across our path. We just glided down; some on our feet, but mostly sliding on our bottoms. The German column was moving along the road and around the hill; reasonable fast, but probably for precarious reason they waited and stoped, like to give us enough time to let us cross the valley and the creek safely over on to opposite hill; with dense pine forest. Happy and resting with satisfaction, for we deceive the Germans.

At least, so we all thought. With our platoon was also the Head quarter staff of a partisan division. Man with three and more stars [ guerrilla rank ] over the shoulder. With the field glass they were carefully observing the field around. Still remember distinctly. We were on one side of a little valley, resting on the ground with our rucksack still over our shoulders ready in case of necessity to move on. On the other side of the mentioned valley in the vine yard about hundred metres away a man was pruning the vines. When notice us, he came over and affirm us; not to wary. The German had never been here and I am sure, they will not dare to came today. he said.

He has not even finish his sentence, like thunder from the blue it struck, from the direction of our arrival. Must have been more then four machine guns, firing, from close ranch. Where wore the high officers with the field glass looking and see absolutely nothing. They wore the nearest targets of the attackers. We run and run and kept running along site a creek and some wore running along the water it self. Hundred and more young man in absolute uncontrollable panic, running along the water way, causing such water splash that became a big cloud, that was impossible to distinguish one person from another, The more we run, the closer the attackers. Just couldn't widen the gap. At least so I felt. Was no time to look behind. In front of me running was my home neighbour: Miro Blažev; six year senior x. Italian soldier. For a short distance, while running on the dry ground. I was about four paces behind mention neighbour when Miro accidentally kicked a small short stamp and in process; somersaulted a full turn and was back on his feet, running without loosing any distance, but lost three chest of cartridges. I quickly pick the cartridges and continue to follow Him.

When I think back, although I ren in panic, at least so it did look, but even in such panic, felt pity for neighbours lost cartridges, I dare to pick it up and continue to run on.

Way were cartridges more important than my safety? The fact was: cartridges were hard to get and most important items for any combatant, because without them, the rifles are useless. But I don't think I was so much concerned about the lost cartridges or was my natural instinct to recover what I had wasted.

I would conclude: I couldn't really be; I was stricken, just follow the panicked crowd. If I would be in really panic, no cartridges even made of gold wouldn't be important.

We all got to the end of the running water, probably one kilometre from starting point and up steep ground where vine yard with wires; no more than half metre from the ground; running across impeding our way. By then the shooting, slow down, probably the pursuers ran out of ammunition but we kept running, crawling between rows; half meter or so under the vine wires.

This must have been a record war running marathon. A distance of about: a kilometre; We ran in absolute panic with maximum effort possible. As far I remember, the pursuit has left no consequence over me or others, but sweat got me; right through, to the bone.

So much shooting and running and not even one person has been harmed, but bleeding faces from brush scratches. The shooting was real and the shooters, wore; at the beginning probably only fifty metres or so behind us. Thousands of bullets were discharged against us, but no one was harmed. Lucky.

We find out latter way nobody among us wasn't hurt. The attackers wore: ex Red Army soldiers in German uniforms under German command, waiting a opportune chance to join us. At the moment they acted fiercely to prove loyalty to their users. They knew who we were there for; they were shutting astray.

At the end of the pursuit; they: { supposed enemy } most probably had a good laughter and felt sorry for us. Thanks anyway. With the sudden surprise attack on us, they had the chance to kill at list half of us, but no harm done.

Those ex. Red Army men kept deserting the German Army.

As the war was going in favour for the Soviet Union, the Red Army soldier still alive under any circumstance and in any place did try to save their life by joining the partisan's units. They never were loyal German's servile, but joined to prolong own life instead of starving to death in the prisoners camps.

At 9 partisan Corps was a battalion; about 400 ex Soviet combatant; all deserters from German Army.

As Partisans they have proven themselves in battles against the Germans with daring courage. Unfortunately; at the end of the war not many have been left alive: firstly: toward the end of 1945, just before the German capitulation our district was packed with German troops retreating from Greece and Yugoslavia plus their servile: Chetniks from Krajina and Serbia and Slovenian enemy's servile all fought against few dispersed Partisans and; as the Russian combatant partisans had no where to hide were mostly killed in combat.

At the end of the war only few left alive were under agreement between cold blooded Stalin and all others war's Allied country's; to return all Red Army soldiers back to Soviet Union where were condemn to perish by walking all the way to Siberia's Gulag if they ever arrive alive were dead anyway because they have seen too much of Western world there for considered; national traitors. For Stalin; only good soldier was the one that die in combat or have been slain in P O W. camps in Germany.

Let me tell more about my participation in the National liberation.

During first five months as partisan, I was twice with different companions sent for two month to the mountain, [ where was: so called: liberated territory, ] to the Partisan's military academy. The head quarter wanted me young punk to become a Military officer. Both times the course was interrupted and dispersed by the German offensive. During the day the group of the academy as a unit was avoiding being captured; by hiding in thick bush. At night in pitch dark we would slowly move all night in single file with absolute dead silence, but not knowing where we were going, because the surrounding territory to me: was not known. Rain was pouring down

very heavily, wet to the bone, cold and hungry. From time to time a message would be sent from the head of the column and transmitted; person to person; all the way for a full kilometre or more. Walking over steep mountain and deep valley; wading over creeks.

As soon we were on to a summit of the mountain; start going down to the valley and up again over the next mountain; feeling like being punished for no reason at all. From time to time, the message came: **all rest**. That was most appreciable message. We simply fell to the wet ground; exhausted. Not knowing where I am, there for I had to stick with the unit.

After three days sick and hiding and three nights of climbing and descending through thick forest I recognize the territory and right away indicate to my companion: We will sneak aside and let the rest of the group continue where ever they want to go. I felt I can get out of the danger zone; safely, because two courageous persons in the forest can easily avoid the enemy, while a bigger uncertain group is very vulnerable. We are going our own way, I said and back to our belonging unit. That what We did, but that same afternoon were stopped by another Partisan unit, which wanted to hold us, because We couldn't prove, from where We coming and where We going. Lucky for us; were so young, also lucky; thanks; in the mentioned unit was a girl from neighbour village that testified for me, other ways we could be mistreated. We were not guarded as far as I could realise.

We will stay with this unit, I said to my companion; till arise a chance to escape. Even that my companion was two years senior, I appointed myself as leader. Night was approaching, so us two conveniently follow our captors to rest in only few houses' barn that were not burnt by the Germans. We did need a rest badly any way, so were quiet satisfied to be with our captor. The German were near by and night was approaching fast. In this case; was safer to be among many, spending the night comfortable under roof and safety.

I suspect that before daylight, the whole partisan unit will move in to the thick forest, avoiding the enemy to discover us slipping in the houses of civilians, that in consequence may burn down; what was left of it, take hostages, even killing the whole population.

As I predicted: during early morning, the whole unit were called up and move away from the village in to the forest. Myself and my companion move with our captors, walking in file through bushy tracks. Was still a bit dusk, suddenly at prearranged agreement, We move to the side and hide in the bush, till every one from the unit pass by. As soon were alone We move to our own direction, toward home, that was; as the crow fly, about twenty five Kilometres away, where We arrive that same afternoon.

Few days later return to my partisan unit and told the commanding officer, that the Academy has been dispersed and us two got lost in confusion. It did work perfectly well.

Few weeks latter I was again for the second time sent to the Military Academy. Second time was much similar event. Of course; with a different companion. He Stane was my home neighbour; six years senior; ex Italian soldier; He was aware of Military discipline not like Myself. taken the situation, My childish way. . Naturally He was the leader I was just follower. He was much too authoritarian for me to lead. He was a disciplinarian.

Again like the first time the foe was rampaging with determination to get rid of Partisan activity. We did not dare to confront a stronger and more experienced force, but just run or disperse in all directions. At every such German rampage the enemy claim absolute victory but as soon the enemy retreated victorious back to camps, We continue to tease them, same as before.

As mentioned; the second time at the Academy was nearly same pattern as with the first: up and down; mountain and valleys. At one stage, we were all worried and told that We are encircled by the enemy, so a partisan Captain gathered few of us close together and told the severity of the situation. The Captain stressed: if We get tight

encircled; only way out is: bay storming the enemy with force. I didn't like mention remark, storming the enemy, how?

Thanks; it didn't came to that extremity. I was extremely alarmed and frighten to face the enemy eye to eye. This was one time, that I thought to my self: I am much too young for such fight.

Second Academy course ended in disarray. We did not escape, like the first time bud wore send back to our unit before even commencing study.

I remember having hours of long walking toward our unit, over about twenty centimetre thick. snow. Stan was leading ahead and I, like a doggy follow behind. Not acquainted with the road; covered with snow, by sheer luck, miss the destined place and by night fall; unexpected finish on top of a mountain, from where; next morning at day light, had a beautiful panorama of all Vipava valley. We felt satisfied because by then We knew exactly where wore.

But the night before wore not so sure. Being exhausted We badly need same rest. At the spot that us two didn't knew where We are; clear the snow off the chosen spot and set tent, remove the wet boots and slept care less all night. By morning the boots; left on open space became hard as rock; frozen. Had trouble fitting the feet in it. Once in; the boots wore very cold; so I ren up and down the track till; got my feet warm and boot defrosted.

When latter in the morning, down in the valley; reach the first village, wore told: the destined place where, heading the previous night, was ambushed by the German. Again a lucky miss. What the pleasant filling when find out that the foe was waiting in ambush and us two miss the road turn. Instead of getting in the enemy hands, got lost in the mountains forest.

One explanation. When ever; during the day light; I was approaching my home town, I had to overcame a precautionary deception, because I had to pass close to constant German observation post, which was situated on the village church tower. My strategy always was: about four kilometre, before arriving at My home town I walk over natural field toward the observation tower, always with trees covering the space between the church and my self. When no trees to cover my approach, mean clear ground between the tower and my self, then I would walk side way, away from the tower till bush trees would cover me again and then walk again in the direction of my destination and so, avoided being detected.

When I think back at all the risk I have been taken, I would say: that I have been very daring but lucky, for not being captured. I stated few silly event for the reader. I was young, adventurous and naive but notice that I was more daring and courageous then most other combatant. Being adventurous and energetic, I could not rest. When time permitted, I would move round, even on my own, searching for not knowing what. So one sunny afternoon on My own while walking on the field; under my feet; I noticed sort of squeak and softness. Begin investigate the ground. Close by; wore few fresh, but also dry bushes. By removing the dry bush I discover about two metre deep hole. By stepping in the deep, I notice a small side entrance. I want to creep in, but was too dark, was also a bit fearful. I walk back to the partisan site camp and borrow a torch. For safety ask Cveto: the young man that call each other brothers, the one that wanted me to grab a tommy gun from the enemy and presented to him. Any way. We creep trough the entrance space under the ground where a space; about three by three square metres. We found edible food like pork sausage, bacon and other food. There was same clothing too. I figure it out, it must have been a hiding place for one or more peasants from nearest village in case of properties being burned by the oppressor. They would have same spare food and clothing. Very good idea, it deserves credit. There for I was not going to disclose the hiding place to nobody. We only took a couple of dry pork sausage and one skin jacket.

Up to this stage, about five month of easy life, as partisan fighter for liberation and democracy was mostly fun. Suddenly the situation became much more serious. The whole unit, about two hundred man was united to a brigade of the thirtieth division of the already mention: 9. Corpus.

No more fun, dancing in the villages and no regular supply of food as I was used to. The brigade as a unit, numbers; few hundred combatant. Often used at night as real treat to the German strongholds; by besiege first, attack, occupy, take what is useful and destroy. Wishful thinking. Mostly time, walk away empty handed, less dead and wounded comrades. When our unit join the brigade, it became: the third battalion in Basoviska Brigade. At sixteen years and five month with the training I mention at the very beginning except my own interest in the military weapon, I was appointed: heavy machine gunner number one, with a machine gun loader and carrier, plus two man to carry the three legged stand and 5 man to carry the ammunition; each with two thousands round of cartridges. The machine gun was consistent of two main pieces: three legged stand, weigh 17 kilos, very awkward to carry over the shoulders and the head: weigh 22 kilos, much easier to carry, because of flatness on all four side. Total weigh; 39 Kilos. The gunner; proud of being one, **that me**; all ways carry the head. Was of Italian design call Breda. I was the youngest of the team. Not that I object to my appointment. I was rather proud to be trusted with battalion's, practically; most important deadly weapon.

My first test was along the motor way between Gorica and Audovscina. Unexpected seven German lorry speeding along.

Rain was pouring heavily. From four or so hundred meters, too far away for rifle accuracy, but not too far for heavy machine gun, because the structure seat; solid on three legs. While the gun fits on it, with a good aim, it was very destructive weapon.

I place my self between two rocks in a safe position from where I could clearly see the enemy and course maximum damage. Immediately the battalion commander move me to the most dangerous spot; down the slope on the open ground; fully exposed to the foe. I latter suspected that the battalion commander, dress as Captain in a old Kings Yugoslavian uniform, must have been a German spy and supporter. I suspect, this fellow want me dead.

Of course then I wouldn't even imagine such evil think, so one would do what is told by senior commander. I place the machine gun as best as I thought and aim it right in front of the leading truck, push the double thumb trigger and move the movable top; slowly left and right. I kept shooting, on and on. All lorry stops, and all German personnel place themselves; behind the roads wall and shoots back at us. I notice the gravel around me constantly moving. I believe most enemy fire was aiming at me, because of military logic, to kill the most lethal weapon first.

Apparently My 9 mm. bullets were taken toll on the lorries. They were easy target while us attackers were spread in green bushes except, my self.

My self as I mention; was send on the open field by the Battalion Commander.

I discharge about 2 thousand cartridges. By then the Breda { machine gun } overheated and stop firing. Immediately grabbed for the barrel to dismantle and cooled down but instantly let go. The gun's barrel burn my hand's skin because was red hot from intense shooting. With the help of man aide, we carry the Breda behind the line of battle in a safer position, dismantle the wholly combination and throw all parts in the wet grass. With rain pouring down only took couple of minutes and the parts wore cool. The simplicity of the gun course no problem to put it together. Only one minute and the machine was assembled and ready for battle. The commandeer was not present, so I select my own secure position on green grass behind a narrow rock, that was impeding my visibility and direction of fire. Without hesitation I let; probably ten shoots in to the rock, that was no more then ten centimetres in front of the gun barrel. The rock broke up in to small pieces, so push the whole machine forward. There I create a perfect nest. The gun barrel was looking over the just cut rock and I was safe behind. I made for my self; an excellent battle position. Right away I select the gun aim at the previous enemy position. By the time I was ready, the enemy wore moving away. The Germans wore running around, jump on to the trucks that could still move and the one burning wore left behind.

The brigade life was very different from previous system, with constant night file walking, no regular food supply and with the enemy at our heels. I would prefer

staying home, but now was too late to change the situation to suit my convenient liking.

Partisans suppose to be: an army of volunteers, but that was not the case. Every adult man was mobilized to do the fight. Refusal was considered as betrayal. Deserters were pick up from homes and taken back to the unit, as already mention, most times man's wore broad back like that nothing unusual happen. Same time reprimanded. In case of rapid not justifiable desertion; disarmed, in rare cases; unreliable partisan and prone for being panic-stricken; even; shoot.

At the beginning of June the enemy was constantly at our hills, no food or sleep, so decided to ren home. A week latter the situation cool down. Only few days latter was pick up, also many others deserters and taken back to the Brigade command unit, reproach and disarm of my precious German rifle. I must stress: every owner of a German Mouser rifle was a pride and envy before other combatant, because Mauser was an excellent weapon only obtain by taking it from the enemy. I was one of them.

Mostly Partisan's weapons consist of what; the Italian army left after the capitulation in September surrender 1943.

When appointed in charge of the machine gun, I was not prepared to give away my Mouser rifle, for which I was proud of; because I obtain it; by my own courage.

Means: I carry the machine gun plus My rifle.

Unfortunately; for the moment I was treated as deserter and could not protest the seizure. Many officers wore envious for my Mauser, so this was an opportune chance to rob me of it. My platoon Commissar look so flashy with my rifle over his shoulder, while I was left with out any armament that make Me look, a personal embarrassment.

Half a hour latter I was call to the Brigade; H. C. and persuaded to take back the machine gun or stay unarm. I protested: first you disarmed me of my rifle, because I apparently am dangerous and unreliable, so to say, now you offering me the Brigade most power full weapon. They laugh at me. My rifle was given to the platoon commissar, for I detest him for ever. A week of scare meshing with the enemy follow, but nothing very serious, then our unit and two other brigades; march toward my last war event.

During the day; about thousand of combatant wore stying at a place call: Predmeja. We could predict a close confrontation with the enemy. While waiting all after noon among few houses the kitchen personnel drove a life cow. Soon she was in the kettles and a pleasant smell of beef soup could be felt far around that create saliva in one's mouth. Couple hours latter I remember being hungry and was passionately waiting to have a good tucker.

Suddenly I noticed my home neighbour Miro, the one that lost the cartridges, previously mention.

Hi was walking toward me with still stemming full length cow's leg, with plenty of meat on it. My mouth open in envy. When Miro was close enough to me; I cry; Miro! give me same? With no hesitation Miro lifted the whole length of the bone and strike the wire fence post with it. The bone brake at the knee join. The broken off half, fell over the wire fence in to the tall wet grass. Like wolf I jump over the wire, pick the worm goodies and with my tooth; like wolf commence tear the meat of it. What a tasty meal. That was one of the best, surely the best meal I ever had in partisan's life, plus a little bit latter, the regular portion of soup and a tasty piece of cooked cow meat was more then one deserter deserve.

That same afternoon, after mention good meal, the whole Brigade walked, not knowing where as was always usual. No one dare to ask. Actually us combatant were never told what is going on. Just kept obeying and walking. Soon the whole column stop for a rest.

Apparently; We must have been too early for where ever wore destined. While killing time, have the opportunity to see the light machine gunner and his adjutant, the two heroes; when under my command wore send as back up to check the

enemy where about, ren away and deserted me, as I mentioned at the beginning of My story. At this opportunity both man's wore standing few meters away and cleaning their light machine gun that wore in charge for it. The gunner was holding the machine, standing upright with his thumb across the barrel hole and looking forward careless. His adjutant with a little piece of rag, was wiping the dust around the gun trigger. Accidentally triggered the gun and a shoot parted trough gunner thumb. The gunner was yelling and whining. Was like one man amusement spectacle. Blood squirted like from just cut chicken neck and running down his elbow, but the thumb was still holding on a bit of skin and spinning like a propeller. We the onlooker had a good laughter, especially that the event remind me only couple month back, the day that the same gunner and the adjutant deserted me. Sorry for laughing. Cruel times, cruel fillings and behavior.

That same evening I still remember, as it would be only a short while ago; walking on a sealed road down hill, with heavy machine gun bouncing up and down over my shoulder, fool of confidence, strength and enthusiasm, with out the filling that this is my dooms day.

Was dark, when our platoon arrive about fifty meters from the main road; between two main German stronghold, about four Kilometres apart. Soon on our left, about couple kilometre away; commence shooting from all guns and mortars. On our right was a bigger enemy outpost. Our platoon was in ambush position to prevent the enemy on our right assisting the outpost on our left.

I place the machine gun about seventy metres from the main road, right behind, about 80 centimetres tall; stone wall. This was our main position of attack or ambush in the event the enemy would attempt to assist the strong point at our left. Another heavy machine gun, plus small ones and rifles wore placed couple hundred meters behind us to assist and protect us. As the enemy did not attempt to render assistance to the stronghold on our left, because they probably knew, they would get in the trap.

But if they knew what type of heroic army wore waiting for them, they may think other ways. As we wore all waiting still peacefully, while battle on our left was baizing, I have not waisted any time, but barricaded and camouflaged my strong point as much as I could by building a narrow U shape gap half way down the stone wall, where I place the machine gun in readiness. With tenseness and silence waiting ready for any surprise, the already mentioned; battalion commandeer still fully dressed in Yugoslav ex King Royal uniform came along and order me to commence shooting. Before I saw him felt quite disposed, but after meeting him, my night was spoiled. I knew same thing evil is going to happen to my self or to the lot of us.

I did have enough courage, there for refused to shoot, I see no body to shoot at, I said, but my first assistance Edward ex soldier and eight years senior man; was a typical sucker of character; happy to please his superior when not in danger and good opportunity for personal flattering. So he oblige the Captain.

Remove the machine from the emplacement I placed it, move it on the grass, aim at direction; toward enemy strong hold, up in the ear. In such aimless position wasted twenty cartridges, than placed the machine gun back to where I previously positioned. The captain walked away, probably happy because by shotting up in the air I suspected, Hi let the Germans know our position. Latter came back and ordered a repeated shooting for no reason, at all. This senseless shooting continue through out the night, while on our left, as I mention; the battle was going on for possession of enemy stronghold.

In mean time, masterly German soldier near to our right that us; suppose to keep away from assisting their friends, had ample time to pin point the exact position of my heavy machine gun. I was worry, even mention the concern to my fellows.

My narrow mind was telling me: we are not having an ambush where We shall trap the German Army. We are telling the enemy to ambush us; as soon the day break appear. Most probably they are already waiting in position from where they can take us. We let them know where We are. Thanks to King's Captain.

As day light was getting near, only few stars were blinking and visible. I was getting very worry and restless. No Captain to be seen around. On our left a couple Kilometres away our comrades that were attacking the German strong hold stop shutting.

So no point for us waiting for unwanted trouble. Things were getting tense. No orders were given. I am not waiting one more minute, doesn't matter what happens.

Without any order from any superior, I move the machine gun from the all night position, because on our left; shooting stopped, there for no assistance was needed to our fellows combatant. Our platoon should be relieved from the ambush position. The reader would say? How can a punk like me disobey his superior. This wasn't a regular disciplined Army where officers were; would be Class professional protecting the Royal regime. In partisans unit the officers were promoted according to their ability, courage and classless.

As no orders was given, I pick up my Breda and commence walking back, away from position that I held all night. To my surprise, when I was only about fifty meters away; first enemy mortar grenade of 92 calibre fell, at the exact position where I was stationed. From that moment onward; grenades of all calibre were falling every where, plus numerous heavy machine gun were firing on us. We all commence retreating fast as we knew best; dropping our selves to the ground; dozen of times, rose and ran again up the hill with my own possession over my back and 22 kilos of machine equipment which I keep dropping and lifting till I arrive on the site of a bitumen road curve. I felt safer before the enemy machine gun fire because I was running along a foot deep channel and the risen road bend that I thought prevented me from being struck by the machine gun fire. Always lie low, but avoiding mortars shells is no way, because they falling from high straight down to the ground without hear it first.

So when faster walking, rather running along the channel I stand up right, with the machine gun over my left shoulder. Thinking: now that I am covered by the risen road I am going to accelerate the run for my life and safety. The destiny was not in my favour. At that moment, about two metres on my left, a deafening explosion has thrown me to the ground. Petrified for few seconds, my ears had intense and loud tinkling but was quick on my feet, very confused, but aware that same think had happens to me. I felt justified to leave the machine gun where it fell and continue to run. While running I checked my left hand because felt; sort of unusual warm. Apparently a splinter from the mortars mine explosion pierced the upper palm taking three palms fingers bones with it and left my palm with an open hole with fore finger tingling on a bit of skin.

I felt; like a warm liquid in my boots and looking down my legs I seen my trousers torn on both legs and boots soaked with blood, so I presumed that I was wounded below knees on both legs. Felt no pain but unusual worms on all wounded body spots. In only few seconds, My physical strength was fast vanishing and was getting intensely weaker and weaker.

In spite of sudden physical weakness I continue to walk but with slower and slower pace. Half minute latter, felt even weaker to the point; that my rucksack on my back contain only few kilos of personal needful items was getting too heavy, so I dropped even that. After walking about seventy meters, [that I checked, years latter] I could hardly stand on my feet; up right. I stop to have a rest, lie down with the intention to repose just a little and then continue on my way. Didn't beg for help, probably say no word. Unfortunately all my strength has gone. I became so weak that couldn't get up. That was the end of my running. I lie down and watch few companions passing by us fast they could, even the Battalion Commissar. His name was: Nakrst. { still remember his name } Over his shoulders had my machine gun, which I pick up where I drop it. For the Commissar was more convenient and excusable to run away from danger with my machine gun over his shoulders then take responsibility for my safety. Or was I really looking so miserable, of course bleeding from top of my head down to the feet that give to every one the impression that there in no use wasting time rescuing a surely dead combatant and in process loose



probably several others. In time of war; definitely not a justified excuse, far from a point of moral perception.

Probably the Commissar him self and the rest of them had the impression, that I am a goner, mostly probably close to dead, so no point wasting precious time and expose one self's to the enemy fire. Excellent excuse but only for such poorly unrefined guerrilla non regular bands.

The fact was: every one was running for him self, and because of cowardice no one at the moment was prepared to give any order or assistance. Thank to the King's Captain that was not seen any where. Most probably went to their enemy masters.

I was left in the road's gutter where I stoped when run out energy. I remember being early sonny morning. Soon with no body around and all shooting stop. I lay helpless; worry if the German comes and find me alive in such bed shape as I was; covered with blood from toe to head, they may simply save me from misery with a stab or shoot to the head. So I though would be better not to have any weapon on me. Two hand grenade from my side beg I throw with my right hand [ which was unharmed ] over the road embankment.

Every think was quiet, no body around, I was alone help less. I would want to go on, follow the track and join My unit, but couldn't help My self, I was too weak to get up and continue walking.

But I desperately want to live, not die in the roads gutter like a rat.

Help less and alone begin to think. Can't help My self, other are not here to help Me. By the look of it; this where the end begins. Remain here My dead is inevitable. What should I do before I die. Should I pry, ask God forgiveness? For what? What have I done wrong. When I was a child in the church or at religious education or my Mother, I was told: In desperation before dead, you beg God for pardon or forgiveness. The God is compassionate, surely would give pardon to the worst sinner, then way not me I thought; after all I have not coursed any act contrary to God and religions.

I never was a religious believer, never consider religion same thing serious, not even as a child, just about detest religion and every think religious.

But now I am actually dying I need God assistance. Is there a God that can help? I question My self. And then, If I am dying? The God only help Me dye. I don't want God to assist Me dying. I want to live.

By nature I am not a hypocrite I though, I was always proud and sincere. I didn't want to glorified God when wasn't needed, I don't want Him in desperation. So; decide to stand firm and not do any cry beg or pray. Hold My pride and wait what ever happens.

Apparently the Germans military after attacking us, retreated back to their camps. Our combatant like usual behaving like rabbits mostly escaped.

After I Made My ONE'S WILL or decision not to do any think regard God, only wait for what ever destiny decide. From that event on, I do not remember any think, till felt like; same body was removing my new boots, which I receive only a couple of days before.

As heavy machine gunner I have priority for new boots which I receive only a couple of days before. Thanks the assistance We receive from Anglo- American alliance.

My own boots I use previously ware wore much too tight. The new wore just fine.

When I look at the person that was attempting to remove the boots I rightly recognise: His name was Branko, I also knew where was Hi from. I said!, Branko: what you doing? He reply: removing your boots, you have no use for them; you are just about dead.

Mentally; I though? felt quiet normal, at least I thought so, there for I said: ooh no, I want the boots and I am not dead yet. By then I noticed that the sun was on opposite side of the horizon.

I realise then, that I must have been unconscious for nearly a full day.

Wounded at day brake and when felt that My feet wore disturbed was late after noon. Branko; long after the shooting, realise that I was not back at the Battalion or

was told that I am presume dead, so a good chance to get a pair of practically new boots, or was Branko running home. I presume Hi wouldn't thought that the boots wore full of blood, my blood.

After finding that I am alive and my polite refusal to let Him remove my boots, Branko has momentarily been a bit embarrassed, but I must stress with all honesty that Branko's comradeship deserve a special thanks from Me.

Hi has been a conscientious comrade of a very significant character.

He could easy, get rid of me; a bit in haste; give me a bat with His rifle and no body would ever suspect any wrong doing, for combatant's including the Battalion Commissar that sow me lying in the gutter presumed Me dead, if not yet, will be soon. No. Branko was strong and good enough to load me single handed; over his soldier and carry me off the road in to the bush to safety and left. Only few years back; 2002, my wife and my self had a tour to Queensland where I met an old couple that came from the same village as Branko. On this occasion I had the chance to tell the couple; what happen in 1944; when I was wounded and Branko; their neighbour back home; 65 years ago was going to steal My boots. I also ask the couple; if Branko is still alive. They told me: Branko pass away five years ago. So 65 years ago, hi had me for dead. I am still among live people while Branko fluey to the stars. Hope I live a little longer, provide I and My Carol are in good form. Let go back to the unfortunate event.

Soon after Branko left, four man from my Battalion came and put me in a Italian's Army square tend canvas, measuring about 4 square meters. Each man handling one corner, half carry and half dragging me along the very steep and rocky ground right to the top of the mountain about half kilometre away. That have been a very awkward position for me and for the rescuers them selves, for not knowing proper procedure; how to carry a wounded combatant.

That did prove; how ignorant, not trained soldiers have we all been. Carry a wounded man up a steep ground in a square canvas, each man pulling and dragging one corner with great difficulty

If two pieces of wood like tree { was plenty of it all around } brunches would be rolled on two ends of the canvas, it would become a first aid stretcher.

By the time the four men brought me, on the mountain plain to the brigade command; was dark, there they left Me on mentioned canvas and over the green grass. To My innocent embarrassment, two yang female; suppose nurses; strip Me to the last piece of rag, like baby napkin change. While laying naked, I still remember! my gun assistant; brought me a cup of worm soup.

Thank for soup, but in My conscience I detest the man then; and even sixty years latter still feel the detestation for the crawler. I mean the man that the previous night, so readily obey the commander and waste the ammunition up the air for no useful purpose there for made us a easy target for the German.

If the commandeer of our unit was a German informant? I never knew, but often though of that foolish character that made us shoot for not reason at all.

As I lye helpless on the mentioned ground over the green grass, was examine and apply dressing all over My wounds: both legs, all over my left arm, buttock etc.

That procedure probably did take about half an hour. As I saw My self or rather; more or less imagine My self, with unusual filling of weakness but mentally; I think: conscious that I must have look like en Egyptian Mammy, covered; practically from toe to the head with white bandages. No wonder the onlookers gave mix reports to My parents.

Some reported that I was a completely right off, others wore more optimistic, saying: in couple of months Vern shall be alright.

The girls dress mi up; back in My stain bloody jacket, les sleeve, because has been cut off and cut off trousers.

When all done with the help of other man and the nurse I was put with another wounded, also in bandaged in to a peasant cart.

The other wounded youth was one among five or six ammunition carrier and assistant to my machine gun. As I said, two wounded in a peasant cart; a basket that was used by peasants farmer to transport animal manure. The rectangular basket, wider at the top, narrower at the base, actually about forty centimetres and about: 1.80 centimetres long.

Not long or wide enough for two heavy wounded persons laying on our back with one head on each end of the basket. Us two both with wounded legs, my self arms too. From knees down; there were four legs on a wooden base about forty centimetres wide.

With an oxen at the till, the carriage on wooden wheels, steel rims, commence rolling for hours no end; along stony potty and uneven bumpy road that took all night with no stop or question ask. Our painful legs were beating each other, every time the wheel fell in the road pot hole and over the next stone. I could hear my young companion in distress; crying every time our legs strike itch other. Later at the hospital I ask for the condition of My assistant and basket companion traveller. Was told: he die of infection few days after arrival.

After wholly night bumpy road, by day light next morning; we arrived at a place where I have pass through twice before, when send to the officers Academy course. The oxen and driver vanish. The sun was getting warm actually too worm for comfort but us two wore still in the basket with no body in attendance.

My basket fellow combatant was not talking at all, but was alive. From time to time Hi moan, but not in the mood to answer to my question. I was getting stronger, there for became a bit restless, and active.

As nobody came along, the sun was getting too worm and the wooden boards under My back course Me more pain then My wounds. I simply decide to get out of the basket.

Slowly begin creeping up the basket wall, about half meter tall, but apparently was still too ill and weak, there for collapse over my fellow wounded and he let a lot of painful cry. I gave up the attempt to get out of that coffin.

Finally four man arrived and placed us two separately on proper stretchers, gently cover us over the head with blankets. I thought? that nice, they look after me but soon while on transit, means while they carrier Me on was getting too warm, so with my left hand I push the blanket clear of my face. Instantly the blanket was back over my face. That act gave Me something to think about? Way are they worry for main warm when is much too hot any way.

They kept carrying me on and on, stop for bit of a rest, pick the stretcher up and again they kept going, still covered over the face. By then; under the blankets was getting extremely worm. Hesitating for long time, whether to uncover my face because of rigorous measures. What ever they are.

Slowly I begin to push the blanket off My face. The stretcher was immediately place on the ground and a gun barrel threatening was looking at my face. Stop uncovering; or we deal with you harshly the man said.

I have enough problem in present condition I though, better endure what ever they aspect of Me. On the other side I consider the treatment a bit too harsh, what ever the reason. I expected a little sympathy after all I am deserve some, I am a wounded friendly combatant, there for should be treated accordingly.

I learn latter: this measure was strictly observed to get in and out of the so call hospital. Any one hospitalised in the Partisan's hospital, when recovered was not supposed to know where was Hi or She cured, there for; outpatient was also covered over the face and led out to the open field before unmasked.

Partisans had hospitals in most unimpeded and hidden places; in side caves and forest. The one where I was nursed was in deep forest in a ravine near running water. Buildings walls wore made from straight spruce logs with moss in between. According to the war time and shortage of every think this was a complete accomplishment.

Hospital staff workers and nurses were select among trustful people. Equipment and medicine was limited, but hospital crew gave the wounded; according to the condition; best possible available medication and treatment.

There was no beds, but two storey scaffold, made from wood with pine and spruce leaf or middles as layer. The smell of spruce and pine; repel all vermin, I was told: My wounds consist of: one hole on the left palm that could be seen though with fore finger missing. That I receive by holding the machine gun over my left shoulder. The steel splinter penetrated through; three bones that connect to the hand fingers. When the splinter got through the palm, it continue and took the bent finger with it, The machine gun on my left shoulder, I believe stop many splinter from wounding my head. Thank Breda. { machine gun } Most painful wound was a hole through the left knee cup, which course my left leg at the knee to stiffen for more then two year. Other small wounds were on left arm, left leg and right leg muscle.

About seven years back, at the last x ray at the Melbourne Repatriation hospital Heidelberg; the doctor after checking the X ray impression with a bit of humour ask me. Do you fly often; Mr Gomizel? From time to time I said, then the doctor said: do the bell ring at the airports check point when passing through. If I have money change or keys in the pocket, they ring I answering though to be funny. Even with empty pockets they should ring the Doctor reply, because in your body I count 9 metal splinters still inserted in your flesh and bones. I was very Surprise. Unusual that I do not know.

Till that day I was not aware, there are 9 splinters in my body from 1944, means; a duration of sixty years that I didn't know and that causes; no problem. My be the splinters are preventing disease in my body, they absorb all malicious molecules and keeps me in good health. If that the case ? thanks splinters. Stay where you are.

My fore finger was blasted off at the second joint, that mean: I still had about three centimetre of it left which did look awkward and serve no purpose, so the doctress in charge; a young attractive lady by name: Paola decided to cut off; what was left of My fore finger.

One day or two after arrival to the Partisan's hospital, { I don't remember } was placed over the operation table, given same sedative in the hand, but no narcosis. While the doctress performed the operation, means; cutting the rest of My fore finger away. I kept; My arm as was ask: extended across another, like a taller stool covered with white cloth while a beautiful and attractive young nurse call Cilka [ Cecilia ] with her very pleasant busty chest, was with it nearly lying over my face; wobbling around and gently; sort of complimenting me. In such pleasant position like in a dream; the doctress; could as well cut off, the whole arm; bit by bit and I wouldn't protest, but just let them carry on, as long Cecilia continue her rhythm over my face.

Well; that was a very good way to comfort me. For Cilka it probably didn't mean any think, but for me? A sixteen year old; was a great consolation. Hundred times: tank you. lowly Cilka.

After being at the mentioned hospital about twelve days, a military officer came and told us: We are in a very serious emergency. Tonight hi continue: every one, no matter how seriously wounded; must walk on his own, or get help from other fellow wounded. The officer also told us: The problem is: in this hospital a loud mouth spread a gossip about Cecilia, that is: *the young nurse that gave me such good pleasure; by comforting me while being operated.*

The gossip was spreading rumours, telling other wounded, that Cecilia the nurse; was a German whore. I personally wouldn't believe it. Same how Cecilia overheard the gossip. Whether was truth or lie; I think: no body would care any way, because Cecilia was highly respected and lowed by the stuff an all wounded and sick. She was respected for her kindness and cheerfulness by every patient and hospital. She was always ready to help and perform any request with kindness and smile. Consequently; over night Cecilia disappeared.

Not knowing, if she may really be a traitress and avenger, precautionary measures own to be taken.

A German stronghold call: Idrija has been few kilometres away. With the knowledge of a guide it would take no more than three hr. to reach our hospital. If that happens, it would be: for all of us: the most tragic event. The situation was very grave.

The hospital have to be evacuate in shortest possible time.

Even that out side is dark, the evacuation must start immediately, were told. Every one have to dress in what ever cloth available and immediately move out the building. Only the legless patients shall be carried on stretchers, the rest, irrespective how sick; had to help them self and go on to the track and move faster possible. How to follow the footway shall be no problem because the man caring the one most urgent patients will be passing forward and back continuously. As the officer explain; here is no time to get more people and more stretchers. Every think is too far, every think is days walking distance away.

The Staff help us to dress up in our old damaged and blood stained cloth, were given a piece of tree brunch the direction of movement and off we move: limping and moaning along the bush track in nearly pitch dark. We would go hundred meters; more or less, stop and lie down, because of weakness and pain. The Staff man that carry wounded on the stretchers, were moving fast forward and coming back for more of the same. In doing so, urges us to go faster. By light, early morning, we all wore along the road that was known to me; from previous walking to the officer's Academy and very close to the location where was delivered wounded in the manure cart, together with also wounded ammunition deliverer. About seventy; few light, but mostly heavy wounded young man and couple women, also the women that spread the gossip about beautiful nurse Cilka and consequence She course with Her jealous mentality.

As I already described; all the wounded were laying on the grass along side the road waiting for some form of transportation. Luckily for us, was a nice and pleasant sunny day. Were not waiting very long time. Apparently all was well organise. Soon two farmers open cart with horses at the till equipped for transporting hay arrive. With the help of hospital staff; we all scramble on to it and begin to move not knowing where.

About four hours, probably more, how would I know but at walking pace and all the time travelling through tick bush; we arrive in the middle of a thick forest to the; suppose new temporary hospital, which was build over night. No road led to it, only bush track. Unbelievable! how efficient organisation. The structure was erected during the previous night and day; while we were on transit.

I presume; immediately the hospital organisation decided for safety reason to move the wounded away on to a hidden place, they had already organised: the Carpenters to build the temporary hospital. I must stress; the Partisans organisation was in general terms; very sloppy and lose, but in terms of safety for the wounded was a priority. If I recall the film: **On the Neretva** how Tito stressed the safety of wounded.

The composition of the structure; was: few standing wooden post, holding the roof. Between holding post, were; spruce brunches that serve as side walls. Roof was made from short; half of a meter spruce logs split to about a centimetre thick boards.

This type of roof cover is used in all houses in the mountain area of Slovenia with the difference, that for properly erected houses; more precision splitting is needed.

If time permit; spruce wood; can with a sharp axe be split precisely in equal thick and straight boards. In our case was no time for precision.

As We arrive, the Staff settled us on the ground, except for a layer of pine and spruce greenery, plus blankets. As soon lie down, heavy rain commence pouring down in torrent. Where I lied, a direct drip of water over my pillow and neck was very intense. Cold water was running under the blanket and soaking my body. Of course, I was not the only one getting wet, others were getting soaked as well. That was not the worse happening. Worse was: because of walking that I shouldn't, but did and in consequence my wound through the knee cup was getting infected, that

course unbearable pain. Was no Morphine to relieve the pain. The only way to help the suffering was to pull my own hair.

From that day and next four weeks, I was a very sick man. Not only pain but extreme daily high temperature.

If I had no appetite for food, I must have been very sick. That have been: first time in My life that I refuse to eat. Because of water and food scarcity, little was given, but I still couldn't eat my portion, there for I had many friends on offer. They wore all friendly for my left overs. So people are proportional to animal in regard food and hunger. When hungry; humans or animal alike; will do almost any thing to get food. In this described new hidden and secret place, or hospital, if you like, was no running water. As I heard: water was dribbling from under a rock and containers of various description were placed under the catchment: 24 hrs. a day to get all the water possible and yet, we receive very dense food for luck of water. Drinking water was restricted, electricity non existent. Because of my sickness, at night, even in total darkness, I hardly slept but was quiet. I never like to be nuisance to other, unlike many; continually lamenting with out any regard for other inmate.

At night a nurse in charge call; Vida couldn't do much for us, just gave us the potty or some water, may be a tablet if available, otherwise she would simply ignore the call of a patient, if there was nothing she could do, or my be; an usual wounded only want; attention.

The situation for Vida was; a all night bore when there wasn't even a light, except a hand torch that Vida held in her hands.

So Vida a pretty nurse would ask me, if she can lie beside me. Way not, way was I the lucky patient with a pretty nurse lying beside me. After all, was not much she could do for the wounded in such a miserable place. At least she could rest and have some sleeps. I happily agree. After she lied under the blankets touch close to Me, nicely ask me, to call her, if a desperate patient calls. I only wave with my head. She lie close to me and slept like a log, unless was she only pretending. Was pitch dark, so I could not tell whether She really sleeps.

I did not want the inconvenience to awake Her for any think, because was too pleasant and cosy for me to let her go away. I love the way She cuddle close to me. I really like Vida, but never told her so. I knew all the patiens and if I consider a call from a sick, that is serious and important I woke Vida bay shacking her body. This was only time that I dare to lightly touch her, till she wake up, then tell what is going on. Vida would get up, do what was necessary then came back and squeeze her self under the blanket, close to me. In my innocence, I felt great and lucky, to be chosen as trustful.

My sickness with high temperature was not even felt with Vida beside me.

Same time I thought to touch some particular part of her body, but on second thought and naive as I was, I couldn't do it. If I dare do such think, She my be offended I thought and She my not came back to me.

For Vida night after night I was most happy to perform this service with pride, pleasure and happiness, with all wish full desires, but with out a slightest violation. I was innocent and naive only sixteen and a half years old. Vida must have been few years older, but pretty, always kind, cheerful, and friendly.

After about four weeks my health improve, appetite return, food shortage was noticeable, I could eat three time as much I was given. Now would be nice if same body sick enough and unable to eat, would offer me, what was I offering to them but, unfortunately got nothing.

A month later, not in such a hurry as previously, all wounded wore again moved to a new, of course still hidden but much better prepare hospital. Here the builder and constructors who ever they wore; took time for the erection. Every thing was more normal and spacious. The main building made of thick logs and cover properly, separated kitchen, lavatory, operation room was roomy and neat. Twice since I am

in Australia; visiting Slovenia, pass the old Partisan hospital, but unable to visited, for lack of knowledge: where exactly was situated.

Couple weeks later at the new hospital, We the seek were told: all patients with serious wounds, will be transported to Italy for proper treatment. Goody, goody. Not so easy done as told.

Two month since I was wounded, but all wounds wore; still very much open, not for luck of healing but because wore very deep and broad. Every day was getting cured with fresh dressing.

One day the doctress came with usual morning routine work and when the nurse pull off the dressing on My left hand and uncover the wound? surprise! Thousands of astonished maggots; moving in all directions. Was summer time and hot, here and there some fly come and visit us. One must have snaked under the dressing. What a shocking and frightening sight. I felt like: the maggots are eating me alive. In My experience I only saw maggots eating dead animal not alive people. The trauma put me in a doubt full situation. Am I dead or alive?

After two month of healing my physic and mental filling became active.

Felt like getting stronger except for open wounds, but not yet given the permission to walk away from the bed.

I described the beads, how hard wore they. One became impatient, even a sick person wish to step on solid floor and walk around. I decide to do it any way, because lying on hard board with only tiny bag fill with pine and spruce needles in between me and the boards; course me sore back.

So, I tie the left arm with cloth around may neck, slowly got up and walk out on to the pathway; between the hospital building and the rest of the establishment. My left leg at the knee was stiff as rock, so I walk with the right foot pace forward and drag the left leg behind. Was not easy, because of physical weakness and clumsiness.

Actually I was much weaker in strength then I suspect. When still in bed or rather; on plank bunk; I have not released that My muscles weaken for luck of usage.

Never the less, like a bird that just fled out the nest full of enthusiasm was happily walking again, and if I could, would run, but had no strength for it, but then was satisfy that I could walk again and like a child I find the outside world exiting.

Suddenly notice the young attractive doctress coming from opposite direction.

I want to prove my walking performance, so I speed up a little, but fell like a bag of potatoes in shame and frustration to the ground right on the door way that was one step lower then the ground outside. Serves you right! the doctress said, step over me and continue on her way in side the main room to the other side, not even feeling a bit of sympathy for me.

Rumours spread; soon shall bi the time to travel toward South Italy.

Well. I wish it happen soonest possible. What at a pleasant dream that would be. I thought! How lucky to be wounded, because this is the only way to get away from danger, war atrocity and unpleasantness. If I am lucky and be transported to Bari in Italy, in the; Anglo-American liberated territory, then thinks should work all right. By the time I will be cured, the war will be over and may came home back from Italy; probably in a brand new uniform or suit, victorious, plus good times and pleasant memories to see same of the foreign land that was my all time dream.

Rumours became reality.

They begin to transport us; like usual; the primitive way, on peasant carts that was always a shortage of it, but some how they discover them from some where, but not enough of it.

I would be quiet happy to be transported in the manure cart's basket, like when transported to the hospital, shaking; riding over pot holes and rocks.

The reader would remember.

This time I had a much worse ride then in the manure basket. Because of shortage of carts I was lifted on a horse back. Now I paid the price for showing off my spirit and good walking performance to the hospital doctress.

With my left hand; tie up round my neck, both legs barren, because the long trousers have been cut off, over my knees the day I was wounded, when given the first aid.

They simply cut the sleeve on the jacket and trousers, like that next minute a brand new uniform would be promptly supply.

The jacket was only few days old and in complete ruin plus blood stains. As mentioned: the left hand was held up around my neck with a rag. Barren legs with bandages over the left knee. The right leg muscle below the knee was banded same way.

In such ridiculous or rather sad state, like for a bull fight masquerade I was placed without saddle or even blanket on a horse back. Well; that was the best affordable way, according to these war times.

Of course; I had a man on the lead holding the horse, but still in a ridiculous but most frightening and difficult situation. I ride on the horse back; along pathway for about four hours in an unimaginable discomfort. Nowhere to hold the right arm, and the legs, wore suspended down the horse belly. I was getting weak and drowsy by minutes and the legs wore getting paralysed.

Two month laying on the wooden bunk, straight on to the horse back with out a saddle. As We wore on the go, a short caravan of peasants carts with; about twenty heavy wounded man. Right behind the carts about twelve sharp shutters on horses wobbling left and right, hardly alive but following the carts. Thanks to the leaders. With out them We would probably lost our self's. After half way to the destination I was more unconscious then awake.

As the horse moved, all dressing on both legs have slit down to the hills and bare wounds wore rubbing against horse dirty and hairy side.

What a terrible horse ride. Horse hairs and filth, were accumulated all over the wounds, plus uninvited flies.

Finally after about four hr. arrived to the spot; where four month previously with the fellow fighter have been captured by friendly Partisans, together running from officer's Academy, as previously mention.

What a relieve. We wore all accommodated in few cattle stable, where I couldn't enough appreciate the deserved rest. This was the first, hopefully the last horse ride of my life. Unfortunately was not the last. Next night I rode that same horse. You will read about.

Momentarily felt and wish I could lye in the stable for the rest of my life, because had no energy or spirit left. Described horse ride was a complete hell.

At that transferring and wounded gathering; I do not known how many, probably one hundred fifty or more seriously wounded man and few women from all partisans hospitals Primorska region wore hand over to four partisan's brigades [ about 2000 Partisan's combatant ] The ones, including my self, that arrive on horse back [ about 12 man ] wore transferred for protection; from hospital staff to a single brigade command.

Good intelligence from the kitchen arrived, that we are going to receive; as much food one can handle. Rice and meat, actually more meat then rice, a full copper of it is getting cooked. That wonderful news.

I was starved, after bleed from wounds, a month of sickness and another month of insufficient nutrients, I would eat; life frogs or snakes, whatever I could lie hand on. Same how I still had my; one and half litre capacity; German army dish. That was the only think, that I wasn't robbed of.

That evening plenty full of food was on offer, there for eat with such appetite and so much, that surprise my self but the cook kept calling: take as much you like, as many time you like, is plenty here, this is all: only for you wounded people. I do not know how others sick man ate, but I could not stop eating and was continually tempted to eat more. Even after 60 years, I will not revel how much rice and meat I consumed.



I am still ashamed of my self. After every one had enough, and food was still on offer, I let the cook fill my dish. Of course was meant to be eaten next day: tomorrow. Here I want to mention, that the only thing I had left from all my good cloths and good boots from before being wounded, was the food dish.

The next day I wished: that some one had flogged the dish too, like the rest of my possession. I regretted eating so much. You shall hear about.

That same evening, the sick and wounded; wore all loaded on peasant cart with plenty of hay that serve for our comfort. We travel toward the Germans Army protected railway line with the intention of forcing our way over; on the other site. We the wounded wore lying down on the comfortable thick layer of soft hay. To cross the railway with the carriages was much too dangerous because noise would give the enemy the exact crossing spot and firing position, there for; all the wounded and protectors would became very vulnerable passing on the carriages in regular sequences, one after another that could course with all probability some dead, there for the wounded had to be carried across on stretchers; down a long railway slope, across the railway on the other side and up the slope right to the top, far away and safe from enemy concrete bunkers. On the other side of the railway; other peasant's carts wore waiting for us. The one that brought us to the line went back where they came from.

To cross the railway in mass, one have to conquer one or more bunkers to create a passage.

Let go back a little. As I described; at the moment food was My priority. Safety was other people priority, so while travelling for few hours toward the railway, most of the time, my mind had been about the dish loaded with meat and rice beside me. I was tempted to eat it, again and again. Although I was satiated more then sufficiently, just could not resist the food next to me. Will eat; only little I promise my self. Just a little bit. After all, only few hours before no lion could eat so much and yet I kept taken the dish cover off and make a snatch at the food, and little by little the dish was getting empty. After all night ride on the cart, wore getting close to the railway line. All of us wounded, wore placed in a secure place and guarded like puppies for the rest of that day.

The rest of the organisation and combatant, had the rest too.

Early in the morning the rice in my stomach have; as normal widen and spread and I became restless with stomach strained and pain. I could fill; I am going to burst. What a pity losing all that good food that the night before did appreciate so much. I felt like crying losing all the goodies. Slowly limp away from the rest of the crowd, I felt ashamed for lack of self control, there for I want to be alone like dying beast. Soon it happens as expected.

With one knee, kneel down on the ground [ other knee was rigid ] In few seconds the wholly meat and rice of previous evening was on the ground, a big hip of food that looked as original as the evening I eaten it.

Excuse me for being rude. If I had not pride, I was tempted to eat the lot again, because I knew; such meal will not be on the menu for a long time, probably for years, and so it was. I gusted right. No use to cry, should think before.

Next day; soon after midnight; the partisan in thousands wore getting us ready for the rail crossing. Heavy wounded and leg less; wore taken across the railway on stretchers. I was not that lucky, instead placed on a horse back; same horse as previous day, with no saddle or blanket with an ex German soldier as guide.

I was most surprised, this man wore no gun over the shoulder like the rest of the combatant. He escape from the Germans Army and voluntary join the partisans, hoping this way is going to save his life, at the inevitable German collapse.

Sincerely; I wish Him luck and hope so. Any way this ex German soldier held the straps and kept guiding the horse "here fuks, here fuks" kept saying to the horse. [ a German version; when drive horses ]

I could notice the way the German behave that Hi was in grave panic. Much more frighten and in bigger panic then my self. As we wore approaching the railway;

down a very steep and rocky track, the horse was sliding on smooth rock, and myself balancing on the horse back with no saddle and only my right hand to hold on the horse bristle.

For most of the time I was worry and very frighten, not for being shoot by the German guards but for fear of falling down the horse because of ground steepness. All the time I felt: now I am rolling over the horse head. Now I am falling. Could hardly hold on. Was My strong determination to sustain on the horse back. After so many years when ever I remember the event, still wonder; how I got deep in the ravine to the railway track still on horse back.

But when right in the middle of double rail track; a distance of few hundred meters from the German Army guards, shooting commence from both side. The horse chicken hearted, suddenly jump and I drooped to the ground like a bag of potato. The German horse driver in panic, just ren ahead and left me in a very serious situation. Hi didn't even noticed that I fall to the ground right in the middle of the railway line.

Of course there was not really a big danger for me or others wounded, for our partisan combatant wore, previously placed on the railway; facing the German bunkers from both side of the on coming invalids passage. Of course I did not know that, but as soon the German guards commence shooting, our man wore shutting back at the Germans. So both sites shooting just blindly at each other.

My self in a not known territory, off the horse and the driver in panic completely disappear; probably run for his life.

I was left on my own and I do not remember seen any body around neither, but never lost control or my courage.

I was going ahead in the direction that I though would be the right one means: to the other side of the railway line; that was as steep and rocky, as the one, where we came from. Must admit; I had very hard time, crawling in pitch dark on all four; up the hill, on uneven bushy grounds and I couldn't see; any other people neither, or was I concentrating for my own safety so much, that I hadn't notice anybody. All this time shutting was going on interrupted.

Some combatant found me clambering along, I explained what happen and they let to know the proper authority. My German guide was abused and ridiculed, actually felt sorry for Him being such coward that hasn't even notice when I dropped from the horse but kept leading the horse running ahead, with out noticing, that I am not on the horse back.

The partisan brigades that brought us through safely, assembled few kilometres on the other side of the railway where all of us wounded received some honey on a slice of bread, while the combatant wore looking on and swallowing the saliva. What a reward for looking after us. I felt hungry too, looking back at the lost portion of meat and rice.

Nothing to worry about I though. To night we shall fly away, on a British aircraft to Bari in Italy. There will be every thing a hungry bally desires.

Again: sick and wounded have been placed on peasant carts and by third evening we all have been; sort of hidden in bushes that surround a green; probably two kilometre long flat grass land.

We were told: the aeroplane will land soon, and us; got to be fastest possible on it and off, we shall fly. I felt enthusiastic, looking forward to fly to a new land that I have not yet seen.

Attentive listening for same aircraft noise, after all, we knew what is a aeroplane thunder. To our joy, we could every day hear the ally bombers from Italy and England delivering free goods to the Germans industry and city's.

Suddenly aircraft noise. I could fill the happy tension in my chest. This is for me and us all, the end of the war, hunger and misery.

The noise was getting louder and when loudest, another unexpected aircraft arrived. Suddenly two aircrafts. What is that? Unexpected rattle of heavy machine

gun fire, few seconds later; a heavy crash; that crashed all my and others wounded man's dreams.

What a shock and what sudden sad alteration. Couldn't be truth what We experienced. Must have been a betrayal. At night while we waited the British aircraft was on the landing approach, Enemy fighter appear unexpected and shoot down the British DC3 and gone. What a terrible frustration. The peasant cart with us on it begin to move, not toward the aeroplane but in opposite direction and so kept moving nearly all day, with no stop. When stopped the limbless and very sick; wore taken away on stretchers. My self and probably twenty others, have been following the guide as directed with the scarf over ours eyes up hills and rough grounds. I do not remember how many hours have we spend walking on to a mountain forest that was as I was told; about 16 hundred meters above sea level.

This was the guerrilla or partisan main hospital of a different province. Have been established in 1942 during the Italian occupation in a very remote place and so far never discovered by the enemy. The structure was made; same way as the one previously described, except; this one have been build on top of the mountain that happen to have a flat top ground, surrounded by big; tall beech trees. It could accommodate probably one hundred and more patients. I forgot the situation. I presume; winter here, must have been very severe.

I was there during the month of September, weather was still warm.

In this hospital; I learn to ply the game of chess, which I like it ever since.

By the end of September I was able to walk rather good, but the wounds wore not yet healed and my left knee was still stiff.

About two weeks after arrival to the mention Partisans hospital a group of wounded man wore selected and as I know departed to Italy from another landing strip. One week latter; my self and about thirty or more man, I couldn't remember how many. Again wore told: We going to fly to Italy. Thank goodness, would be about time too, because I was worry I was going to recover from my wounds and send on the battle front what I was very keen to avoid if I can helped it. Hope this time I will success and get to Italy away from this hell. Consequently my self and many other had to go down the mountain to the main road on foot. Hours of walking down the steep hill, along rough ground. They purposely led us down along rough grounds to prevent creating new tracks. Wouldn't let us going along usual tracks the hospital stuff wore using to came and depart. All ways using new pathways to cancel the old one, consequently confuse the curious and evasive enemy.

With my stiff knee was very difficult. Always down with the left stiff leg first and then follow with the other. Up the hill opposite way.

Finally; We reach the road, exhausted. With some body's help I climb again on peasant carts and rolling along on reasonable good roads, passing several villages that have been completely burn down. Not even a house or shed, have been spared.

People that used to live in the burned villages were by nationality: Germans.

Slovenian call them: Kočevars, after the nearest town call: Kočevje. The territory was colonized in eighteen century during Austro-Hungarian ruling over Slovenia.

At the end of October 1943 three motorized Germans division from Italy on their way to Eastern front, sweep the partisan's tread aside. At the same time have taken all German's population with them to safer Germany and in the process burn down all that was left, creating a scorched land.

Again on the move to embark to Italy. Hope this time I have better luck, like only two weeks previously a group of about; thirty man flu.

The mention peasant carts; usual Partisan transportation took us to the ruin of a bridge over river Kulpa. Actually this river is the border between; Slovenia and Croatia.

We all walked over the collapsed concrete slabs, to the other side of the river, actually in Croatia, where one big truck and two small ones wore waiting to take us near the airport of departure.

What a hopeless start. Only one truck was capable of going on its own power, other two have to be towed, by the capable one. One ex Italian army truck had in tow two smaller ones. Again, shortage of floor room for so many people.

The ones, that for many reasons couldn't stand on their feet because they had none, were lying on the trucks' floor.

The rest of the wounded, including me, have to sit all around; over the side walls with the feet on the trucks' floor. Nothing to hold on. What luck.

I was directed on the tail gate, of the driver's truck. I believed that I was in better physical condition than most, therefore directed to the worst position.

Well; same body have to be at the worst spot, way not me. I didn't like it at all. My left arm for the third month was still tied round my neck, too weak to be let free. My feet on the floor with my bottom seating on the four centimetres thick tile gate facing forward.

To prevent myself from falling on the road and under the two following; tied truck; all I had: my right hand holding the top of the tile gate to stop me from falling down. I could figure the very serious danger I was facing. Means: while in transit; falling from tile gate backward under the next and second truck that follow the first. Really! was not much chance to survive. Was simply too much to imagine.

I figure myself; just about dead. Actually under those circumstances I would prefer to be left in the hospital. Then nothing could be done. When I lamented and pointed the danger to the captain in charge, I was humiliated and told: I was the only one complaining. I was deeply disturbed and offended. I bet the Captain knew as well as myself the danger involved; sitting on the tile board with out any protection. But he couldn't do better. Partisan's motorised transport consist of damaged machinery that the enemy left behind.

When all under control the leading truck travelled along the road, with two trucks on top and me sitting on the tile board of the leading truck. I was so frightened, that never in my life, before or after, even under intense gun fire; felt so terrified and frightened. Looking down at the escaping ground right behind me and the truck that follows, only few meters behind, I could see the ground below moving frightening fast.

Terrified imagining; being swallowed under the rolling wheels. What end?

Every time the driven truck move forward, then engage the second and finally with even stronger trust shock engage the third truck, I was thrown back with great jerk force.

All I could do to prevent myself falling was: insert my feet under an invalid on the truck's floor, who was far from happy; getting lift off the floor every time I was going over the top and stop myself from going under the trucks' wheels.

On the level road, all three trucks were moving together, like a road train.

Up the hill; three trucks was much too heavy for the leading truck to sustain, so last truck was untied and left behind. First tied truck; was taken on top of the hill, untied, rocks placed under the wheel to hold it there, then the driver truck with all of us on it would drive back and get the last or third truck, while the second truck with invalids on it; was waiting on top of the hill. When third truck on the top of the driver truck would arrive, would become second toed and the second would become third in line. Two toed trucks would change position and become; second or third at every hill top stop. Myself and the rest of wounded being on the driven truck were continually driven forward and backward. Turning around more than twenty times including getting in ditches and get bogged in the mud etc.

Again all three clamp together continue on our way, till we came to the next steep hill. This proceeding kept repeating; probably ten times before arrive to our destination. Ones: one truck at a time, had to cross the river on a raft.

After all night and half of next day arrive at a place called Otočec. A village that I never dare to see, because of my poor state of clothing and physical weakness.

Let me go back to year 1944. Was not given any piece of cloth, because was a very shortage of it, and second: being on my way to Italy, the management presume that

I will get dressed when arrive to Italy. As the reader would realise, I must have been a disgrace to my self, hopefully to the regime too. So: that way, I don't know how the village did look like, except that it possess a nice looking castle, completely surrounded, but entrance by a small river in which I have fallen, playing about. This mention village in 1944 suppose to be a waiting and transit place, between Slovenia and Italy.

Here a little amendment. In 2006 from month of May and beginning of July; me and Carol, actually 48 of us had a tour of Slovenia and central Europe. In the tour program was the castle at Otocec that I mention in my story. Now after; more then half century latter I may say that I have been at Otocec and in the castle that sixty and more years I only saw from distance. What distance? Probably one hundred and fifty meters away, yet thous days; much too far for me. How times changes. What a joyful difference.

1944 I was; as I said a disgrace to the village. Dressed that felt ashamed of my self, hungry, miserable and alone.

*Year 2006; completely opposite situation, thank goodness; I have been in the mention castle; well dressed with all privileges, fed beyond requirement and with the best women; my one and only Carol and many other Slovenian tourist, from Australia visiting the castle. How life may unexpectedly change, but it did take 62 long years and few changed political Regimes.*

Let go back to year 1944: Usual me, couldn't rest, even with all mention sick condition that the reader know all about. On my own along the river that as mention; encircle the castle was fun, for where I came from, are no rivers. Boat? I seen only from distance. Here was a very little one. In Australia is call: dingy. With no body around I was very tempted to try it out. Hesitantly decided to step aboard. With difficulty; because of my wounds and left arm tied around my neck, I scramble down the river bank, close to the dingy, pull the rope, till the dingy was close enough. With one foot hesitantly and gently step in it, naturally first dingy experience, I expect it will stay still, will not move when boarding, but as soon My foot press the boat floor, the boat slide swiftly away.

I was so stoned and surprised, when with all my dirty miserable clothes and boots; have fallen in the water and below.

No person was present to witness the fun. I have been in panic and so shocked, though this is the end of My life, drank lot of water and felt, like being under the water for ages, never to reach back for air. Finally could breath again and wandering if I am still alive or em I dead. To my self; felt stupid and embarrassed even that no one was around. The river was deep, at the bottom was soft mud. As I said; panic strike me like, unexpected shook, but with hard struggle same how; I scrambled from the water, less one boot.

It must have been some where deep in the mud, unless flout away with the water current. I thought to call some assistance, but by doing that would lost trace of the boot. The only way was: to find it now right away I though.

Being; by nature suspicious of water, especially dirty one, and this one was: dirty. I was faced with a problem. By leaving the boot in the mud, I will be left with one only. Getting a new pair; is as much chance as growing a pair of wings over my shoulders. With hesitation I crawl back in the deep water. My head was just above the surface. With the bare foot; pressing deep; all over the mud, I just about consider it lost, when thank! the toe on my foot began to feel some think like my lost boot. Couldn't rich it with my hands, and I was not game to go with the head under the water. I have to find a way to insert my foot in it and then pool it out.

After long struggle, finally I was successful, Inserting the foot in the boot fool of water and mud and so got it safely out. Mention experience; by Me was considered; a special and courageous success.

The weather was chilly and my meagre clothes wet and that all a had.

For sake of embarrassment I dare not tell any body what happen.

When arrive back to the barn where were all situated I lie on the floor, on a few blade of straw and covered with the blanket for the rest of the day. Not that same body order me to do so. Was my idea to lie under the blanket till get dry, except getting up for poor meals, because walking around in wet cloth in chilly weather, was not a best proposition.

To fly to Italy was getting less chances then ever before. From here on, nothing works in my favour. Once or twice per weak the Aircrafts from Italy did came but never landed, only dropping some goods; from the air and fly away empty. Apparently the British has given the Partisan authority the message: no more stoppage of aircraft, because the German had enough aircraft standing on constant alert, there for; my hope of seeing Italy and the world came to a disappointed nothing.

At the beginning of October was no use waiting for the arrival of aircraft, all hopes have vanished.

About ten of us, still in a bad shape; still incapacitated but capable for slow clumsy walking, yet felt better then four weeks before when arrive on the famous' lorry transport sitting on the tile board with two lorry attached behind. Here ten of Us with an appointed guide have been send; still with wrapping on legs and arms each one with a different limp have been send; slowly but securely for about five hours; very slow walking pace to a three section village, around a small hill; part of Croatia, a place call: Zumberk.

We must have been a sorry appearance: Dressed in most appalling, torn and dirty rags with wrapping on limbs and limping while walking like sheep along the road. The more incapacitated: legs less have been; I believe send back to Partisans hospital.

Since wounded, every move toward safety, only separated me farther away from home, my fighting unit and desires. By then I must have been about 200 Kilometres distant from home.

Here I was in a semi hospital for young people, nearly recovered from wounds and sickness, but not good enough for combat.

All of us have to perform: night and day guard duties. Already at the beginning of October, the nights wore getting cold and not far away; was a Croatian Ustashi; Germans servile stronghold, well known band for cold slaying.

That though gave me the creeps, actually terrify me, imagining; one night I may be on night guard duty and as usual; most time half asleep, means: not alert on guard. One or more Ustashy may unnoticed sneak behind and just chop my head off. Or push a knife trough my body and that will be it, I though.

One more problem; while on night guard duty in my torn up cloth, shivering from cold, I thought: how cold is going to be at the end of December and January. With no cloth I will freeze in no time.

Cold is one of the most demoralizing factor in time of war. Thought: I better figure a way out. At least get close to home while still time, because when completely healed I though, most probably; will be send to same local fighting unit; that would be too far from home with no chance of running away when danger strikes, hunger and unpredictable unpleasantness, is going to be a bitter experience. What about the usual; home loaf of bread, if nothing more is available. Is a plus; being close to home instead of hundred and more kilometres away. Mention was definitely; a great moral depression.

I have nothing to loose, I though; if I go and speak to doctor Šumsky; man in charge for the wholly complex, but what should I say? After few days of continual thinking and rethinking I decided to meet Dr. Šumsky.

One morning with smallest possible leg's limp, with smile all over my face, present my self to the doctor in charge: Major by Army rank call: Dr. Šumsky. Behind my smile I hid my double meaning proposition. Was very worry that Šumsky may intuit my intention, that I want to avoid being sent to a combat unit or so. The Doctor did

listen with a smile and attention and when told Him that I fill strong, fit, healthy and capable to join my fighting unit, Hi appear quiet satisfied with my prospect. I was very satisfied too.

Dr. Šumsky wasn't meddling with any proposition. To my surprise Hi was very favoured like that my request was exactly what Hi expect of me. My hypocrisy was well guessed, but didn't bother Dr. Šumsky.

As I latter guest, my request was a golden opportunity to get rid of me, because I was only a burden to the hospital community, not use full combatant as I though. One more mouth to feed as I though latter.

As soon a group of same sort, will go toward your province Primorsko toward your home direction, we shall join you to it, Šumsky exclaims. As I sensed latter the Doctor knew better, probably did guess my intention, but was as much satisfied to send me on my way because I wasn't really a proper and capable combatant if My left hand was seriously damaged and leg's knee was rigid.

So was delighted to get away, meaning; going home. Dr. Major Šumski apparently fought me not good enough for any active battle.

If I volunteer to go back to my military unit so much better and out of Major responsibility.

Few days latter the Major call me to his modest office, gave me a small piece of paper with my name on it. To me it surpassed any International passport. That little piece of paper was my identification document, right to proceed on my way, also to receive food as I travel from one Partisan's formation to another till I rich the desired destination.

A group of people are going your way. The arrangement is to meet you in the village of Črnomelj, Dr. Šumsky said. Mention village was about 20 kilometres away, but consider my self lucky by having been given the chance to go there and from there, in company with many others; back where I start off; two month ago. Means: back where I was selected to fly to Italy. Any way; I had no intention to join my fighting unit, that was only a pretence, so that can get away from that place and get to a safe place: call: home.

I Must have had a very red face, being so hypocrite when facing Dr. Šumsky. So I though. Years after the event I still remember and though again about the time when met Dr Šumsky. I though that was smart of me; deceiving the Doctor. In fact I was over estimating My self; imagining, that soon may be sent to some; locally fainting unit. The fact was: My left knee was stiff two more years, means incapable for combat. So, I only made the doctor a favour by volunteering and go to my own unit. With it; I discharge the doctor the responsibility and vacate a place for some body more needy patient.

Now, let continue with My requested to go walking all the way where I came from two month ago.

How I got from the hospital of Dr. Šumsky to the town that Hi indicated, I do not remember. Important was: that I found the group and among them was one boy from my active unit; Batič was His name: I knew the boy well.

This unit like any other transit group; from beginning to the end of the trip, from one to the next district, was always led by one or more experienced transit guide. All had the permission, including my self to get food at partisan transit station, as we walk from one to another district. Easy said.

Mention guides; wore dare devil, young men armed with automatic weapons continually risking their lives by leading groups of people or just going alone delivering messages, where ever needed or requested, all ways through dangerous channels among the enemy lines.

The same day the mention group and my self with them commence walking. I believe I was a burden to the rest of the group for walking slower then normal healthy young mans would walk.

First and second day we arrive to the district command; too late. No food. Probably was all my fault, for slowing the group down but no body complain. Third day; at the District; we receive bit of boiled water and in it; wore four pieces of cow's lungs. With Batic, the boy I mention before, instead of resting, We went to the agriculture

fields; looking for left over potato. The crop must have been unearthed little before. Unfortunately there was none left for us. Most probably; there were others mouth as hungry as our before us. My stomach was rumbling and being hungry one can't rest, so with Batich became good friends and being both hungry and I as more resorts full; naturally became the leader of the two. With leisure slowly with out any plan walking around the village, looking for some food, where my discover We had no idea. Was hardly any person around. Suddenly same thing unexpected. On a house blind wall, from one corner to the next, two tread with tobacco leafs on it was getting dry.

I said to Batich: this evening; we shall return and tear that tobacco from that wall, for tobacco one my get any thing. So it should be done, other ways; we going to starve continually.

The same evening; we wore among peaceful village hollow way; looking; for a step ladder, which was no problem for, We soon find one. Got it over my shoulder and carry it to the place where tobacco was getting dry.

I lean the ladder against the wall and look at Batič, saying nothing but did expect Batič physically healthier to claim up the wall and tear the tobacco from the stone wall, for I had one stiff leg, means: too slow claim.

Hi was gutless. As said, I expected Batich the healthier then Me to claim up the ladder. Nol Batich was too chicken to go up, I had to go up the ladder that took twice the time. Right foot first then the left would join the right and same think on my way down: one step with both feet on the same.

I really felt guilty conscience for whom it my concern, but life is cruel and all ways going to be so.

Mention tobacco brought me a new adventure. Instead of getting some food for it as I expected I nearly got shoot and killed as you shall hear.

Any way, We got the tobacco, was not food yet but felt like being already fed, even that was only in the imagination but felt optimistic. Next evening arrived in a bigger village. That was our fourth stop, where we received some cooked food. That same evening, with my companion Batich walking along the dry village track; looking for suitable farm house. We enter one and told that we have tobacco for food interchange. The women said: we haven't any thing but the man; most probably her husband said: mother! give them same thing. Hesitantly She left the kitchen's room and after waiting few minutes, the mother brought in a small beg and in it; a couple kilos of grounded wheat. That will do us; I said happily. Trade two full open hands of tobacco, thank nicely and left.

Right away would like to use same of our new supply but couldn't discover any such place, that could be used for cooking without being seen and get in some unpleasant trouble.

The cooking should be done in private, where no question would be ask, but where is such hidden place. We realise; there is no such place.

That same evening. with still same group of people that started off four days ago, plus about thirty or more people with out weapons continue toward our or my destination. Over night; We cross the Alps and by morning arrive at a Partisan Postojna district command post, situated in the thick forest.

Postojna town is only 39 kilometres from my home town, that mean: very close to my destination. Here I felt much safer, because I knew the surrounding. Surprise, I find Mario the Commissar of the District command post by rang of political Lieutenant to be my close home neighbour. Right away became acquainted. Spoke about family business and neighbours. The lieutenant stressed to me: make sure to give my regard to such and such people and if you have a chance please, visit my family. etc.

First thing at the mention Postpone District Command, I had to peep in the kitchen if some think is getting cooked. The reader will imagine my stomach was grunting even louder for lack of food, there for; my mind was concentrating about food.

As I discover, this command kitchen was not like all of us would imagine: a big room with rows of pots over the steam stove, hot and cold water's taps etc. This kitchen



was in the thick bush not far from nature running water. frail stone walls; to seat the cooking vessels with other kitchen wear hanging from trees. In described kitchen the food were getting cooked but has not even begin to boil.

Three big cooking vessels, full of small pieces of beef and dry beans.

I was already liking my lips, looking forward at the tasty meal I am going to have in few hours, but frustration arrive much sooner then dinning small pieces of beef and dry beans.

Soon and too close for safety; gun fire from many barrels wore bursting toward the direction of the camp. Confusion became apparent. Personnel at the command post wore all; of the old aged group, not really capable for combat against a trained regular army but only for service and guarding the district command that was: a administrative not combatant organization.

The German army and Slovenian servile; call: white guards wore invading the camp. We the new arrivals and all the personal simply ren away at full speed through tick bush, where broken dry and fresh tree brunches wore lying across running path. With my stiff left solid knee, could jump over the woods with the right leg first and drag the left stiff leg behind. Not so easy but in desperation I could follow the rest of the fleeing crowds. We all kept running for probably ten minutes. Lucky for us; a partisan unit of capable combatant attacked the enemy from the rear and in so doing the attackers became attacked. All of us horror stricken running in panic for our life could notice the counter attack from our friendly force, immediately stop running and from far distance applauded the event with a big hooray.

After mention tread, every think turn all right. I come back to camp faster then the rest of the crowd with only one thought in my mind? food. My stomach kept reminding me that for last five days; has hardly received a proper meal.

When back in the kitchen I was disappointed to find the meat in the cooking vessels only boiled, still bloody red and the vessels where food was getting cook has in many places been guns shoot through by passing invaders. Before any body also arrive, I have done same kitchen investigation of my own. There; close to the mention kitchen was a big tall rock. In the middle of it; appear to be a hole with rags showing. I pull one piece out, then others and more. Finally a pot was visible. Took the pot, look in to it and in side was animal fat. Great I exclaim, still determined to cook a meal from the acquired flour at the previous village. Now I have fat, that I just stolen. That is going to be a tasty meal; hopefully. At this place? out of question. They would shoot me for stealing the fat. OK. My be next stop. Where? Still dreaming, although had no hope of cooking any where. I couldn't comprehend being so close to home and committing such malefic, inconsiderate stupid crime. Must have been out of my mind for lack of nutrient. Make no sense. Way have I done this mean burglary? I was very sorry, but too late.

During the burglary I probably have been under stomach influence not aware of the wrong doing, not aware that, the command post did depend on that pot of fed for dinners seasoning. Very soon as I walked away I extremely regretted what have I done, but was no way to turn back and was no way to repair the damage. Only way was: to hide the pot and some way get rid of it. I was also sorry that a pot of fed that is considered worthy of equal part of gold is going to be waisted

Would definitely not work to present the can of fat to the kitchen chef and say sorry, I never meant to steal it, was only a joke. Was too late filling sorry. The damage was done and by admitting any think would put me in a very difficult position. Fearful for what I done and fearful; what my happen if discovered I better do same think clever, before the kitchen stuff discovered the missed goods, I though. So right away I walk with wrapped pot under my shoulder for couple hundred Metres toward the direction of the tonight departure and hide the wrap in a thick bush and quickly came back to camp and acted like nothing happen but consciously; I felt very ashamed of My self.

If I could correct the error, even going far of My way, of course not losing My life but prepared to do any think that would repair the damage; I would do it. Unfortunately was nothing I could do with out getting shoot.

The food that was getting cooked; before enemy invasion; presumably have been poisoned by the enemy. Of course it couldn't be proven neither way, because the organization didn't poses a scientific tool for testing the food. To be on a sure side the half cooked food was thrown in the ditch. What pity.

The kitchen chef start cooking again. I even receive a good meal, but I don't know what, because I was constantly confused and guilty for coursing the mention morning pilfer. Felt disgusted and undeserved.

With the mention shooting encounter, few German and servile Slovenian attackers have been captured by friendly counter attackers. Soon the captured prisoners were brought to the District Command, undressed of good cloth. The lieutenant District Commissar right away called the worst clothed Partisans combatant to the spot, ask them to undress. The called sensed what is coming their way, willingly undressed. Partisan holed garment wore given to the prisoners. Prisoner's good garment wore given to the needy Partisan combatant.

In war times, this was common procedure. German and their servile wear mostly good dresses, while Partisans wearing any think wearable. Procedure of undressing the prisoners if wearing good winter dress was common in all; combating front, especially where extremely cold persisted, like at Eastern front, where both armies did lack sufficient dress. Germans soldiers undressing Russians and vice versa.

While the prisoner's hands tight with wire and shivering from could, dressed in holed garment lied on the frosted ground, same body ask the Lieutenant Commissar: what are we suppose to do with the prisoners? Mario; Commissar that did look ragged and savage: exactly as his answer to the question, said: **just make them could**, means: kill them.

As I notice, the prisoners were not killed, as the Commissar suggested, but taken to the higher Command where Partisan Courts of law begin to practice. How just wore Partisan's judged, I have a very serious doubt. I would say that, those days the Partisan Courts did prefer to get rid of the prisoner rather the nourish them.

Let go back to the morning event. When every body was back from heroic; panic escape, before the mention camp invader, from the kitchen came bad news. The **pot of fed** has been missing.

The political lieutenant; Mario from town of Sežana that only couple of hours before became **acquainted and with me very friendly**, spoke about owns home town and family, neighbours etc. Mario stress to me; not to forget to give his regard to people: hi knew, as well his own family, of course; if I have the chance to meet. Suddenly Mario, the Lieutenant Commissar became a **completely different** person. The news of missing can of fed, put Him completely in **disarray** became enraged and furious. Right away hi start calling to line up District camp personal, all people on transition like my self, plus about thirty of Italian nationality with no weapons that wore transferred from Slovenian to the Italian side of combat that at the moment camped at the present command post.

**Like usual: Slovenian would for all evil; pick on the Italians and vice versa.**

When all crowd, mean: the whole District Command staff and man's on the transition wore line up, the Lieutenant past close by me and telling him self and me! I am sure; an Italian bastard stole the pot of fad. Pull his gun out of his holster saying: as soon the thief is discovered; I shall shoot him on the spot. Hi was walking along the standing crowd line of mix people with loaded gun, while others searched the suspects.

I felt extremely guilty and ashamed. At that very moment I was about prepared to plead my guilt. My conscience prick me to tell all, be brave and admit the crime. On the second though, No way. I am guilty and sorry all right but don't want to volunteer to get shoot by the threatening Lieutenant. Nearly got me there, but **No**; is not worth telling the truth.

The Commissar was very disappointed for not finding the guilty thief, nor the pot of fed, there for; the rest of the day in worse mood as one would expect from a defeated person.

As predicted, at dusk: the transition people were gathered on the assembly spot. After routine checking and counting we left in single file. As I did not belong to any group I place my self where ever was more convenient. In this case; I want to be last in the line, because I want to pick the hidden fat, as much I would like; just to forget about it, because of my guilty conscience and too late to be of any use, but then again, leave the fed where hidden is going to be wasted, mean twice the crime. OK I am going to pick it up and give it to same body, that have the use for it. I felt certain, the political lieutenant has not forgotten the pot of fat, there for: I better be ready and precautious because my life was at stake if the Lieutenant think what I am thinking.

When all of us walking from the District Command as I mention; I have been last in the queue. When close to the place of fad concealment, I moved off the queue toward the bush where the fat was hidden. For any unpredictable happening or to be on sure side, I undid my trousers belt or rather string. Had no belt.

When I was about to grab the pot of fed, a leaf noise was heard. That same moment I release my trousers and clumsily bent and kneel with only one knee, the other leg straighten in front because it was stiff solid. At such embarrassing position the Lieutenant jump in front with pointed gun at my head.

I was absolutely motionless, not a bit surprised. A. a. a. a. that you, was his impulse, I thought; you are some Italian that came to pick the hidden pot, the Lieutenant exclaim. He guessed perfectly right but I did outsmarted him, like that nothing unusual happen. While kneeling on one leg only I lamented: this bloody diarrhoea is driving me sheets all the time.

The lieutenant lamented him self for same problem, moved a little away to avoid unpleasant smell. Lucky for me, if the lieutenant was smarter would get me for lack of stench, because on the ground was nothing, absolutely nothing to smell. Tanks; hi was standing at safe distance, spoke to me: repeating what he previously ask, not to forget to give His regards to people mentioned the previous morning. In few second I rise, pull up the trousers, tie it with string, best I could and said: I better move fast, I my finish getting lost and ren away empty handed. Hew! I exclaim with cold sweet over my fore head.

That was a very close shave.

Such enormous implication for about a kilo of fat, I could be shoot in cold blood like a beast and I would probably deserved too but luckily got away alive.

As the reader my realise. In any event or hardship I never despair or relay on other combatant. Most time they wore much older or developed then my self, but fought my own way and looking for new ways to survive, also prepared to take any risk.

I realise that I was more dare devil and more courageous them most other combatant. I mean; during the earlier times when was still capable for combat and out of it.

By middle of the night, the queue of about fifty of us that wore lead by only one guide but wore few other man, like the group from starting point that ware arm. We arrive at the railway line. I must have been; chicken stricken from previous rail experience. Better be caution, I don't want to be shoot so close to home, so again place my self at rear of the queue. I thought: If the head of the long row of man mostly not armed are spotted by the German guards, for me hundred meters at the rear of the row will be a easy escape. So careless just follow the last man in the queue.

From distance behind notice the head of the queue already walking across the rail tracks with faster pace. I seen that as: it is alright and safe, so I felt secure, there for careless about German guards rather intensely looking to the ground not to stumble on loose rocks that wore spread all over the pasture. Just continue limping behind the man in front with out looking at the railway.

Being last as I said I was constantly looking to the ground, because was uneven and rocky, not to mention my clumsiness.

When was about to step on the rail embankment, accidentally look to my the left, I was petrified and chicken stricken. On the railway site walk; two German soldiers standing only two meters away. I scarcely trust my own eyes. Each soldier was holding a bicycle with the rifle over his shoulder. What unpleasant coincidence.

The way they momentarily appear; wore not dangerous at all but that rifle can change position in no time, especially when mostly of us wore unarmed and the guard wore not blind with shine full moon light and us only two meters away.

Before the rail crossing event, I was speculating and thinking; how to get smartly and securely over the tricky passage, now realise my gross mistake.

I was really wary and confused, blaming my self for being in such badly arranged position.

Being the last in the queue as I wanted to be before the passage, I had not thought that being in the middle of the queue would be much better proposition. I thought being smart, now I realise how foolish I finish up. Too late now.

Last in the queue mean: nearest target for the German guard after passing the rail embankments, plus back facing.

After crossing I expect the Germans guards to commence shooting, there for; was constantly concentrating and looking ahead; left and right; for a quick possible hiding place but thanks there was no shooting, even German are human and fearful I thought, way getting involved if they can get away peacefully. They just stay motionless.

Probably just as happy as Our self's for being spared a risky encounter. I bet the Germans didn't report the accident to their command ether.

Two mortal enemy unexpectedly met. Most probably both party wore surprised and petrified but controlled self nerve and in process; spared few lives.

I haven't enquired, about the encounter with the enemy, because by morning We all arrived under the mountain Nanos. That was the nearest to My Home. From there the wholly queue was going to the right and would be father away from where I want to go. They all continue unimpeded and didn't stop for any think. Said nothing, just begin to use my usual previous strategy, means; disappear at my convenient time. I have no intention as I mention to Dr. Šumsky that I want to go to My combat fighting unit. No, I want to go Home. If the crowd notice that I am missed I don't know

So I did it again, because from the position; as all of us wore in the early morning: to the right was the track to the Partisan Corpus H.Q. where the whole group was hiding. My self had no intention to follow the rest of the crowd to became same sort of active, probably for the time; only in a not combatant unit, till my left knee hills, latter? no body knows. Nevertheless; joining My active unit; may use Me for Military purpose, means: life risking.

From the present position; to the left; about three hours walking distance; over a rough hilly terrain is my: never before so wished: home.

So my usual old tactic: hid in the scraps; till all gone, then selected my own direction.

From this spot on I didn't need any more leaders, guides or food supply. I knew my own way.

Walk down the valley over a creek, up the hills trough wine yards and orchards.

Hungry I was looking for any left grapes or other fruits. Unfortunately at the end of month October is too late to look for any fruits. And too many hungry mouth around.

Still hope full to get some among the dropped leaves, was scratching and searching the ground and while concentrating over the ground, unexpected collided with some body. Surprised and frighten I look up to see what is at stake for me; good or bed?

Sander! what are you after I said. Vern! what you doing here? Sanders asked. Both wore hungry and looking for same fruit. What unexpected surprise.

Few years back We wore neighbours and school maids and where we meet ? on a hill, both hungry, looking for left over fruits with a big difference: Sander was well

dressed in a military uniform, no ranks, while my self: absolutely ashamed; a typical no hoper in torn up rags. While still on the hill looking for some fruits We did witness an unusual event.

Over us in the sky were probably hundreds of American Super fortresses delivering free goods to the German's City's. As We watched up the sky a German's fighter aircraft approached the Americans armada. A rattle from a machine gun from- one of the Super fortress could be heard. That instant moment; smoke commenced trailing the German's fighter, soon begin losing altitude, going lower and lower in the direction of my home town. I could tell because from the mention hill about six Kilometres away I could perfectly see the house I was born in. I was worry, the falling German's aircraft my demolish my home, right in front of my very eyes; one hour or so; before reaching it. Lucky it has fallen on to the pasture land about half Kilometre past the town.

From that moment; about one hour latter; I reach my desired destination; home. My sister Gisela was home alone. She was very surprised, rather petrified to meet me so unexpected, but specially surprised to find me in such a poor condition. Was my appearance and surly My stanch that She has not mention but most likely felt, that way ask me to go and have a wash up. Actually in the cellar she prepare the water in a wooden washing tap. The house didn't poses a bath as I know today, with cold and hot water.

The cellar was used, because was deep under the ground, where temperature hardly change between summer and winter, there for was good washing place; especially in cold wether.

In general terms, they just couldn't except, seeing me the way I look. The sadness; mix with joyful filling; as they see me in poorest possible state. As poor as one can be; a proper looking beggar. Presenting my self; pale, starved and meagre, boots: both left sided of different size, tied with wire and no socks. Ragged trousers; torn from knees down and back side with part of my buttock shown. Roget pullover with Adriatica: writing across the chest: name of an Italian shipping Company. The last bit was originally given to me by my brother Franc.

As I was having my wash up, standing in the wooden tap naked like the day I was born, my mother unexpectedly walked in the cellar. She was much too anxlous to saw me there for She couldn't wait till I am ready washed up and dressed in some clean cloth.

Naked as I was, felt embarrass, but she most probably was not interested in my private parts, but surely curious about state of my body; how many parts of my corpse are missing because of various alarming reportage wore given from various people.

My self standing upright naked in the tap in full Mother's view She could see the wholly body, legs and arms. Obviously no big scars on the body and no vital limb, missing, so She ask me to spread my hands, I did as requested, She notice a missing finger on my left hand. She felt relieved, but still sorry. I was worry you wore much more damaged She said. Of course, people that saw me wounded; bleeding from head to the toe, had a horrible Impression about my survival and that image have been reported to my parents with various mix messages.

*Few month latter, when my mother got used to me and my self being, like usual; a bit mischievous She was angry and in such state easy excited; she reproach me by saying: The God punish you for all that happen to you. Well I thought: I have no scruples about it but, if there is a God? then he was right to punish me. for coursing so much disturbances and problems to my parent, others people and my self.*

## **PART 2.**

My fighting spirit for liberty, democracy and bread had completely vanish or you may rather properly call it; My adventures or excuses to participate in the liberation army had vanished as well. The best way to fight for bread and liberty is: stay away from it.

I learn a good lesson that tells Me: go back to the safer life: till the land.

The mortar's blast that took my fore finger and course so many other wounds, that have been abandoned for dead on the fighting ground near the town of Audovščina, was sufficient and more then enough to turn me around.

This time I was glad to stay home and have no desire to join the Partisans and fight for liberty, democracy and bread, and when ask or interrogated way ? I am home and not fighting? I gladly saw my damaged left hand and when walking I was proving the intense even exaggerated limp.

At my arrival back home; end of October 1944, only family women: May Mother, my Sister and Granny were looking after every think, even doing man's work; like till the land.

For the two brother in failed Italian army, no one knew where wore they.

Didn't know what happen to My father, since taken by the Germans, except that was taken by train to Germany and since was no communication.

A sad situation but people get a way in moral self respect and carry the life on as normal as possible.

My self being the only man on the farm property with much more work then I could handle, put good afford in every think. I was ask to perform and did it with good enthusiasm and in return did enjoy respect and best possible service and care; under given condition; from my mother and sister.

I was doing man's work that have never done before; like ploughing the land. Not that I have been personally enthusiastic to work the land, but my mother had all her emotion and life in the land. She hardly knew any think also. This was her life and consolation. I felt compassionate and sympathetic. I did my best on the land, till end of the war, plus I had to go, like all the others few capable man: dig trenches for the German. Way such change of heart toward the enemy? Was not done for the love of the foe, but to be saved before given circumstance, which at that time wore very severe. With thousands enraged German's servile: Serbian Cetniks, Slovenian white guards, Croatian Ustashi and thousand of Germans soldiers retreating from the Balkans. The foe all fearing the frightening future and a certain defeat. In all: about 30 thousand troops were stationed in our Primorie Province, like for vendetta; against the civil population and after few partisans that had no place or home to run to. All mention mob was; also very unpredictable, cunning and cruel, so the best way to stay alive and safe was to stay; double faced friendly because at the time the enemy wore; a wounded beast's, there for very dangerous mob.

Excavation of trenches lasted till the war ended and took place about 10 Kil, from home toward the town of; Trieste. Using own bicycle, peddling every morning to the trenches and in the evening coming back home. The German occupant was generous enough that even pay a meagre amount of money for the performed work. Gave us personal identification cards, there for unmolested and free to move among the stationed enemy.

As I mentioned at the very beginning; my bond with my father was very close. I also mention that Hi was forcibly taken to Germany, and six month after the war ended, was no news about his where about. I was very concern, Hi my never return.

Brother Franc; arrived soon after the war ended. Oldest brother Henry did let us known his where about. Actually he was in the Yugoslav army.

**Surprise, surprise! One lucky day, suddenly and unexpectedly happen.**

I was in the home court yard, chopping some fire wood. Suddenly for no reason at all, drop the hatchet, run up the house stairs in to my parents bedroom. An instinct told me to look trough the window out. I did, Here right below the window I could see my father riding on a horse cart.

What pleasant surprise. Must have been a telepathic message that told me to run up to the mention room and see my Father arriving. What a pleasant surprise.

Thank goodness. Like usual: Father was never short of words. Immediately sat down and commence telling us the whole events of his life: from the day of his arrest, travel to Germany, work on Germans farms, aerial bombardment etc.

Hi told us that only few days before war ended, was under intense aerial bombardment and buried under the building gravel for full four hours, where his brother, or my uncle and a another man from nearest village perish under the rubble.

Lucky: for our family; the war ended with not very big consequence, if taken in consideration; not far away; humiliation, robbery, devastation of entire family's and in so many surrounding villages, a big lot of people was slain by the enraged foe. Finally the cruel war entanglement was over, peace and full satisfaction prevail. Our striving to belong to a new; as the propagandist call it; Socialist Yugoslavia or officially call: People Republic was realized. For the moment our part of territory was under the control of the: British- American allies and that was going to stay for few more years. The fact strike me negative, in spite of allies very generous attitude toward the population, **Continuous Yugoslav Communist propaganda influence over the people did turn the population hostile toward the allies, even refusal of social assistance.**

Indoctrinated wrongfully; people in thousand with all sort of pretence with stupid placard wore manifesting hatred toward the Allies. **Rather hunger and famine then be sold to imperialist oppressor: were shouting.** Incredible non sense. How can intense political propaganda turn the people against own interest. Personally did not share the ignorant opinion of the brain washed, that way never participate at the senseless manifestation but would confess that I believed in a political system; **where equality and justice prevail and that suppose to be: Socialism.** So I thought.

Italian Fascism that rule us for last twenty years has proven socially fear but nationally very tyrannous as already described.

Naturally; under the new Socialist Yugoslavia we expected to get the chance where the wholly Slovenian nation will be able to select a social and political system that will install prosperity, good living standard and very important: **national freedom.**

General opinion was; to embrace the **not yet known socialist system.** Here and there, same one would precautionary mention atrocity perpetrated by dictatorial Communist system in Soviet Union but of course we refuse to believe such counter-action. Such spreading was rather accept as provocation and anti social. People in general wore indoctrinated for the new system, probably because was something new, never before experienced. Caution!

Thous wore My personal comments as I saw it after termination of the second ward war.

Couple of month after termination of war hostility, unexpected; a new drama began. Same time in august 1945 as; ex service man and invalid was given the opportunity to go on a short three month economic study course. By succeeding, would be in range like, completed fourth gymnasium and then eligible to join a higher course of economical education that will last for two years. I gratefully accepted, like joining the partisans to get away from boring village and field work but here I was seriously interested, also ambition to became some body better then just a village cow boy. Soon travel by the train, free of charge to Slovenia capital city of Ljubljana. Even transport from the station to the Partisan's invalids home was provided.

In Ljubljana was the Partisan's invalid's veteran: H. C. where I lodged with every think provided by the Government. There wore few hundred other war's invalids with

disability's much more serious than my self, so much that for first few days I was emotionally disturbed to see so many; really incapacitated and help less men, also few women: legless, blind, some with no limbs at all. A very disturbing sight. Actually it did distress my mind so much that for a couple of days I couldn't normally eat but in few days I got used to them, there for carry my life with no problem at all.

Few days after arrival the mentioned education course began and lasted for two months. All participants: *about thirty* had to pass the written examination. Testimony of the event put me on fresh basis regarding social state, political economy, accountancy, management etc. With mentioned education I was eligible for the two year duration study to complete the education which was practically same as the two month one, but more comprehensive with supplement of political education or rather call: political communist indoctrination, socialist economy, science, history, etc.

Let me add few remarks. During the war; most educated people, especially if they were politically alienated one or another way; were exterminated by enemy, as well; own sympathisers because they were politically influent to the opposite side, which ever side it was, there for; an impediment to the non friendly political side.

When war ended a new problem appeared? How to manage the economy when very few experienced, capable persons were available and the lucky, that escape death were not trusted by the new communist overlords. A new generation of distinguished ability was needed. One that would be trusted, that would without question; enthusiastically surrender, obey and serve the new order.

One such puppet, supposedly would be; my self. Yes! possible, prepared to obey but not continually sacrifice, as the new regime expected.

After all; I sacrifice by voluntarily join the liberation front, been scared and wounded on nine parts of my body and lost my fore finger on the left hand.

The pupils at the secondary course; did numbers about forty young people, mostly from peasant denomination that serve the partisan war activity. Some were already working in the economy, politically active and were sent to improve practical and mental experience.

Were mostly members of the Communist Party and mostly older than my self.

Few girls; mostly of the same social peasant level, were also attending. Mostly typical partisan's female volunteers; war collaborators, mostly ugly looking.

Partisan women, war collaborator or volunteers in the Partisan's force.

At the end of the first year study we had to pass the year examination, where few students have fallen. At the end of second and terminal year had to pass a written and verbal test where about twenty per cents of students fell the final examination. I accomplished the education with an average result. Could do better, if I had somebody pushing me a bit, or if I was in the Communist party, for they held regular secret meetings where party members would be criticized for being slow to memorise the subjects.

They would encourage the individual to study harder, were also expected to pledge improvement, even receive tuition but I was not taken seriously because wasn't a Communist party member. I was ambitious, all right, also want to be somebody but wasn't enough determined on the other side I did like a bit of fun: dancing, singing, romancing.

My last admission to the study course was not to the liking of the new political war lords.

Of course, I was for; so call Socialism but without blind enthusiasm. I did like good life and fun. Good member of the Communist Party was supposed to forget his own satisfaction. Primary duty was: unconditionally surrender to the party and that was not what I believed.

The more politically controllable fanatic ones; were selected for jobs, like: Control Commissions, some for onward study like: law and diplomacy. The one most fanatic; openly anti religious propagator type was selected, to be Yugoslav ambassador to the Vatican in Rome. Some with extended study became even judges,



etc. After termination of the study and examination I was sent to Sezana my district civil administration and took charge of accountancy department for ex consumption shops that were all nationalized in the name of Socialism. All mention shops that were nationalised by the Communist expropriation law were run; mostly by young people that accomplish one month managerial course. Hardly any one running the shop, knew to manage the books.

I was of poor quality myself but being appointed to establish the running books for commercial undertaking in the wholly District was a very difficult task.

I did work on the subject for two Weeks in three different shops and establish the books to the current date. If they were all right? I never knew because, thank two weeks latter was call back to capital city of Ljubljana and appointed to a section of state department for tradesman's economy planning cooperatives. Was happy to be back. After all, mostly my school friends were in Ljubljana. By then the political face of the new Socialistic system was showing the really and proper face. Progress in all direction was running in reverse.

Four years and more since the war was over, one would aspect some improvement in living standard. Instead life was getting insecure, harder and more demanding. Even war defeated countries; raise back to reasonable living, but in Yugoslavia the national inspiration and dreams were a disappointed set back. Mismanagement, immense bureaucracy and every second day a new reform and hundred excuses and accusations against Imperialism, reactionary anti social element and many more such swears were used and pointed to justify the economical stalemate or rather backwardness.

Monthly salary was bellow poverty line. All consumption goods were still purchased with the war time cards system, if any. So, the trousers belt was getting longer by the day and that demoralise me.

About this time I was proposed and accepted as a member of the C.P.

I became more serious, but I could sense that My seriousness was a false one, most probably, because I lack material and financial satisfaction. Being in the Party I thought: life would improve.

The regime thought to win me over by accepting me in the Party. Hopefully some other benefit, but by becoming Party member only gave me more responsibility, no advantage what so ever, means: worse off then before.

I may have been ambitious, but given Me more responsible, visible and transparent work and position with out any material and financial gains is not what I want from this proposed all equal workers Socialist paradise.

By my reasoning; before admission in the Party as I said; was not admissible because I was not serious enough but when I was excepted in the Party and for while experienced the membership and in return receive nothing, but more work, felt less admissible then ever before. By then, my enthusiasm for the system was running out. Yet this time I thought: better became ambiguous. Behave and talk; what Party circle like to hear.

Unfortunate, my character dos not permit double presentation, especially after hearing the new consolation or rather propaganda slogan introduced by the Communist Intruders, that to me sound more senseless than any previous one. *The slogan read: The future belong to the youth.*

That means: sacrificing a lot more years. I suppose to forget my sufferance, and contribution toward acquiring this false liberty and so call; democracy.

That really place me in conflict with false and empty propaganda that was directed to justified all mistakes caused by the communist leaders.

Mention slogan caused my disappointment, even more false impression and insecurity for the future.

I was not even sixteen years old, when join the liberation, yet already too old to enjoin the war gains, as per so far; We have gain nothing or rather advancing in reverse. By the time We are; if ever going to gain any goodies from the liberation; will be too late, if pacing to the better future the speed of today, I will be much too old to enjoy.

Any way; I wasn't wrong; according to the resolution experienced in 1988, when after 45 years of poor survival Yugoslavia as such crumbled to pieces. That proves; I was wasting my time fighting for liberation from the oppressor to acquire another one, worse then the previous one that I fought against. I or, We the Partisans got rid of a foreigner oppressors and acquire a own national one that was canny and loaded with thousand promises, but not able to deliver any. My last sentence probably has not proven any sense, but that was my filling at the time. Like I mention; after became member of the KP; duties; I had hundred to perform: First the routine job I was doing, but then there wore several daily duties: before and after work: Communist party, Youth organisation, Workers Union meetings, plus voluntary physical work. Etc. For easier utilization or exploitation of the people the administration employee works; six days; from six in the morning, till two in the afternoon, so to spend more time for political activity and voluntary physical work etc. In essence all was: a systematic brainwashing and utilization.

One day the cell Party meeting; for reason to save afternoon time, decide to have the Party meeting; at five in the morning, one hr, before commencing daily work and I shall be; as the rest decided; the notes keeper. I assure my self that I must not miss the meeting. With that said a new problem appear; I did not own a watch or clock. Apparently shay to tell. Probably telling them would undermine my pride. *How silly one my be. Too many times I learn the lesson when it was too late, yet never corrigible.*

I was lodging in a private house that before the Communist take over was own by a confection shop keepers. Down stairs was the shop and upstairs was a normal apartments, own by the lady x shop kipper; a young good looking Mother with a eight years daughter and the house keeper. The lady's husband was in a forced labour camp, like all other business people that previously, I means: in normal times and during the war own a business shops with; what ever commerce. Hardly with out exception; every one have been incarcerated because every such commercial business kept in storage some of the goodies that in normal times have been for sale.

Goods have been found in the storage and under the new slogan, such act have been call: speculation and speculation is anti social and under the Socialist Law; a criminal act.

That was a good enough pretext to incarcerate all people that wore running own business, or a good excuse to condemn them and send them for couple of years to work in the bush with out any pay.

I think is worth mentioning: first, that this new; so call Socialist system have been absolutely tyrannical and second; as I already mention; very bureaucratic, expecting every think under control. To have all under strict control and transparent the regime needed thousands bureaucrats that came mostly young; boys and girl socialist faithful from the country side. Every State or Federal organisation, wether commercial or administrative did employ hundreds of people. They all needed a place to lodge but being so many, course a very shortage of space or rooms where all mention people could sleep.

The Regime formed a sort of Commission that force all private house owner; like or not, to put all spare house rooms for rent.

All latest explanation was for the purpose to clear My lodging at the mention place where next door to May room slept the house lady. She also had on the rooms wall a clock that I could hear ticking, but dare not to look in her room and see the time on the wall clock because that room was private, but the mention Commission forced on the Mistress for Me and before Me; another lodger that recommend Me to the lady. Actually the Mistress was with Me; gentile and kind as was My self toward Her. We could be much friendlier if I was a bit more gutsy, The reader may judge me weak. Promise is a promise. Before taken the anteroom of the house lady owner, I promise the previous lodger my good behaviour. So: I

rather walk three times all the way to the Town Hall then put the lady owner in discomfort.

I must have been foolish in fact much too foolish not to enter the room where a 28 years young desperate needy lady lie in bed alone. Actually one late evening in precautionary silence, My usual good manner; enter the anteroom and soon could hear sort, like that some body is strangling the young lady in the next room. Immediately jump toward the bed room door but realise the sound of the strangulation is pleasant. Instantly stop in silence undress and climb to the sofa that serve for My bed. This unpleasantness last for more then ten minutes then stop in laughter. Soon after a man that could be My Father walk out from the Mistress room through My anteroom. Yet my respect for the good behavior pledge didn't diminish. So let Me continue with My preparation for the morning Communist Party meeting. As mention I didn't own a wrist watch and didn't want to disturb the Lady. After lie down in the ante room and sleeping, don't know how long.

At night I awake not knowing the time, got up with the intention as I said; make sure not to miss the Party meeting; dress my self and walk about 4 hundred meters up the road, close enough to the town hall, there on tower was a clock for the City poor people, look up the tower, two clock in the morning. Too early for the meeting, back to bad, slept for some time, awake and again wonder what is the time. Had no way to know, even that only trough the nearest door where the mistress slept was up; presume on the wall. but I wouldn't dare to open her bedroom door for not coursing some unpleasant event. So I though. The only proper way is to; again walk and look at the Town hall tower. Got up again, dress up and walk to the clock at the Town Hall. Still too early for the Party meeting. Second time back to bad, slept for while and when awoke god properly dressed because by then I though: would be about five o'clock; in the morning, time to go for the prearranged meeting.

Third time passing the clock on the tower; oh no! was my normal time to commence work. That means: I am late for the Party meeting. I very disappointed for missing the Party meeting. When arrived to the meeting place, the meeting was over, time to commence the regular work.

All My striving to be on the mention meeting was unsuccessfully useless.

So I Miss the meeting. The lady in charge, humiliated me so much, I pour tears like a child. She call shame on me because she had to be: note keeper, instead of me doing it.

I felt so helpless, sad and embarrassed The day before I was determined to do the right thing by coming to the meeting in time, yet I luck minimal resources, [ wrist watch ] to be able to accomplish it. { Was no place where one could buy a wrist watch. }

Soon after found another much better lodgement with a Čebohin respectable family with a clock on the bedside. Also another friend next door.

*Back to the missed Party meeting.*

**Mentioned event: missing Party meeting, rather malicious abuse by the lady, It shattered to the core, for ever lasting memory and corse bitterness and resentment toward the oppressive political system.** All my good intention came to nothing, because the regime wouldn't provide the population with a minimum of necessity.

My believe in the system loosen up completely. Became disappointed, there for talkative, like that I was the only one noticing wrong doing, while the majority of the people wore more precaution, feeling the consequence from the Party and security secret police.

In spite of taken risk's I couldn't keep back and ignore but criticized the pile up of luxurious home and office furniture of my superior, plus many advantages in shops like co-operative for privileged only, while ordinary folks couldn't afford basic utensils and food. Simply, was no food on sale except what was on ratio cards. Ironically; like for a joke I would tell the acquainted people and friends: like: We could for the first half month, I repeat; only first half month, daily purchase 350 grams, of bread: mixture half maize and half wheat and absolutely nothing also to

ameliorate the appetite. I thought to be funny, so was telling other acquaintances, of course, mostly ignored my comments, like this: For the last three years, after wheat harvest I could buy, same amount of pure wheat bread, which suppose to be an improvement in living standard. The newspaper: voice of the Communist party never miss to mention the improvement, Of 30 % but every year after three month duration, the bread availability was still only 350 grams daily and again of maize like three month before, but **nothing was mention in the News paper, means: We wore with the living standard; same as three month ago.** That mean: for three years; every year the condition meliorate for 30% but one year after another I was only able to bay 350 grams of half maize and half wit bread and no other food available. **We wore running on the same spot and getting no where.**

I was telling this as a joke to acquainted people but for the authority when find about, it was a gross offence and became provocative. Couldn't help my self to be provocative, so on one of frequent cell Party meetings, I ask the most offensive question. You will hear. As new member, acting ignorant in many political question, especially, regarding Party relation between Yugoslavia and Soviet Union. On the other site I lost all the interest in relation to the Party. What was the relation between East and west I really could care less, but being in the Party Cell with; head man of the organization which was in the range of a Minister. Of course I had the opinion: here is the man of high knowledge, able to safely and intelligently explain any burning question.

Worth mentioning. After the war was over, of course Yugoslavia was partly a puppet of Soviet Union, therefore in every office on the main wall was a picture of Marshall Tito and one of Stalin.

When the theoretical political dispute began, rather just pickering's between the Soviet and Yugoslav Communist Party's arise; soon became an all open hot worth's war and in consequence, Stalin's picture was in silence removed from all offices wall.

Me filling a bit of a teaser, with out expecting that the question will provoke a Federal offence, sort of; **innocently ask: way all Stalin's pictures were removed from offices walls,** though only few months back; Stalin's as well; Tito's pictures wore with out exception hang on every office wall. Stupidly I added: after all: till yesterday was our julty to glorify Stalin as our God Father.

People in the Soviet Union; consider Stalin an ingenuity, second God etc.

For half minute every one in the room was quiet, no answer. I release the wrong question was put to the test. Finally the man that hold one's head high; begin awkwardly explain the problem between Yugoslavia and the Soviet Union, but soon run out of positive explanation and because unable to properly explain and clear the question, concluded with a rude insult toward me. Only villain, ask such meaningless stupid question. *{ Hi was right. }* Hi said.

In spite that I did not know what's happening to political suspect or people in opposition, I became a bit worry but not concerned.

Soon became concern, because only few days latter; after work, like an emergency peculiar institutional general meeting of all members of the Party was summoning. The institutional secretary *[ugliest women in the institution]* has not read the notes from previous meeting, like was the usual procedure, but commence announcing! the meeting program.

First point in the agenda she said is: CRITICISM. I immediately understood; this is going to be something directing against Me; personally. That mean: my self in the headline. Organised plot against me. I immediately understood, that in My absence the Party members had already a Party meeting where the program and plot against me was organize; Four man and one women took the stage and told to the rest of the spectators. [ about 150 ] Typical communist scenery, all statement and criticism in advance well prepared. A surprise attack.

The accusation against me stated: That I have bourgeois conduct, luck of loyalty to the Party, irresponsibility, minding business of superiors etc. Most members in attendance did not know what the accusers meant; by sudden attack and non

proven accusation against me. The statement of contents, probably gave the rest of the member the impression: I want to take my superior's jobs or so. The whole spectacle was staged to course hostility toward me. Of course; the ordinary; small time Communist members has to respect senior's view and not question it. After hearing the exaggerated and unexpected accusation toward me, was ask for my comments. How could I comment with out previous notice. That would be too much to aspect.

Such answer need more time to prepare. Any way, I was not interested to justified any think. Rather anxious to move away and be freed from the political burden. Even if I could have answered it wouldn't help, because the stage was all set up for my; thanks; expulsion from the Party.

To all accusation I stated that I have nothing to odd. That was it.

The secretary of the committee propose the exclusion from the Party. At that moment nothing could be more gratifying then being out of that evil mental burden. I was voted out and ask to vacate the room. I was hopeful that will be the end of all problems.

Unfortunately the problems only started. How ignorant was I, thinking that I will get away so easy. In a so call Socialist totalitarian regime: expelling from the Party follows; severe punishment. Under Soviet system and Stalin, Siberia or shoot would be a sure end. In Yugoslavia? you will read about.

At the time as I mention; dwell with Čebohin family. Mr. Čebohin was; medical general practitioner, there for a respected family. Of course; I hardly meet the people, but when ever We met they wore very friendly. Any way; the day I was expel from the hypocritical organisation, walk straight home, means to the dwell. Was very unusual that I didn't have to attend same sort of meetings, seminar or physical voluntary work. Couldn't believed on a sunny afternoon, finally free to go home with no obligation toward the Party or Regime but my self. As I arrived in the apartment, first I met the landlady: Mrs. Čebohin. Happily announce that I was thrown from the C.P. She just about; start crying. gasped for while, then in half tone, sort in disappointment hesitantly commenced talking. Vern, Vern, what have you done. They will lock you up. Way, have you donned it. I begin to make excuses like: but I haven't committed any crime. Vern! You do not know what is going on around here; Mrs Čebohin continue: You wouldn't be trusted because you was a member of the C.P. that way you don't know what is happening to people in this building. People would not tell you. Now I will; Vern. Mrs Čebohin full of sadness and caution appeal to me. From only this building six people wore taken away and lock for hardly any reason.

Mrs. Čebohin discovered to me some think, I wasn't aware of. Where was I, not knowing that people are getting locked for unfavourable opinion toward the regime. I must had my head in the sand and Mrs Cebohin dag me out, She also put a big scare on me.

I became worry, what am I going to do to avoid any unpleasantness or perhaps even being locked up as Mrs Cebohin just mention to me. I was thinking deeply, but couldn't find any good enough solution.

Flee over the Country border to Italy or Austria? would be a solution, but from there I was never to return because would be considered a traitor. No. I shell stay and behave responsible, I though.

Since expulsion from the Party I could notice; well known acquaintances and friends, of course for their own safety; avoided me. They preferred to smile from distance but not anxious to stop and talk. One week latter I was transfer to another job to a different place where no body knew me and was no really work to be done. Hardly any body talk to me. I only sat to be anxious, very bore and stressful. I didn't like it but with passion, wailing what is going to happens next. Comment regarding jobs in old Yugoslavia.

At the time when my self still lived there, every establishment whether trade or administrative organization belong to the Government and **profit was still a dirty word of the capitalist past.**

People were shuffled from one place to another or given jobs without performing any work. My self experienced the mention nonsense twice. Once just as I mentioned and second time, when I **was released from punish camp. You will read about latter.**

After a month of tediousness and lazy time, abandoned by friends. I receive a latter from the Military department. I **was conscripted in the army.** A good move by the Party official I thought.

Even my self have been hopeful that with this act; my problems shall be over, but had much doubts.

Mention conscription was staged for my friends an acquaintance. Was only a camouflage to get me away unnoticed.

In such case; friends and acquainted people would say: Hi { Vern } is in the Army. Once in the Army is like being behind a tall and thick impassable wall, but safe and forgotten. Not many question would be ask. After all; acquaintance would say as already mention: Vern is in the army.

I was even more insecure and suspicious. Some think unpleasant is cooking for me. Thought to take the train, home and from there; **run over the country border to Italy,** that would mean: before the authority; I could never came to My parents back home; No! I did not feel to do such a big step, as I **have done it; two years latter.** [That, will tell latter] Still hoped that conscription was a serious event there for I prepared My self seriously with every equipment that in thous days was required, like wooden suitcase etc.

When presented to the army conscript office, together with all younger really conscripts was treated as special case means: being call directly in the conscription head office, what to others didn't acor.

I believe latter, of course after rethinking every move all over again, that the **political security has not expected me to present my self at the conscription place, presuming; escaped over the national border,** because when enter the conscription office I hear the Captain on the telephone, telling same body on the other end of the wire: **Hi is here, came and get him.** At that time I couldn't imagine, that I was the one involved in the telephone conversation; between the officer and same body at the other end. which I meet only about ten minutes latter. The mention Captain have gone out the office and I was left in the office on my own. Looking through the open window where on the outside; rain was gently falling. Ten minutes latter a small Fiat car stop under the window, from it a civilian step outside and walked in to the building right bellow my observation window. Soon that same civilian arrive in the room where I was still by the window. After entering in, the men from the Fiat said nothing, was only pacing along the room's pavement; forwards and backwards and glancing at Me. Few seconds latter the man approach me; what is your name? ask me. What that to you, I thought, but on second thought I am already in deep trouble, better be cautious with people I don't known. So my answer was polite; Vern Gomizel I said, way do you ask? O nothing Hi said and continue pacing up and down.

In mean time the Captain has return and point at Me to the stranger, that Him. The civilian stranger approach me again and said: **Mate! you go with me.** Had no choice, pick my wooden suitcase and follow the stranger down steps, still not knowing what Hi want and who the man is and where is taking me, till we reach the building exit, where a armed guard stop us with a resolute order: no body is allow to walk outside. My attendant from distance, only saw to the guard a small card. The guard Immediately hit the boots hills together, saluted and let us outside unmolested. That indicated: the man that I am following is a political secret police. Also indicated: awful time's and bed future for me.

When dealing with such types, mean: being in deep trouble. Outside the building I was shown in the front seat of the waiting car with a uniform arm Militia seating in the back seat.

When driven along river Ljublanica I had a ideas to grab the steering and tumble in the river with intention of escaping; with what chance? But then I thought still emotional and innocent, usual Me, after all; I have committed no crime way should act in such extreme.

They drove me to a building where I was guarded and told to wait in the passage. The already mentioned civilian went in to a side room and latter came back out with a sheet of paper to be read and sign by me. I confusedly read the paper but never knew what was written on it. I must have been so astonished, by all unusual events that lost control over my thinking. Yet had enough control to refuse to sign the intruding paper. I said: I am not going to sign.

The civilian said: doesn't matter and order me under escort back to the same car. In next five minutes, we arrive in to another; to me not known building.

All mentioned buildings; one would pass; hundred time and never know what is going on inside them, because nothing is written at the entrance and is strictly arm guarded. When a person is taken through those doors, his or her life was at stake. In those building; no human right wore taken in consideration if the people in charge so choose.

Detention's prison for interrogation; regarding most important subject; first priority are politics, second priority: economical and managerial question. Even personal and private reason could be used to incarcerate some individual. Any excuse my by used to arrest first, ask question latter.

Let go on. The security brought me to one of thous described building.

All my possession was taken, including shoe lace then practically thrown and look up in a dark room, except for high on the wall small window. After; seems like hours in the dark I begin to see a little, so I look around and realise that I was under the stairs, seating on a steel army's bed and all around on the ground fragments of torn blankets, pieces of paper and other rubbish. Probably same disgraced man like my self in desperation tear every thing Hi or She could lye hand on. This place could only mean: lowest, degrading condition and humiliation. In desperation I shed tears.

The day was; first May 1949. For all working people, suppose to be a holiday a day for celebration. Outside on the streets could hear shouts slogans to Tito, the Communist party, Socialism etc. I thought: what ignorant week suckers.

Couple years back I could be among the shouters. Now, I felt sorry for them and my self being seduced by power hungry self appointed individuals that oppress the people for no other purpose but to enrich them self's, their close relative and remain in the government secure for the rest of his or her lives. Any body disputing their position is a bourgeois reactionary, anti social even a traitor of the people's state.

Let go on to the very beginning of this story where I mentioned, that in September 1943 I didn't know the meaning of two words written on the slogans, that the partisans painted or just posted pamphlet on hundreds of houses walls to be seen by all population. The pamphlets read: **Fight for Democracy liberty and Bread.** Five years back I only saw and understood the word bred. Bread, bay all meaning; was very important. That way I mention it; in the first and second part of my story and I am going to mention it; several more times in the future because bread ply a very important part of my life.

But when found my self under the stair steps; sad and despaired the two word; Democracy and Liberty that before I wasn't even interested for the meaning of it, suddenly became most meaningful. Five years back, the two words on the slogans: **Democracy and Liberty;** were not important. I was not interested in it, but suddenly and now under the steps the two words became life most important, much more important then bread.

THAT LIFE. If we knew the future in advance, would never make mistakes and have a perfect life. Unfortunately I did learn things, when was much too late, when I couldn't help My self.

Because of those two words: **democracy and liberty** that five years back; couldn't care less for their meaning. Now they became two basic factor and motive for me being in this hole because the regime has deny Us the war's acquires and taken away the war's promises: Democracy and Liberty.

That was the reward and payment for My war struggle and contribution toward national freedom and winning long desirous; democracy liberty and bread.

Now preserved only for the self appointed ruling class.

Still deeply concern for My life under the stairs in the dark sitting on the steel bed frame, thought to go on hunger strike, like during old times, but when latter, about twelve o'clock through a little door's enclosure which I didn't notice till a dish with food was push in. I firmly refuse to accepted it. The Militia person on the other side of the enclosure said: nothing, just took the dish with him and shoot the little portal. I understood; here is no place to ply strike games. Eat when ever food is given, I though, just grabbed, because as it look; here I am not given a second chance regarding food or any other think. Not like the old days under; so called *capitalistic oppressive regimes* the Communist prisoners were refusing to eat the food to win political or social rights.

In the People Republics; *socialist workers paradise of Yugoslavia* with all the liberty and democracy at stake, no news paper person would dare to get near the gate where political prisoners were held or dare to report to the public how the prisoners were treated and especially report to the public that people are held in prison only because of an open mind or because are only suspected not necessary proven, being contrary to the existing regime. Etc.

That same afternoon the under stairs door open and I was called by a arm guard and led up steps to the second floor. The guard open a door, turn the head toward Me, say nothing, only wink his eye and turn toward the entrance of the door, that make Me understand and indicated to enter.

With no hesitation I step in a big room; probably ten by five meters with three steel meshed big windows facing east, splashed; 3/4 over with white paint. Latter I find out from the inmates that before the war, this building was a mental deficiency institution.

Not bed looking at all, if I compare prisons that I latter saw around the world.

After few moments in side the room resting, felt like petrified. I have not move, just stay motion less on that same spot. With the door behind me shoot and locked, felt acquit, facing about twelve man with very hairy faces, that look prehistoric human creatures all startling at me, mostly middle and young age, ready to plunge over Me and tear Me to pieces.

I noticed later: every new arrival was petrify and unpleasantly surprised when catch sight of like; savage faces. A filling of degradation like; I do not belong among savage madman. That was first impression of every new comer to the cell. As soon all men in the cell or room gather around and with civilized manner and politeness begin to ask question; one would soon realise: those savage are civilised people, probably better educated then myself. Naturally, all wore curious there for one would ask: way are you in here? I said: I do not know. Didn't you receive the arrest document? They ask. Yes I did I answer. Did you read what was written on it. Of course I read it I said, but I was so confused at that time that I don't remember one single word.

When a person was lock in one of those rooms, could easy be forgotten for weeks, month, even a whole year without being interrogated. When family member inquire about the disappearance of their loved one, the authority would simple act; ignorant.



An electrical engineer call: Hinko was telling me, how was he; hands tied like a bull brought on by train; all the way from Sarajevo to Ljubljana, a distance of about 800 kilometres, throw in this cell and after one full year; nobody bother to call him for anything. Hinko has received his regular food ratio, but was absolutely ignored and forgotten.

In mean time; because of tenseness Hinko became completely bold, not a hair on his head was left, but was pleasantly talkative and knew many things.

I never forgot one unusual talk when among many subjects, Hinko mention In Australia or New Zealand; He said, people can eat meat every day of the week. I was astonished, impossible propaganda I thought.

As I knew; in mostly European country, especially after the war; eating beef or pork was only a wish full thinking. What pleasant life! I though, eating meat and other goodies every day. Wish I am in Australia or New Zealand and have some of that goodies my self. I didn't believed any way.

Thinking a bit, I thought: Hinko is a typical anti social propagandist as was then the custom of the communist system supporters to accuse every one that would say some think good regarding living condition in the *capitalistic and oppressive west*. At the time I thought: is no such place in the world, where meat could be eaten every day. Who can afford such luxury.

Of course I was comparing; Yugoslav shortage of meat at sky high prices. On the other side I have not been any where out side the Yugoslav miserable environments to know what is a good life.

Several different man at different time wore brought in the cell and disappear out with out the knowledge what did happen to them.

No man was in for homicide.

Mostly man wore incarcerated for economical mismanagement or suspected sabotage. A couple man attempting to illegally run over the Country border, including an Italian that at the last Country railway station; Sežana was discover below the train wagon. Only want to return to Italy.

Poor fellow all the way from Rome was lured for a good driver's job in Yugoslavja, instead they gave Him a bricklayer labourer work. Received very little monthly earning and even that, couldn't or was not allowed to send to His family in Italy. Was not allowed to go back home either, so Hi decided to go illegally under the train. Consequence was; that Hi finish with me in the same cell where Hi spend about four very desperate weeks, that during the night when sleeping; poor man had nightmare; Hi kept calling His Wife; Bianca, Bianca. In the same cell was, about 60 or more years old, very particular and unfortunate ex German army colonel. At the end of the war, foe as P.O.W. served the five years working term, like all others German P.O.W. At the end of his term, instead of discharge and let go back to Germany, was toss in jail for investigation of crimes along the railway where the colonel was in command of railway guards. The colonel particularity was his unusual behaviour: Self health discipline was his exclusivity. Hi was admired by all detainees in the cell.[ I will describe him later.] The number of people in the cell vary; from ten up to 16. Some wore call out, others would arrive. In the cell wore two reasonable sized tables, but no beds, only two very thin blankets per person wore supply. We slept any where on the floor. Usually in a row; one beside the other to keep our self's warm. Among us all; was a general brotherly cooperation and respect. In the morning we packet every think to one site, because during the day; one wasn't allow to lie down or sleep.

Same time in the morning, about ten o'clock we all receive a round loaf, about half a kilo of bread. Naturally we eat the lot in one go. At two in the afternoon; usually each receive a portion, about three quarter litre of barley broth, which we also eat in one go. Described feeding could be consider like; two meal per day. I am not complaining. Wasn't worse then when I was free and could only half month bay 350 gr. of bread. Ordinary incarcerated people had better life in jail then on freedom. The previously mention German prisoner, has divided his meals in to four parts. Mostly of us envy the man because he had daily; four meals. Naturally; nobody

protested, was all to his own credit and our admiration for his self control and discipline. After finishing one meal the Colonel would place his elbows over the table and hands over his face. In this position did relax for about half an hour. Probably was praying, have no idea. No body ask Him. After described exercise and relaxation, would rise and begin to walk around in the shape of number; 8 for two kilometres; forward around left and right along the cell floor. Same time few, other times the lot of us would join the long row walking in marching stile behind the Colonel, but mostly times we dropped out while the colonel with His typical German's stile; chin up kept going, till two kilometres wore up. He even use the toilet, daily at precise time. Actually we had no toilet, but a big dish in the room corner, which we empty and clean every morning.

Back to my own self. For two month in the cell, three times during the night I was call for interrogation, where questioned: how did I ask and way was Stalin removed from walls display, way did I slake political activity. Etc. The answer to the second question: because of poor living standard and too big demand from me. The effort was not reworded, then way sacrifice? Of course I didn't dare to say that. No, I was not acting smart or provocative, rather humble and ignorant. The interrogator accuse me of being a deserter from the front line of constructing socialism. Simile senseless question wore ask on the second and last interrogation.

My assessment would be: all my wrong doing against the regime was: **lost enthusiasm for a hollow system with no prospect for the future.**

My guilt was: telling the through. Though I didn't know better. Real reason: frustration. Remember the day I fail to get to the Party meeting in time, because I didn't have a wrist watch. That for me: was most demoralising and degrading I could never forgive or forget.

If four year after the war, ordinary even Service man and invalid people have the worst of it, what is the point, being loyal and enthusiastic for a political regime that have no future.

I realised too late, I shouldn't ask political questions. This same fault is still attending me today. All ways doing things or going some where with out informing my self with practical information.

Before my arrest, only few month or even weeks before, { *narrow sense* } if I could feel only a little of what was coming, or if I was a bit smarter; things would be different. I could elude all coming problems. Means; if I wasn't so naive probably enough stupid; thinking and believing that the then political system is got some freedom of speech left.

Is no use to cry over spilt milk. I may only blame my self for being stupid.

Some more about the life in the prison cell. Each man has his own life and working story and different reason for being there. About half man in the cell wore arrested for suspected mismanagement of the economy and wore under inquiry. Practically every think in the economy was mismanaged, because of constant unfamiliar wrong economical reforms. The regime was looking, the Soviet way; for scape gouts. Was all ways others persons faults, never the Communist senseless management.

Toward the end of two month of my cell stay three of us wore in for talking what the regime didn't like at all or rather telling some truth that was not supposed to be reviled. Etc. The three of us wore political detainees, latter: We wore call: Commiformists. The rest of detainee; one way or another wore economical enterprise personality, mostly detained to put the failed political system guilt on them instead admitting own regime wrong doing.

Regarding political detainees. We wore arrested to shut us up.

Secret police caning us to a place, grab us to elude the people and take us to the inquiry jail. Caning us because it was unconstitutional locking people for talking. Our next of kin; wouldn't know what happen, except miss us, nor wore they notify. For the public and family; we simply disappear.

No one among us needn't to be ashamed for being in prison, because none of us was a criminal offender.

In the prison cell We didn't receive any news papers or books, but one: " The history of Bolshevic Communist Party". that was there at all times, and no one look at it.

In such idleness, We felt bored. Idleness also gave us more time for worry, mostly, because of fear and insecurity. As our families didn't know where we are, records unknown, we could be liquidated to no one knowledge.

Five or six among us, were chess player. One day the proposition was to make a chess set from our ratio of bread. The whole cell in accordance, was to cede a little of daily bread. A man from Sežana, call: Mislej was in charge for storage, until enough bread to make the chess set. When enough of it was stored, Mr Mislej soaked all saved bread with his mouth saliva, till became soft like dough, then form the figures. For black figures; he has burn some old rag then mix the ashes with the dough.

Fire was strictly forbidden and We had no matches.

To start a fire, which was used to light cigarette's butts or a piece of rag, or when ever fire was needed, We use a large porcelain button with yarn trough two holes. **One detainee would rotate the button at high speed, another would hold a still tin plate close to it. The spinning button while spinning would just touch the tin plate and consequently causing sparks that would be directed on a flat cotton rag.**

**The cotton would begin to smoulder. With slight mouth blow over the smouldering cotton, flame would commence.**

Described lighter gadget has been a very valued asset of us all, there for very carefully hidden and supervise by all inmates of the cell.

Let go back to the chess set. As I mention: Mislej mix half of the dough or bread with the black ashes for the **black pieces**. When all constructed put to dry for two days and soon We were enjoying our games of chess and for the moment forgot our misfortune.

Among us was one unusual chess character that was captured running over the national border. Hi was very mischievous, wanting to win every game. When felt threaten by the opposition like losing the game Hi would litigate and threaten us with the disclosure to the administration the possession of our common toy. To save the set from confiscation, We have to let the man win the games. Not sporty at all. If the cell's door unexpectedly open, we were in serious panic, fearful to lose the chess set. The investigative administration wouldn't hesitate, they would simply confiscate it. They didn't want us to be relaxed but rather nerve tensed. Still couldn't ply all day there for; when not playing, we hide the chess set; high up the wall ventilator. To get to the hidden place; a man had to stand by the wall and another would step from the table on to His shoulders to rich the hole where the chess set was waiting for the next game and vice versa when removed it from the wall's hole.

After a month of My stay in the cell, unexpectedly a man in military uniform, but no rank on his shoulder; step in the cell. Had a swift look all over the cell and quickly noticed: there was no beds. Before the guardian shot the door after him the bewildered officer shouted to the guard: where is my bed and blankets, I am a captain; reserve officer, I have my right; you know!

The guard simply ignore him, slam the door and turn the key around and gone. The new arrival; We could all notice His embarrassment . **Must be a mistake, locking me up, the embarrassed captain said; more to him self and own consolation then us spectators.** Still standing like a log not knowing what to do with him self. Few moment latter, hesitantly lock his hands behind his back, make sure, not to get

too close to us and slowly commence pacing up and down the cell and in mean time, exchanged glances toward us.

When walking chin up with full pride, Hi would press ones foot to the floor and lean with whole body on it and then do the same with the other foot.

I could recognize that the fellow has a high opinion of himself. Being an ex army officer, proud captain I thought. Hi seems more ignorant or misinformed then I may expect. Though like my self that in Yugoslavia, prevail people democracy, as the regime call it self.

I could understand, his mind was still in the past war times, where truth and justice prevail, at least in talking terms.

Thinks has changed for the worse and unnoticed by passed all the war time empty promises. The Captain like My self wore living in the past. Haven't notice the present.

Way have I got mixed with those bandits and what am I doing among those ugly, shaggy haired people the Captain thought. I do not belong among uncivilized savages. Voluntary veterinary Partisan fighter for freedom and democracy since 1942.

Since demobilized as Hi told Us latter, the Captain was managing three small liquor factory and now thrown among criminals and anti regime elements. Most loyal [ as hi would latter say ] to the Communist Party.

The Party brought me up in honesty and justice and I serve the Party with pride and pleasure, wore *his own words*. Always doing the right thing for the Party and government. The Party was always first, then was my family. That was his latter testimony to us; cell inmate.

Any way, I am writing like that the Captain is among Us. No Hi is still hesitating to get closer. Hi was the day's main event.

Hi hasn't come closer, kept His safe distance, but kept glancing at us, also kept glancing at the cell's door, but the door remains shut and wouldn't open for Him as hi apparently expected.

Must be a mistake locking me up, the Captain though; but continue pacing the cell.

Soon some body will appear on the door way; the Captain hoped, with some sort of apology; like:. Mr. Captain; I am deeply sorry, please came out of this dirty cell, was a mistake, sorry again.

No such luck, as hi was brought up to believe in regulation, where a military Captain could demand for his officer right, as Hi cry when entered the cell.

All this time, we cell mate were observing, like We did observe every new comer or stranger before, but the Captain was some think of specialty, because Hi was still presuming that Hi is not our equal, soon will be out of here, so no surrender to Us cell mate. After long hesitation and in vain waiting for the door to open for Him, failed the Captain has finally decided to join the rest of us. Hi approach us with distant precaution, while us with a bit of ironic smile on our faces wore waiting for him. I was standing in front of the inmates and waiting for the caution and naive stranger to get closer. When finally and slowly got closer the Captain ask me: way are you in here for? I said: probably for same crime as your self, but I have not committed any crime Hi said, nether did I committed any crime, I said, and I am here; already a full month. Hi continue asking that same question to others inmates and in return receive polite answer. Hi soon realise that us hairy, ugly looking people are also honest and dignify humane been, like Hi though of Him self.

His name was; Martin. Hi was sincere and open hearted. That what was wrong with Martin. That was also his weakness.

Hi couldn't bee a hypocrite, although Hi have been among the middle ruling social class.

Any man in Yugoslavia being in any position, especially the middle social position to survive unmolested, had to be a hypocrite: a yes Sir, grab what ever was good for

him, continually turn with the wind, means the regime, other way did finish; like my self and Martin alike.

In my tale I am going to mention Martin several more times. Later we became trusty friends.

A few days later; another man in military uniform; with no rang on his shoulders arrive. Another x fail Yugoslav military lieutenant. I forgot his name. The lieutenant and the captain had plenty to discuss; regarding what is wrong and right in the Yugoslav Communist party. What is wrong and right regarding relation between the two blocks of eastern European Parties and the Yugoslav one. They also discuss a great lot about economical government policy and communist misunderstanding between; Yugoslavia and Soviet Union. My self could not be in their good capacity of political polemic. On the other side, by being lock up, I learn a little more regarding speaking out: first to talk less possible especially political nonsense and second: some body may be listening. As it appear: the just mention lesson learned a bit too late. I should be more attentive before.

As I mention; It may not be healthy discussing senseless Party and government bickering. Aren't we all in this hole, because of such discussion that doesn't concern us. Rather try to relax, have a games on the chess board or sun-bathing through one of the three big windows. Bathing through the window was not like bathing on the beach, as the sun move I had to move position with the shine or be left in the shadow.

All told, I can not really complain about inhumane treatment. We were not molested or physically torched, except We had no human right in regard the law, even that Yugoslav legislation prohibit secret arresting and holding the arrested for more then; couple of days, but legislation books was written only for not letting the book pages white clean. If some body was looking for His or Hers of Kin, the Low man would show Him or Hers the constitutional book, means We only work by the constitution. But in most cases and so in our, We have been arrested by secret police with no warrant from legal authority and kept in captivity without trial for unlimited times and without informing the parents, family or loved one for His or Hers arrest.

During the interrogation where was practically nothing to interrogate, I was told by the political investigator: you are justifiable lock because you have betray the party and deserted from the front line of building socialism. Just imagine what hip of dirt is that and the regime call such political system: Democratic People Republic. To justified the method of secret and illegal prosecution of dissatisfied and disillusioned citizen or rather members of the Communist party, the regime has invented a new; and false judicial code crime act of practice.

For people like my self, the Captain and the Lieutenant, the oppressive regime, used a new crime act to punish us. Was not lawful, but used by legislative body against the dissatisfied citizens, only because We were not happy with the Party or government performance They called us: **COMMIFORMISTS**.

For the legislative body, We were dissatisfied Citizen, but they accused us with a hypocritical act or crime, like *during war time*: **if one is not for us, hi or she is against us**. Means: If one is not happy with the regime, means: supporting the enemy, which in this case would be: Eastern European, Communist association, call Communist Forum, where; Soviet Union throw it self at the head against Yugoslavia.

Without knowing and with out wanting, We are officially in opposition, means: working for the enemy, means: in *opposition? for what? Because the regimes disagree only because they do not want to agree*.

*By far; I couldn't consider, my self a Commiformist's supporter.*

Communist Forum's countries that is: eastern European Communist regimes under Soviet domination were economically worse off then Yugoslavia. Culturally very diverse and all Eastern Regimes are by far too extreme and backward, and they accusing me of being Soviet supporter. What nonsense.

Personally I would rather consider my self: *reformist of the present regime, sick of useless reforms and empty promises.*

The regime with agrarian reforms has forced peasants in to Agrarian Communes, with more reform, nationalisation of all the market and industry and in consequence nearly stop agriculture production. On the other side the regime; organise thousand and thousands of useless bureaucratic establishment for planing, statistic, controls, controls over controls to such extend, and in consequence, weaken the whole economy and production to such downward position that nothing could be purchased without the government partition cards, and even with the partition cards; goods were not available.

The farmers that during the war have unanimously supported the establish regime for so call: **liberation**, now receiving the worse treatment. As described, my last comments, prove many wrong factors, which one wasn't suppose to mention to the public with out offending the regime, because all mention reforms were meant to form a just society for all and a just political and social system. But that didn't happen, nor was going to happen in the future, because all reforms were unworkable.

Marxist ideas that didn't apply for modern times but by disputing over mention factors, the regime was sensitive, there for **accused** and charged all protesters as **Com Formist, means: PRO RUSSIAN** That what I and other two Army officers in the same cell, were charged with.

Several; probably thousands of man, suspected with the same political crime have consequently; according to the Party and Political Police been: a risk to the society, there for charged and imprisoned, some forced to join the Army, as it happen to me, with the difference. I was for some reason a more serious case, I do not know way, there for send to the penalty island, as the reader will find out. The one that have been forced in the army wore under constant; Military Intelligence under constant surveillance. Mention punishment was given to one of my school and friends; Hubert.

After serving in the Army for one and half year; Hubert was release. Immediately ren over the national border and latter migrated to Canada. After 45 years We met in Australia.

After two month in the same cell, at the beginning of July the guardian lead me; one house floor lower, open a door and nod to enter in a huge room; where I met; about 140 so call: COM. Formist from whole of Slovenia. All wore mingling around and all; very much concern about their future.

We all felt, some thing new and different is on the making.

Ex army and Secret police officers, University lecturer and student, Prosecutors, Doctors of law, Medical practitioner, hight Politician from Government and among these big shots: my self.

**I should consider my self honoured, being placed among such big shots if the intention of the authority would be; for a good course.**

It would be appropriate to remark few point from the past, when still free and working. I was popular among the youth, because being secretary of youth association at the working institution, member of State youth Committee, plus could well sing and dance, ply piano and piano accordion, so became popular and influential, among the youth but was not aware of it. In such position I shouldn't becoming critical. And because I was popular and influential; the regime had to uproot me as; weed from the humble loyal and obedient flock. That the reason the Party place me in the big room among the mention; big shots; 140 of them. Latter one by one, We wore all individually called in to a small room. Every individual only spent few minutes in the mention room and was back holding a leaf of paper. What that would be I wonder. At My turn I entered the room, stand at attention, not because they told me so, but for scope of discipline, my be I did want

to make a good impression, not knowing the scope for such short interview, also for fear for the unknown future.

In the room to the left was a round table, covered with green cloth, and at one side of the table was pack of papers. On opposite wall was another door.

Three man in civilian clothes were seating facing toward the centre.

One pick a sheet of paper from the mention heap and dominantly announce: We are three members, representative from people district committee, authorize to judge your case and right away begin to read from the single sheet: **You are accused, of SPREADING ENEMY PROPAGANDA and SLANDERING PEOPLE AUTHORITY.** Admit ? NO! was my answer. Hi continue: **You are condemn:** for **twelve month of social correction work.** It was all over, because there wore 140 of us to be judged and accused in a couple of hrs. The leading man continue: If you thing you was wrongly accused and condemn, I was told, you have the right to appeal to the people low court. The leading man continue: outside the door is a Militia man; Hi has paper and pencils, ask him. With all that said, they make me walk through the opposite door out.

Walk out side with the copy of condemnation in hand.

Militia man was outside alright, but when ask for paper and pen, his reply was; I have no paper, nor pen, just walk back to the room you came from. That what I done. Exactly same think happen to every one of us. When all offenders went through the small room and judgment, each one of us has been given the mention leaf of paper or copy with nearly same contents of accusation, with different duration of time; between six month and a maximum of two years. My self, Martin and before mentioned lieutenant, The three of us from the same cell, kept together like friends.

**itch one of us three, got; one year of social correction work.**

Mention accusation and condemnation my not mean any think at all. It my be just one of the typical Yugoslav tricks that kept us guessing? What is going to happen to us.

In the mention big room; between us three was no rank, as was no rank among the rest of the 140. convicts. We wore all equal; with no humane rights, no place or person to complain and no person to advocate our case.

Wore mentally very tense and disturbed. Same wore optimistic, other very pessimistic, but all in a very curious disposition.

What is going to happen to us.

The authority looked much too friendly to be taken seriously. This friendliness my in an instant turn in a Yugoslav cruel unpleasantness. Every one knew of the atrocity committed by the Security police to the political opposition, even hesitators. Some convicts: very few wore showing off smartly, but mostly wore rather cautious and silently still, because the social situation was changing fast.

I believe for the worse. We all have been administrative charged and condemn, means: We going to serve the sentence. Big question is: how and wear are we going to serve the punishment.

Well; here we are: helpless but as long is life there is hope.

We receive one more, probably last ratio of food in this unjust establishment: a portion of barley and a loaf of bread.

Slowly consume the barley and bread, then again tensely and curiously wait. What next.

After We all pass through the small rooms and condemn a smiling civilian, I never saw Him before, entered the room, step on a chair; call for attention and again gritted us very friendly. Call some individuals by name. Some individual knew his name and vice versa. As it looks they wore old working maids but at this moment with the great difference that was beyond all comparison. Means: the one standing on the chair preaching and smiling was by Yugoslav standard; a free man, the rest of us 140 in the room wore prisoner expecting a unknown future or doom.

Slowly with gentleness, the mention civilian told us: we { convict } shall be taken on lorries to a place, which at the moment I can not disclose hi said, but will be

pleasant hi continue and you will be expected to do same physical work. I think you will like that.

Hi odd: here in this enclosure doing nothing I presume; is boring, as many of you stated many times.

Few from our rank happily agree: ye, ye, we like that. In this destined place the civilian continue: you are going to receive books and daily newspapers.

Your main exercise will be: intellectual transformation of your self's.

From my point of view as listener; all what Hi said sound very double standard and hypocritical. All was very much exaggerated from the point of little me, and sound too good that could be believed and taken seriously.

Wish, I could anticipate the whole truth I thought.

They { authority } definitely do not love us, as they at the moment for reason, only they knows; tried to full us. Here must be a ketch I though. Only a couple of days before the investigators call us: anti social, traitor, deserters, etc. This must be another seduction I though, But many in the room wore very enthusiastic, like getting trough a short cut to Haven.

By the way, the civilian said. While on the road to the destination, only for safety's sake; you going to be tie down, only a little hi said.

Even lie down words, didn't effect the temporary disposition of a few light minded man but I personally felt shivers over My body. Going to be tied down, With what? I ask My self.

For the rest of the afternoon, among little groups, We were attempting to work out: what and where; will our near future destination be.

I sum it up my way. If the leaf of paper or one copy with one year written sentence is reliable at all means: one year of my life is going to be wasted in same unknown place, but the bit of paper and what ever is written on it my be one of many typical Yugoslav meaningless pieces of paper, only to blind us before something more horrible, may be; even tragic happening.

Wonder about the civilian that said; We the condemn will go through some intellectual transformation, what that really means I wonder where and what the place of this intellectual transformation will look like? What is going to be the conduct of the guard toward us, where ever We going to be.

Like in Soviet Union? where political prisoner were send to Gulah archipelago in Siberia, maltreated to the most extreme brutality, starvation, hard work, freeze. Most never return back home alive. Is this the political transformation or is this a Soviet stile; life sentence.

Some among us wore very enthusiastic. Thank goodness, for getting rescued from this boring place wore saying, at least we going be able to breathe open and fresh air, read news paper and books. ***Ironical I though, but said nothing, Probably, We will ply football, golf and meet; girls of pleasure etc, and little physical work, will kill no body.*** Some body also added. We couldn't even imagine or dream what surprises are at stake for us.

Same day, late afternoon, wore told to walk out in a single file. In fact we crept from the mentioned big room in single file along the guarded passages to the building yard in absolute silence.

From the passage We couldn't see nothing but we could over hear a continuous chain clatter. ***The sound of chains that was meant for Us all, did frighten me and made Us so silent that no one among us; 140 utter a single word. At this point I felt very threaten, actually; life threaten.***

I was mentally tense, worry and frighten. I believe the rest of the convict felt the same, way such silence?

When very slowly, one by one arrive in the court yard, I could see two lorry covered with canvas and all around in strategic position; nest of militia armed to the teeth.

This didn't look lake; taken us to the pleasant intellectual transformation. Actually looked, that if us condemn would do a wrong move the militia was prepared to move



us down with their machine guns with no regret what so ever. All mention gave me a very serious warning to the fact: be obedient and humble but alert.

On the ground at the back of the lorry was a coil of heavy chain. As every convict step on to the truck the chain coil, turn a little. At my turn; very alarmed arrive and step as was told on to the truck two step up where I notice four row of timber stool with back support. Sat on sawn spot and immediately the chain, heavy enough to hold the wildest bull, from nearest sufferer was encircle around my fist and lock through two links with a padlock.

140 of us divided by two: mean: 75 people per truck, all tie on a single chain. I repeat; in modern twenty century all of us 75 man; wore tied on a long single chain, like during old Roman or Greek Empires when captured prisoners wore chained and driven to the slavery.

When all securely tied up, two security man armed with Tommy-gun, jump up the truck and the tile gate came up shut.

The two Security man were also known by few already securely chined convict. Absolutely normal { *bluff* } conversation began; among the two different social parties, like that nothing offensive is happening, with out any grudge, like on equal terms, though two man wore tide holding the tummy guns while the rest of us chined like cattle for the slaughter-house.

Referring among themselves by name. It was obvious, they knew each other family's and wives. Some convict would beg the security sitting at the back, if would be possible to tell: his wife or mother what is happening to them and if possible, tell our destination.

The security man with all gentleness; assure the convict: Yes, yes, I assure you, I shall tell the mother or wife, although hi knew that was not allowed to discover such secrets to any body. If the promise would be fulfilled the security man would him self, before long seat on the next trip on a simile truck and chined on his way where We wore going.

It was obvious; the regime administration was prepared to go to any duplicity, until they have us secure, from where is no escape with no problem to the regime.

Among us was not a single complaint or protestation, just like lamps; We let our self, for good or bead to be taken to the unknown destination.

At nightfall the truck start moving. Soon the security with all gentleness address us like this: gentleman! when travelling on the open road the canvas at the back of the truck will be open but when going through towns the canvas will be drooped down. Hope you don't mind? Yes, yes, very fine, few affirm, though they doing us a big favour by rising the canvas when on the open dark road, favour for what. Personally I couldn't care less, whether the canvas is up or down. There wore for me and others serious mental stresses much more important then canvas at the back of the truck.

The trucks wore racing west; toward Postojna, [ from Ljubljana to Postojna is about sixty kilometres] The man's moral was good, may be because of the friendly attitude with the Security at the back of the truck.

Apparently some had temporary lost the existence of the situation that we are all but for two security tied up like circus wild beast of prey.

Some among us has arrived to the conclusion: Aa yes! Apparently; We going to work in Nova Gorica. [ *at that time; a new town near Italian border wore getting build* ] but after passing Postojna, the trucks turn to opposite direction, toward: Rjeka.

Suddenly the hoped guess has turn to nothing.

They begin guessing a new. I know: we go on to the new auto road: Rjeka-Dubrovnik. Another smarter young man, probably want to make a good impression on the Security, because they knew each other, would enthusiastically say: o well, the main thing is: we going same where.

I definitely was not enthusiastic about any think. Any way, I did not belong among this privileged, chosen people. I did not have the pleasant life like my chain companions.

Up to their arrest, mostly did have good salary, belong to the privileged casts, where there was no problem, how much bread or any other article of consumption was needed. No wonder, latter on the island these so called; COM formist were accused of being, haughty. Out of haughtiness they give themselves; airs and stand to their *illusionist* democratic right; to declare *Stalin's right* the proper way to reach socialism. For the Yugoslav regime or rather the Communist Party clique it was like stabbing own government in the back. Let go back to the road, on our way to intellectual transformation.

The trucks reach; Rijeka, but continue along the Dalmatian coast in Croatia on through Crikvenica and on, along the motorway. The guessing game? where we hiding had long been given up. We wore travelling about five hrs and became very taciturn and much too far for conform from departed city Ljubljana, there-for I guess the deep worry and tension overcame every one. No more question, no asking for favours.

Gone wore the illusion. As long We going some where like on the beginning some one said, but now We are a bit too far, there-for became serious and all very tied sitting, chined on the wooden plank and not knowing if We finish up; alive or dead. Finally the trucks stops. *The two gentle* security man; jump off the truck with out saying: good bye. They accomplished the job by being kind and promising to execute all requested favours, well in advance knowing that are not to do any think at all.

Every thing appear very quiet, like frightening. We wore very tense, what next.

Among us tie on the chain wore hardly a word audible.

When the lorry stoped; same body whisper: we are at Bakar, a small town along the Dalmatian coast. No other words could be heard.

As soon the individual one by one was liberated from the chains, jump off and with out any sound completely disappear.

**I must admit: the man's chained on my left and right, I never refer one word to either of them. I never knew who they were. I probably couldn't care who they wore, never even turn My head to either side. Felt that this is not a place to look for friendly encounters, there-for my quietness.**

The uniformed security, thanks! Unlock the padlock. My wrist was free but hurting, then with hundred horrible imaginable presentation; slowly crept along the truck floor. Is this where the road and My life end? Actually I would prefer to stay on the truck because I was scare what is waiting for Me next, clumsily jump to the ground. Was no another way.

At that instantaneous moment, thinks change unexpected. No more gentleness. I was grabbed for my shoulders, like by two cranes and practically suspended off the ground. Helpless suspended up the air, I though! Now I am going to be thrown in a deep raven to My dead. That the end of Me, I though. They practically carry me over ten or more railroad trucks. My feet has hardly touch the ground, and over a narrow water gap and up what appear like a wooden ship, shown about three metres deep hole and told to jump. So far; so good, felt a bit safer, I was not thrown but left there and told to jump in the hole, not thrown in a raven but in to a timber ship. All seems like a bad dream. I didn't jump as told, because I was left alone and notice a ladder leading to the lowest deepness.

After fifty years being in Australia I realize; that when I was told to jump in site the ship then left alone. At that moment I haven't saw any guards around; one could instead of going down the steps, escape by slowly dive in the sea.

Apparently, I must have been completely bend, incapable to thinking clearly. I done as told: step in side the hold, which was temporary divided in three storeyed compartments. Not tall enough for one to stand up, not even enough space for a normal person to seat up. The ship was specially prepared to carry up to one Thousand political convicts.

We could only accommodate or fit on one; so call floor by; lie on side elbow . Of course one could lie down flat, but this was not the time to lie on the floors and

relax. The situation was very grave, much too tense to forget one's self, lie down and relax.

In the middle of the ship belly close to the entrance was a little space where a militia man could stand up and pace backward and forward and looking up the steps where inmate wore one by one coming down. Kept shouting at us with the top of his voice; trying to hurry us down faster. Soon realize, all Hi was allow to do was: yell and Hi yell continually like a barking dog. Hi has not threaten any body, just shouting, so I step down the stairs and on the lowest floor, close to the entrance press myself beside the cell mite; already mention Martin. We lie in the lap of hope, motionless and speechless. Supporting our self's on the elbow. That was the only way to see and observe what is going on and who is coming.

The sensation gave me a filling of a nightmare. The rest of the convict probably felt the same. We all accommodate like rats. Among ourselves that knew from the cell; whisper and asking our self; what is going to happen to us? Our conclusion was most pessimistic. This wooden box, [ship] worth nothing, as We though, most probably; they will taken us to the open sea and with the help of an explosion that is already hidden in some part of the bout; they will get done with us and no body would know how and when; We all; perish.

Martin: the ex Captain beside me, was married with two children. Still in the cell the way hi spoke about his family; gave me impression that hi price and love his wife and two boys. Martin, after became friendly with me, still in the cell in Ljubljana, often sadly lamented: I was voluntary combatant partisan from 1942. from far away, actually from other end of Slovenia: Prekmurje but serving in my province; Primorje means: at opposed end of his native home.

During many dangerous German offensives against the Partisans; Martin could not ran to his parents home like I did, Hi had to stay with the fighting unit; if some of it was still alive. Hide in most remote places and condition, until danger pass away. Hi repeatedly claims: I was prepared to give my life for the country and party. To the day I was arrested, Party was first, my family and my self: second. Now by the look of it; I am going to die without my family even knowing it and way? way? If they; [relatives] at least would know what happen to me; I would die comforted. I really fill sorry for all of us; Martin lamented. If every prisoner in this ship has done as much damage to the country as I did then every Leader of this regime in mad beyond repair.

The militia on the ship floor shouted at us: shoot up, shoot up! Hardly any body speak loudly enough to be audible. But that as far the Militia got with His yelling. Apparently hi has nothing to do and at that moment was no prisoners movement the Militia was; like a bit shay seen us all around, probable fearing being attacked, so Hi kept yelling. No one took notice of Him any more.

Us arrivals wore settled and the militia was still there, killing the time by yelling at us. Naturally; Hi was not allowed to start a friendly conversation.

Hi knew; there are more prisoners on arrival, what us didn't know

Suddenly on the ship deck, loud shouting, orders wore heard: jump! jump! What humiliating and sad event. Something eventful appear. About 350 man from capital of Croatia: Zagreb, two by two handcuffs together, and delivered by railway, apparently aspect to jump through the hole on the ship floor.

The already mention ship entrance to the hold; was: probably about one and half a metre across with a narrow step ladder straight down, with hardly any sloping. How can two handcuffs man, under such pressure descend trough a narrow hole along a narrow ladder; made for one person usage.

We the one's settled in site watch in disgust the treatment the militia wore using against the new arrivals. Where are we going to finish under such awful behaviour. It gave us a very hopeless future, it did confirm our in advance decided sad future. The new oncoming convict try to control them self's and try really hard to move down the ladder as told by deck Sheriffs.

Usually one unfortunate commence descending with the handcuffed hand extended to his handcuffed comrade. When first man was down the ladder, the second man try to follow the first, by extending his hand deep down; head first. The militia on the floor and more of the same on the deck yelling like wild beast; terrorising the prisoners.

Half way down the ladder, the two still handcuff had no time to work; how to move down the ladder with handcuffs on. Every pair attempting to crawl the ladder down; the upper man fell head on top of the man on the ladder and together they fell; one on top of the other and then on the wooden floor. There was no filling sorry for the fallen man's nor time to investigate; if one or the other is suffering for broken limp or just pain.

The militia chase them away from the incoming traffic. Unfortunate mans held the pain spot with the free hand and limp in to one of the three storey floors. Latter when settled around one militia with pointed gun and the second was removing the handcuffs. The three hundred fifty man; came handcuffs all the way from Zagreb; Capital of Croatia about: 350 kilometres away. In as much the victims behave very civilised and orderly the Security treat them worse then common criminals and murderers.

Now 140 man from Slovenian, plus Croatians total of about 500 strong.

**Much bigger company.** It shall be easier to die in mass, like my dear and brave wife Carol, then only eighteen and a half years old; together running across the country border said to me: let stick closer together, if the guards commence shooting, let us die together.

Back to the new comers from Croatia. When every one; mostly with enough agony from falling over itch other with out any question or lamentation settled at their own chosen place the screaming militia by then groggy from constant yelling climb up the ladder and disappear. The ladder was lifted up and the narrow entrance shoot tied.

500 of us, nearly in dead silence wore all impatiently waiting. What next? Seems like; hours past by and we wore still strained waiting, life or dead? How is this drama going to end.

According to just received treatment, as condemn can not aspect any good ending. 500 of us in dead dark entrenched in the trap below the deck where was no escape.

In my chest deep down, felt like a big and hot rock, felt sorry for my self.

Really I am not ready to die, and for what. What have I done wrong to deserve such cruel and humiliated finish.

Suddenly the ship shook and all of us with it. I though: the explosion blew, but I still lie alive and is still dark as before, so what happen to us; all guessing in mortal panic. Actually the shook awake us from nightmare. The ship motor commenced running. It was a brake for good or worse. We felt the ship was moving.

Well, as long is moving, there is hope. It was moving on and on, for hrs. very smoothly and silently. All we could hear was: vibration of the running motor and squeaking of the ship.

Five hundred alarmed; here and there only whispering among our self, like frighten from the next sufferer. Even flies could be heard. Such was the quietness.

500 grown up man expecting a sure dead but taken with pride in silence with no panic what so ever. The destiny have been excepted, We only waiting for the last blow, after that, shall bee nothing left.

Close relative probably wondering what happen to us? Hasn't hear nothing from us for month, some nearly a full year. Wondering; how could so many men disappear with no trace, like it did happen at the end of the war to thousands of young Slovenian and other nationality that during the war served as enemy's servile. Such bed dreams or nightmare was going through my mind.

After hrs. floating; the ship kept moving with 500 of Us toward a unknown direction while constantly fantasising en imaginary tragic end.

Suddenly the ship hit something solid; again We all shock, what this? asking each other, all ways expecting the worse.

The ship stopped. Where did it stop, No one know, after all, We all wore still below the deck in the dark but still alive, I don't believe it. This must be some hidden place among so many Adriatic island.

Is this the place; where no body shall discover us; dead or alive I thought, the guerrilla manner; We will be thrown in to the deep caves. In our case: could be drowned in the sea.

The way every one of us have been lured away and trapped without trace, as I described; first damp from the party, transferred to the new job where was no work, inscribed in the Army and finally at the place of gathering of the conscripts arrested and imprisoned. What else can one expect. Way such secret, but as long there is life, there is hope. Similar story I hear from other prisoners.

Soon after the ship stopped, entrance hole open, ladder let down and same body by the hole start to yell: out, out you go, all of you. Among ourselves we all whisper and continue to ask questions, even that we knew, that there is no answers. Where are we, where are we. Slowly in queue we creep up the ladder. Nobody hurry, what for, when we do not know what destination is waiting for us, when outside.

I was very sore in my elbow lying for hrs. on the bare wood. As I came out; I could feel the sun's heat.

Was month of July in Europe, like January in Australia. Beautiful day but I was not in the mood to appreciate the good weather, but right to exist was more important than lovely sunshine.

I have never before been along the Adriatic coast, yet I recognise some things from geographical study. Yes: as soon my head poked out through the hole, had a quick curious look around. The ship was tied to a tanker and onward; no green grass present, only rocks. Where is this place situated? I was concerned. To the right; were few islands and behind us; blue sea. To the North; bigger islands, far to the right, probably ten or so Kilometres were mountains covered with white lime rock; that indicate: Velebit mountain that runs all along the Adriatic sea. I could work it out, that we are on one; among hundreds of islands on the Adriatic, but which one.

The solution of where our exact position is? when a student from Zagreb called Filipini, I could still, even today work out his face because he was the one that guessed the million Dollars question. The mentioned student of Economics crept up from the ship's hold, he was among the last, but as soon he had his head over the hold edge, look around and straight away said: This is Goli otok.

[ In English: this is bare island ] The most desirable news spread among us all; in a single minute. No body up to this moment knew where we were. Since Filipini spread the news; We knew where about we are and the name of the place but that didn't give us much moral support, seeing nothing also; but rocks.

Who ever picked the island's name couldn't have a better choice. Yes! this is really bare, but for the over ground rocks like boulders that from distance did look like a big flock of sheep. The uninhabited Goli island, about five square kilometres of surface, was: perfect choice for a purgatory.

The mentioned student, that knew the name of the island, was born on the next island to the right; called Rab.

During the second World war; witness, fascist black shirt terrorist's slaughter; thousands of Slovenian and Croatian men, women and children. Now only five years later, he has got the chance to witness some atrocity on Goli, performed by the RED terror, the regime that most of us help to establish.

The ship that brought us to the island anchored in the west side in a small natural harbour and from here to the east was a small water tanker and hence forth the natural rocky ground rises steeply for probably twenty meters and then even up. To disembark from the ship without any installation, we had to cross over wooden boards to the water tanker and again, over more wooden planks to the ground then

crawl up the steep rocks. On the edge of raised ground; left and right, probably twenty militia pointing the arms at us and in the middle a militia's lieutenant burn from sun's rays that make him looks like a negro and so the rest of the militia. They have been exposed to the summer sun, compare us just arrive from prison cells; white as snow. Some among us, have been six or more month in single cell with no day light to be seen.

The Lieutenant on the edge of the rocks was barking like a dog, giving us instructions to move faster, but being; five hundred is not a easy task with out being arms threaten.

By the time we all disembark, must have been about mid-day. The sun has been burning full blast. As it look; the heat is going to burn; not only the skin, but even flash deep to the bones.

When all of us convicts have been over the rock's edge on even ground, wore told to undress every thing, but shoes and vision glasses, tie the lot with the trousers belt or any other way in a bundle, write on; own name, sir name and hand it over to a militia man. In ten minutes We wore all completely naked, like on the day of our birth. With not a stich on us, bare hands and bare head, we look like a flock of 500 penguin on the south pole.

Told to walk to the sea and swim around, which was quiet satisfying. I believe: never at the same time before or after, so many naked swimmers took place on Goli island. It was a relief to me and so; for every body else. I noticed; some man really enjoying the swim. For the moment we nearly forgot our where about and what treads are awaiting for us.

We soon learn that the Lieutenant has no more power then just yell and that course Us to stop taken notice of His outrageous behaviour.

The Lieutenant was voice less; before got us all, out of the water, but never threaten us, means; that We are safe. Again all naked slowly walk about hundred meters to the nearest barrack, sort of a store house where all received a new military summer uniform, two pair of under wear, two blankets, portion dish, spoon and a head cap. We exchanged clothing among our self to every one codification. The guard wore still on previous positions and around, but not threatening in any way.

The manner of the guard and the Lieutenant acted humanly. Our nerve tension has reduced and us all became more relaxed. Not that felt happy, actually very much concern.

The consolation was: 500 of us together made us fill courageous and full of hope but deep down; still very much worry. We all see a bleak insecure life.

It appear: here is the promised land, as the man in civilian clothes back in Ljubljana mention the day before departure, where transformation of one self's, shall take place, where reading newspaper and books shall occur.

Well! this hot and bare island, doesn't look like a good reading place.

When all of us wore dressed and ready, The Militia marched us; about five hundred metres toward the island's centre; trough an open wire entrance, gate where armed guard was permanently stationed.

Thirteen prefabricated barracks, that wore as we latter find out, constructed by German prisoners of war who before commencing work wore told: sooner the work is completed, the sooner you shall be allowed to go home to Germany. ***Wonder if the promises really occur.*** I do not know how many prisoner wore there and how long it took them to construct the whole camp but as I hear, the P. O. W. accomplished the erection in record time.

Just imagine the German P.O.W. building { *shtrafh lager call by Germans* } camps surrounded by barber wire in Yugoslavia like the one in Germany that wore build by the Germans for the extermination of non Arian race, suspected anti Nazi opposition and Communists, only four and more years previously, there for in Yugoslavia so vigorously reproached and condemn.

On Goli island practically same building were constructed by the Germans, purposely for human violation but for different perpetrators, Communist perpetrators against Communist violators. Actually some of the Goli victims were incarcerated in ex Nazi camps.

The camp was situated in gently raised ground in a small narrow valley.

So this was the *place far from attractive*. The view was toward the open sea, actually toward the west with our back and all our activity on the island; hidden from the main land by higher ground. At the highest spot it reaches about hundred and sixty five meters.

The camp was surrounded by about four metres in thickness and two meters tall barbed wire and outside spot lights all around. At night in stone constructed bunkers militia armed with German automatic machine guns, were continuously on guard.

So this suppose to be the impressive recreation and culture centre, created to rehabilitate us. Rehabilitate us in the wire cage like tigers.

Outside the barbed wire were: prisoner's kitchen, bakery and workshops. Very close to the sea; camp guards were stationed, interrogators or political secret police and administration barracks, their own kitchen and dining room.

All mentioned structures have been purposely built for political detainees or **COM. FORM-MIST**, as the regime call us.

Those political administrators in civilian cloth, wore political police with Military ranks. The top man was by rank; a colonel.

Lucky for us, the barracks has not yet been occupied but for about fifteen convict that arrive a couple of days before from the town of Rieka.

We are going to be the first barracks occupiers.

Prisoner arriving two months later; received complete different reception. **You will read about.** So five hundred of us; took over the last three barracks.

Composed like: two sided, two storey planked wooden bunk. The reader would rightly guess; on the bunks was no mattresses. But wooden plunks.

Here we are. What is our future? So far no threatening movement. Every one chose his sleeping spot, some up the bunk, others below. Was no one to tell Us what to do.

For the moment soon after arrival, some lie down weary out, others seated around inspiring each other with optimistic suggestions or consolatory inspiration, talk among our self's but the lot of us were depressed and frightened, particularly the one from high class and spoiled. So far We were all same, no rank and file.

We did have couple hours of rest and the first meal was served: a half fool dish of barley and a piece of yeast-less bread. When finish our first meal, we learn: there is no water for washing dishes. Actually no water at all for personal body hygiene or any other washing.

After first meal, a militia man order us out and with more militias they lead us out of the camp enclosure to the open field. There were plenty; big and small rocks spread all over the ground as I mention. One militia told us to clear the ground of all the rocks. We all start picking sort of: normal size pieces and carry it to a fixed spot. So five hundred of us with rocks in hands, like ants crossing each other from all to all direction, on to the directed heaps. For couple of hours were having fun competing by caring smaller and smaller stones. Competing to a ridiculous point. Some carry one stone, not bigger than a grain. It was laughter. Later some body suggested: way not work chain system: passing every rock over hundred hands, on to the heap. Several chain were suggested among our self. It finish up; we passed rocks, not bigger than a nut over hundred or more hands.

What accomplishment. First day experience gave me a good impression: this is going to be easy, shifting small rocks around but what about when all the rocks will be heaped? There is nothing else on the island but rocks. Soon all shall be removed, what do we do then? I thought. Read books and newspaper as the security man back in Ljubljana; promised.

This undisciplined type of life has taken place; for about three days.

One day soon after dinner, back in the barrack, some were openly discussing; political disputes and relation between Yugoslav and Soviet communist Party, **doing some thing; like playing with fire in the hay stack.** Surprise, surprise! Unanticipated in the barrack walk's, the Yugoslav federal vice minister for internal affairs. { *In a dictatorial political system; internal ministry is the head government administration.* } Some of the prisoner knew him. Like I mention; few among us have been in prestigious political and economic position, there for dealt with the man before but here the Vice Minister didn't want to be friendly with any, even that Hi knew few of them.

Mostly of us didn't know the man.

From end to end of the barrack; whisper just flew and every one was simply; stunned. The man with impressive personality; tall, close to two metres walked with all his pride all along one side of the bunk, like that hi owns us and suddenly said: you all; are: **COM MIFORMIST** { *meaning! Soviet sympathisers and anti Yugoslav* } A small Slovenian convict from Maribor. I never knew his name, but I still remember like that it has happen only few month ago, Hi said back to the Vice minister.

We still are! meaning **COMMIFORMIST**.

Is that so, the tall man was astonished and visible disturbed. Apparently such bold answer made him agitated. Hi strike back vigorously.

You all thing that we brought you here; for fuckin about.

No, no gentleman; the Vice minister with irony all over His face said.

In few month time, you are going to change your tune. Thinks are going to change dramatically. The system is going to be a lot different then today's

Nothing you experience since your arrival. Hi continue:

On this scorched heat as you so far experienced, or in what ever weather condition you are going to work with heavy rocks; seven days per week, sixteen hours per day, food as you already experienced or worse. Want be long and Your body bones and skin are going to dry out on rocks.

No body among the whole barrack dare to reply a single word. We only look at each other; with very much serious concern then ever before. This man is looking very mean as was looking from up down on us and has not a bit of sympathy for us. With this announcement the fun was over and done. No more political and philosophical discussion whether East or West was right or wrong; didn't matter any more. Our life is important and at stake, not Yugoslav Communist. Party bickering.

For us all some thing unpleasant is still hidden in the bag and is going to be reviled in next few month, as the Vice Minister for interior affair stated.

Few days later; political prisoner, about 600 man's from Serbia and Macedonia arrived and settled in the next four barracks. As soon they were unloaded the carrier ship left and came back about a week later with Bosnian-Hercegovinian and Monte Negro victims.

About 1000 unfortunates victims were brought on the island in one single load.

My self and other 500 mans, about ten days earlier travel in the ship from departure to the stop on the island that lasted only few hours.

But this lot; about thousand mans with the same three staircase compartment.

Embarked in Monte Negro; 800 or more kilometres south and the travel lasted two and half days.

For the wholly journey; locked in side the dark cargo compartment and no air ventilation, nor talking about air conditioning during the warmest month of the year. Me; complaining about unpleasant passage and pain to the bones.

The new arrivals dressed in multi under wear; three or more shirts and same or more long under pants, pool over etc, and on top of all that; normal cloth, also dressed in double winter under wear with two suit; one over the other and more. In the ship hull, they were packed lake sardines with no window or cooling system. The stench in the ship hull must have been impossible or rather incalculable.



They arrived cooked, dehydrated, more dead than alive, mostly had the under pants loaded with excrete [ sheets ]

Supposedly overloaded they couldn't move to the latrine, if any, I really don't know. When scrolling off the ship, they appear like zombies.

As they move along the ground the excrete from the under pants was falling to the ground. Not a laughing matter. A very sad appearance.

Let me in short describe those people, especially the Monte Negro. Population 250 000. Way so many culprits, compare with others Yugoslav Republics.

During the war struggle against the Italian-German occupation, mostly Monte Negrans were: Tito's loyal fighter from year 1941, also indoctrinated with great respect and love for Russia. Not so much Communism but because of same orthodox religion and supposedly Russian protector of all slaves nations, etc. Tito's quarrel with Russia, from the beginning of 1948 put the loyalty of the Monte Negro; toward Tito in doubt. Many turns against Tito policy right away, even same prominent army generals and about half government member of the republic of Monte Negro.

Individual Monte Negrin would proudly say: We are very big nation. Together with Russia; we count 250 millions people.

Was not unusual, that so many Monte negro's turn against Tito in favour of Russia or Soviets.

After last arrivals, all eleven barrack were occupied.

First two barracks were taken by Slovenian and Croatians.

Second arrival: Serbian and Macedonian did take three barracks forward down, then the Monte Negrans and Bosnian took the rest of the barracks.

The camp was full.

We all thought: the composition of Yugoslav nation is going to stay as it was since arrival but after last convict contingent the camp convict management that was already organise compose a list of names of all nation, mix us up proportionally to all barrack. Every single barrack was occupied by all Yugoslav Nation: Slovenian, Croatians Serbian, Macedonian etc. Religion, even that secretly existent didn't come in consideration, because a Communist supposed to be unbeliever: Atheist.

In few weeks time; the island Goli turned from naked or empty in to: very populated place with over two thousands inhabitant. The gravity of the situation changed all right, as the tall man threaten after first few days of our arrivals. No more chain work where one little stone passed hundred or more hands.

Every thing was getting organised. The administration appointed selected trusty convict as barracks chefs. He had the names and the authority over every one. Then was a man, as political body in charge of political conduct of every one. This man was leading and supervising the obligatory political discussion, inspiring criticism among our self's and disclosing hidden enemy etc. and passing evidence of every one to the state interrogator. *If mention trusty people that lead us were trusted by the authority, way were among us, as convicts?*

Yugoslavia was; a federal government with six state's government or nations with a central government in Belgrade. Convict from all Yugoslav republics were mix together. The interrogators were like wise from all states.

The more convict from one state the more interrogators from the same. From Slovenia were only one, after second delivery; two month latter, there were two interrogator officers, while Monte Negro had four interrogators because of much greater number of convict.

I presume the interrogators did have all; particulars about every convict and with whoever individual were acquainted at home and work alike.

Lets go on about the composition of the Communist or Tito's purgatory.

Every barrack with man mix from all states and nationality's represent one independent working unit call: brigade with head commander. Brigade was divided in to four platoons with respected commanders. All so call commanders, barracks chefs and political commissars, wore convict but didn't do physical work, only supervise. These man mostly ex security political officers with special army rang of captain, major etc.

The situation became very serious, no more jokes.

Prisoners under pressure of own will, one day hopefully freed became politically inspired with treacherous tendencies and pretence there-for began to look at their comrades for any tongue slip or twist or any considerable or suppose wrong doing because mention treacherous behaviour was a condition for freedom. At first opportunity when discussion take place the treacherous convict would disclose to the barrack's collective the guilty convict. This wrong doing as I mention was strongly inspired and practiced.

Every previous friend or acquaintance my became suspect and consequently; most friends couldn't bee trusted. It became the duty of every one to be informer of one's neighbour to prove to the administration of one's improvement and change of political ideas in favour of the Yugoslav regime.

No more grievance, because any complain, even to an acquainted may have very grave consequence by being denounced in the evening when every member of the barrack was obliged to seat, on one side of the two story bank; attentively listen to the latest news, voice of the Communist Party: Belgrade; " BARBA " which was usually about five or more days old and read by political appointee. After an article was read, Comprehensive political discussion was openly discussed. Sooner or latter, every one in the barrack was oblige to join the discussion and from the discussed content; political estimation of individual was concluded by the listeners, also from the interrogators.

Any body found asleep may be punished by standing half night beside the latrine which was a pot situated in the middle of the barrack. Tiredness, weariness was no excuse. Work was too easy for being tied, the leader that perform no physical work; would say.

Every one recognize the severity of the situation; be or not to be. Be as told or die on the dry and hot rock. The majority like it or not, for his own long term security, adopted rudeness or humbleness, which ever was more convenient or one that a individual knew to manipulate best. In another words, most or majority of convict became professional hypocrites. This was my general impression and I suppose this was a right conclusion, but I will seriously stress, that I just couldn't consider my self, one among these double faced immoral extremist.

One day in the evening, that was only few weeks after arrival; the whole camp; over two thousands of us gather before the security Colonel, Manager of the Camp. Hi gave us His very important advice by saying: **it is up to you; when you shall be released to freedom.** The condition to comply are vital for you all, provided you follow my advice.

Your N, 1 and most important condition is: compulsory and obligatory duty: **War against the enemy. {What enemy? Who is our enemy} ?**

Second. Cultural and education work.

Third Physical work.

Mention condition change every think and consequently became a system of terror and fear and that is the result, that I already described in the previous pages. One intricate question? who supposed to be the enemy among us, if all of us, are culprits?

The enemy are the one's, that do not comply the set condition, the one that has not confess or are denying the guilt, **even not gully for any think.**

**One had for his own sake; invent or fabricate a crime and plead guilty.**

Any thing, any body consider wrong doing by a fellow man: personal complaint, not enough effort on physical work or passive culturally, my be put before the whole of

barrack crowd on trial. Case my be: guilt denial, [ every one on the island according the regime, is guilty ] What double standard regime.

***They illegally arrest us, condemn behind close doors, deported us, like wild beasts on a virgin island, that is not known to any body, threaten our lives and now aspect us to do their dirty work. Appear that the majority of convicts accepted this condition as one's man own duty to the full advantage for their own good.***

Here the hypocrites individual convict would manipulate and create a federal offence out of nothing, to prove their toughness toward the: so call enemy and on the other site sympathy toward the interrogator and regime.

Some time; the whole felony may be a broken pick or shovel or restraint from shouting slogan in favour of the regime or just ignore what the rest of the crowd do, my bee: ironically just visually laugh. Many such trials finish up with; corporal punishment of the accused.

I shall never forget, even fifty and more years later the accident of a diplomat student, call: Mirko Gorše. Actually, hi was studying at a Diplomatic Academy in Moscow and when the political dispute, between; Soviet Union and Yugoslavia commence in 1948, all student from Yugoslavia that study in the Soviet Union wore expel and forcibly send back home to Yugoslavia.

Mirco was deliberately accused, when two thousand of us, as mention for like or dislike; cry up enthusiastically for Yugoslav Communist Party, Tito and others leaders, while Mirco: ironically laughed, so they say. If the accusation was right, no body ask for any prove.

The two accusers; student from Montenegro, both names were: Peter. After more then fifty years I still can see their sadist cold faces.

The state of Slovenia gave them the hospitality and chance to study at Ljubljana university. These two bastards accused Mirko of being passive, anti Yugoslav and pro Comm. Forum sympathizer etc.

With the certain permission of most man in the barrack, the two volunteers gave Mirko the bashing. Was all in advance planed.

They already had in their hands; one piece of timber each. They drag Mirko in to the corridor. We could all hear the blows over the Mirkos body, restraint moan and beg for pardon.

Next day Mirko was all bruised with black marks over his body, even his face was swollen. I risk my self by tell poor wounded and humiliated boy, how much sorry I am. Mirko only gave me a hint. Hi knew what risk am I taken, by comforting Him. If some of the hypocrite would noticed My comfort toward Mirko would probably mean: that I support Mirkos comm. forum ideological filling. *If Hi really had, some such Ideological filling, I don't. know.* And I couldn't careless. Any way. I was only sorry for His grief, not for His; what ever political filling.

Here: by island regime; ***I was violating, the number one condition. Instead of fighting the enemy, I was supporting it.*** Means: supporting the enemy of Yugoslav Communist's Party and the regime. According to the administration and the barrack's philosophy, I should be punished. If Mirco would at any time betray me that I nod, like: felt sorry and comforted him. I probably would receive same treatment as Mirco.

Mirko receive the bashing, and the bashers received the credit for proving loyalty to the Party.

But, if same accusation against Mirko would be brought; only few days latter, Mirko would fill even more sorry for him self, because ***e new punishment for the so call violators was Introduced latter, cal: boycott.***

You will hear about.

Us prisoner wore quite safe before the guards and management. They never touch us physically, but had among the prisoner theirs hypocrite under ground constables that work for them; insulting, blackmailing and under duress forcing confessions.

New punishment for prisoner, by the prisoner as mention were introduced, even for a sleep of the tongue, lamentation, ignorance or a claim like; being wrongly imprisoned, innocent etc.

Most severe punishment were: political sympathy with; Eastern anti Yugoslav Countries and insulting the Yugoslav regime. The punishment were extremely cruel and executed with brute severity with out slightest mercy, call: "**BOYCOTT**," was the name of it. *Personally I would be happy to be boycotted in proper meaning of the word, means: I am not permitted to talk to any body and no body is allow to talk to me.* o thanks

Boycott had a completely different meaning. I will mention only few Slovenian cases among hundred, of other nationality that I witnessed.

Extreme and severe punishment introduced by the prisoners to others fellow prisoners. One such punished prisoner, an individual by the name: Dr. Cobe. Before the arrest Dr. Cobe was vice Public Prosecutor for the state of Slovenia. The case against Cobe, being punish by the prisoner; developed as I mention: soon, Week or two after arrival on the island.

Let go back to the very beginning when no condition were yet applied.

When what ever subject was discussed no one took notice or not taken seriously. Were satisfied that the Regime was serious about mental political transformation, but didn't expect a open war among our self's where prisoner punish other prisoners. personally though and probably others prisoners thought alike, that We are going to serve our sentence according to decided time.

As I previously mention. On the beginning when us prisoners were wasting time by carry little stones around. crowded like sheep and doing little work, but talking and lamented a lot.

In such environment the mention Public Prosecutor: Dr Cobe show himself off. Being what hi was in private life, Hi thought that hi is got the instinct and knowledge to predict the future for us.

Who would; first few days after arrival on the island in any imaginative thought, foreseen that from thousand innocent people, one can create thousand wickets. Person's. Cobe being Doctor of Law full of confidence, just as much stupid I would say, spoke to us close listeners. My self, heard him saying: **Wont 't be long comrades hi said; when Russian submarines will appear on the horizon and take us all to Russia.**

What stupid wishful thinking. My bee; we all would be prepared to go to any submarine and country just to get away from the ugly and rocky hell.

**To Russia?** We found latter; what Stalin done to their simile to ours suspected political prisoners. Transported all to Gulah Archipelago, with the tag: of not return. At that time the prosecutor talk, was not taken seriously but after few weeks the mention number one condition "**WAR AGAINST THE ENEMY**" for release to freedom became apparent and exploited to individual advantage.

The hypocrites had the chance to wash them self's from their own felony by accusing and imposing their own guild on same body also.

One gets clean by throwing filth over others comrades.

Latter at the usual more serious situation when evening, political discussion, before the whole barrack: the ex. public prosecutor Dr. Cobe was with all particular betrayed by his own friend. When all told, the whole barrack was roaring with enthusiasm.

**Sadistic characters blood thirsty were all happy by only imagining en ex Public Prosecutor being most severally punish with new just introduced punishment; "BOYCOT" The number one; enemy of the people and MOTHER Communist Party, was court red handed..**

*What a nonsense. This bloody; exaggerated and hated "*

**MOTHER Communist PARTY "word** that was from morning, all day and for any occasion till sleep time on the tongue of all habited on the island.

I resented it with the stitch in my gut and hope others prisoners hatred was; just as deep. Of course, I never ask any body what was their felling toward the same because would be much too dangerous to enquire, but ***was by all means a big mask, behind where all of us hide. Pretend to love and odour, this so detested mother " Communist Party" like a goddess.***

***In actual fact; the thousand and more times per day mention K. P was most treacherous, dictating and terrorising, but never satisfied In spite of all received glory. Every thing good, was to the credit of the bloody Communist Party or mother Party. I would subconsciously rather call it: a. trash.***

Let go back to Dr Cobe: ex Public Prosecutor. After betrayal by his own friend as I mention and long exhausted accusation by few well prepared self appointed prosecutors. After all; there was a big percentage of smart politician, that knew how to take revenge and twist the case to their personal advantage.

On the other side, there wore southern Yugoslav family man from Monte Negro and Bosnia, mostly poorly educated, anxious to be released by any pretence. They wore the type of consent to any evil illustration and accusation. Thing; with a: yes, yes, I agree, It is so, etc. As long they could present them self's with approval.

Let go back a little. After exaggerated accusation of Dr Cobe the barrack team, condemn the unfortunate man to the previously mentioned punishment: BOYCOTT. With all addition and no defence required.

Dr. Cobe has immediately been ordered to join the already boycotted man's by the barrack latrine, a very humiliated act.

From now on, as long hi is under boycott punishment, hi has to spend; every half of every night by the latrine.

During physical working period, every two hr, we all have fifteen minutes brake, seat down and my if lucky receive a little pot of drinking water. The punish; boycotted one with addition; was not allow to seat . Hi was continually pursuit by voluntary self appointed sheriffs.

He suppose to be mentally humiliated, degraded, laugh at, and corporeally tortured by usually one or two convicted volunteers. ***The two would force the double convicted Dr. Cobe to pick and carry heavy rocks; aimlessly around.***

Was month of July in Dalmatian; the hottest month of the year.

I was not personally very sorry for the unfortunate, who knows? When as Public Prosecutor; how many innocent people, Cobe condemn; to the forced labour. Now hi could fill, on his own skin, what course such condemnation. Even so, I felt a little sorry when seeing the ex prosecutor displaying him self, only in long army underpants with legs binders undone and flopping around while walking, no buttons at the front, only a string around the hips, means open fly. I watched Cobe, there for will describe His appearance and behaviour.

Was hottest time of the year in Dalmatian. The Sun was blasting hot. Over the bare chest in His arms Dr. Cobe was handling and carry a heavy rock. Right behind in pursuit wore two voluntary sheriffs. Darken from the sun, even more from filth and sweat. Continually thirsty and extremely dehydrated. A frightening ghost. His genital must have been deliberately let out, to look more ridiculous, or rather degrading, it hang deliberately down from the opening of the underpants and hi couldn't do nothing about because in both hands hi held the heavy rock and was not allowed to drop it.

In such state; Dr. Cobe was pursued around, like on display and survey to the wholly island. As hi was pushed along among the rocks, on uneven ground from time to time Cobe pleaded: I beg you, I beg you, please kill me, kill me, way you torturing me. Indescribable humiliation and physical suffering that lasted for about four long weeks. When Cobe was physically and mentally thorough exhausted, finally put before the barracks crowd where hi apologize and confess his stupidity and guild. On the other side hi thank the crowd for forgiveness and promise to the barrack's collective to became good and obedient, loyal to the Party and people.

From a wolf Hi became a little lamp.

The barracks crowd; considered that Dr. Cobe has paid for his open senseless behaviour and has open one's eyes. This made him a regular member of the barracks collective, because while under punishment hi was considered; an outcast. Who wouldn't under such torture be convinced; which Communist Party is right and on the right track to Socialism.

From now on, no more half night sitting by the latrine as when under Boycott.

***At this stage it would be proper to mention; the political and philosophical disputes among eastern European COM. form Parties and Yugoslav; C P. Because of the disputes; on one side: Yugoslav C. P. Other side: the Soviet C. P. With the wholly eastern; Warsaw Pact Country's, combine all together against small Yugoslavia, the penitentiary on the island; Goli [bare] sprang up.***

Before the disputes every thing in eastern, and specially Soviet Union; was sacrosanct. For most, especially old: Tito's voluntary combatants; against the Italian – German occupation force, from 1941- till 1945: Russia was heaven and Stalin was a living God.

Any body contradicting this set brain washing; was considered anti social and anti Yugoslav. The love for Soviet Union became so intense, that in December 1942 when German army wore, pounding at the gate of Stalingrad, at the same time German's wore bombarding Tito's partisans in Bosnia and while being bombarded Tito's partisans cry at the Germans aircrafts: **give us more bombs, the more at us, the less at Stalingrad and Soviet Union.** Means: Soviet Union and Stalin wore more important then Them self's. They wore prepared to sacrifice own life for the Soviets.

This last evidence I extract from the book: ***"Eastern approaches " written by Sir. Fitzroy MacLean.*** The mention man was; during the second world war: British representative at Tito's H. C. dropped in the forest of Bosnia, from a British aircraft and served from 1943 till end of the war.

***In` wholly of Yugoslavia; people wore brought up, with Infinite love and respect for Soviet Union.*** Especially in the south of the Country it became a religion. Yugoslav public, especially the C.P. members and the army, wore looking up; at the Red Army, Soviet Union and Stalin that, during last world war contributed to national liberation.

Contribution to every thing, even: culture. Well: so was the pretension

The S.U. didn't really deserve such credit, but to satisfied; especially the Russians overlords and personally; Josef Stalin, this attitude was persevered.

***That way; army officers, political activists, conscientious security officers could not digest sudden changes.***

***Yesterday all the way with the S.U. Over the night no more; Soviet Union, removal of all Stalin pictures from all office's walls.***

All mention official personal suspecting, that the Yugoslav regime is steering in wrong direction, away from what; have all official been previously educated. At the same time, the S.U. and other eastern Communist regimes were accusing Yugoslavia of political wrong doing.

So a big lot of Yugoslav army and political activist, wore: confused, may be passively supporting the S. U and eastern Socialist Country.

***Same fanatic in the southern parts of the country; even move in to the forest, ready to fight, guerrilla warfare against Tito's government.***

The whole problem started in the S.U, because; Yugoslav leaders; did not cry loud enough; prices and glory to the Soviets, on the other site; the Yugoslav were not sicking political, and philosophical help from Stalin and others Soviet theoretician. The Soviets, wanted Yugoslavia to be a obedient satellite and Tito to be their little boy and puppets in every respect, while the Yugoslav leaders though to be grown and big enough and need no assistance from big boys from Moscow.

***The Soviets big, strong and wise, uninvited; begin to tell how to and how not to run the country and achieve this so call: Socialism etc. Small bickering, just like among children; became big theoretical arguments.*** Latter; sabre rattling, incursions and provocation on the eastern borders of Yugoslavia. Latter in 1948 even military treats and invasion from the Red army and their satellites.

Interior problems from rebellious and concerned Yugoslav Army and suspicious civilian political activists, put the central Government in a *insecure dilemma*. ***Tito him self, according to Dilas, ordered the interior minister the erection of the penitentiary on the Goli island, for the; my be opposition: dangerous, no more trusted Army officers and political officials in the Government; it self. Any way: all suspected that my be dangerous to the regime. Dangerous wore the one that though { Like My self } that see some think, others don't. We all saw the regime's wrong's performance but not all for own safety would speak out.***

So came the time to get rid of same dry branches, like my self, that got nothing to do with Yugoslav internal security.

The majority of arrested man; on Goli, wether at highest or just responsible job had back at the working position the influence to whom others did look up. Mentioned man's criticising the regime or just lamenting, wore suspected; Soviet agent in reality the regime pretended; thous to be Soviet sympathiser, there for; should be removed from the obedient flock.

Few thousand proclaim to sympathise with Soviet. but wore not a security treat. So they should be removed too.

***They wore only sincere enough to proclaim their though.*** For the regime; still suspicious, there for arrested prosecuted and send on the island for political transfiguration.

In a totalitarian regime, like Yugoslavia, there is one and only central political party with one and only political philosophy, which is dictated by self appointed ruling class. Any one preaching differently, or only listening some body with a different view; became enemy of the regime. ***[the regime call it: enemy of the people]*** because the existing regime intend to rule by all means till own dead. The ruling regime intend to appoint their close trustful friend and relatives in as many possible leading economic, financial and political positions.

***Political philosophy; how to promote equality, prosperity well being, etc. is only the regime deceitful cover to full the population.*** That same ruling class demand loyalty for their own good and their supporters, who must be member of the Communist Party and are expected to strictly follow theyr doctrine with out question. ***will describe another boycott case This time about a man with a wholly different character then already mention one.***

A Slovenian university lecturer of dialectical materialism, what ever that is. His name was: Lorgar.

This lecturer was attempting before the wholly barrack's collective; about 200 man from all nationality of Yugoslavia to theoretically prove the rightness of Soviet criticism; toward Yugoslavia. *Of course; hi was proclaim evil and anti of every thing the hypocrite collective could scratch from the Esperanto book.*

Most unfortunate, the man must have been very naive; probably too honest, expecting same from the listeners. Attempting to discuss such theory with cold blooded crowd was ludicrous. They wore listening with intention to crucified him not learn and take notice.

***They condemn the professor with; already well known boycott and all evil that goes with it. They pursue the professor with cold blooded cruelty.***

Sufferance of all description; physical and mental, but the professor never complain one word, never beg for mercy. Never hesitated doing any think, that was told to do. Just obey.

His spirit and courage was unsurpassable.

At mill times the punish man was to be left alone. I witness the Professor having His dinner. Sitting on the ground with His back leaning against the stone wall. In one hand delicately holding His dish, with the other taking with the spoon the poor usual beans soup. Brake some bread in the soup dish and again slowly continue to eat, like that Hi is got no problem on this world.

The two sheriff that pursue the professor wore unpassionately waiting, setting probably ten paces away wanting the professor to pursue, so they try to provoke Him by insulting with provocative words. Nothing would insult the Professor, Hi calmly sat His time with out referring a single word. The pursuer wore visible agitated.

Significant. This mention professor had on the island; already three younger; intellectual brothers that arrived at the same time as my self, means two month before the arrival of the older Brother. How they meet Him at first on arrival, I didn't witness, but I know that the three Brothers already on the island all behave like; they has nothing in common with the older brother.

The evil Communist Party; distinguish brotherhood only; when on the same friendly political level. Different political follower only in opinion is the enemy. There is no neutrality or a place in between. In the Communist Party; one can be fully on one side and follow blindly or be the enemy.

The described punishment for culprits punished by the barracks collective was very common. In the whole camp; probably ten and more men wore; punish and pursued all aver the island every day of the week. Some wore fortunate that received lesser punishment, means: boycott with out addition of pursuit.

Those wore considered; not so serious cases, there for not pursued but have to work harder then the rest, wore not allowed to talk to other inmate, not even answer to other inmate, unless question by superior but at night had to seat beside the latrine, for half of the night.

Probably a month after arrival on the island, two young Slovenian; assembled all [ about 60 ] Slovenian youth, on a ordered spot. I believe it was requested by Slovenian interrogator. Other nationalities has simile meetings.

The Slovenian youth wore composed; mostly of economic and low, student, few from Moscow diplomatic faculty and about 10 like my self. [ I do not know, how to classify my self ] The adulators while leading the meeting, most of the time wore, pointing the fingers at few, specially toward the ones that wore expel from Moscow diplomatic Faculty. They kept accusing them of being blind, hardened Stalin's trackers. etc.

Some had made confessions right there, explaining the hard line the Soviets had imposed over them but now have saw the duplicity of the Soviet, etc. Others excuses them self, like I give me more time to think about. Another has promised: at first opportunity I am going to the interrogator and make the confession. One young man from Moscow Diplomatic Faculty kept silence, but smiled ironically, so they start to pick on him. **Most probably; that was the whole idea to select on one special individual.** After a short discussion, regarding last mention youth, **Same propose a physical settlement.**

Most of us approve, with a wink, or an yes. What also could one individual do, but agree with the proposal. This was not a place or time to mediate. Few want to prove the usual hypocritical infatuation for the proposal, others enthusiastically approve the suggestion for a physical settlement. Then let start with the ritual! The proposed action has commenced immediately.

While the accused victim; sat on the ground; motionless and speechless, all of us; one after another pass by the victim and slap him across the face. Here one could notice the difference between honest and double standard characters.

I notice the double faced strikingly with such power the stricken youth head move half turn around.

How could any body hurt the man that to most of us is not even by sight acquainted. For my own good I should strike hard but my conscience did not allow to cause pain



when personally I have nothing against the young man. What Hi fill's politically? Is not Main concern. On the other site, to my envy; the youth was physically very pleasant looking.

I swing my hand, but barely touch his face and let the next clapper do according to his feeling. I was quite conscious of the perilous position.

All I want to be freed from this persecution, but according to one merit, not by hurting others. With the over description, I would say, that Slovenian have respect for; Slovenian and are not aggressive and sadistic as our south neighbours.

When other Yugoslav Nationality initiate meetings like our, there were open dog fights.

The described Slovenian youth; we collectively accuse for " high treason" or going off the *right path*; as our Slovenian gathering accused him, or put it a different way:

*If faced by the barrack collective and found guilty for the same crime, { which was nothing } the youth would get; weeks of so well described. Boycott.* Because has been sentence only by own Slovenian youths; hi got away with few hard and few light slaps, mean: a light sentence.

Couple of times previously I mention the man call: Martin. The man that arrive in the cell in military uniform at Ljubljana and latter We lye site by site on the ship on our way to the Goli island.

This naïve Captain, that fought; as gorilla or partisan, like my self for usual imaginary justice and democracy, was prepared; as Hi said, to give his life for the Communist Party.

On the island daily routine work, Hi claim to a fellow worker, that hi has done nothing wrong to the Party or regime. Martin also mention, Hi held the Party; very high. I am sure Martin; naïve as Hi was spoke the whole truth, and meant no harm to any body, not even the regime, inasmuch they lock Him but his fellow worker was anxiously waiting for the first opportunity before the barrack's collective to accuse Martin for plotting against Yugoslav secret police. Martin did try to give his version of the argument but was not even given the chance. Hi was immediately cut out and accused of being provocative and accusative of Yugoslav security police, means: *{ as the barrack 's collective judged }* Martin is accusing the Yugoslav security police for wrongly arresting and locking innocent people, for no reason at all. *That suppose to be a very serious accusation toward such innocent and harmless political organization.* Ha, ha.

So Martin was victim of his own honesty. Sentenced to well known; boycott but with no pursuit. Martin was punished for the sake of being punish. The fellow worker that betray Martin; prove to the collective and the administration, that hi is active fighter against anti Party elements. Again: ha, ha.

I would odd; the betrayer has not accused Martin *{ even that Hi knew the, consequence }* to course him harm but for own temporary advantage.

I met Martin at work when under boycott punishment, actually I didn't know, Hi is under the banner of punishment, so I ask Martin a question, I forgot what. **Martin ex Captain as honest man only wink to me and with a whisper said: do not talk to me I am boycotted, you my get in trouble.**

Where ever I seen; the poor prosecuted victims, I felt deeply sorry for them, being double punish. Firstly by the self fish regime and second by the suckers. It was a very sad and degrading sight. It also gave me; constant precautionary warning: be careful Vern; was telling to my self: this is not liberty.

Any slip of the tongue, as was my habit; my be delivered to the brigand who may; physically and mentally exhaust me by pursue Me and hard work.

Same thing deep in side me; tickle: Hope; it want happen to me.

Significant: people I knew from before the arrest or from the detention, most I did avoid talking except ex Captain because of worry, that same one may deliver some

long forgotten talk to every one display and then the usual island consequence my became apparent.

It happen, two or more of us; that knew itch other from before and on Sunday afternoon met by the sea when not working{ *Actually; only very few times happen* } We wore embarrass before itch other because We didn't know what to talk for not getting involved in island problems. Simply; we didn't trust; even the best acquaintance. Friendship was not existent, *but for few exception*. If a talk would commence was usually same things, same subject.

Usually repeating every think all over again.

Not to give munition to any one and chance for any political accusation. We would hypocritically criticise one self's

Typical friendly mutual talk would commence; if any; like this:

But I deserve to be punish with all severity because, I was good for nothing, and you know what: *our mother party* at the right time court me from falling in the dirtier waters, place me here where I intend to correct my self. *One day I will be able to prove to the party that I deserve to go back home to my parents and among honest people.*

A casual meeting with a Bosnian student call Ismet. After a little incidental togetherness; the student commence: like showing off like this: but I was good for nothing, hi said, the Party should kill me. No they didn't, they rather save me from the dirt, gave me the opportunity to rectify and again, become a honest citizen. Such idiotic talk was common among all convict. Believe me, for a simple reason, because it was safest.

In 1951, after escaping over the Yugoslav State border to Trieste, again I met the same student from Bosnia in Trieste refugees camp. Hi also escaped only few days after me, like that was all in advance prearranged.

There free from being over heard by so call enemy of the people and Party; the Bosnian ironically justified the island talk. **What else could one on the island talk Ismet said**, when one couldn't trust his own brother. His comment hit the nail; right on the head.

The island system created such atmosphere that a coexistence whit in family, if existent would be torn a part. Remember the four brothers I mention previously.

**Life on the island.** At night no person was allowed to go outside the barrack. even that all around the camp was in close proximity; about four metres wide and two metres high; barber wire. Out side the wire, wore powerful reflectors; pointing toward the camp. Behind in the shadow; all around the camp, about twelve sheltered bunkers; build of lime stones. At night, militia with machine guns pointing toward the camp, standing guard.

**In the barracks before sleeping time** We all sat on one side of the two bank, discussing country internal and external political event, after one, more influential convict would read the Belgrade "BORBA" [ News paper. Organ of Yugoslav C, P. ] which by then would be six or more days old as already mention. The favoured read article, usually referring: what suppose to be a wrong accusation and instigation from one or more; East European state, toward Yugoslavia and their leaders.

The discussion was compulsory and very strictly controlled. Here the wolf in sheep's clothing wore waiting for a chance to strike the first blow at naïve prey.

Many avoided the participation in the discussion for safety's reason, but that was not good ether.

**Avoiding discussion** means passiveness or worse, means: the individual is still hostile toward the Collective, Party, People, etc. When under such suspicious, was time to present one self's with a piece of discussion or confession, rather then forced to make an oratory political statement in favour of the regime and especially the C P.

In such a case one, fill little awkward and in confusion my very easy sleep few words and fall in the trap by expressing one self with out intention with a wrong

statement. In every case; the best way out was: accusing one self of all weakness then open one's eyes and finally glorify the Yugoslav C. P. but not too exaggerated. I must excuse My self for not continuing with the story in time as it happens. Many cases about the individual or general happening I described even before the person or persons were on the island. Hope the reader will understand the general situation I try to describe.

**About 1000 new convict arrive two month latter. [ I will describe the reception of new comers]** They were brought in three separate shipments from all Yugoslav republics and right away mix with convict that arrive two month previously. Mix with already establish and corrected convict, course to the new arrivals a lot of problems, because the old ones requested; from the new arrivals to bring out political opinion and priority in relation toward; Yugoslav C.P. and Eastern European, C.P. and specially; political ideology and priority with the Soviet Union and personally Stalin. Stalin was considered to have a personal resentment toward Yugoslav leaders. Stalin expected devoted glory; from the Yugoslav leaders, which was getting, any way, but also want absolute obedience, which did not get.

Here was the main personal reason, for the disputes, between, east European Communist Partis and Yugoslavia.

Because of mention disputes the regime had the scope to separate us from the loyal folk's as *they would put it* and confine us in the penitentiary for intelligent transformation.

As mention; the old convict requested the new arrival to state their political opinion. Because the new convict wore not familiar what is going among us oldish and not prepared for such contest where the oldish wore judging every word and hardly waiting for slightest sleeps of tongue. Many new comers got trapped and in consequence been punish. Some severely.

At evening in the barracks while the so call; "*important discussion*" was going on, out side, we could hear strikes with fists. Convicts wore striking other convicts. As I mention: wore not suppose to go out side the barracks, but for the in side double agent was permitted.

I am certain; every one in site the barrack could hear: heavy blows on the body, of the barrack's follow by a cry from the victim, then half loud shout: [*Chuty, samo chuty*] keep quiet, only quite, and more blows, could be heard; like hitting a punching bag. Every one in the barrack pretended; like nothing is happening. My self, and probably every one in the barrack; felt very threaten. Every blow on the outside, gave me the filling of pain, fear and terror. One day it my happen to me. Hope not, then I though and comforted my self: I am not hiding any thing that the sheriffs would have to extract from Me

Way outside bashing was taken place I have no evidence. I never dare ask, nor did I ever hear from same body mentioning the accidents. It was deliberately ignored by who ever was not involved, because it was much safer not to ask, rather pretend that nothing was heard.

I would presume that interrogators accomplice [ convicts] were with the duress system extracting evidence from convict and passed on to the interrogator as prove of loyalty toward the interrogator, and of course the *Party*. The reader of My narration my disclose what types of characters have been assembled on the mention island. One ought to be ashamed being part of it.

On the island it self, was no drinking water, actually no water at all for personal use, therefore; in the island's little harbour was e permanent flouting tanker which supplied the water for the island requirement: kitchen and bakery and very limited water for drinking. The harbour tanker was getting fill by another on going tanker, but as I mention before, water was not available, rather strictly forbidden for any personal, cloth or dish washing.

In site the barber wire means: in the wholly camp area wasn't any water available, except a watering can about ten litres, and that was strictly supervised by the barrack's man in charge. . There wore 11 barracks, latter the convict build; outside

the wire; two more but in the wholly complex not a drop of water that could be used except in emergency.

Water from the tanker was delivered to the kitchens by a special working unit of about twenty permanent man. Using about hundred liters big aluminium cooking pots with two handles over the top. A long piece of round wood, was push through the handles. Two man would carry one pot over their shoulders. Doing this work all day, every day. Imagine three thousand convict plus about hundred guards, plus island management. A big lot of people.

The delivery water unit consider themselves being lucky, because was easier and cleaner then working in the field and sufficient drinking water.

Was hard and responsible work, because spilling water was severely punishable. Washing one self with it, was strictly forbidden.

For the bakery; water was supply by three man; each equipped with two watering can, My self luckily participated for only five weeks.

By supplying the water to the bakery, same time received same extra bread, that to me was worth as much as gold.

I tell the reader a poor, could be; even degrading but still interesting event.

Us water suppliers were told to deliver the bread; from the bakery, to the guards and officers stuff dining room. Their bread; I mean; management and guards had better bread then the convict one.

I am not complaining about our bread. It was properly baked from wheat flour. As long I could get more of it I would be happier. Yet the stuff bread was whiter and tastier,

The stuff officers to whom as convict, We had to rise the head cap; every time, any place we meet. Well; lucky for them, they had food in abundance, so little peaces of bread left on the stuff officers tables was by the convict cooks, that wore also satiated naturally, Hi was cooking, there for left over on the tables were simply pushed in to the basket for the pigs.

Any way, as told, the leader of us three; water supplier; ask the kitchen chef, which was also convict; if we can take the left over: little peaces of bread intended for the pigsty. The chef look around, the officer in charge ( *militia* ) was not present, so the chef gave us a wink. We took the empty wooden bread carrier and at the bottom the lick up; left over bits of bread plus some eaten up sheep's bone.

Two of us carry the carrier straight behind the bakery where was a three metres rocks embankment where no other convict could see us.

If other convict would see our treasure, would fill begrudged, surely envious to the point to denounce us; before the barrack crowd and course a federal case against us.

The hairy bag from the bottom of the wooden crate with all the goodies ( *bread peaces* ) on it was placed on the ground and the three of us sat around like Indian at their diner when eating with bare hands from the same pot, so us three water suppliers impatiently waiting what We going to get. The leader of us three spread the bag and begin to part;

Hi start divide the bigger pieces: one for me, one for you and one for you. So continue around, building small heaps with smaller and smaller pieces, until only crumbs were left on the hairy rag.

The leader put the hand under the rag, one over the crumbs and tip the rag up side down. This is for me, hi said and some how; tip the crumbs with all bag hair in his mouth.

The three of us fill the trousers pockets with pieces of left overs, grab the two water cans each, carry it in one hand, because the other hand was busy stuffing the mouth with left over, provide at the time no one watch us, walk on to the tanker for another delivery of water.

To the reader, the just mention tale would seem to be very dull but in the then, position and circumstance the tale was most unique and very important. The other convict's: would envy us if they knew what We have and they haven't.

In the Goli circumstance every convict would appreciate few scraps of left over bread.

The reader; probably like to know; how much bread did we receiving, daily? Three times daily. With every meal a peace; about: 150 gram. Bread was main course of food. The bakers were forming equally big loafs, about fifteen centimetres long. In the middle wider and thinner at the ends. From the bakery next door a convict, was cutting the loafs to eight peaces, with equal as possible weight. Every barrack Head chief; before every individually meal; would send His delegation of two man with the written authorisation with the exact numbers of people in the individual barrack, corresponding with number of peaces of bread, no more, no less. The loafs were cut eight times, but still holding together as one unit. When bread was part and given to Us individually, usually by the political or barrack leader. Hi would pick the whole loaf and start braking at one end, with no discrimination, to whom was given. It became a habit of every convict that at meal time had one wish: to get the end of the loaf, because was tastier and to our eyes; seems to be bigger, and of course was crusty.

As we, approach in queue toward the common big pot with the dish in hand, an appointed convict would pour two scoops of soup, but was not allow to look at us and continually told to stir the mixer. Most was water any way, but some times; if lucky one my received one spoon fool of beans, my be little peace of sheep's meat and then the bread, which every one was; from distance observing and working out; which part of the loaf is going to receive.

My story where bread is so frequently mention is probably a bore to every reader but it goes back; more then seventy years when I was still little, I had to ask for bread and when received it, had to glorify God, like in the prayer;" give us every day bread. My mother would cut a reasonable peace from the round big loaf, hold it in front my face. What you say? She exclaims! I clap my two hands and say: Glory to God.

So, since I was little boy the most important item of My life was bread.

Few more comment about bread. First three weeks; after arrival on the island, as food ratio; we received twice a day; a 3/4 full army dish of barley and a small piece of bread, that look like soap and hard as rock. Bakery had no yeast.

Suddenly barley stop being supply as Main course of two daily ratio, for next ten month, till released to freedom, and even after release and work as voluntary workers we received twice per day; bean's soup.

During winter the continuous unchanged, every day beans soup has taken the toll. A big percentage of man; became chicken blind, means: at dusk they wore blind. Many inmate lost or were about to lose all the teeth for lack of vitamins C. We wore looking, when time permitted, for any ground or bush greenery. We simply felt lacking the vitamin; C.

On the beginning of mention blindness problem, some among the leader received the problem; as a joke, there for in the evening assemble the involved and led them through darkness, away from the camp, testing under observation, if they will be able to come back to the camp. Of course they came back.

For temporary relieve the island management brought for us some sour tomatoes. Never in my life; have I eaten it, but then ate; provide it was green but red ones; I just couldn't digest, can't explain way.

Couldn't tell the tomato distributor that I don't eat red tomato, Hi probably would stop given me the so call; salad all together. So I rather excepted what ever was given to me.

If it was green I gladly ate it, but if it was red I gave it to trusty friend; Andrey, there for; he never forgot to acclaim me; for only few friendly tomato. Even Andrey's Mother thank me at one occasion after our release from Goly when visiting Andrey and His Family in Ljubljana.

Some time late October or early November, during the night, one of the: so call officer {guard} came to the camp, asking for volunteers to unload a ship of

cabbage. The officer stressed; couple of time: load of cabbage had to be unloaded. Just to mention; how desperate have I been.

To have a chance to consume same vitamin C. I volunteer in the middle of the night and go unloading the cabbage; with one's hope that I will be able to glut some of it. Not to help the management or be sweet to the regime or any body but to satisfied my health's needs. If the rest of the volunteered crowd felt the same, *consume some needed food or on the island would* mean; stilling others peoples food, raw cabbage.

I couldn't tell, because only mentioning what I though would mean: serious Federal offence that is punishable with well known island routine; Boycott.

Never before have I volunteer for any think, but for unloading cabbage or any think that sound like food; especially green stuff, I shall bee ready to oblige. *[ If raw cabbage could be call food, ]*

About fifteen of Us volunteered I jump from My upper bank, not so comfortable sleeping position down to the floor and join the assembling gang out site the barrack.

Marching toward the small harbour at the front of the volunteers to the usual ship: because I knew it, so I figure that few man are going to jump in side the cargo and pass the cabbage out. I want to be the one in site.

I also knew; in the hole is no light means: no body can see if I eat dirty and rotten cabbage.

Working on the out side on the ship deck is a disadvantage. Would be better to stay on the bank sleeping and feed the lice. You will hear plenty about it latter.

As planed. When arrive on the ship deck I walk straight to the open hole and with out looking down; *Couldn't see nothing any way* jump in the peach dark. Probably only a metre deep and land on sort of solid ground, raw cabbage.

I could feel the round balls of cabbage under my feet. There wore three more men standing and passing the stuff up to the mans on the deck, means: one ought to take precaution before chewing any cabbage.

It have to be done in absolute silence, of course I haven't came here and not ate. My stomach and My hand couldn't miss this golden opportunity. That was the reason I volunteer. So first think; as soon I jump in the cargo tear a leaf, whether green or other way, I couldn't see any way, was pitch dark, didn't really matter, I just stuffed in to My mouth. Digested with lees possible noise and quickly past few balls of cabbage to the men on the deck and again with another leaf in my mouth and on with the work. I knew: this is not going to last for very long, better eat fast and get as many vitamin C. possible. One leaf for me and few balls up the deck. Sound odd, but not funny.

It was important to survive strong and healthy. Many times later I was wondering? how many slags and rotten leafs have eaten, even so, but never look back. As I predicted; ten minutes after commencing work; on the deck bickering and accusations among the convict commence. You are eating cabbage, hi is eating too was accuser's reaction.

Names were taken by the over sear. By then; after ten or so minutes I had enough; vitamin C. and other capital letters of so call; Vitamins. surely a lot of raw slags and snail too but was quite happy under the circumstance. I though I have accomplish a good dill.

Luckily; I was not detected. A little longer in side the belly of the ship and few more leafs of cabbage, fill up as much My belly could hold.

I though: let others in the hole, let same body else take my place and satisfied him self with some cabbage plus slug as bonus. Now is the chance probably never again.

I climb up the deck. Nearest men on the deck entrance; happily jump in side. I move on the deck and load the goodies in the containers and carry away by live assembly line.

The one's book down for eating the cabbage were reported. Typical of islands extreme exaggeration. They call them: eaters of others comrades food. They were also punished, but not extremely; I forgot how.

Next day at daily routine work, I had to go for my personal relive, of course; behind same rocks, what during working period, usually never happens. If only eating beans soup and little bread; latrine was hardly used, but last night was different, I stuff My self fully, so some think have to give. Walk behind some rocks, kneeling the convenient way and let it go. Immediately felt a smell of cow dung. Turning around to see a cow or a cow's dung. Here on this island is no cows, where from the cow dung scent? Than realise that I have eaten what cows ate, a lot of raw dirty cabbage, yet felt good. **Naturally; Eating what cows eat, the scent is cow's.** So, you my say: We were not starved to exhaustion, no! We haven't, but definitely were very weaken. Combination of extreme physical work and extreme carefulness that cause extreme stress before the so call; enemy that could be all most any body. This constant precaution for personal security; and mental stress, plus a fact: We all have been loaded with millions and millions of bags that from night to night suckled our blood. You read more about latter.

When one is on continuous precautionary concentration of what to say, to whom and when and at times; as mention; every one own to participate discussing daily political event and continually under the observation by enemy searchers. Every word have to be measured. Traps were every where and every spoken word my be analysed to some body's convenience for a personal advantage. **accusations and condemnation. Means: stress was at all times constantly present.** And stabbing in the back was constantly present.

Surely, we eat three times daily, of course most of it was bean's soup. Bread was the only solid food. Yet We were in deficiency for water, means in summer were mostly times dehydrated.

Being twenty year old and several kilos below my normal weight; means: there must have been; some think rather warm to burn my twenty and more kilos off My normal body weight.

If a convict would lament being hungry, in discomfort, tired, even unhappy, Hi would be severally reprimanded by fellow convict, ( *hypocrites* ) for we suppose to be very grate full to the Communist Party for rescue us from falling in the deeper ravine and disgrace.

**The official and convict leaders attempted very hard to convince Us that We all suppose to be very thankful to the Security political Police being so generous placing Us on the island as to not contaminate the honest and conscientious population. We all agreed and at every occasion stressed to whom it my concern. If some one really believed? I doubted.**

All of us convict, loudly and of course; obviously lie to our self and among our self's; how accurate and pleasant is the handling of the convict camp and us in it. We suppose to be punish severely and yet: our benevolent Communist Party. gave us a second chance so that We can prove to the regime, Party and people Etc. What a bull sheet. This type of talking was normal routine talking among our self convict, even friends.

Fulling itch other at every occasion if had the chance to come together.

So far I describe part of number one: most important condition that was put to us by the island manager; **how to discover public enemy**, and living condition.

Let me describe; second behaviour condition, put to us all.

#### **CULTURAL AND EDUCATION WORK.**

In this category I was much more active. The subject was much open and straight forward. Disclosing hidden enemy behind every island rock was much too complicated and dangerous. One my easy burn one own fingers.

Like digging a grave for some body and then falling in it; him self. Talking one thing and thinking for one self convenience. Behave described way, one own to be professional politician. In fact many among us wore professional politicians with which I definitely couldn't compete.

As soon the management told what they expect from us, I join the cultural sections. We establish individual; National chorus for every individual Yugoslav Nationality and a central chorus from all Yugoslav nations.

I participated in the Yugoslav and at the same time; the Slovenian. Then there wore acting groups performing on the open field scenic ply's, mostly propaganda, political performance produced on the island. All performance wore tastyless but oriented to highly price and glorified the Yugoslav Communist Party and theyr Leaders. On the other site; ridicule the eastern European regimes and theyr leadership. Mostly was oriented against the Soviet Union. Stalin was ridiculed and compared with most stupid clowns.

That was right opposite how Stalin was sawn only few month back, when in Yugoslavia was; one and the only God: Stalin.

Few among us wore professional musician; from theatre and other cultural institution. Those individual from instinct and impulse; wrote new song and melodies that wore suitable to the then island condition. Full of own repent and regrets. Today one could only laugh at the song's stupid contents.

A man by the name: Mihailovich, before arrested was working at the Belgrade Opera. Hi was very capable, very popular with new song and melodies. Mihailovic was chorus Muster for the Yugoslav and Serbian chorus. Had one advantage: Hi was limping on one leg there for was freed from field work. His duty was; cleaning stuff's bed rooms.

In such position had opportunity to compose melodies for new songs.

I may odd, that Mihailovich made a great cultural and educational contribution. *I believe that all his melodies are for time being dead, because the old regime of Yugoslavia, as well Slovenia collapsed in shamed for theirs past behaviour; regarding GOLI.*

May be one day in the future, Mihailovich and others cultural contributors will be remembered and remain memorable.

**No one was given time off or means to write and compose.** Was all done during customary working period, under great psychological pressure, for every one want, at any available time to prove to the island management and the investigator that is reformed; means: ready to be freed from the hell that rule on the Goli.

Was not that easy. If one was considered reformed by the management and investigator was not send home individually, but with the assembled **Brigade of six hundred or more freed convict and they wore not send home to their parents or Wife's.**

First two month as a unit { *brigade* } under psychical duress volunteered for two month on a proposed Government working project, where according to my personal experience **every convict became physically and visually restored.** Physically because of ample food and no stress. Visually because after being freed We had plenty of water where We could wash our body and cloth, **then after two months restored and clean; send home Individually.** You will read more about this latter.

Even on cultural performance one couldn't afford to stay idle, because the island authority knew: who is capable for performing and if not performing **better and harder then normal the chiefs** would soon notice and in consequence would put the individual in some difficult situation.



To do with general situation. If the individual did not affirm the guilty with self suffering in every department would means; the individual is not reforming, means: the man is still covering and hiding the grudge against the regime. Still in favour of Eastern Soviet Block and Stalin, means: against Yugoslavia and theirs leaders.

Not affirm the guilt even not guilty was like run one's head against the brick wall.

Self sacrifice, was the road to freedom, so they say.

Festivity of country national holidays, was not a day off but just another working day. Festivity would be held after work in the evening, where, competition among chorus and other performances were taken place.

Full concerts were organize with such enthusiasm and satisfaction, that a neutral bystander would make believe: we were most contented people on Earth.

Was only an act of pretence. I gave My self enough courage and pretence that for the first time in My life; volunteer for SOLO singing.

First time sang with greatest enthusiasm a Youth political propaganda song.

Pretend to be satisfied and happy but sank with a filling of mortal hatred toward the Goli administration and the Yugoslav Communist regime, but sang with hope that the act will help me on my way to freedom.

. I must stress: on the wholly island, was not even one piece of musical instrument or piece of clean white paper.

Only paper for what ever use or purpose; was: empty cement bags.

Clean white paper We were given only if requested by the Management or Investigator to write what ever for the mention office.

From the beginning the Slovenian chorus was mastered by the ex, editor of a leading Slovenian news paper: " Poročevalec " The man was suddenly for unknown reason; send some where, my be home or Hospital because; as We knew Hi had T.B. So the Slovenian chorus was left without a master. Was no other person capable of mastering, So my self volunteer and took over the Slovenian chorus. I had not study music nor knew to read it.

After all; we didn't have any written music any way, but I did have same natural talent and experience from participating in one of the best known chorus: " War invalid chorus " in Ljubljana.

On Goly I teach the sound to individual from may memory, but most man had same experience and did try hardest possible to succeed. And then; in Slovenia is natural and tradition that at every occasional gathering, especially where alcohol; wine beer or both are seeping; singing is a must. Consequently every Slovenian whether women or man had some singing experience.

The singers wore all Slovenian: degraded ex Yugoslav army officers, economical and political workers and student. About twenty in all. Was no problem. Every one was striving his best. Was in their own and main interest to bee best possible.

While performing before the onlookers outside. My advice to the singers was: Our faces must display a big content smile, even that deep down in side us; was sorrow and sadness for being kept in this brutal and degrading place.

Still, I was proud for my success; with the singers that acknowledge respect for may afford like being a professor of music. Also I had the satisfaction because the Slovenian chorus was best among all other chorus on Goly. Previously I mention that on Goli We did have about six chorus form from all Yugoslav nationality's.

I believe, the Slovenian interrogator, must have been proud of us. My be the reason for being send to supply water for the bakery, which I did appreciated. Been active in culture and education, I felt the administration my have overlooked me for being little negative for not discover any enemy of the people, party saboteurs and grumblers. I do not know.?

#### PHYSICAL WORK.

The third important condition of the three for release to freedom was physical work. Least important condition, but physically extremely hard and demanding. Like I already mention. On the arrival on the Goli for few days was hardly any organised work. Us convict thought: this is going to be the manner to endure our penalty. In few weeks the physical working organisation was established.

By now there were; outside the barbed wire; four more new barracks.

Inside the barbed wire enclosure were still only thirteen. Was no more room, unless the barbed wire would be enlarged.

As organized work began; every barrack became a working unit, call brigade, competing for bigger and faster results against other brigades.

Was month of July; European hottest time. The sun was bright, burning our skin to the bone. Relieve came to me and few other when the manager of the Goli convict camp; a Colonel in Yugoslav. political security call; all war invalids and ex wounded combatant from second world war. I presented myself with lamentation: **missing fore finger, weakness of damage left hand and damaged knee on the left leg.**

I kept my fingers crossed nearly praying the God for help.

If the Colonel does not want to believe; my statement, He may proclaim me; a malinger. Was up to him, *Be or not to be*, because on the island he was a God, actually I never notice him being arrogant, rather simple and humble; That way I hope that the man may be reasonable.

If the Colonel is going to believe me; it may help enormously in this critical circumstance.

Before me were probably ten or more convicts standing in line facing the Colonel side by side; all with some war injury inflicted during the last world war that caused the individual some minor consequence like myself.

As I notice; all men before me were excluded from heavy work and receive some lighter work to perform. I was still tense but aspect to receive like vice; some easier work.

When the Colonel came to face me, I very able explain my disabled situation. He probably knew all about from the Slovenian investigator.

The Colonel was not wasting time. In few seconds my nervous tension was relieved **WORK ON SPOT**, was his decision. He told His administrator to register. Who would have thought that is going to go that easy. I think, this was the first time I thanks God for being on my side.

With the Colonel decision, I was not expected to run and carry stones or gravel, but only loading the portable small wooden stretcher with bare hand or shovel, whichever was more convenient.

Soon; probably six weeks after arrival on the island, from all barracks; about four hundred up to twenty five years old youths were selected. Selected youth are going to form a special Brigade. I was one among the lucky. The youth brigade was settled; outside barbed wire in two new, just erected barracks. The administration establish this new settlement and was call: settlement of convicts with one leg on freedom. I thought: it look like: in few weeks I shall be free.

The selected one's for the new Brigade, suppose to be: **repentant convict**. The administration call us: one's with open eyes and revised. Means: that we rejected the Soviet accusations toward Yugoslav C.P. and government. Also mean: We embrace the Yugoslav C.P. *The reader would know my enthusiasm.*

**What a rubbish in both counts.** If same time previously, couple years back I had same sympathy for the oppressive and glory desirable C.P. because I knew no better, but now; the C.P. would be last sympathetic thought on my list. In all cases, being in the youth brigade was better and hopeful.

Discovering of enemy among our self's was out. We suppose to be cleansed convict. No more accusations among ourselves. Evening was spend as I previously mention; by reading; already six or more days old newspaper, discussing and condemning the wrong accusation from eastern European Communist countries.

Of course; We were still expected to discuss and tell one's self political opinion. Only one sided opinion was desirable, the one forced on us. The one's that were indoctrinated with the Communist righteousness.

Vern would never ever again, believe such bullshit, but for now I better be careful and speak less possible, because by only a slip of the tongue, would mean: losing the one leg on liberty and go back; behind the barber wire enclosure, among the uncorrected and again have both legs tied down.

Soon after a two weeks or so, another brigade of revised or corrected adults was formed. They were the over twenty five of age.

By now, on the Goly were two class of convict: One group outside barber wire with one leg liberated as they call it and the rest of convicts, behind barber wire with both legs still tie up. Sound funny. That what it was, and us, got quite accustomed to it. Like I previously mention when arriving on the island. We though? What are We going to do on this bare island where as far one could see, was nothing but rocks. The situation has changed much sooner then expected. A managerial working group or committee from among prisoner was appointed to study long term necessity and demand for prisoners and island management. Among us; were a big percentage of intellectuals: engineers, architects, medical practitioners, lawyers, and people from all trades. Soon the appointed or selected group; propose a long term working plan.

As the colonel told us from the beginning. **This island is got a title. Is not an imprisonment, but peoples correction institution call: Marble Company.**

**From today on, this place shall be call: Marble company.**

So one day were all assembled on an open space where the convict man in charge for the appointed working group confronted us. The man in charge read from the cement paper:

We are going to build a new two story structures for the island administration and another for the warders, workshops and repair building, football ground, tennis court, a sandy beach for warder and administration, stable for pigsty, improve sea harbour, rain water collector in a big magnitude by levelling four hectares of surface and a network of roads to bound all together.

Competition is declared among recognised or the one with one freed leg and the one with both legs tied up.

I would say: that every one on the island was repentant. Way not? Under such inhuman condition and in peace time, no one would be stupid enough to let his bone dry on this rocks; as the assistant Interior Minister has stressed. After all, what the point dying for Communist religion that demand every think but give nothing in return. I think no one was that stupid to be openly contrary to the doctrine. Every one has open the eyes, so they say, all right, but my eyes were turned toward my own convenience not regime political convenience. The one that before arrest have been mischievous and according to the security political police have been very contrary and aggressive, causing trouble, plus: committed same felony or already on the island done same thing stupid were held; behind barbed wire They were not yet recognised by the administration, there for have to safer longer behind the wire enclosure. Those were still in majority.

So, here We are. Two classes of convict. The moral atmosphere and enthusiasm of the one with one free leg, change so much that We though; in a week or two, We shall be freed and home. There for such enthusiasm.

As the youth brigade march to work caring placard with written regime's favourable slogans and pledge for eternal obedience and penitence to the K. P. and honour to Yugoslav Party leaders.

At work every one gave maximum effort to prove with sufferance and loyalty to the same. The not recognised one's behind the barber wire work; just as hard to prove their loyalty to the administration and regime and hopefully join the brigades with a free leg and soon freed and back home.

In other words: We were all acting or bullshitting around with crying and yelling in favour and glorifying our never satisfied Leader.

But physically; I means physical work; one couldn't act, was no way one could act, has to work hard; beyond capability. Exhaustion was continuous extremity.

Weekly and monthly; working competition wore daily slogan on every one mouth.

Winners were read weekly. Of course: winners were always the youth brigade.

Naturally: we were repentant and recognised, that way, have always won. That typical Communist occurrence.

By the Communist philosophy it couldn't be any other way. Penance and hardest work in all dampened condition is the only way to get out of this hell, so We though and so were all convinced and acted accordingly.

The administration said: is up to every one, when is going to be released. So; a common universal wish of every one was: to rescue our self from physical and psychological torture. We give ourselves to the captors with all and more then we had.

**Escape?** from the island to the shore; a distance of about two or three Kilometres of sea water. Being week, mostly time dehydrated: an impossible task. At work, especially the youth brigade loud [ *not sincerely*] enthusiastic empty promise to the C.P. Tito, Rankovic etc. [ **Rankovic was: minister for Internal affair, mean: in charge for security police, responsible for Goli island structure and organisation.**] Apparently We all love Him for it.

The youth carry rocks with running speed, loudly singing and pledging obedience to Rankovic.

Walking to work as Brigade unit in the morning and back afternoon to the barracks; we all pass by the administration buildings. Both ways We wore appealed by the working leaders: to sing enthusiastically.

So We sang; island new stupid songs composed by convict on the island. Here is one. I translate it, from; Serbo-Croatian. This one was most popular.

LIE AND SLANDER, WE WRECK STRUGGLING  
THAT LEAD US, TO TITO'S GUIDE.

FOR TITO AND PEOPLE, WE RISE OUR VOICE  
AGAINST DEFAMATION, FOR PARTY WE FIGHT.

Personally I dislike every word of it, that way I didn't want to waste time; translating it properly but just to give the reader an idea how submissive We all became. We soundly sang [act] with marching pace over track covered all over with big and small boulders.

Marching; one pace long then probably a very short, to the left or right avoiding stepping on the rock and tumble over to the ground. After ten hrs of hard work, six, days per week and mostly Sundays, weakness may course any body to tumble to the ground and be laugh at, even if only to satisfied our shepherd that use us and sucks our blood. The case was rather sat, *nothing to Lough at.*

After evening meal; cultural work for next celebration of some description was still waiting to be done.

Probably I own the reader a little explanation, regarding: LIE AND DEFAMATION as I mention. In 1948; Soviet Union and all European Communist countries broke diplomatic relation with Yugoslavia and commence intense anti Yugoslav political defamation propaganda and sabre rattling on Yugoslav borders. The government and the Communist Party were, [even people] very preoccupied.

Yugoslavia may be invaded by: Soviet Union and their satellites.

For fear of own people even some leading individual Generals in the Army wore prepared to assist the European Eastern defamatory Country's.

To be safer before the unforeseen invasion the government gave order to the political security police to cleanse of all confessed and suspected Country own Government appointees up to ministerial position, top Army and Aviation Generals that sympathise with Soviet behaviour. Any body influential in industry, education and civil administration, talking or using adverse ideas and not what expected, means: the one that don't fellow the Party line or just telling the truth, when truth,

undermine the regime, are according to Party line contrary and politically dangerous, there for taken in custody and later to the; purgatory of Goli island. All these people; according to the regime opinion; were national and Party traitors. With describe action, the regime got rid of so call: suspected internal enemy, or put it mainly: Government's opposition.

**Let go back to island's physical work.** The least important sector and condition for release to freedom.

At work the sun was burning like in hell. To put the thirst out few boys were involve in delivering water in small water cans. The water boy would stop by every individual, pass a small metal pot, not bigger then ordinary cup full of water and hurry on to the next man. One cup at a time till water boy has done a full round of the whole brigade; probably in one and a half hour [ about 180 man ] **For convict [ boycotted ] punish by the convict the water man would normally fill the pot, like to any body else and pass it to the unfortunate; half alive dehydrated person, but most of the times happen: when the poor miserable man was going to take the little pot and drink the needy water same mallicious character would; just before the boycotted man open his dry mouth deliberately push him and the water would be spilled on the ground. Boycotted man; usually demand his shear of water.** After all, was not his fault for spilling the water.

The water boy would politely say: I gave you the water, way did you spilled it and walk away. Not that the water boy liked spilling the water. Hi would rather satisfied the boycotted inmate but the malicious characters had the priority because they acted like, that they resented the punish convict's, because they are boycotted, does not belong among normal People.

Mention [ boycotted ] inmates were; completely exhausted, cracks all over the mouth lips and their faces covered with nasty ugly spots.

**Let me odd few comment, regarding; Marble company,** means; The island it self; instead of being call: concentration camp or Goli and to give the place before the people a deceiving but better name was renamed: Marble Company that sound like a private enterprise.

The rock on the island was very colourful. My self admire the multi calor rock, while smashing it to small peaces.

In Australia again; read in the book: " The rise and fall of Milovan Jilas," Jilas commented: expert have been send to the island to test the rock for worthiness. After testing the rock the rapport came back with negative resolve. The rock is; of several colour, very beautiful but too brittle for extraction and reproduction for any use fool purpose.

The administration thought: proper natural marble is going to be extract with the use of convict labour. Probably even exported.

#### **HYGIENE:**

The hygiene was indescribable, in other words; non existent. The underwear and summer uniform received on the day of arrival to the island was after three and eight month still worn with out being even once washed.

Some time during summer, while weather was still warm, with armed guards all around us, wore all lead to the sea rocky shore.

Given a piece of soap. **Way soap when in salted water is useless.** And so is salted water in regard washing. Apparently the administration didn't know that soup does not melt in salty water

By soaking the underwear in salted water, only get wet but dos not wash, except thick dirt. Not much help regarding cleanliness.

Very few convict ventured in to the water; because all of us have been much too weak { *may self have been very weak, you will hear way* } to lose energy by swimming.

Swimming in not fun when one is weak and hungry.

When one is weaken and feebly, feels like being lazy for any activity. Mostly of us have removed all cloth and under wear and thrash it against the rocks.

**The bugs; In millions, head to toe all along the seams on under wear and generally every where in the cloth, wore falling in to the salty water in droves. We force our self to laughter saying: the ones falling and sink in the water shall not eat us any more.**

Our faces and body, have never ever been properly washed, except in salty water, but even that was very unpleasant for our burn up faces from the scorching sun.

Even kitchens cooks have been court; washing themselves in drinking water.

Dismiss from the kitchen and send to work with the brigade in the field.

Imagine kitchen sheafs and workers, man preparing the food, baking bread and cutting it for delivery to the barracks was not allow to wash. So I hear confidently the rumours saying, I didn't really believed.

On arrival to the island, the sun shine down on us with full blast. In two days the exposed skin was as red as crayfish scales. Was no such thing; as suns cream, cream lotion or any think at all to heal the burns. Just continuous exposure at already burned bodies. Under such condition; our faces became **rough like hide, covered with scales and constant skin peeling**. Not one layer of skin peeled but several layers would peel off, especially on the nose and ear.

**The whole ear rim would peel, exposing practically live flesh.** Again; exposed to the sun, would became a horrible open sore that lasted to late autumn. In short; our appearance was very ugly, similarity closer to animal then human. Who has not see us; couldn't imagine how people look without needed care.

At 10 p.m. After evening discussion, brain washing that needn't any water or cultural work was time for rest. One blanket on the wooden boards with about **40 centimetres of space per person**. As soon one's lie down, as mention before millions of bugs that I carry on me commenced moving and eating. Was vermin meal time.

Awful incessant etching all over the body, from thumb to the head was so intense, one could not help but use both hands and keep scratching all over the body until; practically exhausted and from virtual exhaustion and tiredness fell asleep and felt no more bugs. By morning felt no etching. Apparently the bags had suckled enough blood from Us there for; wore quiet.

Mine wholly body and every body also was covered with red baits or spots. We the convict wore the fodder for Millions of hungry bugs.

During winter when bugs are most savage the management brought a steam bug killer machine to eliminate the pests.

All convict; one barrack at a time, at evening would completely undress, pass all our dirty rags through the steam machine and wait naked in freezing cold. Before passing the cloth in to the steamer, We mark our own wear with a bit of ordinary pencil, but the marking has washed away. So any clothes were hesitantly accepted. May own under wear was enough disgusted. **If not washed for about five months and I had not been washed neither, even after the contagious diarrhoea disease I have not wash my body nor clothes, just continue to wear on.**

Just imagine wearing same body also clothing that has been warren for five month and not even once washed. Very disgusting and revolting but nothing could be done to meliorate the hygiene situation.

First evening; after steam treatment; was heaven; resting with out scratching.

A couple more night was reasonably good.

Was not much point steaming the cloth when millions of bugs wore in the blankets and cracks of wood waiting to start their night shift.

By killing the bugs on the under wear, the one in the barrack's wood's cracks took over our under wear, because before the steaming, in our cloth was no room for the one waiting for their turns. So a week after steaming the under wear was just as bed. We wore still loaded with bugs as few days before. Wonder how the

administration put up with the bugs. They definitely must have been loaded as our self, if thousands convict spread the nasty bugs all over the island including stuff kitchen and administration building.

#### HEALTH.

Convict suffering from any sickness, was treated according to what could be done in the camp condition. Outside barber wire; was a barrack that serves as ambulance with plenty [ 5 ] medical practitioners, but practically without any medicine or medical equipment. Even doctors were convict, lucky for us Slovenian, because were all Slovenian. *{That prove that Slovenian Communist Party politicised even medical practitioner.}*

When inmate have incidents or fell sick with high temperature, usually doctor would prescribe barrack rest, but hardly any one would be left resting.

To start: all bugs from the whole barrack; waiting in ambush would join forces and attack the patient and probably eat him alive, and second; even in exceptional serious case the patient wouldn't be left alone. The barrack's leather would pursue every one that could walk, therefore make him get sea water and scrap in side and outside, wash the barracks walls, pick dirt around the structure etc. In charge of all work activity was the barrack head chief, also a convict to which we ought respect. His decision carry big weight. Usually they were ex, political security with the rank of: captain, major or ex, high political activist. Not necessary intellectuals, but one that have proved ability during the second war and after.

One day in the morning; felt sick with temperature and head ache. I was quiet satisfied. This is going to give me a bit of rest from the physical work I though, even scrapping the floor will be better then working in the field.

Of course; I had first; to report to the barrack chief and announce, that I want to be visited by the doctor.

The head chief would book me in and few others; probably five or six man from the same barrack. So it was; for all other barracks. Means: there were daily from thirty up to sixty and more sick man that wanted to be visited by the doctor. To be orderly; every barracks chief accompany his sickly, starting with barrack number one, unless other ways requested or ordered.

There was no man's name mention as we were let by the barrack chief in site the doctor room. Means: the barracks chief knew the names but not the Doctor.

By the time I met the doctor, could be already ten o'clock or latter. The head ache and temperature unfortunately or fortunately [ depend ] disappear. Here was a very, very important dilemma. Should I go ahead and see the doctor or should I walk to the barrack head chief and tell; that I am all right.

If my version of what ever excuse is accepted by the head chief; I may be told to go to work, but if the head chief for his own reason takes it; that I only want to skip the physical work, I may before the wholly collective be proclaim as; lazy skitter. That for me; would be a disaster. I may even court the mention BOYCOTT and be pursued for days. Under such circumstance I was very preoccupied, but decided, that I am going to take a chance because the doctors are all Slovenian. Which ever doctor visit me, as I previously mention; will be Slovenian. They may be sympathetic toward own country man.

Of course; as soon I am at close proximity of the doctor I shall talk in Slovenian loud and strictly Slovenian, hopefully the Slovenian doctor will rescue me; from, mention dilemma. By the time I met the doctor My sickness vanish. That worry 's me a bit. At my turn in so call; ambulance room, the doctor look in my eye and mouth, measured the temperature. That was only tool He had *{ thermometer }* I presume found nothing wrong on me, but said nothing. On a piece of cement paper, the doctor wrote: The patient need two days rest. ' BINGO ' The uneasiness is over. O what, a relieve. Thank doc!

Up to that day I want to be seek so that I may skip heavy work and burn on the sun heat. It came sooner then expected and much more serious then desire.

Same time in August during a hot summer, early morning I felt dizziness.

At the lavatory, noticed blood at my back site. I gave notice to the head chief, that I want to see the doctor. After waiting for My turn, the doctor discover that I safer for sanguinary diarrhoea.

Was immediately told to pick up all my possession that consist of two blankets, cloth that I was wearing day and night and same goas for the underwear.

I was lead in to an; unfurnished hot sun bitten barrack; about eight by four meters; with absolutely nothing but wooden floor. No furniture against the barrack wall, not even a chair, except one corner in full view for all patients to watch; was a 25 litres red enamelled pot with matching cover. That was the; supposed hospital latrine.

Beside the enamelled pot on the floor was **cement's bags paper cut to small shreds that, were used as W.C. paper.**

On the bare floor, except own dirty blankets, wore about twenty contagious sick inmates, dressed in dirty **stanchd under pence that have like my own; never been washed.**

Every one with the same sickness, was often waiting; again and again for his turn to seat on the mention pot and relive the rectum urgent pressure.

From waist down, every patient had; not patches but blood stained under pence; **down to the knees.** Surely a very unhygienic and disgusted sight. A very shame full situation that at normal times in a normal place would be; uncivilized and indescribable. All around the floor, wall and sealing, and on our self's, not thousand but **billions of flies.** The flies noise was so loud and intense, that among us, We had to raise our voice to be heard. Flies in herds wore just about freely crawling all over our faces and body.

At the back side, of every sick convict, where blood stain was most marked; millions of flies, were plying games.

**Every time the corner's latrine pot cover have been lifted;** all the flies in the pot took off and flew around with a sound, like a big air fan. As soon a patient sat on the pot the flies would lend on the bare buttock with a ticklish filling. Not at all funny. Siting on and off the pot; took place up to; ten or more times daily . Every time a sick man, would seat on the pot with expectation to be relived of this continuous pressure, but no more then a spittle of blood would appear on the rectum. In that place was usual and normal event for every one to watch when the sick sits over the pot, but not for too long because others patient wore waiting for His turn. When up with difficulty because of weakness; would pick up some cement's paper from the floor, again with great difficulty and wipe off the bottom with cement's paper which had left cement in the form of very fine dust. **After ten and more times of this occurrence: blood hair and cement, became solid concrete.** From then on; every time before another relive; the concrete on the rectum have to be broken first: **by placing one hand on each side of the rectum and tearing apart.** Ten days of mentioned happening; the reader can imagine how much concrete have been accumulated on the back side and just imagine; day after day how much harder was to brake it up every time one went to seat on the corner pot, for another spittle of blood.

**Absolutely no washing water or medicine was available.** Just lay down on the wooden floor and wait the nature to take it is course, hopeful to recover from the horrible sickness and get out the place.

**After ten days of described draconian medical treatment, or better call: not treatment at all,** I was released with such physical body weakness that could, hardly stand on my feet.

So weak that, if accidentally kick a stone and they have been all over on our path, I would tumble to the ground like a child, or very old man.

To the reader! The last sentence my disturb you or fill disgusted, but I assure you: all mention was absolutely trough with out a slight exaggeration. If offended? I am sorry.

A bit of explanation.

At the very arrival, convict wore told a simple but strict roll:



That every time a camp officer (warder) is met by the convict We oblige to remove the head cap. As I already told. I mention this because after My diarrhoea recovery I was released from the ambulance or hospital what ever you want to call it.

I shall never forget the fact. Was evening and I was walking through the camp entrance with my blankets under my shoulders thoughtful, concerned and sorry for my self, there for miss to uncover my head cap for the warder.

I miss to comply. Consequently the warder call me back. With rough snap! Don't you salute your officer? the warder snapped. I was surprised, nervously commence excusing my self.

Run back from where you came and fast, one hundred meters the warder order and came back running. I had to comply. As I ren back and the warder kept yelling: faster, faster or you shall ran again. **I was running, physically extremely weak, then only 20 years old, but felt being; one hundred. I ren with such difficulty that was about losing consciousness.** Finally back at the gate, humiliated I remove the head cap for the unworthy and detested Idiot. **I was exhausted and exhausted I was for whole couple of month.**

Another misfortune and memorable event during my miserable feeling and weakness. In September; from all capital cites of Yugoslavia, about 1000 new convict arrive in three separate shipment.

Regarding the new arrivals, We were told: **they are anti party national traitors.** In fact, they were same as us: behind close door illegally accused, charged and imprisoned. Us Goly islander oversighted and remorseful; must prove to them how wrong they are and how disgusted we are toward them being such outrages. { *What bull shit.* }

My older brother Henry was at that time in Belgrade. I knew he was politically in about same trouble as my self. He renounce the Communist Party membership. Such act was a serious humiliation for the self credited, dictatorial, self fish regime. So, that day I aspect to meet him. How am I going to react, if met between two live lines of convicts.

According to Goly low, I was not suppose to greet him as brother, but abuse him as worst enemy. Probably to prove my loyalty to the commie and the rest of island hypocrite would aspect me to brotherly slab and spit in his face.

Thank! brother Henry has not arrive and that solve my problem perfectly.

The youth brigade, { *under instruction* } arrange for the new comers; the most brutal reception,

Two live lines of youth from the delivery ship to the place of undressing, from there toward the sea for little wash and back to dressing up position.

As the new comers convict step from the ship on to the solid ground; they find themselves threaten. Surely the arrivals must have had the impression, they have been send in a pre historic not yet known world. Forced between two wildness rows of dirty, unshaved and sun burned faces that uncontrollably shout at the confused and bewildered new comers, spat and push new arrivals in side the two row, from side to side and back and continuously shout: traitor, bandit and more spatting. Only few new comers were strong and ignore the thread. No wonder; many among arrivals wore; high ranking army and aviation officers that fought in guerrilla warfare; against; German occupation; since year 1941. But they were not allowed the spirit to prevail. They wore pick up by few, taken the shoes off and pursuit bare footed on a new build road that was constructed the old fashion way, of broken stones pack one beside the others with the sharp points facing up. The stone freshly broken have been so sharp; that stepping bare footed vigorously over it, did cut the skin. Under such pressure and mutilation; every one soften.

The double row; about hundred metres long, led the new comers to the complete undressing point in full view for every one. Then completely naked, chased again through another double row of convict, still terrorized all the way back to the sea with threads of getting killed but instead wore line on the bank along the water edge. *A remorseful convict told* the twenty convict at a time standing on the water

edge, were strictly told: **at the command jump!** every one must jump and dive below the water. *Few would call back: but I do not swim. Who? ask you, if you swim,* was the response of the repentant. **Jump and dive** As told. All jumped. The one that couldn't swim were helped to get out by others fellow inmate.

From then on the thread was cooler. Each received: two blankets, a new grey or dark clothes that was coloured army uniform, double like ourself; under wear, cap and towel. March in side the camp and reside them, mix among the old dwellers in the barracks.

My self only few days after being discharged from mentioned; dummy hospital, have been desperately weak and exhausted, but during **new convict reception** I was placed in a up hill position where I and few others were suppose to frighten and forcibly push the new comers toward an imaginary killing caves. To some new convict was nothing new, probably it reminded many; how themselves wore during the war trowing captured victims in the deep caves.

Because of my physical weakness I couldn't push them up the steep track and so couldn't course the new comers the desired threat.

In the evening before the whole collective; I was horribly criticised for not pushing hard enough but was accused of hanging on to the new comers convict and been dragged on by them instead other way around.

I was threatened to be send back behind barber wire. Was very offended and alarmed. Lucky for me. The matter has been put to rest because as I previously mention: the youth brigade has been a unit of forgiven repentant with one leg on freedom, *if, it my be call; freedom.*

They criticism me with malignity, plus some; according to the interrogator incomplete confession. *{ you will read }* I end up to have consequence next December after most of the youth brigade have been freed, I was given the boot. We all in the Youth Brigade and the Adults Brigade had the filling, according to rumours that us all my soon be freed, not straight home but work first for couple of month at a fix place as voluntary workers and then let go free.

So one day on the after noon; the manager of so call: Marble company; Colonel of political security; expected by about six hundred inmates; came with the list of man's names to be freed. Hi place him self on a higher rock, from where every one could see and hear him. After some ceremonial not important sweet speech that at the moment nobody was interested.

All I want was; to hear may name from the lips of the Colonel, read from the paper that hi held in his hands.

Sims that hours wore passing by, while the Colonel performing a not desired speech. Do not waste the precious time. Come on Mr. Colonel, I though.

Finally the Colonel commence reading in alphabetical order from the long list of names. Hi finish reading the letter **G** for **{ Gomizel }** With anxiety, but still with anticipation expected to hear may name.

The names with the letter **G** ended and the Colonel was reading names that commence with the letter **H**, and on and on. I commence lose contentment and from contentment I was falling in deep disappointment with such a speed that by the time the colonel was about to finish reading the list I felt like having a big, heavy rock inside may chest. Still hopefully for some reason, may name could be at the end of the list, I though, I hoped, my be they miss to write it on the list, and shell be called up on, I hoped, in vane.

As long the ship is in the harbour is still a chance. I very much wish and hoped to hear my name from same body and be allow to join the one that has been named. Unfortunately I wasn't lucky enough to hear it.

As individual names have been called and instantly and contently answer with the throw of the head cap up in the air. I was waiting in anticipation with heart desire, to get rid off this cursed ugly island. Kept attentively listening not to miss it. About 600

names have been listed, but not mine. How deeply sadden and disappointed I felt, when my name was not mentioned.

Mean; spending winter in awful cold, rain with horrific winds that scare me in anticipation. Wind that surpass the speed and gust I know from home call: Buria. The one that blows here during the winter is got similar name: Bura. Us prisoners will be forced to work on open field disposed to the full blast of this mention wind and consequent cold.

So far I haven't tasted any of it, was not yet winter, but will definitely commence in December, could be earlier and then continue for three month or more and that worry's me in advance. In anticipation; a felt fear and terror.

Here My hope and expectation to be freed; suddenly demolish my personal morale; much deeper than my self could describe or My reader could imagine.

The freed lucky one gather together, talking laud and singing; typical on the island's composed stupid songs. Of course all behave as expected. After all they were still on solid ground of the Goly. One wrong word and their name could be cancelled from the list and back behind the barber wire. The few of Us that received the boot were excluded from the freed ones.

A special ratio of food for the liberated have been prepared call; ALVA. I envy the receivers. Food not used back home, but was tasty.

Unfortunately I find out how tasty ALVA is, about six month latter. This is a long time under mention condition.

The fortunate freed man have placed them self in platoons that did form two Brigades and then marched with really enthusiastic singing and embark on the ship Punat the ship that brought me and others prisoners on to the island.

Let me give You few comments regarding the new food *call: alva*. When latter, talking six month latter I and our Brigade have been freed, of course after We endure the harsh winter, most of us promised to our self's: when safely home; first meal is going to be; a serve of ALVA. So be it. I did Honour the friendly man promise.

*On arrival home my sister Gisela was alone. Parents have been in the field.*

*First thing; fulfil one's promise. Prepare a portion of Alva which was composed, of four equal parts: roasted flour, fat, sugar and water. Measure all properly; four equal parts in a pot, over the stove fire for ten minutes and ALVA was ready to serve. Naturally ask My sister Gisela, to share my eating goodness, but She politely turned away. Gisela noticed or my be She knew the black spots existed in the home flour and now in my ALVA.*

*My self have not noticed.*

*Mouses were pasturing in the bag of flour and leaving behind small black dropping.*

**Here I am six month ahead of my time.** Wish full thinking.

Let go back, to the event when six hundred people have been liberated, eat a special ratio of food; the so call Alva, left the island while few of us hasn't been good enough to be let go with the freed.

After the freed inmates left, three young Slovenian wore seating out side the barber wire in front one of the four barracks for the inmate with one leg on freedom. At the moment the barracks has been all empty, but Us three unfortunately my self among the three Slovenian, a Mirko from Postojna; student of economy, Aplenc Andrey; student of aeronautics from Ljubljana and few from other Yugoslav nationality that I don't remember more and couldn't care about who they wore. Us three have been even before the freed departure in good terms, now even more because have been in exactly same and very sad event. A little story about the youngest youth; Andrey

About four years latter with my help from Australia; Aplenc Andrey; the above mention young man and the youngest among us three left overs on Goli island migrated to U.S.

I hear: Aplenc, after independence of Slovenia in 1991 move from U.S. back home to Slovenia and also hear, that Aplenc is a very prominent person, but I know no more about that. You shall read all about.

Us mention three of Us that miss out the departure; wore very deeply shock and disappointed. Silting in front the empty barrack, not knowing what to say. Together couldn't hardly give out a word of consolation. Only few hours before, wore so sure of leaving this hell. Six hundred others did but Us are still there dreaming and not believing what's happening. Way Us.

We knew, even getting from the island, had to *volunteer?* for two month work in a not yet know mine, but that OK, as long We are out from here.

The freed were told: only the one that really, voluntarily want to volunteer my volunteer. Who don't want, don't have to volunteer.

Of course, no one *dare to say No*, because knew from experience the Yugoslav absolutely unrelated regime that predict one *think and do the opposite* or what suit them most.

Of course the appointed leader of the freed convict jump up and in the name of every one; thank the "*benevolent Communist* " party for letting them go and give the opportunity to prove our loyalty to the same.

That OK, as long our bones do not dry on this rocks; The leader most probably though.

Us three" rejected; watched every move in disbelieve. We still had hoped, that this my be a mistake, my bee the administrator forgot to writ us on the list. We my subsequently be call, let hope so. As long the ship is in the harbour We my still depart but soon we could noticed the loud singing is moving away and drive us three to hope-less despair .

At this time, a lot of thought went through my mind and felt like a big heavy rock in my chest. Also felt being betray.

If I spend the winter in here, a lot of bad thing my happen. The life will worsen, weather condition will deteriorate self control among our self and probably will be hazardous because of lost tempers and passion. It my even happen, I do same stupid mistake and may be punish. Lot of risk is at stake. All bad thought drive me in great anxiety of worry, fright and panic. Couldn't reflect any good event, but preoccupation.

Still all three rejected and desperate seating motionless on the same spot till about; ten o'clock like in a coma. No guard around to torment us. This is only a dream I though. No this couldn't be right that about six hundred man, my self part of it, has left but I have to stay and continue to endure and suffer on this bloody island. Who knows how much longer, till my bone dry on the rocks? As the Vice Minister for interior affairs from Belgrade threaten us on the very beginning.

The weather was perfect, us three could still in the distance, hear the freed man celebrating by happily singing. Without mentioning to it other, surely we would like to ignore the ongoing event. The freed wore Kilometres distant and they could still be heard

Way wouldn't they be happy, I would be happy too if I was with them and freed in two month time. *After two month of voluntary work.*

The Slovenian interrogator; lieutenant for political security, unexpected slowly approach us three, of course for good reason We felt sorry for our self, still in silence seating in front of the barrack. Probably pour some tears down our chicks, I do not remember. Most probably did.

The interrogator wasn't a bad character in those circumstances, He was only doing his job. Shame on You, shame on You, all three of You, he firmly snap at Us. Can You hear? how happy They sing going to freedom. I am very sorry to see the three of You still here, You three should be among them on the way to freedom. Blame no body, but yourselves. Is Your own fault. You should come to me early and You would be released and going with the ones, You could still hear; happily singing.

As three couldn't say a word. What could we say. On the island He was equal to God that could decide Our life or death. We just stare like mutes. Should apologize and tell; how much sorry we are, when Us three didn't even know why He dropped Us from the list. What wrong have We done for being left on this bloody rock. Why Us three suppose to be such big offenders that didn't deserve to be free. We ask our selves after the lieutenant left.

In actual fact I wasn't aware that They know all Main acquaintances from before My arrest, friends with which had probably some talk what the regime didn't like. Was my jolly, according the Party, to denounce all with out being ask for it.

Few weeks latter Us three discover from the investigator or interrogator that the three of us have committed; exactly same violation. We purposely overlooked to notify our friends that were still on freedom with similar political opinion; or just wingers like our selves. The security knew all about, but want us personally to denounce them.

The three of us didn't want to denounce the friends in fear for a person's life, because after seen the life on the island, would make my heart bleed if notice the person I denounced is mutilated or lost life, because I have inform the political security of theirs: no more then rumours, just open naive talk, nothing criminal, no organize harmful activity.

Well, that little sensitive filling for the friends cost itch one of us three; six extra month on the island, plus two month of volunteer work. ***Such regime call it self: People Republic.***

Us three rejected because of naivety, acting like being unaware, that in a Communist regime is not such familiarity as: friends, parents, brother, sister etc.

***Safety of the regime is three time first priority.***

Us three realise that we have been of very similar nature: naive, harmless and inoffensive. Our nature was main reason, being kept on the island much longer. Actually about six month longer. It is not a very long period after the event, but being in the strain suffering and thinking; how much longer am I going to endure, what my happen next, future misfortune that my unexpectedly appear like rabbit out site the borrow; was very sad and unsafe feeling.

From then on, us three have been confidential and trusty to each other, what wasn't common among inmate but us remain good friend till discharged.

About three days after the first release of the youth and working brigade from the island, a new working unit or brigade outside the barbed wire was formed and settled in the empty barracks with only few left over from previous contingent and us three Slovenian among the new formation.

Was no problem getting used to new people, after all; they wore same as the previous ones, with one wish; to get away from this devil island and go home. .

As previously mentioned, I was not freed with the youth brigade because I was withholding to denounce my acquaintances from private life. Actually I thought that the security didn't take that seriously.

After all; My acquaintance which I suppose to denounce was call in the Army and that was His punishment, as My self, instead of sending Me in the Army was transported on to Goli punish unit.

Could happen that My acquaintance denounce me, there for receive light sentence. As I release; the security knew all about us that way they brake Us. Not only two of

Us but few others acquaintance that after being warn by the interrogator I had to denounce.

They did { security } expect me to make the denouncement voluntarily. Apparently as I said; most probably was denounced by others offenders, and because I purposely ignore that point, it cost me about six month of freedom.

A month later or so; the investigator did call me to his office. Probably felt sorry for me, being punish more then my fixed share. Told me way was rejected on freedom. Hi said: we know your friends and what they were up to. We figure them long ago, but we want to hear; every think from you. So, you want to stay on the island perpetually or you want to go home? I do not want to dry my bones on this rock; I thought, better confess what they already knew any way.

As I mention; the new brigade with one foot on freedom was like the previous ones. Evening political discussion was a must.

Same body among the inmates that want to be important or didn't like me, mention at appropriate time that I am much to quiet, means: I do not participate in evening group political discussion.

I thought: I better say same thing to keep theirs mouth shoot and with a short talk I blow it.

Probably not enough prepared for any political declaration. Not canny or speculative.

One evening rise and declare to the whole barracks crowd; what I had in my main and what I did consider right. Among other think I stressed, that the ***Yugoslav leadership, should inform the members of the party, the wrong doing of the Eastern European and Soviet Union leadership.*** Apparently, I still haven't figure or learn properly the manipulation one own to use before open the mouth fully.

The problem with me was; that I couldn't act double standard.

Should think more deeply and prepare thorough before speaking. To this day, I am convince that, what I stated, ***had it the right side out, but I personally was too little to accuse the arrogant; K. P. So I blow it. Was only me to blame, like the interrogator has previously*** said to us; three left over from the first Brigade release while disappointed seating in front of the empty barrack.

***I Should know before, that the Party was never wrong. Us member? always. One was not suppose to have own Ideas. Accepted rule was: to listen, obey and, glorify the Party, like almighty God. Never dispute their decision.***

My truth statement cost me the other leg of freedom. That was what I meant previously by stating: thinks could change unexpectedly for the worse. That has already happen.

As soon I finish, my innocent speech, the barracks political representative ren to the convict head office.

I have mention that our convict had the Head office run by selected crony's that wore more dangerous then the security interrogators.

Next day, month of December, at worst time of winter, with all my miserable dirty stinking gear under the shoulder was led back behind the barber wire and so was my; always sad looking friend: Andrei. Way was he kick back in to the barber wire enclosure I never ask. This was a very sad and long step backward for both of us. Andrey was only about nineteen year old. Two year younger then my self, much too young to be placed in such eventful serious situation. I could judge and see Andrei always sad and absorbed, but I find him intelligent. Son of a respected family. His mother a school teacher and father was lecturer at a classical college. Andrei mother; saw me one's gratitude for helping her son in time of need. I couldn't pride My self for doing so because all my help to Andrei was accidental, by give him few tomatoes, because for me they are a disgust, not able to tell way.

At a later occasion I had enough courage to steal two peaces of bread, that wore mistakenly left over in the barrack after evening meal.

As you will read latter of routine practice when in the evening after tea practically every inmate move toward the toilet for a possible chat and smoke. I purposely did take the opportunity of the emptiness around the barrack so that can stole the bread.

For fear being discover in quick motion found Andrey; gave Him one loaf of bread. I knew Andrei would appreciate it. Hi was My favoured because as I did notice; was honest and naïve, also His youth and sad look, Also to get rid off the bread faster possible, if discovered I would be in really big trouble. Inescapable punishment with Weeks of boycott that would include physical and psychological endurance; thirst, dehydration and sleepless night. Was it worth it? Unfortunately us people are taking big risk's like when walking home from Partisan's hospital and on the way stole the pot of fed that nearly bury me under the ground. You will read about.

Me and Andrey devour the bread; unseen from others inmate and came out on clear ground. Hardly digested the bread, when barracks leader call every body out side to the assembly rally. No point searching pockets and beds. The bread was safe in our stomachs and gave us a feeling of satisfaction.

**Mention kick back, behind the barber wire, could not happen at the more inconvenient time. I was very struck and effected. If I would allow my self to cry, would have donned aloud with no spare for tears, but that would put me in a even worse situation.**

**What happen to me, was my own fault, so would they say and I was very aware of it.**

Back behind the barber wire allotted in a barrack from where was freed on one leg about five month earlier. Was not maltreated as I expected, just accepted with no comment or introduction but still; for me; a very sad situation like running in reverse. What I achieve few month earlier now with few unconsidered wrong word. lost all in a single blow.

Mention friend Andrei. Before you reader forget him, I would like to tell e little story about him. As mention, I met Andrei's parent, even been at their apartment in Ljubljana. Latter I wrote a letter from Australia and receive one answer or two from his home town Ljubljana.

By then I was in Australia about four years or so. Unexpectedly receive a letter from England. Strange, I know; no body in England. Open the letter and the writing, like back home they say: the writing of a doctor. Couldn't read one single word. It has been unreadable. Again and again gone through. What gave me the passion to tray harder because this is not my habit. Wasn't really worth the afford reading it when not enough afford and passion was given for such life important message that the letter contain.

Of course I didn't know what was in it but I want to find out. I was curious because was from a strange place so it must be of some value.

I went to the shop and bought a magnifier. Sat back by the table and write on the paper, when thought I got same-thing understandable. Nearly gave up and through the letter away when to my most pleasant surprised find Andrey name in it; *my island sad looking friend.*

That gave me encouragement to go on. Finally I worked out. Andrei is in Switzerland and seek political asylum from Switzer authority. The letter was written by; suppose to be: Andrei girl friend in London, which he met during; mountain climbing in France or Switzerland I would suppose.

Switzerland authority demand from Andrei to PROVE, that in Yugoslavia was politically persecuted.

If unable to prove his statement; Andrei shall with force be taken back to Yugoslavia, means: even more rigorous persecution that hi already endure on the island.

I took Andre position very seriously because I knew that Andrei gave written pledge lake wise; may self, to Yugoslav political security that hi is not going to violate any pledged stated at the presence of the Goli island interrogator. Well; here all pledges to the last point wore willingly violated. You will read about.)

Apparently I was only person that could help Andrei, from being forced and returned back to Yugoslavia, therefore Andrei's girl requested me to go to Melbourne State Court, swear on the bible and verify Andrei statement, which I did and pay; five Pounds. The affirmation was sent to Switzerland by Melbourne State Court. Switzerland authority accepted Andrei statement and may affirmation. Andrei migrated to USA. Only wrote me ones, my bee was too preoccupied. Even after my repeating letters was no answer.

**Surprise, surprise.** By now the reader. Have most likely noticed that my story here and there jump years ahead and vice versa. When remembering some event from the past that I have previously miss to odd. I sit again by the computer and put the additions and, so doing find mistakes and correct those too. This time shall be a latest event or news that I find directly from the horse mouth. **Andrey.**

Permit Me to jump many years ahead in fact more then fifty years.

June 2006. Carol and I visited a castle in Bavaria *south Germany* where We met a young couple from Ljubljana. One talk lead to another where I mention my long time past friend Andrei and told them our past at Goli.

Of course I express my desire and possibility after thousand new event but still remember old friend and desire to meet Him once again.

The man We spoke, has promised to find Andrei Tel. number and let us know. Few days latter the man that We spoke with in Germany cal Us back and gave us Andrei Tel. number and his address. Right away I rang the given number and guess what? Andrei was at the other end of the line. Fifty six years has past since we spoken. Travel to Ljubljana and met Andrei personally at his address.

Guess what; Hi still live where I meed Him and His parents half century ago. Now alone, His parents naturally pass away, and His only brother got unfortunately killed snow skiing.

As soon We begin talking I got the shock of my life. Andre told Me the most unexpected and most horrible news.

As the reader is going to find out latter in my story that we have been released under certain and strict condition, **means:** that we shall; to no body discover the where about of the hidden island and that we shall became obligatory spy for the utilized regime. In fact twelve condition dictated by the political security which we wrote on the clean white, not used cement bags. For any broken condition the regime shall prosecute us in a military court.

I presume that; with out such condition no body was released from the island.

Andrey discover to me a most unexpected and shocking news.

After our release from Goli in 1950 and home with the parents, Andrei innocent and naïve as hi is; felt wrong doing, spy out on other people, so hi went to the spy head quarter or what ever such place could be called and told the official that his conscience doesn't permit him to perform such dirty work.

Soon was again arrested and shifted back to Goli island for two more years. Also told me that twelve other Slovenian inmates that previously served on Goli wore send back for the second time.

So I was right when still in Sezana home town; fear being send back to Goli.

Actually that was the main reason for Me to run over the border and seek political asylum from the Anglo American Authority.

When Andrey was for the second time broad on the island behind the barber wire among the could blooded and cynical inmate and been ask to confess as was the old island penitentiary custom, what did Hi say to the barrack's so call collective?

What did You confess? I ask Andrey. His answer was: I do not know what did I



confess. I only know that as soon I spoke and the collective ascertain that I was on the island before and previously freed from the same, the barracks convict's collective would by old standard sum me up like this: incorrigible, anti Regime and Party. Instead of continue to discover anti Party's elements, let the enemy to disrupt the Party unity. Instead of being thank full and loyal to the Communist Party and State, continue to be treacherous. Such characters they say: deserve the most severe punishment. So be it. Andre was instantly *boycotted by the barrack's collective*, with most severe manner.

At first chance Andrej was right away send to the sea Docks where stone erection for the dock were getting build. With other five, also boycotted inmate Andrej was carrying heavy stones on a big stretcher made for six prisoners.

Dear reader! Just imagine: six prisoner loading a heavy stone on the stretcher then lifted it off the ground, mount on to their shoulders then walk and carry it a long distance to the decided place. Just imagine performing such dangerous work? If one carrier collapse? what happens to the other prisoners with a heavy stone over their shoulders. Incredible task that could be only compared with Germans world war atrocity in the murderous *straf camps*.

Andre told me: He was enduring mention treatment for two month, then became so sick that couldn't rise from the wooden bank for two month. His *boycott* punishment was relived and for the rest of his stay on the island allow to work as maintenance in the work shop. Because Andre was honest and conscientious there for: refusing to spy on people, was treated worse than a common murderer, thanks to the Socialist workers paradise.

Political system We fought for and help to establish, latter rewarded Us with all malicious physical treatment with the pretence that this is the best for own good. This event, *I mean Andrei affair* that I knew nothing about; till 2006 shock me to the core so much that the night that follow I had night mare the wholly night by continually arguing with some type of authority with out any success. Typical night-mare that I use to suffer forty years ago when first arrive to Australia; ten or so years after arrival.

How could Andrei dare do such think; tell His naivety to people that don't know that such word exist in practice or dictionary, going to the could blooded security police and tell that His conscience doesn't permit to tell what other people do. Is no good crying after the spelt milk.

Any way; when after two years again discharged from the island was again obliged to spy out with more stringed condition then the first time. As Andrei put it to me, He got in contact with other spays under same obligatory spying position and in such position they were spying on each other what they first agreed on, till escaped from Yugoslavia. I felt sorry for unfortunate Andrei.

What he coopted, *as mention* I didn't know about it when received the letter, some time in { 1955 } but was very aware that same think, simile could happens to me, that way; with My pretty women rush over the national border before my time rans out.

#### WINTER ON Goli island.'

Don't get illusions, unfortunately; at the worst time of the year I am still on Goly island; hungry, worry and could.

At the end month of October the sun has reduced the heat. Our faces became more normal looking, but still lot of scares from the old dirty rough skin that was still pilling, coursed by the summers sun heat.

The whether has been quiet pleasant; up to the end of November. The days has became much shorter.

By the time we finish our routine physical work; about five p. am.. was about dark. In the morning; after getting up and out from the barracks was still dark and getting darker and as the days progressed toward end of the year, also getting colder.

Cultural preparation and singing practice has been done at night by electric light. The island had its own electrical power from a Diesel motor. It has been built before our arrival. At night it could be heard running; from any position on the island.

**I already mention the paper problem several times. I will mention it again.** Every thing we had to write; was on the used cement paper. Even that had to be saved, so as; will not run out too soon. Some writing pencils have been around, but no one longer than a couple of centimetres, probably thrown away by the administration. Even those have to be hidden from pencil's poacher. Cement paper was used; as lavatory tissue in the island primitive hospital, as you read before. My self have contracted a pullover from a cement bag by cutting the corners, where I push through my arms to slow the cold wind getting to my skin. Using cement bags for under wear was forbidden, but not strictly enforced.

Where from all the cement paper? It was regularly delivered in small quantity for various building necessary jobs but same time in December at night a loaded ship; 10.000 bags of cement arrived. Us working Brigade with a leg on freedom, as they call us were in charge for unloading.

Convict from behind the barber wire, fortunately for them were not permitted to work at night. Unfortunately for us; convict with *one leg freed* have to work all night: unloading the cement. Every bag weight; 40 kilos and it have to be carry a distance of about 3/4 of a kilometre in to the store under the cover.

Was strictly stress, not to dissipate the cement. Any one braking the bag shall be punish. After having about twenty trips, was more then enough for every one in such poor physical condition as we were. Few fell and blow the bag. By that happening the individual would just about cry for own sorrow; not for the bag of cement, but for his own future. In those circumstances the near future was very unpredictable.

No wonder: all men physically weak and at night along the dark treks, scattered with stones; accident; happen.

No body that is with one leg on the freedom as they call it, would purposely brake the bag to loose the freedom on the other leg; meaning: send behind the barber wire among the incorrigible. *As happen to me, latter, not for dissipated cement but other reason as you read.* The few that accidentally dissipate the cement were very severely reproach, but not punish. Thanks to the managerial administration protection.

At the beginning of December a very well known regular winter wind call: "Seni Bura *Seni wind* has commenced. Our Devil island has been located about two kilometres across the sea from the Dalmatian coast, opposite the village of Seni.

*This village carry the wind name: Seni* The mention wind came from the Dalmatian mountains, is cold and continually blew very intense that went through all our clothing.

Over us We wrap any rag and paper that could be found. The shoe and socks, that we wear on arrival, kept mending with wire, if lucky enough to be some where close to the power house. There close by I got few short piece of copper wire. It was worth same amount of gold. When absolutely no foot wear was left the island administration supply us with Serbian peasant rubber sandals, Turkish cultural style with curve front point up. North Yugoslav use to ridicule the South people for wearing it, saying: they serve in the mountains when going for shit. As the ground is always mountainous and rocky, nothing to hold themselves on in the sloping, *bare ground, they grasp for the curves on the sandals.* [Last comment; no to be taken seriously.]

**No socks or stoking were received.** Again; any rag and paper wore; wrapped in between the bare skin and cold air. This dreadful torture was enough to drive one in despair but no lamentation. After all, according to the administration; was all our own fault for being there, as I already described.

The island management would say: **We don't want you here, you are the one, unable to behave, You demanded to be kept in this place. What bull shits.** The wind from the mainland blew up to 150 Kilometres and with such gust intensity that when sea waves strike, even the island highest point: 165 Metres vertical rock on eastern side of the island, *{We were more or less in the middle and western side }* **the water have been lifted high up the air and then carry all over the island as rain.** Even on a sunny day; wind kept blowing and sea rain continue till wind stop blowing.

When wind stop blowing, the ground became dry and white like from fallen snow. It was sea salt deposit.

In such wether We wore usually wet to the skin, shivering but continue to work; *unprovoked?*, until the warder felt sorry for us and order us to walk to the cold barracks where was no heat installation, where one could dry by moving around and eventually; get warm but even being wet and could; wore aspect to listen to the daily newspaper reading and discussing.

Cold is a cruel occurrence. When it get you deep to the bone, plus hanger, millions of bugs that sack our blood, terror before own kind, unsecured existence, one just do not fill to go on living. Yet in this desperate situation; I do not know for any man that commit suicide nor even mention of it. So I would proudly claim: *we have been of much stronger character then today's generation.* This weather was on, for most of December, January and February, and then, gradually became milder.

Another very important issue became milder then use to be.

In December slowly, nearly unnoticed the discipline thank! change for the better.

Was no more such demand for physical or working accomplishment. What wasn't finish today will be done tomorrow.

**By then my self recover excellently, compare during summer; I felt after being released from the barrack's for bloody diarrhoea sickness; weak and helpless. About ten days in the mention hospital did weaken Me for month's to came. Of course I was far from satisfied, but felt much stronger. What a lowly improvement.**

As mention; discipline slacken. **Way sudden change of heard?** What happen to the management for such generosity. Couldn't worked out, actually nobody mention; say: from now on, We will overlook and ignore thinks. Or you do what you can, take your time, etc.

I find the reason for mention slackness; years latter in Australia when read the book: "***The rise and fall, of Milovan Jilas.***" In the book Jilas mention that a very exceptional and important visitor: **Comrade; Rankovic; minister for interior affair; secretly arrived on the Goli island.** Apparently the internal Minister was secretly watching and observing the convict life on the island.

Probably our presence made a sorrow impression on him by see Us all in dirty wrapped cloth, stenchy and dirty as pigs in the same under wear and cloth that have not been removed or washed; for last six month, faces covered with like fish scales not skin and finally saw Us for no apparent reason, favourably but uncontrollably yelling like made man's. Minister Rankovic saw an island inhabited by maniacs. After Rankovic saw every think **As Milovan, in his book mention. Rankovic approach the management imploring in the typical Serblan stile: What have you done out of this people you Mother's cants. This must be change immediately.**

*{So Rankovic send Us here to reconstruct Our brain,, but then felt sorry for Us and made for us; life easier.}*

In his book: Milovan Jilas was him self, alarmed; lamenting to his wife that him self, because of political differences with Marshal Tito may be send to Goli. *Well! up to that time on Goli we still glorified Jilas as one of the four Party Secretary.*

In his book he also mention a particular occurrence or consequence that happen to people that went through Goli punishment.

**Jilas stated; every man, that went through; Goli island penalty, was left with very serious mental disorder.**

Personally I am not aware of my own personal disorder now, but first ten years after released from the island I was effected by having continuous nightmare. Even after years arriving in Australia; as soon I fell asleep may dream shift me back to Yugoslavia, where was constantly threaten, chased, mostly time by same body in uniform and persecuted by unknown people and always on losing side. Furious, enraged and frighten, some times with loud cry.

What ever reaction I pose to the dream, it was always passive and ineffectual.

Some times I shout at the top of one's voice.

Lucky for me. My most understanding wife: Carol would undertone gently call to me Toty is me, Toty is me, every think is OK. You are with me, Toty. By then was awake and confronted with Carol looking at me. That was most pleasant feeling to see before me; the most beloved and trusty person. With this I was relieved from mental strain and felt safe.

Toty was for about six years, our common nick name to each other, latter when our first child Henry was born we call each other: Mom and det.

Gradually my nightmare was less violent and slowly subside.

Carol was a wonderful and pleasant comforter and knew how to approach mine behavior some time even wild one. I owe Carol the greatest love, respect, and admiration.

I ought to mention; Carol was unique. I am sure the one and only that could behave so explicitly. To my knowledge. In all our togetherness, she never said a bad word about me or blame me in public, even that some time I would deserve to be told off or reapproach. As usual, I am out of my way.

As I previously mention: at the beginning of winter, the Minister of Yugoslav internal affairs: comrade Rankovic; responsible for building the structure for imprisonment on the Goli Island; arrive, [ We did not know ] and when seen the condition of us prisoners; implore the management. This was not my instruction to you and you ought, to change all this, mean: meliorate the system. Since then; condition change, discipline slacken with much less tension. This is the second time I am telling you the same event. My be; is may happy reaction.

**But do not imagine that from that date on; was haven. We wore still dirty and hungry, endure cold wind and at night the bugs eat us same as before.**

The punishment {baykot} among our self's nearly ended and was not such intense searching for enemy of the people behind every rock. That made us a little more relaxed.

Rankovic has seen the situation right. The inmate, especially the ones behind the barber wire; for the most part; former leaders responsible in many Yugoslav; economic and political structure that previously in private life, many were acquainted with Rankovic.

Cultivated and experienced persons, under the stress of circumstances, confusion, sad existence and uncertainty, became some type of animals, with out stability and purpose.

[ zombie ] They did not allow themselves to talk, not even think about truth and justice. Most man and most times, against their will; became hypocrite, double faced and traitors of their own friends. Mentally unbalanced, just about lost, for own good; blind tool, for the oppressors. Acting like enthusiastic pro Communist. If they felt being such deeply stanch Communist's I doubt.

I would rather odd that most wore probably so offended by being punish because they ask a wrong question like my self or been doubt full about bickering that was going on between Yugoslav and Soviet Union there for ask naive question's. With naive question's became implicated in politically squabbling between country leaders, been arrested, incarcerated and separated from family working mates and friends. What a nonsense.

Every one try to subdue to the collective, because the collective may make you or brake you. We all try to follow and look up; like ladder, to the more influential characters.

Let go back, where I mention: We never wash our self, because wasn't any washing water, rarely shave. One man was shaving about three thousand inmate. One could imagine the time it take to get one turn for a shave after work. Hand nails; we chip with own teeth.

Same time in January as previously mention; was may turn to add some thing to the obligatory evening political discussion. Unintentionally I blame the Commie's leaders for not properly advise us in regard the disputes between: Eastern European Country's and Yugoslavia. The consequence was: I was thrown behind barber wire with both legs tie; as they said.

Suddenly behind the barber wire where My self and Andrey still unfortunately consist, hygiene became paramount. The barrack's leaders stressed the importance of cleanliness. Up to this time; no one remind us the importance of cleanliness. So far We have been all unwashed and dirty to no problem to any body. I presume, We all have been stinking like skunks because for the last six or more month; day and night in the same under wear even after the contagious diarrhoea as I previously mention.

Summer and winter uniform, worn one over the other that was hardly ever removed since was first put on.

Working seven, later six days per week in the earth, rocks and dust, perspiring and sweating. At night lye down with, all cloth on.

The way the leader wore talking before the introduction of cleanliness that I had the impression: they had solved this burning question.

**Well? What are we going to get to stay clean. We all wonder.**

**All we got for cleanliness was; more trouble and problems, that we already have. We wore told: For better cleanliness:**

**The barrack's leader order wore: from today and on: all of us shall walk in the barrack; bare footed, because the mentioned sandals and dirty rag; stinks, like that the rest of our cloth and body; smell just beautiful. What about the sweat bare stench feet?**

**I think, we all got so much used to the bed smell; there for, never felt any usual stench.**

**As I mention; leaving the sandals out side the barrack was a new problem. Even the barracks and the political leader left the sandal outside with the difference. They had the choice of sleeping place and naturally; they sleep close to the door. On the; get up morning signal; was no problem for the nearest to the door to get their own sandals, but what about the others; hundred and sixty and more man pushing through the door to get to their miserable rubber sandals.**

*In winter darkness we place the sandals and dirty rags and paper. between our and next barrack where was no more space in between then three or four metres. If rain at night the sandals and especially the dirty rags and paper wore just about frozen. but not a word of comply. The Low was stipulated by convict board, We have no say, only obey. Every one want a pair of sandals, even in most miserable state but was practically impossible to keep a proper order. If one had a very bed worn out pair would try to swap with some think better. Was risky. People always take risk. So good sandals wore bond to disappear sooner or latter.*

*In the dark morning at get up time the barrack door was jammed with man's for every one want his own pair of sandals. In confusion, every one was grabbing and was no time to compare the right with wrong one, and if one did not get his own was left with none unless grabbed it from same body else's.*

Every inmate did mark his sandals with a specific stone scratches for recognition, but when stolen; new scratches were quickly supplemented to deform the previous marks. Because of sandals confusion, few accusation for stolen goods were press on to few individual, I do not remember the resolve of it. My sandals wore in good shape, because I was not running as much as mostly man's did, there for expected to loose it soon. A couple of days did work, but one morning; My sandals were missing, taken by same body. Quickly I grab another pair and just as quickly move away, pick a sharp stone, walk to the toilet and scratch few more marking beside the one that were already on. I was sure: the sandals will be unrecognizable by the right owner. Than walk normal way back to the barrack for breakfast. Was no question ask during morning meal.

Unfortunately later at work on the same day was court by the sandals owner. I noticed a man walking and observing others man's working, always looking at the feet, soon I release; this man is looking for His sandals. When close to me I kept moving My feet as much I practicably could to deceive his concentration, after all Hi didn't know that I stole His sandals, yet when Hi look at My feet and sandals I was wearing then hi look at my face. Thous are my sandals hi said, even that you made more marks on it I can still recognise it.

Will be no problem the man said, just handle it back to me and you have the one that I found. My conscience did not resist and there was no place to argue. That would course more complication, but oblige to do the right think, also because the man was prepared to settle the dispute amiably, with out involving the collective, which could be of some sad consequence.

During commencement of cleanliness and sandals new affair became practise, was winter. Same time did rain all night, our foot wear what ever poor, was drench with water. A very sad events plus sandal's arguments, morning rush for sandals instead, like before when every one kept his bay the site. We got up from the bunk slowly walk out to the toilet and came slowly back for breakfast.

Neo in the windy cold morning with the feet wrapped in wet cloth or paper, was a very sad and demoralised event. Our body's wore shivering and teeth wore unstoppable from clattering.

My good pair of sandals and wrapping gone and I have to be satisfy with a worn out foot wear and no wrapping.

Not very pleasant reading. Sorry May dear reader. Have nothing better to tell.

The reader will say! Way not request a new pair of sandals. Practically all of us for reason of precaution and guilt that has been forced upon us, tries to evade any request from the administration. I thought: is better to be humble and wait patiently with the hope, that this trauma is going to end soon. Actually it didn't end so soon. It lasted beyond expectation. That was the result of special orders and cleanliness. That also resulted beyond expectation. And as I found from other bare footed, there was no sandals in store.

I let you, the reader imagine how clean We wore. Worse then pigs. Thanks to our Leaders of so call: people Republic that We all help setting up with the expectation for a better future that never came.

Let go back to the morning; rise. One probably not so important morning event or problem, which the administration has, probably and deliberately created. **Smoking.** The interrogators of individual Yugoslav republics, gave to their favourite, [ *when at interrogation* ] prisoners up to three or more packets of cigarettes at every interrogation. Mentioned prisoners must have been treacherous by openly boasting, how much cigarettes were given by the interrogator. Manifesting good relation between the two, but creating suspicion from other prisoner. Also causing envy from the rest of the inmate.

If the interrogator; wouldn't supply the cigarettes, it wouldn't render us deep resentment, because we had enough problems with out involving us in more of the same. Smoking addiction would disappear if no one smokes. But by giving free cigarettes and later; every one considered accepted by the flatterer of the barracks

leader, wore to receive four filter-less cigarettes per day. [ I lost my freedom on the second leg, so wasn't in title for any think. ] Was this given priority about smoking also to the credit of the Minister of Interior affair I don't know. In such peculiar situation, about one third of the inmate had the right for the cigarettes. The rest ask themselves, or our self? what is wrong with me. Probably I own to see the interrogator and throw same goodies on his plate, may be will get the smokes? But I have nothing to offer. Again: our Slovenian lieutenant interrogator was a non smoker. On one occasion was call in to His office, took advantage of the occasion and dare to ask for some cigarettes, hoping to get a couple of boxes, like others interrogators practices.

All I got was: three cigarettes. Thank Him, but though to my self: I am not very popular or enough important to you, when only worth three cigarettes. All of us, even not so passionate smokers want to smoke, if not for other reason, but for sake of equality. I think that the administration only tease us, for four cigarettes a day is not enough for any smokers, but probably the amount is not so much important. Important is; to be one of the receiver's.

To prolong the smoking satisfaction, lasting longer and more numerous, every cigarette receiver cut every cigarette in three parts, resulting in having twelve very short butts. Owing matches by convicts was also forbidden. So, at morning rise, one had to light the first cigarette from a warder. In next five minutes, We were passionately; like kissing each other with that short piece of a cigarette. *Buts*. Actually, the third of a filter-less cigarette was so short, that by lighting; mouth to mouth, we tough each other noses.

What about the not receiver of cigarettes. We would beg the receivers for just one suck, move to some known man and ask for another suck on the fag end. Every cigarettes receiver would wrap the think in a stem of grass or tin wire, just once around. When ask for a suck, the receiver of the cigarettes would turn the cigarette, back to front, still hold on to it and let the beggar have one suck. Himself have one more, by then was nothing left but stem of grass or wire, which was saved for next smoko. Actually the whole of the inmates became more cooperative and friendly, but that do not mean more trustful. One is got to be still careful for every displayed word.

**More about winter morning rise.** Still very dark, but every morning events was absolutely unique routine occurrence when every morning, every one; about three thousand inmates, wrap up in every possible way like for carnival masquerade, crawl from all the barracks at the same time like a flooding water and all hiding in the same direction: **lavatory**, like to the amusement hall. In site the amusement building wore two trenches; about ten meters long with every half meter or so a timber board across, all roofed with tin sheets and illuminated. Kneeling on boards, released them self's wore very few. Was nothing to let go because We eat nothing solid but bread, but thousand wore standing and crawling all around every where like ants; all in dreadful state, expecting to have a fag, meet with friends but not comforting each other, rather accuse one self, for the past wrong doing, especially toward the regime.

Private conversation was very rare. As even a friend may not be trusted, but just in case, could be helpful by telling one's sorrow for the past conduct. It my be transmitted to whom it my concern.

All of us, against our feeling wore rather smiling, with out a reasonable motive, Accusative of ourselves, but very favourable for the administration, regime and Communist Party. **FOR SAVING US, FROM DIRTY WATER IN WHICH WE PLUNGE, AS WE WERE TOLD; TO WRITE HOME.** I would and I am sure, that I shared the feeling of every one, that we would willingly sell Marshall Tito, the Politburo and all his supporter for a cigarette butts end, even for the short bit of wire that was holding it. Generally looking; it was a very sorrow appearance because we didn't look like people, rather a herd of cattle on pasture; then man's meeting place: the toilet, yet the toilet was the one and only place and only

time, where a man may meet his friends. if any? Deep in site we were generally **desperate**, but hope full and positive. One day this trauma shall be ended.

**Way desperate?** The whole word, at least the main powers were at peace. Was only five years since the world war ended, the Germans P.O.W. have only been released, actually the Germans P.O.W. constructed the camp, and us victorious fighter for liberty from the Nazi Fascism have been imprisoned in it. From sparkling white; **liberty democracy** every think became sadly black. Imprisoned in the camp made by our ex. enemy. For us all some thing beyond imagination. Hunters became hunted.

**Let go back to morning events.** After short morning gathering and smoko in the toilet, and around *the amusement Hall as I We call it*, We all slowly walk back to the barrack for breakfast.

Line up and crawling along toward the big hundred litres pot. A selected convict would pour a scoop of coffee in to the dish and a second man did handle a piece of bread. *I will tell the reader how coffee was made.*

*About hundred litres kettles full of water were boil over the fire. At the same time the fire stirrer was heated red hot, held over the kettle, slowly pour a cup of sugar over it. The heat melt the sugar and transform it in to liquid, at the same time it burn and change in to dark brown colour. It then run down the hot stirrer in to the boiling water. While a third man with a piece of wood stir the water, preventing consolidation of sugar. The water became brown. That was call: coffee. **Brown water.***

**By calling it any other way but coffee would tremendously offend the administration.** So: we all call it coffee.

A short time during winter morning, were given a hand full of boil maize.

Martin: which I previously mention was still weaken and suffering from past punishment boycott. One morning made sure that no one also could hear, in confidence said to me: **I am so bloody hungry that would eat that bloody maize out of any body's ass.** No wonder: weeks of mention *boycott punishment one's became feeble.*

Immediately after breakfast; assembly of all individual brigades or barracks took place on the assembly square, a uneven spot in front of the barracks, in side the barber wire enclosure.

**Early in the morning, was still dark on open field, strong gusty wind blew cold air, right through our thin, same time wet cloth.** Bare footed or wrapped in moist rags some cement paper in the perforated torn sandals had made the whole body; from toe to the head shiver. One couldn't stop the teeth clattering. **Trampling on the same spot** to let more blood circulation and warm up the feet.

Seem hrs. on end, while the leaders shouted loud; attempting to tell us some thing that We were not interested any way. The wind was taken away most of the sound. Who care what they shouting as long the Brigade head move before We freeze standing up right on gusty wind shivering to the bone from extreme cold. Just move any where, We the rest will follow.

From clear sky; sea rainfall as I describe before was falling coursing even more mental and physical misery.

Actually; mention morning gathering and giving us the order of the day, was harder to endure then physical work. We rather work than stand idle, at least working one get a little warmer.

This most boring happening took place every day.

As I already mention, We were shivering and teeth clattering, yet no body lamented or critique but smile, like on a afternoon Sunday barbecue picnic. We were not suppose to be critical, when *every think was just about perfect.*

Eventually; one of the Southerner convict would begin to sing the routine; every day; stupid island's songs that I and every body also have long time ago been sick in the guts, because of it, yet We all join in, even that my thought have been far away.

This was no time even less willingness for singing. This was not place where one do



according to own filling but according to **superiors desires**. In other words: every think against one's own conviction and desires.

Slogans and glory to Party, Politburo and their leader would be repeated; again and again and thank given to K.P. that alert political police that arrive in time and **rescue us** from anti people misdeed.

We did look, actually act cheerfully and happy. That how the superiors want us to appear.

Suppose an outsider would see us so disposed, He or She would say: that crowd is the **happiest crowds on earth**. How other way could we act, but the way we were told. The only safe way that may lead Us to freedom.

It did prove: **People are prepare to act any possible or impossible way to survive and achieve, if given the chance, what we strive for.**

**What wrong have I done to any individual or humanity, that few political leaders on power have the right to torture, to toil my life out.**

To survive and eventually be freed; have to keep repeating: is all my own fault, [*mia culpa, mia culpa, mia massima culpa.*]

I felt sorry for my self, to the degree that would like to cry loud like a baby, but by doing that, would be obligate to explain way do I cry.

Here; before the collective and administration, **would fail because, there was not even a shade of reason to cry**, when every think on this island is more then favourable, about perfect. And then again is main fault for being here.

If same body was that much indoctrinated that believed in the mention favour, I don't know. I certainly did not felt that way but did not dare to say it.

Previously I mention: that soon on arrival, because of my legs injury during the war I have been stipulated: working on spot. Loading small rocks and earth on portable wooden stretcher with shovel, bigger rocks loading, by rolling it on to the stretcher etc. Other convict's in pairs, carry it away where ever needed or defined. Because of mention stipulation I was assign to a new, just form: **smash rocks unit of about fifty convicts..** This was not a punishment. Actually the work was fairly easy, compare working in the field.

The new job require using a two kilos, sort like a small sledge hammer on a short handle, in a sitting position I would strike the rocks till fragmented small enough then by others convict taken away and used for concrete. In another words: our unit was a rock crashing machine.

Let go on, regarding winter on Goli.

After morning assembly, the so call rocks strikers; selected from all brigades to form a separate rock fragmentation unit compose mostly from injured war veteran, invalids and older convict. Each one of us would sit on the ground with spread legs and in front was our working rocks smashing place. Heaps of rocks. Usually I carry an empty cement bag, which I consider part of my ware, there for made sure, I do not lose it.

At work I placed the bag under my bottom to keep Me dry and softer filling. Others man voluntarily brought the rocks close enough to where I sat and riche it by hands with out getting up. Put individual rock between my legs and in that position would continually strike the rocks till smashed to small bits.

Felt like on holiday comparison loading the stretcher or looking at others convict on continual move: caring and delivering, mixing concrete with shovels etc, while Me sitting and still doing My work to the satisfaction of the Goly administration.

Automotive machinery was non existent.

So far so good, as long the weather is reasonable normal but didn't last for long In the middle of winter the already mention wind begin; blowing full blast and went **right trough all cloth, even my special cement pull over** that I fabricated from a

empty cement bag by cutting the corners and in the middle a hole to push my head through. Imagine my self: so skinny that fit in a forty kilo cement bag. Working the job that was reasonable in good weather, but soon the situation changed enormously. When incessantly exposed for four hour before lunch and four after, made one's body nearly paralysed from cold. When after continuous non stop; four hour, got up on my feet; for dinner or end of the working period; usually couldn't move or stand straight, but in a curve, felt like the whole body was stiff in a solid bloke. Couldn't stop My teeth from clattering and body tremble from constant cold.

In spite the cold suffering, we all appear healthy, of course far from happy. Fresh air, I presume kept us in good form and health.

At this time of the winter; digging and smashing rocks, mixing the cement etc, was one of the main project on the island. In fact; the whole island was involved in building a water reservoir, which was going to supply water from island's fallen rain. The project was very well directed by an inmate; convict; ex General Commander in chief of Yugoslav Air Force call; Duško. The reservoir was dug from solid lime rock and would hold as I hear; about two thousand cubic metres of waters, for which We were going to pave more then a square kilometre of ground. The ground was very favourable, nearly flat with little inclination toward the reservoir.

The whole island was weather beaten, covered with rocks and very few small; like desert bushes, little amount of soil among the rocks. With three thousands young man available was no problem to level the ground.

The inmates were divided in section. One section; probably hundred or so; trusty inmates; the one's with one free leg, were organised with a small hammer in search for average flat stones. They move around free; warder less, pick suitable stones, probably treat it a bit and put it on heaps of treated flat stones. Others inmates with wooden stretchers would pick all up and deliver it to the appointed working place and probably hundred and more others; put the stone beside stone in proper level and order then seal it around with cement.

***Over mention construction! suppose to be: water catchment.***

A very simile water catchment, but very much smaller and build also by convicts I saw on Rats nest island in W. Australia.

Sand for mixing with concrete was trawl at worst time of winter, from the bottom of the sea by convict: first: by erecting timber trestle, short from the beach then taller and taller as the water deepen. From one trestles to another; timber boards were placed to create y bridge, where inmates were standing, handling at the end of the handle { about two metres } a long pots; similar to a cooking pot a bit flatten. From the erected boards they trawl the sand on standing bay; small barges.

The so call bridges were erected and dismantled continually according to sand deepness, if any. If after the trestles were erected the sea spot was sand less, the whole work have to be repeated on a another spot till sand have been found.

Since the working condition on the island have improved the management didn't demand the ordinary convict to erect the trestle over the water

To erect all the trestle was only one tall handsome young man from Belgrade. The man was under punishment. [ boycott ] punish by the barrack inmates. This man has not had a sleep of a tongue like many others to be condemn to such extreme work but on his arrival on the island hi made a public and deliberate attack on Yugoslav Government and Party, on the other side Hi glorified Stalin. This was the most outrageous and courageous attack that surpass any previous attack by any inmate. [ Later, about the, punishment ] First I like to describe how the trestle were erected by man from Belgrade.

The young man, about thirty years old would in front of whole sand's gang; {about twenty man } on open blustering cold wind; undress to the last bit of cloth. From dry land stark naked carry one trestle at a time in proper distance; about 3 metres apart then lay two timber boards across every trestle to form a bridge from dry land over

the water. Walking as described from dry land to the water and back about twenty five times, while the sand gang was waiting for him by the fire.

When single handed accomplished the task, the punish inmate could dress him self and walk to the burning fire and stay by the fire as long sand could be trawl from the erected wooden boards, but if sand was not to be found at the erected bridge, hi was obliged, { *whether warm up or not* } to undress again and do the whole operation on another spot. The man has repeated this operation; as many time was necessary.

*My self have saw the man working.* His wholly body's skin was blue from cold, Hi did rattle, clatter and shake, but *didn't say a word in protest.*

I admire the hero and felt extremely sorry for him, specially because He never ever in as much troublesome situation, complin in the least.

The whole island end up; admiring the punish man from Belgrade because of such absolute discipline and endurance.

In December a third consignment of offenders; arrived in three ship loads, like twice before:

Like usual; first from Slovenia and Croatia then Serbian and Macedonian and third load from; Bosnia Herzegovina and Montenegro. [ *Reception will describe later* ]

About 12 hundred convicts; all together. The new arrivals were distributed to all barracks among old inmates. Here; immediate contradiction.

The new arrivals wore very confused and disoriented, especially; for the very vile reception they received from us old veterinary convict but mostly realize; how to use the tongue, except the one; that first evening; walk in to the trap {including the man from Belgrade that I already describe } among sadistic hungry wolfs that want to prove; loyalty to the Party and Government by sinister way.

Opportunists types took advantage of the new arrivals. *My be, the administration plan this way*, because some new arrivals, even that have previously been for a year and more in solitary confinement under persuasive pressure to change their political conviction but couldn't bend the mans opinion.

The barracks man's are going to change it. So they trap the man from Belgrade.[ *The man erecting the trestles.* ] He was requested to explain his political opinion in regard the dispute; between; Yugoslavia and Soviet Union. Naturally the man was brought up, like previous described Martyn; in believing the sincerity of the C. P. In his response to the barrack's crowd the man from Belgrade said: hi hasn't receive any books or news paper in a whole year while alone in strict seclusion, but stated to the whole barrack collective that hi still stand by the policy of; S. Union and at the same time accused Yugoslavia going the wrong way to achieve Socialism. Hi was sort of a political theoretician.

*From time to time I fill like being a tormentor to the reader, for listing philosophical or political phrases in to My story.. I am not trying to complicate the wholly affair. The matter of fact is; The punishment camp on Goli island and us being force in to it, was based ;just because of mention philosophical and political phrases, or other way put it. The dispute between East Europe and Yugoslavia was only philosophical and political.*

*Not that I can show clearly or explain what was all about except superficial.*

*As I already mention; I was not a capacity that could be compared with most convict. Please excuse me.*

Let continue with the story. The man from Belgrade facing the barrack's collective persisted with this view from prison in Belgrade and nothing and no body is going to bend or change his opinion. He is prepared to die but not prepare to submit under any circumstance. At the end; concluded the statement with the ovation: **Long life to comrade Stalin.** Took every one by surprise and course a big and exaggerated; acted roar by every one. In theirs hypocritical eyes; this man suppose to be the biggest tread to Yugoslav existence, like the previously mention: Dr. Cobe. We

the *collective* are going to give this monster, a well merited punishment. Well ! this was the courageous man erecting the trestles in the water as described, where sand was trawled. The man was doing the described work, for a full month of December, plus all other inconvenience that punish man own to perform: half night by the latrine etc.

After a month of silence and unquestioned obedience the man from Belgrade was given the chance for another session, on which Hi said: I tender you; my warmest thanks for your favour. The whole month I listen and by listening; you people, I open my eyes. Before that I was totally blind hi said.

From then on, the man was accepted to be member of the collective. I think: under such circumstances, no body would be so blind and stubborn not to open one's eyes.

I feel obliged to describe one Slovenian, that bear the sufferance of the collective [*boycott*] punishment with pride and honour. I do not know the full reason for punishment by the convict, but I saw the man obey and performing, what ever the self appointed constables were demanding, of Him and without any lamentation.

His name was Lorgar, a Faculty lecturer and had on the island: three more brothers; also intellectual with the difference, that the three brothers arrive at the same time as my self and by the time the forth brother was broad to the island the three brothers were reformed. The forth brother arrive with the second arrival, two month latter, means still as enemy of the people, as every one arriving latter then the first contingent when My self arrived.

The forth brother had to run trough the double line of convict, where three brothers were present to abuse the offenders, including their brother.

The three reformed brothers; for their own good, didn't receipt the forth and oldest brother with brotherly reception but with brutal contempt. For Communist doctrine: parents, brother sister, friends means nothing at all, if contradictory to the regime. Party is first, ten times before private life come in consideration.

Previously I mention, that I am going to describe the December; third arrivals and the shameless reception that was prepared for the new comers or offenders to the penitentiary Goli island.

Soon after the first Brigades was freed and volunteer to work unpaid for next two month. The left over mans or *reject* from the first freed Brigade; including my self still lodge outside barber wire. A week latter a new Brigade of penitent with one leg on freedom was formed, where no confession was required, only political discussion, that resulted for ME; being kick behind barber wire but some time in December I was again converted. What have I done to be converted? The interrogator call me in His office where I plead My guilt out of My ignorance for My wrong accusation of the Communist Party. apparently Hi did believe me, so I was again, out side the barber wire and in the working brigade as previously, so was my friend Andrey and for the first time also; many times previously mention friend: Martyn.

Up to this time I recover very well from my mention diarrhoea weakness an sickness, as already mention. With more then twenty kilos less over my body but felt good. Also felt; under any circumstance more then ever determinate to leave this mad place.

Let go back, to the reception of third shipment of the new arrivals:

Even before the usual ship: Punat anchors in the island harbour; we the one with one leg on freedom were told by the inmate management the plan and strategy for the reception of new arriving '*sinners*. '

As soon the new arrivals were sawn from the ship they must feel out of luck with abuse from us *converted* ?

The convicts management { *double faces* } orders wore: let them walk from the ship, down steep timber boards, still dizzy from the ship internal dark, dizzy, and clumsy, from lack of room movement and long journey, We shall assist them; probably with a little push rather then prevent them from falling. All is organized. As

soon they start to disembark down the steep wooden boards; half of the arrivals strike the face on to the ground gravel. Blood appear over their faces, but no body is feeling sorry, just get up and run on; they were told because the long double line {spalier } of abusers were waiting; from the sea up the steep hill around and in between the new build barracks and all the way back to the sea.

The organizer arrange me and Martin on a barrack corner, where the poor males has begun to undress. Us two: me and Martyn decided among our self: no more; good boys. Before we were lenient toward other convict, couldn't do wrong to the new arrivals, after they are just as innocent as ourselves but now **we are different**. We are going to act with roughness toward the new comers, so that one day hope fully; we my be set free.

The story goas like this: the new arrivals from any contingent wore treated rough but as soon they wore converted the converted treated others convict just as rough and much worse, just to prove how converted and loyal they are. All mention maltreatment was justified and forgiven as the reader, I hope by now shall understand.

Big lot of convicts that treated other convict badly, by now are free and home.

Us gays, by being good are still on this rocky malevolent island.

**From now on, we shall be bad gays.** No more lenient and considered, even if encounter our own blood brothers, same bed song shall be sang for them.

Let go back to the new arrivals. Let me explain: every new contingent arrive in three shipments. The one I am telling you is from third shipment of the third contingent from Monte Negro and Bosnia Herzegovina, always biggest number of convict and the longest distance from departure. Also worst characters that us Slovenian resend. There-for We shall be justifiable rough to them. They embarked on the ship in Boca Kotoriska; about eight hundred kilometres down south Adriatic sea. Close to thousand males aboard the ship in three levels of about; a meter height compartment. Three days of continual navigation with no air condition and hardly any sanitation and mostly dress up in all they possess. Probably told to take plenty of cloth. Two, three shirt, one over the other or more and every one buttoned with all buttons, just as many long under pants, every one individually tight with string below, pullovers plus all above dressing. Because was winter time the convict dress as much cloth possible.

This description of clothing, I witness personally. My self and Martyn wore helping or rather force them to undress.

Half of the new arrivals had the under pants loaded with dung. What humiliation for a man; presenting him self to other man's with the under pants full of shit. Mind you! Probably more then half, before arrested had responsible jobs, a great deal Army captains and majors, many political security officers with high rank up to; army general, ministerial personality, even General Secretary for the C. P. of Monte Negro. Was no distinction. ordinary man, Army officers or Ministers got exactly the same treatment.

At arrivals on the island, there was no rank and file. They wore all same, just convicts destined to be badly and equally treated. Only because they wore from good home and high work status, shouldn't receive better treatment.

Was the awful stench, that prompted us two; me and Martyn to maltreat them even worse.

Martin and I want to go home and home we shall reach, if we can prove to the island authority that we mortally hate the: COM forum and their sympathizers, Stalin etc. Yes that truth, We hate Stalin and His associates as much We hate our National self appointed Leaders.

Was also a bit of personal and national resentment from us two, toward the people just arriving: from: Bosnia Herzegovina and Monte Negro. Mostly people from mention places, my be called south states, already on the island; wore the most provocative and hypocrite, they wore also in majority. So; we took advantage and have a little of fun or rather; revenge. **Discrimination against; so call: south**

brothers were momentarily working, of course with out mentioning a word about *discrimination*.

While the new comers were purposely undressing at much too slow pace, I and Martin had no time to wait for every man to unbutton or undo all buttons on the under wear. The two of us together grab; for all the shirts and force its all over the head. Buttons were flying and falling all around, then grab the three under pants at the waist and force it down the legs.

As all under wear was tight down bellow at the heels it wouldn't move over the feets, so we continue to drag the poor helpless males by the underpants with their bare bottoms over sharp gravel till underpants move over the feets. Straight to the cave with him; the two of us would threaten. They very well knew, what meant to the caves. As I mention, many were political security officers, the ones that during and after; second world war were responsible for throwing; innocent people in the caves. Martin and I act by saying: maid! now is time for you, to get throw in the caves.

They beg and plead. But I am combatant partisan from 1941 and fought along side President Tito in the First Proletarian Brigade. We couldn't care less.

Every one had a story, like theyr heroic war battle or Government position, but still helpless with his shirts buttons holding his hands tight and all his under pants holding his legs tight. We couldn't violate every one, there for let the man to others abusers.

Once naked, were send down the track to be shaved.

Sitting completely naked on bare rock, holding theyr cloth with all own shit under the shoulders in the month of December with wind blowing full force. Was no need to sweep away the hear, the wind blowed it far away in to the sea.

No swim in the cold sea was requested, either like from previous arrivals. The head shave was the last act of terror. All puzzled with the terrified reception.

After shaving, naked; they had to run out side the store room, find some bends, tied own cloth with all shit in it. The reader my imagine how the hygiene of the new comers started, with out have a wash.

After they receive the new under wear, a towel and winter uniforms, were told to dress up. Obey with hesitation but were still very restless, but getting relieved.

There were no more treat and still alive. When all ready dress up, were let behind barber wire in the barracks and mix among the old inmate.

In the evening of the same day; before bed time: Martin and my self receive; compliments for a job well done. I don't know if I suppose to excuse My self for bed behaviour before the reader. If so, OK I am sorry. Read this: Only a month later, some of the man so dreadfully and extremely maltreated by us two and others of course; were already free from Physical work and sitting in the inmates managerial offices and gave orders to the rest of us.

Some more about: island penitentiary. The one's that have been on the island for long time like my self, becomes acclimatize and accustom to the island condition. Hands and body were adapted for rough handling, while new arrivals that came from dark prison; white as snow with delicate hands and skin and were deliberately allotted to work with old veterans; already resistant partners with the excuse like; learning how to work, like changing to a new trade.

Was a hidden punishment.

Given new, but rough; purposely row wooden stretcher. Naturally the new man with delicate hand's skin, not acclimatise and physically weak, couldn't keep up with the old veteran.

Only hour after commencing work, the new comer's would get blisters all over the hands. Two hour later; blood blisters and burn red faces.

I am describing the one that arrived during hot period. The one that come during winter were in a way luckier, at least they didn't endure the burning of the faces. As mention; purposely rough stretcher were supply to the new inmate's. That same first day supplied towel, would be tie around hands to protect and cover the sore but

work have to continue uninterrupted. Sore or not, work have to go continue, was an old say. If complaining, for sore hands and skin blistering meant: the inmate isn't repentant, is still anti Party sympathizer. Mean's: doesn't not fill guilty. The advise to the new convict:

**If a convict fills guilty means; conscious for committed inconvenience to the Party, regime and people, and if repentant then hi must prove the guild with self sufferance. Take sufferance with contentment, endure blister, sun burn, hard work etc. Plus cry; enthusiastic slogans to Tito, Party and theyr Leaders. All mention was expected from a repentant convict.**

I presume, all new comers would immediately prefer to go back to jail, if that would be possible, because the Party; expect from every one to show appreciation and gratitude for being brought on the island where every one was given the chance to prove: love, solidarity and loyalty to the Party, because only Mother Party, like God knows what best for all and only Mother Party knows how to reward good work.

**Only Mother Party knows biting and caressing. {totally bullshit}**

**I like to stress to the reader, or justified that all bullshit on every page about glorification the Communist Party is not my feeling, toward it but was; demanded like a pledge by the circumstance. Such is the language of Communist religion. As soon one is willingly suck or trap in the organisation; he or she my be hesitating; even regretting, but when trapped in the Party tentacles it is too late to change the opinion. One have to follow the Party line and measuring every words accordingly. Changing sides is the worst offence as I previously stated, second though is dealt with the: at most severity.**

I did mention my self and my friend Andrey when kicked behind the barber wire and latter returned back in the previous barracks and again became; convicts with a leg on freedom

About one month among the not yet acknowledged; We wore treaded fear and normal. Nothing extra ordinary was expected from me and no question ask; way I am back among the non accepted.

Suddenly; Andrey; my friend and my self wore for the second time out side the barber wire as mention. Also means: we wore again freed on one leg, but the other leg was still months away and a lot more stone to brake, new spring and summer to sustain.

Freedom on one leg, still means being on the rocky island, hungry dirty, eaten by the bugs and threaten.

At the beginning of march the Slovenian interrogator did call us three refused one's from last year November departure. My self Andrei and Mirco. One by one wore call to his modest office.

Us three told each other, practically every think even that wore strictly told, not to reveal any think to any body.

The reader can imagine how serious did we take the pledges that wore forced on us three. The interrogator strictly stressed to every one. When you are away from here; the interrogator said: in no circumstance am I allow to revile the where about of my absence from home and work or what happen to me. Also instruct me; how to behave when back home. I shall be under strict order and supervision and on the other side I have to became the informer for the regime.

Was ask; if I am prepared to write a dictation on which several condition shall be stated. Of course I agree. Any think to disappear from this damp, I thought.

Apparently this is the only way to be released I thought.

Once released, my have others ideas and more freedom to think about.

The interrogator gave me the pen and proper paper. [ *not cement paper*]

First, second and third paragraph wore; in several ways a condemnation of Stalin, his Politburo, the Soviet Union and all Soviet satellite Eastern European Countries. *Even while sitting opposite the investigator, I thought for my self: what difference for good or worse is going to be in the Soviet Union and in Eastern European Countrys what ever way my opinion lies.*

Next three points in several ways, approval of the policy of Yugoslav Communist Party, etc. I forgot the wording in details. Again I thought; what difference is going to make in the internal or exterior affair in Yugoslavia if I little one; sympathise with the Communist regime or vice versa?

**Toward the end, in more ways; pledge in writing to spy and inform the secret police every thing; that is considered anti government.**

12 points in all.

Any infringement of any set points; shall be punished by Military Court. *Way Military Court if I am a civilian.* Typical Yugoslav rocky poky. Anything will do to scare Us. In regard of all written condition; pledges and communication when out side on freedom I am allow to communicate, only with the person that **SAW TO ME, MY ORIGINAL HAND WRITING**, other ways I do know: nothing, see nothing, hear nothing, nothing, nothing. [like Shultz in Hogan's Heroes series.]

My personal written statement or pledge was held four Kilometres from home in Sezana at regional State security police. Of course I didn't know, because I wasn't told where the statement is going to be or who is going to be the holder of it.

Unexpectedly one Sunday afternoon at a happy gathering I find who is the holder of My pledge.

Accidentally met an old school mate: Gregorich. Actually I was very surprised to see him because hi was no local but soon begin to suspect that Hi must be in some naughty job because of his philistine ironic and arrogant behaviour toward me. I was sure Hi had some informant, that told Him I am there, there-for made Himself known. I have not met Gregorich, since first year of the two years school termination, nor did I know for about three years of his where about. After some betting round the bush; Gregorich; reveal to me that hi is my guarding angel. In another words: Hi is holding my personal written pledge which I sign on the island, the pledge that was my condition for freedom.

Latter from other people I discover that he is sort of assistant Lieutenant in the security police. I am going to supply him with information regarding personal political opinion of individuals or the one hi my request. I definitely was not prepared to take him seriously. Supply him; evidence, probably my friends behaviour. Hi must be a full if expecting to get information from me.

Gregorich stressed: we shall meet often. What a malicious hypocrite to deal with and hi aspect me; to be his informer. Not if I can help it.

Latter was told by people, that Gregorich in a well known; as worst and brutal performer with: supposed { **enemy of the people.** }

I like to excuse my self to the reader! I will temporary jump from year 1950 to 1989. In old Yugoslavia the political situation was visually changing from dictatorial political system to multi party and democratic government. This change was actually expected years before, so the political secret police like Gregoric type was gradually losing all the feathers and getting silent with a lot of worry looking for a place to hide and hibernate for while, see what is going to happens to ex low terrorist enforcers Since my escape from Yugoslavia; 1951, I visit the Slovenia old Country three times. First time: 25 years after my escape. During my visits kept my self low ,and behave the right way because the commie wore still in power and I knew they have not forgot my pledge there for I behave accordingly; good and disciplined, was not talking what was no good for the still existing regime.

Gregoric was still at work. Of course I wouldn't disturb a sleeping dog, but in 1989 as I mention, the situation was getting different. Nearly forty years went by when I came from Australia; third time. Though: by now I could face; Gregorich from advantage point of view.

I inquire for his where about: not for a friendly encounter, rather **show myself off.** After all hi was my guarding angel in possession of my personal statement, and pledge; from Goli Island. I was supposed to spy for him and hi could manipulate me any way hi like but I escaped over the country border where hi couldn't reach me. *As the reader will realize I escaped and expect protection from the Italians; the ones, that at the very beginning of my story described;*



as malevolent.

Third time back in Yugoslavia I thought I can trace Gregoric. I found Him in the town of Koper; a retired and back broken man, as I could notice. Hi was waiting for me. Apparently the police station where I enquire about his address, let him know of my arrival. At his house door entrance; Gregorich was waiting, standing up, assisted by a pair of crutches. I felt pleasant, {sorry for my malice} see him in such state. After we greet, Gregoric lamented about His broken. Back. I immediately thought, but did not said: probably you attempt to brake some body also back and in process broke you own. *Serves you right I thought.* His fierceness completely vanish. Naturally; Gregorich aged; as my self. Hi on the side of hypocrite and privileged cast with good living standard. Me; former prisoner, country escapee, migrant, start whole life from scratch, yet in better running order then him self.

I told the beast, what difficulty I had to go over the State border as previously described and then ask him: suppose I was court when illegally crossing the border, { by Yugoslav standard; a betrayal } where would I be taken. In a very low voice, as was his natural way of speaking, Hi say: to me, to me, you would be delivered.

I my imagine his reaction if I was in his clutches; probably torturing me physically and mentally.

I was more than satisfied that the good times for the tyrant run out. Times for reconciliation, actually would be time for us victim to turn on them and give them theyr kind of treatment that they gave Us.

We spoke for probably half a hour about political changes that wore, at moment taken place. His wife; kindly serve me with coffee. When I left; Gregorich Hi accompany me to the house door. From there down to the pavement was about eight steps. At that moment even with my spasmodic veins in my legs, { I was latter operated and fill fine but then was different } **was prepared to saw off to the oppressor.** I ren down the steps to saw him: how physically healthy I am and hoped to course him same filling of envy. Because Hi was on crutches.

Actually I felt clumsy and weak when stupidly performing for Gregorič. To this day I wonder how did remain on my feet and not tumble down the steps and finish being ridiculed.

**Let me go back on Goly island because I am still a convict there, not home yet, as it appear to be. How many times have I been talking, like free man Let continue,** Some improvement was on the horizon soon after the voluntary {The reader would imagine how voluntary that was} written statement as described, before the interrogator.

Unexpected unforeseen surprise. At the beginning of June 1950; about 500, the whole Brigade, the convict with one leg on freedom, I believe all subscribes of the statement and pledges, wore on the same; all very known ship; Punat and taken across the sea to opposite shore in the small bay call Klenovica. This was, Dalmatians coast; opposite Goli island which from the coast was very visible, no more then a pair of kilometres away. When looking from shore back toward the island a tall precipice; 165 metres like stone wall that hid all inhumane and horrified activity that wore going on right behind.

It constantly reminding us of disenchant sad times, also make me feel sorry for the two thousands and more inmate still suffering right behind the tall island's wall. Klenovica; a fiord with no houses around, a bay with deep water. Actually; it did look a perfect small fiord with very steep rocky sides about eight km. south of a tourist town of Crikvenica.

In between, about four km. from Glenovica was the town of Novi. We were not permitted to go any where, wore still prisoners on the steep side of the Bay. A close proximity to the sea water; new barracks for about five hundred inmates were build.

Thanks to the good nature. Around us; springs of cool and clear water were springing every where. This was the first chance after eight month to have a distinct holly: over all wash.

Only couple of weeks latter, such change on the faces skin, no one from the island would recognise us.

One distinct satisfied event that was very apparent: no more bugs sucking our blood. They simply disappear. After ten month We lye on the same wooden bunk as on Goly but wooden bunk didn't worry us, was no problem, We wore used to it.

What was brilliant compare Goly, free from body scratching. No more lifting the cap for the warders, actually the warder wore hardly visible at any time. As mention: strong water springs wore at sea level. To wash my cloth I tie the under wear on a piece of string or wire and let afloat in the fast clean moving water. The fast flow of water would continually flatter the tied under wear and consequently washed it up. We wore: as the authority told us: only half prisoner, one leg on freedom, the other leg still facing; the gun barrel. Actually wore not strictly guarded, wore told: soon you shall be left to go home, there for no sense to escape and make harder for the rest. We wore there for two reason: Main one: to work on the new road that was taken place between: Rjeka Dubrovnik running along; the site of Velebit mountains and very close to the Adriatic sea. Second reason I think; to deceive the Worlds Media around the globe.

The Western media [ *We have not saw it* ] wrote about persecution and horrible treatment of anti Party expressionists. In Yugoslavia call: COM formist. [Com. Form ] One France and English delegation, separately came and enquire, where is the island for the Com Form.

Our convict's camp management [ *political security police in civil close* ] told the delegations: there is no such island that we know, but as you may see: here are the **Con Form believers** from entire Yugoslavia.

They point at us working along the new constructed road. So the delegation came among us. Of course We wore told in advance how to behave and how to express our self and then, there was only few that spoke either language. { English or French }

While hosting the delegation, We gather all together and shout at the top of one's voice, like maniacs, in favour for Tito's Yugoslavia, Rankovic, *Internal Minister*, the Communist party etc. **Any think to favour the regime to prevent being send back to the Island.**

Eagle eyes from security were up on us and one wrong wink of an eye to the delegation could have very serious consequence.

The delegations most likely couldn't work out the meaning of our senseless stupid uncontrollable behaviour. They probably thought: If all this people are ex Communist, all against; Yugoslav system and ways of gaining Socialism, way all the slogans in favour of Yugoslavia and their leadership, and then, we did looks like free people, not detainees. There wore no guards present, nor was there near by any body visible from the prisoners barracks administration.

Just imagine, what would happen to any; would be damp and courageously open the mouth and drop a word for the delegation. Look behind, there; see that small island is call Goli, There are the: *Com Form*. About 3 thousand of them. Actually; only about two kilometres across the sea was the island for the *Com. Form's*.

While still on Goli island, there were rumours that on the next island, only few Kilometres away; North, was a island call St Gregor. On mention island suppose to be a same penalty camp as our, but only for woman. **Many times I wonder, how could women with different needs then man, especially with no water and other means of hyglene endure under same condition as our.**

The though of it; several times. It terrified me and makes me feel extremely sorry for any women so unfortunate if really have gone through such trauma.

I Never met any woman that has gone through that experience but in Australia met a young man; claiming that his Mother went through it, but was no time for more details.

Back to work on the coast at Clenovica. Work on the road was organised, as to compete among our self's. Best man of the day, would be rewarded the next morning in front of all present, his name read while standing by the flag pole and raise the National Flag with the whole crowd singing the national Hymn. My self have received the honour few times.

Regarding best day result, I should raise the Flag, most of days, but the administration want to give others worker the satisfaction too. Reasonable.

The ground where We work was solid hard lime rock, hardly any soil. We did work in pairs with a four kilos striker hammer and few steel borers per pair.

One man hold the borer and the other with the hammer; strikes at the upper end of it. Holding the borer is easier then striking but so much more daring there for We change over as We felt. This is a primitive way, drilling holes in the hard lime rock. When the striker swing the hammer but is of poor aim, may miss; the borer.

The consequence is: the borer holder get knocked with the hammer over the hands; May be very painful, some skin pills, some bleeding and usually the hand's skin change from normal colour to blue, not necessary broken bones, because the hands are holding the borer with loos grip and as far below the top possible.

The ready holes in the rock have after We finish work been by professional miners filled with dynamite and blasted.

The reader may excuse Me if I praised my self for being among the best hammer striker. Many workers from different nationality offer to be my working partner. Unfortunately there have been very few that could be trusted hammering. Every miss of the hammer that strikes the hands, there is hundred excuses and sorrow's but all that doesn't stop blood flow or reduce pain. About five hundred man working blasting rocks with out a Doctor or first aid. All We could do when wounded: or prevent from wounds, wrap the hand with some thrown away dirty rags ( *unserviceable shirt* ) that stoped the blood and with that also protect the hands from next coming hummer strike.

Most unique and most of the time, my partner was Jarc, an ex Slovenian Captain in Tito's body guard.

I must price Him because Hi put all his effort in aiming at the borer and made sure to strike at the right spot, but ones in every couple hundred or so strikes: a miss. I abuse him terrible. Because I was really good at it, felt like that I am his superior Captain. Who the bloody hell made you a captain when incapable to strike the borer head on. Sorry Gomizel, very sorry, hi would repeat several times. I believed Him. The ex captain was really sorry, just about cry on my shoulder. I finish feeling sorry for him because I notice and understood that hi was genuine sorry.

In en average day work we would bore several holes with a total of about two and more metres deep, provide the sharpness of borer did not brake off.

Usually would have spares. When all the borers available to one pair or miners as they call us, would be worn out or broken, same body would take it to the black smith, a kilometre down the road to a black smith work shop. Some time; my self would take the crooked borer to the black smith because was unable to work any way. The black smith; a saw off civilian.

On may first arrival in the work shop, first think Hi pull a pair of girls knickers off his pocket; boasting his conquest with touring German's girls. I was not impress at all, only smile to confirm. Mine mind was far from shown niceness, although I haven't even seen a woman for last twelve month. Mention sexual event was far from impressive or relevant for my circumstance. I was still a prisoner and the though of it reflect my seriousness. What ever We spoke was strictly about black smiths work. If the black smith knew that I was a prisoner I don't know. I had spoken not one word more than necessary. Hi could be an informer for our secret police and

management. Although the management was telling us that we are with one foot on liberty and soon freed on the other leg.

Even with only one foot on liberty outside the devil island was heaven. I hope to stay that way till get the other foot freed, there for I ought to be care-full with my tongue because I would rather be dead than send back on the island.

Hope I will soon be released and that was all I care about.

Here on the mainland I didn't mind working harder, also felt good, did like the job because was successful. My be the nearly nervous relaxation, filling freedom soon made me fill enthusiastic.

I accept the miners job with pride. I did like to swing the hammer. Project Engineers would stop and watch me swing the hammer, plus working along the sea shore was beautifully.

The food was better and delivered by boat; very punctually at twelve o'clock on to the sea shore right along the working side. No need to go any where for dinner and any body after lunch filling for a swim, all had to do was; just roll in the Adriatic crystal clean and warm water. Also important: we did not see or hear the rest of sorry inmate behind the barber wire and no saluting the guards by removal of the cap; hundred times a day like before.

Under described condition the whole so call Brigade work for two month.

Whit-out being given any clue. I think; was first July early morning, instead going to work the usual ship unexpected came, We all embark where ever place was more suitable. The whole brigade was taken back to Goli island. Not crept in side the small compartment, like first time when brought to the island but free to move around, but was no enthusiasm going back, at least not for me, rather frightening experience. Although all of us knew that We are going to be freed that same day I was personally suspicious because of previous knock back experience.

It happen before as described, when I was left behind. It my happen again, send behind the barber wire in the hell among the mad man's. What about? I my not be on the list like the first time. I shiver remembering my first arrival, even more distinctly remembering the new arrivals to the penitentiary and such unexpected and cruel reception. Any think negative my bee suspected out of such mean and cruel regime.

After one hour or so, hesitantly step ashore the Goly island, I felt very uncomfortable because right away could hear the desperate unsecured convict anxious and desperate to be freed, especially after they saw us coming back completely presentable; washed and clean, while the islander still with dirty faces and ragged as when We first left.

From the ship We all walked toward the position, where convict have been; previously freed and in view to the rest of the island inmate.

In the process met convict passing by that wore still in the dark in regard their future. A very sorry encounter.

Thank; We were not waiting very long. Soon the man like the first time; the security Colonel, Manager of the Marble Enterprise arrive with the list of names. Place him self on a higher ground, from where could be seen by every one. I was extremely tense.

Yes, No, What is going to be, this time. Hi commence reading in alphabetical order and soon, hear my name mention. My disposition simply light up bright. I throw my head cap up in the air. In disbelieve cry hurrah but still find hard to believe my own hears. Was this only a dream or wishful thinking, to became finally free. What a jolly filling.

The Colonel read all names and as far I remember; was no rejection of any body.

Took me a while before I settled believing; Yes, yes, finally free on both legs.

If I had wings like crow, I would fly straight home. Never before have I been in such deep desire to be home, sweet home. After some speeches that I have no idea, nor did I care what it was, some body among us wound up person; all ready suggested

to us all to volunteer for next two month at the same road project, where we already work for last two month.

We all suspected such hospitality, rather stupidity toward the regime but could do nothing about. Was all part of the penalty. Was a relieve going back to the same working place as before. Was much better proposition then going to work in some under ground old mine where first Brigade volunteer.

This suppose to be: pay tribute to the Party and **Socialist regime of Yugoslavia** for given us a second chance instead of put us in front of a firing squad. We still own the regime our life and in consequence the regime is using us.

**Now would be the right time to tell them; to go and get F.**

What ironic self fishiness. Have not one year of my life all ready been wasted away for hardly any reason and not justify? Now I owe the penitentiary or government, another two month for my maintenance or preservation of my body. So when arrive home I shell look nice.

I, the victim owe the exploiter two more month of work in gratitude for not being shoot.

They call this type of political system: Peoples Democracy. This is a political joke not people democracy where any think may happen to any defence-less person or decided up on and no question owe to bee ask.

In such circumstances as I was and the rest of us, we could hardly say to the voluntary work, **no**. To the question: would You all be prepared to work for two month? Of course We prepared, have no choice. Actually We all over react with **two faced enthusiasm: YES**, yes thank for asking us, like being all taken on a long joyous journey. From this moment on We became **Voluntary WORKING BRIGADE**.

Two more months of endurance of hard work with pretended smiles.

Like on the first discharge; seven month earlier, We have been entertain with; already mention **< Alva >**

As soon the usual ratio of food and the specialty of **Alva** was consumed to our satisfaction, were told to embark back on the ship **Punat**.

*We all promise to our self to prepare a portion of **ALVA** when arriving home. I describe the event in the previous pages.*

Thanks! We left the island immediately. I don't think any body have the desire to stay on the island one minute longer then necessary and listen to the unfortunate inmate suffering, yet they sound happy in the shape of inspiration like Us before. Nor would we like to be constantly reminded of the bitter island past. That same day, wore back on the shores of **Klenovica** in side the barracks that abandoned only morning of the same day. This time they call us: free mans on both feet but not allowed to abandon the camp and go home as free mans.

**We progressed any way. Two more month shall be over in no time.**

The journey back to **Klenovica** was nationally and socially completely different event then the in morning to the island.

**Was no more the usual Yugoslav brother hood of togetherness.** Slovenia have always been different from the south Yugoslav nation, simply because We wore; trough out our history brought up; by Western influence. Our language culture living manner, especially the way of singing is nothing in common with the rest of Yugoslavia. As I stated: on our way back to **Klenovica**; Slovenians gather together for the sake of speaking the mother language, singing only Slovenian songs and We sang; all the way, no stop, to **Klenovica**.

What the rest of other Yugoslav nationality though of it, We couldn't care less.

Before being freed, such gathering, would be out of question. Would be: nationalistic. Actually it was nationalistic.

I overjoyed all the way but could not loos out of my mind the filling of sorrow for about two thousand and more, mostly innocent people left on the **Goli** still suffering for hardly any justify reason.

The Slovenian that were punish < boycott > by the inmates themselves, were not yet among us, but Martin.

I mention, that Slovenian in many ways are different from the rest of Yugoslav nations: Croatian Serbs.

Only after the collapse of old Yugoslavia the Slovenian historian were able to publicly publish that Slovenian belong to the central European Slav group: Check, Slovak and Polish not South or Balkan group; Croatian Serb and Bulgarian.

Serb were right trough the centuries stressing that all Yugoslav nations, including Slovenian; belong to a south common group of nations. There for specially Serbs were offended when us Slovenian use our own mother language. They have got sort of arrogant chauvinistic say: talk Serbian; half of the World shell understand you.

On the other side the southerner wouldn't make the smallest effort to try understand or talk Slovenian. So Slovenian is all ways obliged to talk with the Southerners in Serbo-Croatian.

So, let go back to the day event when the Brigade was freed.

We left Klenovica in the morning on our way to Goly with one leg tie, and arrive back at Klenovica with both legs free. So, We are officially free on both legs, but not free to go home, because we stumble with the pledge; against our desire but jointly confirm for the next two month to work voluntary on the same project We left in the morning.

But are free to write home, receive parcels, money and visits from relatives, however not in the camp or during; working period. The camp wouldn't be very presentable, specially for the classy type. Guess what would mothers or wife's say; after seen the condition of our accommodation; sleeping on timber board, but for a blanket.

We could be visited on Sunday in the nearest town of Novi, or any where out site the camp.

That same evening: first day of freedom, few mans walk to the Post office that was not too far and from the Post Office send telegrams to theirs relatives.

Day after, few already received money cheques. Couple days latter; parcels with food and money commence arriving in hips.

I only let my parents know where I am and that we my meet any Sunday in the village of Novi. I forgot how long before my Father arrive but I do remember, by the time my home food parcel arrive; food was plentiful, as much one could eat because so many individuals received so many parcels with food, others received big many cheques.

The local Post office was suddenly over loaded and couldn't coup with the dispatch. Just imagine; over night about five hundred new desperate customers. The security staffs truck was coming and going to the Post office to pick up and deliver the parcels for the working brigade.

Food ratio was same as before when prisoner, with the difference, that only about thirty % of voluntary workers used the administration food, including my self.

Already described coffee for breakfast, seasoned **beans for lunch and same for supper**. With every mill a loaf of tasty fresh bread which was delivered every day from the Goli island. But so many man, more then half in the Brigade wore; apparently from wealthy family's with great amount of money. They could afford better food from the local shops and even going to restaurant to Novi town and eat there.

So seasoned beans and fresh bread was more the abundant. One could take as much food one's desire. At every mill, food was left unconsumed.

I confess that mention food : *beans and, bread* was always and still is my favoured food, there for I consumed it with great pleasure in greater amount possible.

More then half century latter I still like beans; cooked, beans in salad with vinegar and oil, same garlic and paper; a perfect meal. Even more tasty: beans in minestrone with same pasta , well seasoned with dry smoked hog's etc. yummy-yummy. Do not laugh at my modest taste.

Back home is an old say: beans is the poor people meat, **if not better then meat**, which prove on me, also on my friend Martin during our voluntary work . At the beginning of month of July when freed, our weight was about sixty five kg. each. On our release two month latter; We were about: 95 kg. Let the reader wonder; how much beans and bread were consume by only my self and Martin, if in about sixty days; we put on our body about thirty and more Kilos of fat each. This is en approximate figure. My first chance to step on the scale, was when; arrived home.

Let go a little back. Since proclaim free, but pledge to work for two more month, we still wore as working brigade but with out worry and tension.

No foe to catch, only counting how many more sleeps is left before departure. All I remember: we eat and work and was plenty of both. No more overact glory to mother Party, no overact and compulsive political discussion.

To be on secure side; just in case while I am here I was still available for **cultural; singing activity**. As I already told: work was very close to the clearest and warm Adriatic sea water. Lunch was delivered by boat to the nearest working place. With abundant food and freedom in a couple of weeks; mostly of us regain plenty of energy, so after lunch, mostly of us would jump in to the sea, swim around then lie in the shade till 1 p. m. Resume afternoon work till 5 p. m.

Sunday was holiday and mostly of us would walk to the mention village of Novi, have a drink and meet friends and relatives etc.

One evening, with my friend; Martin going back to camp, by now recover and odd on lot of Kg.. plus energy.

Remember back, when I stated that first condition to be freed from the island was; **discovering the enemy**. So one evening of course as free man's coming back from town Novi, accidentally with us was the man, *[ let call him Jack, I don't remember his proper name ]* that on the island still as prisoners under pressure and act of compulsive discovery of the so call enemy; did accuse my friend Martin of wrong doing to the Party and in consequence Martin was < **boycotted** > Jack naturally; forgot all about, but Martin hasn't.

As Jack walked in front, Martin seeing Jack practically under His feet, remind Him the long past evening when Jack accused Martin of wrong doing to the Party. Martin suddenly became outrageous over past grievance, so with out saying a word, from the back, grabbed Jack for the neck and press him all the way to the ground.

Remember! Martin furiously said to Jack: to make your self valued, you accuse me of wrong doing. I was for three weeks; cruelly mistreated; remember?. Now with one blow I am going to brake your neck and cause some grievance to you. Remember I owe you this

Martin, probably would like to do exactly what Hi said, but thought of his loving family, that has not saw for more then a year.

**Jack was wary for his life, neo**, - but on the island hi made himself valued under protection of the barrack's collective and political security.

At the moment, the situation was absolutely different. **Jack is alone** and threaten by his victim and no protection from the barrack's crowd. Definitely not from me. **Jack full of humillty began to bag. Please, I beg you pardon Martin, but you know the situation, I had to do it. We all had do it. I want to go home, as well as you.** Martin let Jack go. Never meant to harm him any way, only want to prove to Jack that hi is stronger and superior under equal condition.

We continue back to camp, with no more quarrel.

Last time I meet Martin 1989 Thirty nine years after released from the island Goly. Hi was eight years senior them me but still full of life. We spoke; a lot about our past sad experience.

The old Yugoslavia that martyr us was still in existence, politically very mellow, economically in decay and falling to ruin out of proportion. The regime already; fear the on coming; **disintegration of Yugoslav federalism and unsuccessful Communism, separation of Slovenia from the rest of Yugoslavia etc.**

On the streets of capital city of Slovenia. we could hear: loud open anti Communist propaganda speeches in favour; for multi party political government.

On the eights floor where Martin and his wife were lodging, us two, full of nostalgic? memories from Goly but very happy after forty years of separation, stand by the open window and sang old partisan songs which; forty years after the war, wore sang; mostly to ridicule the communist regime. Martin was a good tenor and sang in my Slovenian island choral.

We cry the Goly stupid song at the top of one-s voice.

Martin wife was yelling at us: you two are absolutely mad, finish shouting for joy, they will imprison you again. **Martin said: no more imprisonment, the water is running in the regime throat, want be long, before they shall be choked.** We continue to sing on and had a great time.

Sorry reader. I jump from My narration forty years ahead. Is not the first time. .

I am still at, so call; *voluntary* working place where I *pledge* to stay for two more month, means: after being release from penitence.

Being freed on the other leg, **as the sheriffs call it**, working system has not changed, but living condition has. We have been working even harder by using same facility and tools as before, but much stronger in spirit and muscles.

Not frighten of each other, just caution.

As I mention; a lot of man want to be my working partners because I was good striker, actually a good aimer at the borer. I would; no stop; strike the borer for up to four hundred times providing the inclination of the bored hole was close to parallel or inclined down. In that position the chipped dust would seep out by it self, but if the bored hole was facing up the dust stays in the hole and soon jams the borer from turning, there for; striking stops. The chipped stone dust have to be taken out with a special tool and that takes few minutes. The borer holder do the outflow of the chipping while the striker rest. Soon the dust is out; striking resume. This is usual practice

During the two month working on the project I have been three times proclaim:

**Brigade's shock worker with written certificate.**

In Yugoslavia shock worker; were considered as Elite, given certain privilege *but the system did denial any of it for me. You will read about latter.*

**Way I donned? way I work so hard?** To start; I am diligent in most activity, especially if the work is a tape that I like and the one that I can perform with easy, sensing that I can perform better then others. I shall do my best to be the best. While working with enthusiasm I completely forgot that back on the island I gave notice to the Manager; Colonel of Security that I was weakened from wounds on my hand and legs, there for the Colonel stipulate me on easier work. I was weakened all right, also; on the island was no purpose to prove any think with enthusiastic physical work. Lucky I got away with it and then was not point trying to prove some think that serve no purpose.

On mention voluntary construction I was working with enthusiasm more then most men. Simple, I did like the work, I roughen up, regain my strength and most important: my moral was good because I sensed freedom.

At the end of two month voluntary work, all of us wore given a right on a military truck to the Rjeka railway station, about fifty or so kilometres away with a document that gave us free travel on all passengers transport all the way home. Finally; thank God! beginning of August 1950. Couldn't believe being home, even days after arriving I though that I am dreaming.

Is possible after some hopeless instances when saw my self and probably others prisoners though the same that our bones are going to dry on the bare Goli rocks. Actually many times wonder? Will I ever get home alive.

Well, I am home now and consider this; **as awakening from dead**, hope such event shall never repeat.



From now on I better keep the event in good memory and make sure; in future to be wiser and careful, to whom I disclose my past and measure my words. No more telling undesired jokes, about the regime or measuring the leaving standard, etc.

I felt being different; more cautions, fearful and timorous but inside my mind felt being revengeful for my time losses, suffering and distress.

I knew with whom to take revenge if I could; Yes His name was: Ivo Valenčič.

Back at the establishment where I did work one year and two months before;

Valenčič was in charge for the department of personal affairs.

Those days; in every Government enterprise such department existed and was under a banner of employment office, actually it was; employment department but was also a common political supervision over the employee. Mention man; Valenčič was the initiator for my exclusion from the C.P. He was the principal; accuser against Me, the one that wanted to prove his objects of value and loyalty through other people suffering.

I wish I could take some revenge but I was powerless to do anything because He was still on that same position. Informer. All I could do was: ask him why did he do it? Valenčič in reply said: Well: Then, *[ He meant before my arrest ]* you really needed a bit of trashing because you had responsible political functions as a member in the City youth Committee and at the establishment. You had influence, plus many youth were looking up to you.

Suddenly you begin to act, also behaved irresponsible by denigrating the regime. Actually, was not meant to be such severe punishment he said, but once you were arrested, were out of my control.

Since Slovenia is liberated from old Yugoslavia and became independent, the political security police; simply cease to exist and got away unpunished. The new regime; probably for good reason just ignore everything. Thinking again; is better this way because if the new regime would begin to prosecute all the previous regime wrong doing it would initiate a new political agitation.

In the nineties; one person from Australia called Skok, was my working maid there for had few small talks regarding past life. One word brought to another, so we concluded that Skok knew Valenčič, my persecutor. Actually Skok was from the same place as Valenčič himself. As Skok was soon going to visit his home town, I asked him if he had anything against to pay a visit at Valenčič's place and among usual common talk mention Me and the trauma caused by him, just a little reproach. Wonder what is going to be Valenčič's reaction.

Skok came back from Slovenia, told me that he met the man, asked if he still remembers Vern, *{ that Me }* and the answer was: Valenčič does remember me also remembers the consequence of my treacherous behavior, as he put it, I am sorry for him he said, but had no regrets. He said, that how it was those days, it couldn't be helped.

I probably was one among many that endure suffering because of Valenčič. Sorry dear reader. Let me continue.

On my arrival from the island, I was not really aware of all my losses. I thought: after sustaining the administrative penalty; everything shall be all right, back to normal, but that wasn't the case.

Without being advised, lost my invalid pension and all social benefits. I do not know about national citizenship, because I never enquire.

Up to this day, I still can't agree nor digest the fact that by upsetting the ruling class which is not even democratically elected by the people. One has to go through such ordeal: suffer physical and stress consequences, only to preserve their bourgeois position.

With my little talk, probably stupid unworthy of taking notice; did I really commit such crime to be put away for 14 months, under most severe mental and physical torture and for the rest of my life; lose my invalid pension and others' right. In other words: by losing the citizenship I practically lost all my right. After enquire at the Invalid Veteran Head Quarter where I belong, as Veteran combatant and

invalid, way I do not receive the invalid pension. *They knew all about, except that they didn't not mention. They simply ply ignorant.*

**But they suggested an impossible proposition.**

**If I can prove that I was penalised I shall receive my veterinary pension.** This was only another typical Communist deception which at the moment I couldn't realise. I did except the proposition seriously, so went to the Regional Court and requested a certificate of my penalty verdict. To receive such certificate from the Court was first requested, first to pay 400 Dinari, then told to come and pick the requested certificate the next day.

In red Yugoslavia; one never ever get from the bureaucracy the requested items

that same day because every request by any body, first goes to the Security police where one is put on the riddle.

The Security have for every think the first and the last say.

Next day arrive at the Regional Court to pick the requested certificate. **What they gave me:** [ translated from Slovenian to English: ] **According to evidence: People Court statistic: comrade, V. Gomizel has never been penalised.**

I want a certificate of verdict, as was the fact, not a court clearance I said.

**OK, pay again: 400 Din. Tomorrow will be ready for you.** Next day, again they gave me: **exactly the same certificate as the day before.** I bet, the Court administration were prepared to repeat mention act no stop and every time request another 400 Din, as many time as I would be prepared to persist, just to irritate me. In spite of all that. With two certificate I have gone to the Invalid Veterinary Head Quarter hoping to get what is my right. Invalid pension.

No way. They told me: if I can prove where have I been for last fifteen months, I will get the pension.

Officially I couldn't prove anything. They were not game to tell the truth. On the other side I was not supposed to tell that I was on the Goly island Deception, deception.

Before My arrest I had same cloth to wear but now had none or not enough. As I previously stated, I have been **proclaim; shock workers**, means: entitlement to bay cheaper cloth and footwear.

I show the paper; at my District administration. They told me: you are in the right to bay cheaper cloth, however you get it in the region where you have bin working, **not here.** Write to them.

I did as advise. Wrote to the District of Crikvenica where voluntary work for two month and became shock worker.

A week or so latter, received the answer from the Crikvenica District office, with the statement. You are in title to receive, your entitlement at your residential District of Sezana. Deception again.

**All my cases runs to the dead ends.**

Typical in a system that is ruled and every think control by a centralized dictatorial political Party.

If one door shuts, every others are shuts. **For the lot of Government establishment doors, there is; only one door keeper with exactly same name and same program.**

**And this system is got the guts to call it self: democratic, People Republic, people Democracy, People property, people Court. etc. simply a joke.**

**As much enthusiasm for Liberty and Democracy had in 1943, that much and much more resentment I felt toward the existng regime that is not democratic or social, but only; personal protection of own interest and position, like Milovan Dials describe in his book: Tretia clausa " { third class }"**

Eventually I have gone to the employment office looking for a job. The man in charge went over a lot of paper then offer me a job: if I remember; it was labouring

in the foundry in upper Slovenia Jesenice about hundred Kilometres away, much too far away.

In another words: the employment man being a Party member, surely knew my situation, there for like all others previously tend to bi difficult.

I was definitely not prepared to go in some remote place not knowing the exact condition, there for; refuse it.

I thought: I rather tillage on the farm, although my previous decision was; that I shall never till the land.

I felt sorry for my self. Apparently I shall never came to terms with existed exploiter regime. Once they put You down they hold you there for ever, never again recognise.

I was very demoralized, inasmuch I would take any think as long it would bee close to home. Finally after many disappointments being away from home I realised home is the sweetest place to be.

A couple of days latter My luck changed after lamented my frustration to an old acquaintance; a typical opportunist, not knowing that he is got good contacts with Security Police.

I didn't understand way the hypocrite had the change of heard and a soft filling for Me. Actually this bloke took interest in my problem, of course after I explain my innocent guilt that multiply in a major federal offences. As I lamented and minimise My guilt like this: **For only few naive slips of tongue, I had to pay so brutally.** More then one year wasted with the consequence: little I had but lost every thing and felt that every think plummeted right down to the ground.

I really deserve a bit of sympathy I said.

Next day the mention acquaintance came to see me. His selfish heard soften up and probably felt sorry for me. From there on, thing change for the better.

Apparently My acquaintance spoke with some body important, and propose to see the Captain; District Security chief.

Apparently hi spoke with mention chap, but has not mention it to me. OK. I will go and see this bloke even if I get some bashing. I am used to it any way. What have I got to lose I though. I better go and see this senior security, What has Hi got for Me. Next day decided to meet the security chief. Seam that Hi was expecting Me. As I arrive and enquire very politely for the Captain in chief, Hi came out of His office and accepted me kindly. I was very surprise. Of course, he knew all negative and positive sides about me, like he knew: every thing about every body in the District. He have the capacity to make me, or brake me. According to his soft talk, I understood he felt a bit sorry for me. He mention severe punishment I had to endure and sufferance. I was glad hi understood.

The chief ask me, what work would I like? I said: I like to do what was I previously doing: **scheme and projecting, or accountancy, was my answer.** Right he said. You have the job at District people Committee. Start tomorrow.

This was an Administrative district civil office.

I presented my self at the given location. I was given the job as promised but there was no work to perform. So this was only to receive a wages, not necessary do any work. Like a year before, just a month before being arrested, if the reader recall when thrown { thanks } out of the Party, transfer and given a job in Ljubljana, where was nothing to do.

I though, this wouldn't last for long there fore I am compel, sooner possible to find an alternative job. Stay here do nothing till a chance appear, I though.

One event, I like to mention. Is not important, yet I like to stress, that I couldn't escape notice, when arrive home among village people that knew me, I was outstanding with my darkest skin and white hear. People would ask: what happen to you? you look like a nigger! They would turn the matter into a joke. No wonder, for last twelve months have every day, but few when rain, been on Dalmatian air and sunshine: from eight up to sixteen hrs. daily.

Let's go back to more serious matters. About a month at my new mention employment, I over hear two man on a fairly responsible works talking; like this: a person ought to be found to go for few weeks to a place call: Ragaska Slatine and learn a trade that here in Sezana; no one knows.

**I like what I heard. Here is some think for me I thought. Wether they deliberately spoke to be overheard by me, or was just coincidence, I do not know. I interrupted the conversation, I shall go to Ragaska I said.** They seem to be very satisfied with my interruption. OK, If you want it, it's OK with us. The economical situation in Sežana was such: local people in surrounding villages working on the land tend to abandon the land and go after a better and easier life, means: work in some industry. The regime on the other side want to hold the people on the land by erecting locally small industry in their close proximity, where a good percentage of country population from villages work and in spare time they till the land. In the industry they earn the cash and in spare time they produced enough food for them self's plus produce a specially good vine call Refosk for local consumption and export.

**Actually it was very good for general population. Working in Industry and at home, on own land produce the vine or grapes for the market. etc.**

I also overhear that, few days ago; the Vice President of Yugoslavia: Edward Kardel was in Sežana for this very reason; to create new jobs.

The Vice President suggested and promise government financial assistance for one more small factory to be erected in Sežana at an ex quarry.

This is going to be the place, where after my training in Rogaška, I would train other people manufacturing new product. **{ start mostly with various glass buttons }** at the new erected factory in my town Sežana, but first: I have to go to Rogaška, learn the know how; my self.

Next week I shall depart to Rogaška, a place I never been before. Actually is a tourist resort with mineral, natural water; [ spa ]. There is for a little Slovenia a big factory where every think made from glass is produced for local consumption and export. At Sežana they told me to stay until; feel confident, that I can produce glass buttons which is going to be the first product at the new factory when erected.

I am going to lodge in a private house they told Me, very close to the factory, where my future factory manager in Sežana recommended me.

Board the train at Sežana and as usual, if wether permitted I just love to look at the nature through the train open window, specially after a long spell with out having a good train right. Was a fine day, there for enjoy standing in the passage window and watching the outside nature. Specially after the train was roaring past Ljubljana gently along the Sava river for many kilometres; on one and the other site wore green hills with family and farmer's houses. On the houses walls wore, as it is tradition in Slovenia; red flavours. The train was approaching the railway crossing; Zidani Most.

With elbow over the open window and starring at the fast passing nature; a new adventure was in the making.

Apparently you are astonish looking at beautiful Slovenian nature; a voice behind my back, heard it say. Turning around, a nice looking middle aged gentleman was standing by the side; kindly smiling at me. He was dressed in a good brown suit, white shirt with good looking tie that match the suit. In his hand; a business bag. Surely this man is of a special class: Engineer, Researcher, Doctor. Obviously hi want to converse with me.

Usually such people keeps to themselves. This one is different I thought. So: let hear what is on his mind. Among our general conversation, where I mention my unfortunate past on the Goli island. Soon hi boast; having many friends in Austria. Now I understand I thought, way the man want to be my colleague. Hi want to mobilize me to the anti Yugoslav terrorist organisation that was situated in Austria. With this impression in my mind I was trying to distance my self from the gentleman.

I want nothing of his friendship in Austria, I have enough of my own political problems.

I was just released from hell, I thought. This man wants me back in it. O, no I thought. Rather dead than back on the island.

Of course, I already told him before where am I going and that I am going to stay there for a few weeks.

The friendly man that wanted to befriend me by the name Joe said; I will visit you at the factory, we friends, aren't we. He said.

I thought; how could two men that meet; just ones; for only half of an hour on a moving train become instant friends. And of not even similar age. He must have been twenty years older.

Definitely same thing very sinister. Surely he is not going to visit me. What for. He couldn't be serious, so I thought and hoped.

In the glass factory I was satisfied learning a new trade from a friendly German ex; P.O.W. that, after his prisoner term expires and for his own convenience did not return to Germany.

I lodge; only a couple hundred meters from the factory, so I did have ample time to read books and news papers. As the reader knows; it was only few weeks after my release from captivity there for I was much then usual quiet, timid and adventureless.

The owner of the lodging house where I was recommended by the future factory manager at Sežana was a pretty young widow about thirty with a twelve year daughter. Apparently her deceased husband died as Partisan combatant during the war.

Unexpected but pleasantly surprised after being few days at the lady's lodge. She invited me to an evening's function with another young couple to the restaurant for tea and dance. She chose me for partner. I was proud and contented to be in her company. After all, even being much older she was a nice looking lady. My feelings wore; that she was comfortable in company with a much younger gentleman, but me being shy kept distance, even that my desire wore; to be as close possible to her. Whatever her or mine desire we never got closer.

Couple weeks went by and in mean time I completely forgot Joe, *my train fellow traveller*, when one afternoon at gate factory entrance the loud speaker unexpectedly calling my name, to present myself at the factory entrance.

Very anxious and curious; what that my be.

As I was approaching the gate I notice my *forgotten < friend Joe >* standing on the outside the factory with both hands holding the handle bar of a push bike.

O, no, I thought not him, again. What he wants? Why he goes out his way to meet me. I feel nothing for him I thought. I felt like walking away from him but I couldn't endure such disrespect for the man, even that I didn't even know him.

Hesitantly walk toward Joe but at that moment I really wish not to meet him. While Joe was waiting all enthusiastic with open arms and when was close enough he embraced me like a very long time missing old friends.

I definitely did not appreciate to see him but couldn't find any solution without either side embarrassment. On the other side I was a little curious, who he is and what is he after.

After an amiable greeting Joe said: Have you got the time. Can you go out; Joe asks me. I should answer: no! but couldn't tell a lie. Yes I can go out with you I reply.

Hesitatingly we walk one either side of the bicycle to the nearest hotel. This place called: Rogaška Slatina was a tourist resort but at that time of the year was out of season, so the hotels were practically empty.

Joe lead ahead in an empty big room. As I look at him he knew the place. At the end of the first room was another door, so Joe open it and walked through in to even bigger fully furnished room. Apparently Joe was here before. How could he other way with such confidence walk from one room to another if he wasn't there before. I was wondering? What is the point walking from the first empty in to another empty. We could stop at the first one, why seek such a privacy. I have nothing to hide,

apparently Hi has. I was not impressed with Joe action at all. Ask me to sit down, which I did, then ask me; if I would consume a portion of roast pork. Didn't say yes or no, only surprised and stoned look at Joe. Roast pork? I thought.

Such offer in old Yugoslavia in 1951 wore for ordinary people like my self; **only smell from distance**. Eating it, was only in the dreams. Especially me so soon after coming back from captivity where for twelve month only ate beans and bread. Neo Joe ask me: if I would eat roast pork.

Of course would like to eat such goodies but said nothing. Joe left, I presume to the kitchen ordering; roast pork. Soon was back with a bottle of black wine and glasses. Sat down drinking and talking, I don't know what was the subject because I continue to wonder; What is Hi after? Such unusual event that I was too ignorant to compare it with any think, or was I such ignorant that till today I can't imagine my shallowness.

While siting; only us two in the big room one each site at the end of the table; two uninvited middle aged women by my judgment from peasant stock with a backwardness appearance and presumable religious; came along.

One women grabbed Joe hand and passionately kissed it. Joe was visible annoyed there for pushed the lady away. I was stoned again not knowing the reason. A women kissing mans hands, what is the point, Way ? I must have been very ignorant and naïve. My be because of broken and interrupted from real mans life on the Goli island. The stress on the island have changed me in to impractical and backward.

Lucky interruption broke my embarrassment. **Roast pork was brought on the table, for me only**. What about you! I protested to Joe. *Not seriously* This is for you only, Joe reply. OK. I am not going to argue what is right or wrong I thought, when seen the good chunk of golden looking pork roast before me and appetite that would equal to savannah lion.

I commence eating with speed and satisfaction like that a beast of prey want to take it from me.

Was definitely better staff then the mention; **Alva on the Goli island**.

If the reader still remember the special ratio of food that was prepared for the freed convict on the Goly before the haul brigade; that I was part of it left the island.

Thank Joe I thought, who ever you are and what ever are You after.

So far you have done no harm. Let hope; { *I could compare My self with a puppy dog* } Joe keep it that way I thought, but curiosity in my mind was plying: who is Joe?

This secret or My curiosity **was getting gradually stronger than the tasty pork roast, especially after the ladies kissed Joe hand**.

What hi want from me; **bothers me**. I was suspecting something dangerous? yet was curious and like to find out. Couldn't just walk away. If Hi is so determined to get trough with it I wand to know and I am going to test him till get to the bottom of it.

By now I should know what is Hi after. Apparently I was stupid and ignorant.

I forgot that years back I had such affectionate experience but in this case I was sure; Joe is plying anti Yugoslav politics.

No body offers roast pork and good wine for no reason I thought.

At Joe suggestion We left the hotel and walk along side a church. Joe said: I hear this church is very beautiful, let see it. Being atheist, { *should call my self: art ignorant* } I reply: not interested in churches. Next time, Joe said.

Walking on among the fields, along the narrow tracks; talking and again; Joe mention his Austrian friend which for safety reason worries me being in wrong company. Surely Joe only want to make a good impression by mentioning His Austrian friends, also to keep the conversation going because I was fairly taciturn.

Suddenly Joe led over green grass, lie down his rain coat and both sat on it, then smile at me saying: I know you still worry who I am. Yes I said, with some relive I am worry Who you are and what you are after.

Joe pull the wallet out of his pocket and from it remove the bicycle identification document and handed it to me. First I want to know, what is his trade I thought. Catholic Priest is written. Expecting any think, but Priest?

I was extremely astonished. Joe notice my incredibility, I must have change the colour on my face, because I felt the warm all over my head. You don't believe me, Hi said, I show you more prove; open his bag and pull the Priest white collar and fitted it around his neck. I just couldn't believe, what was experiencing. O; another prove Joe interrupted, unrolling a small parcel of hosts, probably about hundred or more. Eat it; hi said to me.

That not suppose, to be eaten I said. They are not blessed, was his reply.

You can just munch it, no problem. I want to get rid of it any way, Hi say.

Now, more then ever I was certain, that hi is anti Yugoslav collaborator with Slovenian so call: crusaders hidden over the border in Austria for which I couldn't care less.

I didn't really mind, being what hi is, but my safety before the security police is at stake. Only a month or so; since I was released from the islands hell, this man is pushing me back on to it. I mention this concern previously.

Hi contented him self for finding a reliable and sincere friend, so hi said.

I thought totally opposite. Probably another half a hour of talking.

Before parting; Joe declare: my good friend Vern! you may be assured, that I shall visit you at your working place in Sezana, Hi promised.

I was not impressed with His promise. Was far from my desired to ever see Him again. At that moment I should tell Him off, actually I felt do it but had no guts to decide.

Joe force his proposal; over me, I didn't object but hope that Hi never came.

I was in serious uneasiness; how is this encounter going to end.

The political security that trust no body because they are not to be trusted; see enemies behind every stone. Probably they already knows about the raw deal with [ *In Yugoslavia; call* ] anti people elements.

I my be arrested even before arrival back to Sezana and if that happens I knew what to aspect.

No doubt the security knows every think about Joe. Surely they follow him and notice every move and with whom is associating.

My ears wore getting warm. I want to get out of this deceiving friendship sooner possible, but have no courage to refuse the friendship or telling Joe off. I must have been very week and undecided.

I gave the pledge to the Security, as the reader well known; my written and sight condition for freedom. I got to the stage, not to My liking, but must do what is right for me, betray Joe, other way, I am responding before a military tribunal as was stated in My pledge at Goly island. **Way Military? if I am a civilian?** In Yugoslavia any think is possible, especially when I have the worst of luck.

As soon I am back at Sezana, first think; if I am still in time, have to go to the UDV: [ **Management for state security** ] the place, that gave me the choice for work at my arrival from captivity.

One more week of practice, mostly doing glass buttons in the; Ragaška glass factory, then I am going to leave the factory, the pleasant lodge house lady and hers daughter and move back to Sežana.

I am back at the new establishing; factory. Was expecting the factory ready for production. Was far from ready but still in disarray. When back was told; that I am going to be the workers instruction and in charge for production. A reliable working place I thought.

**First think, My security.** I thought, there for I have to visit the mention security establishment and clear my self from any wrong political or security involvement, hope I am not too late.

I present my self at the security head office, there an officer in charge, [ *army lieutenant* ] I have information that my interest you I said. The security man was

very friendly and overjoyed, hoping to receive on his lap same ferocious and fearless political criminal. Gently ask me to seat down, right away offer me a cigarette, set a type writer on a small table and begin writing every think I told him in regard Joe's Austrian friends.

In ten minutes the meter was over and I was glad it was. Apparently, as felt the affair with Joe was not known to the security, other ways some thing would be mention. The officer ask me to came back with in a week time. By then, will be able to let me know all about Joe.

Walking down the steps from the security H. Q. and on to the street, felt completely relieved from worry and tensions, even the push bike I rode toward home seems to be running smoother. Some how felt released from tension

As arranged; a week later, of course was curious to find out what is Joe after. I ask for the same security officer, mostly to satisfied my curiosity not for Joe anti state activity.

I didn't really care what are Joe activity; as long hi keep him self and his Austrian friend away from me.

The security officer, that few days before has written down what I dictate about Joe, smile at me chilly and has not even invited me in to his office.

I didn't like it. Begin warring, thinking: they may lock me up for not coming; forward sooner.

Thinks turn for the better. The officer with same embarrassment, was biting around the bush, then said: you know: Joe is all right, hi is naive but not dangerous to the state.

**His only fault is; hi is man, that prefer to love man, rather of women.** You have nothing to fear from him. If you friendly with him, nothing against Us. Hi may even buy you a gold watch the officer said with bit of irony.

I was embarrassed and consider my self a common stupid; being so naive, unable to guess Joe intention, but on other site; satisfied, that every think is all right. Rather stupid then guilty. The satisfaction gave me a broad mouthed idiotic laughter, also a filling of pride. Well such good looking gentleman wants an affaire with me, love me. This gave me the filling, how approximal or probably most girls fills, when boys attempt to seduce them.

With this event, I thought the affaire with Joe is over. So I hoped, but latter received a letter from Joe in which is inviting him self to visit me in Sezana. [ my working place ] I excepted the letter with irony after being told of his sexual desires for me. I would rather not see Him, actually intend to write a letter and tell him that I am not interested to meet with Him.

The factory begin to operate, there-for was busy teaching the workers the trade that I learn at Rogaška

After few days I simply forgot to write back to Joe. I had responsibility and other worry then think about; would be a priest sweet heart.

I shouldn't, but unintentionally forgot, not only that I do not wish to meet him, also: I should let Joe know, that coming to Sezana, every person from out side this territory need a special permission, because Sezana was: the last railway station, before the Yugoslav Country border with English American Ally or free territory of Trieste. There for restricted, for outside regional population.

Few weeks went by, I do not remember how long. What I remember, that on a sunny afternoon, I was busy; instructing and teaching new workers; how to labour new products, which I learn in Ragaška several weeks before.

By chance I look through the factory window. **O no. Joe, my sexy friend beside the bicycle; walking along factory yard but without the usual pleasant smile.** His face was red from rage and madness. Was not necessary to remind me what was wrong with Joe.

I forgot to write Joe and advise him; not to came to Sežana because is a restricted territory and if Hi came, must before the authority have the written reason, what is Hi coming for.



I left everything inside the factory and walk out the door with some embarrassment, on the other side, I had the feeling: how ridiculous and ironical to see Joe coming with the intention to make love to me.

I couldn't get over with such thought. Is that possible among normal man.

The thought of it made me feel disgusted. After fifty and more years, feel even more disgusted and very much against any such phenomenon among man's.

As soon as Hi was close enough, Joe started abuse me. You are not sincere nor loyal, shame on you. This is not friendship. I detest such people etc. Hi gave me a really hard time, at least he thought so. This time was another Joe, not the one I knew from Rogaška. I wasn't moved at all because I knew his desire, there for couldn't except him seriously but just the same, try very hard to find a proper excuse way I haven't told that Hi is not allowed without a permission to come to Sežana, but no excuse did work. Actually didn't have a proper one.

Hi just continue to reproach me, like that I really own him my life.

Way I haven't told him, that Hi is not allowed to come to Sežana without a special permission. For the moment was regretting for not telling him, on the other side I thought; I did the right thing for not telling. Serve Him right, bloody puff. I was far from embarrassed with Joe outrageous rapprochement.

Joe with all rage and disappointment continue to tell me; when arrive at the railway station at Sežana the security police gave him a very hard time, but after all explanation and being a Priest they believe him that he didn't know that Hi suppose to have a special pass. After all cooling down the Police gave Joe strict order. Hi must be on the first train back to where Hi came from and that is: from now, exactly two hours.

It took Joe 45 minutes to find the factory; my work place and Me. All the time; that Joe is got left for the ( me ) lava boy and before is got to be back at the railway station is: one hour and 15 minutes. Definitely not enough time to seduce a respectable young virgin.

Between my working place, short cut and the rail station, was about half a kilometre; over land covered with pastures and bush land. So at once start walking over pastures toward the Rail Station to get rid of Joe soonest possible.

As We were walking over the pasture, Joe cool down and at His suggestion, we stop half way across the distance between the railway and the factory, lie down on Joe rain coat; one beside the other; like lowers.

Seems that Joe; no matter what is the weather, at all times carry the rain coat for any emergency or necessity. One never know when may be handy.

As I was aware of His non existing political allegiance, means: before the Regime I felt safe and now that I knew of His sexual desire; my self lie provocative on my belly over the rain coat. Joe lie on the side facing me.

Joe was again smiling all renewed happy and comforted. Hi was leading the conversation, I forgot the contents of it. Couldn't care what ever it was but remember well, that while complimenting me, for being good boy; a couple of times; pat me on the buttock. I smile back ironically; you like it I thought.

Suddenly in the bush; crakes of dry leaves were heard, means same body is walking close by, but We couldn't see who that would be, because of the thick shrubs. It didn't disturb me, I was on the clear before the security but Joe became very tense and irritated. When Joe was most excited; disturbance.

The whether was dry, country side ground was covered with dry leaves there for one couldn't walk in the bush over the grass without being heard.

Leaves were brittle and as I mention were getting broken, means; stepping over, course loud crakes.

When mention crackles was close, Joe became nervous and irritated.

It surprised even Me, only about five meters away a uniformed Police man appear from the bush on to the clear land, right where us two were lying.

If the police man was send to observe the activity of Joe, or both of us, I never knew but I notice the surprise and embarrassment on the face of the police man. Hi walked away without saying any thing and without changing his slow pace, but for

Joe, this event was a conspiracy between me, the police man on one side and Joe on the other. Again became irritate and abusive, constantly looking at his watch. Time was running out. Soon will be time to board the train. I accompany Joe to the railway Station. Hi board the train most unhappy. As the train parted I could notice the disappointment on the Joe face for lost opportunity but parted all right, thank for ever with out My minimal regret.

If this event, was of any importance, or did spoiled My story, let the reader have his or hers say. For me? It hasn't altered any think, but for a very short time, when I did not know with whom I was dealing, it gave me a lot of incorrect prejudice. My ignorance and naivety was characterised.

Some more about the supposed new factory where I was; leading hand or boss. after back from Rogaška. The new glass factory in Sezana, was not a new structure, but wore the remains of an old quarry building that before the second word war was used as storage and shop. The production of goods was going on, very poorly. Generally was a big shortage of every material and equipment. A good and big compressor was the main piece of equipment, made from scrap. from an old thrown away truck's motor. Other equipment, like compression jets, ovens for melting glass were made in several workshops and back yards. An 200 litre ordinary oil barrels was used as compression storage air tanks. All technical ideas were given by factory manager, a man with some technical skill and plenty will power, en Ex pre Yugoslav POW call Milenko, a Serb that came to Slovenia from Germany after the war ended. For reason of his own, never returns to his land Serbia. Always smiling and repeatedly shaking hands to the point of being ridiculous. Politically: very conscientious communist or rather opportunistic and smart for his own good. Milenko invited me to join, the communist party, which I fleetly refuse by saying: *back home is; common say*] Once only, goas the donkey on the ice. In a another words; I refuse to endorse the so call: C.P. which then was the worse offence one could commit.

I couldn't help being honest. Was my nature of being sincere and straight forward, which soon begin to haunt me.

Being boss or leading hand in Yugoslavia, one own to be member of the C P. Other ways the job couldn't last, or last till replacement is found with a member of the C.P. When production commenced, only few types of buttons were produce, because the equipment as I mentioned was of poor construction quality, there for: lot of brake downs. The whole of employee wore for days idle waiting, yet receive full monthly pay.

Since My refusal to Milenko suggestion, We cease to be in good relation. Too often brokerages of the plant, became a problem for the manager at the higher authority. I was never ask for My opinion, yet some body is got to be blamed for all brokerage of the plant.

I suspect; Milenko the manager, had the simple excuses by spreading the words at the mention higher authority that I probably am sabotaging the plant.

Way not blame him self { *Milenko* } for poor design of equipment, NO! rather use me as a scapegoat. While my self, not being member of the Party, couldn't go any where and tell what is the real production problem.

Just one example: One evening have been busy on my working place, when suddenly the compressor and the whole plant with it, like many times before stoped: broken down. That instant, Milenko dashed out the office, calling: where is Gomizel. where is Gomizel. *[my name]* He was so furious, that for the moment has not notice me sitting on my working position.

That was to prove, Milenko consider me: plants saboteur.

I have not made a smallest damage to the plant. Another reason for disliking me; was Milenko desire to be glorified, but typical me. never gave him the satisfaction. I never like to glorified people because of their position, which was so common in Country with Communist and Fascist systems.

On the other side the state security, I presume were crossed with me, because I couldn't hold the secret, but tell people my experience on Goli island. And how on this world could I keep secrets when every body knows about Goli.

If I consider the situation right. First refusal to accept the party, second not being able to shoot my mouth, and worst being a plant saboteur, as the regime and factory Manager like to think, there was no place where could I justify that I am wrongly accused, meaning I could as well be guarantee free passage back on Goli island.

Another factor clearly indicated my persuasion to the same.

Only a couple days later, when a person from government civil authority; stated to the factory workers; like this: a man working at the plant, was already driven the **wheel barrow** and soon is going to wheel it again.

In Yugoslavia a big lot of people were imprisoned and send to force labour camps. When freed, people would say: **Hi or She was wheeling the barrow.** Hi was wheeling the wheel barrow. This was a new invented quotation, instead of saying: Hi was in force labour or in prison.

When that was mention from the part of civil Government personality and that person knew me and I knew him well. That person would not directly tell me, but indirectly told other people knowing that they would tell me.

That person from civil Government was not member of the Communist Party, yet hi risked his job by letting me know; indirectly, that I am on my way to drive the wheel barrow. Hi went off his way to let me know; that conspiracy against me is being wedged. After hearing the quotation the workers spoke among them self, guessed who the person may be that was once wheeling the wheel borrow. Soon they find out, who was the lucky one. They concluded: **Vern Gomizel is the one.** So, as soon I arrive at my after noon shift, was told by the fellow workers, what the man from the civil Government office discover to them.

That same after noon few follow workers individually whisper to me: You are in a big mess with the security political police. You know what to do.

The only solution some suggested is; running over the country border.

One in strict privacy call; Bezin offer me a pistol in case I need to defend my self when crossing the border, which I gladly accepted. Another one inform Me with a very important information; that the border guards received a new strict order: not to shoot and kill, people that wore illegally crossing the country borders because previously; many over borders runners wore shoot and killed, there for, Western media wore publishing: embarrassing anti Yugoslav articles regarding violation of human right, actually; boarding guards wore killing Country Citizens for wanting to go some where after a better life or just running away from the dictatorial regime. All in all I receive some bed and good news, mean: If I run over and in the attempt meet the border patrol or guards, had good chance not get killed like many other attempter.

Passports wore not available to ordinary citizens, but Government official.

Soon that same after noon another man call: Nato In confidence said: I am sure you going to run over the border. I want to go with you, Hi said. I thought Nato is only testing me, because Hi was previously a member of the police force. For reason only Nato knows way Hi was suspended, there for couldn't trust the man. My respond to Nato was: I am going, no where, here is my home, way run away where I do not know any body and have no one to assist me.

I was bluffing. The fact is; once over the border in a foreign country; according to Yugoslav authority, one automatically became: high treason with the mark: never to return with out getting punished. This was my explanation, but Nato was not convinced, came to me again, and again with all sort of persuasion, including; that over the border in Trieste at English- American free territory is got a brother. I knew he is got a brother, serving in the civil service which I thought my some how help me in difficulty. So I was thinking to accept Nato, but Hi was married with a pregnant wife.

Hopefully, Hi isn't going to take Her over the border with him where as I figure I would be the guide or leader, that means: take responsibility for his pregnant wife. Finally I assured my self that Nato is not testing me but is genuine escapee.

Hi actually want to cross the National border alone only was not game enough to do it on his own.

OK, next Sunday at 7 p, m, came to such and such place, I said.

#### **A new chapter commenced**

Carol, in Slovenian I call Her Dragica; is the name of the dearest person in my life: mine and only wife Carol.

For the last 57 years and more, she has stand by me, never hesitated to do so, even in probably embarrassing and not so pleasant events, never ever let me down. Up to this point; Carol has not been mention, but from now on; She shall be the main event of My story.

To make the story right, I ought to go back; to the previous year; 1950, month of august. That was about the time when freed from Goli island and return back to my parents home. Was at the best time of northern summer when at the Weak end we most likely go some where swimming.

The territory where I live was cut from the bathing sea resort near Trieste by national country borders, so people couldn't use the sea any more, so young people choose to go swimming with a twenty minutes journey by train from Dutovlje to the so call: Steske dam, half way between station and town of Gorica. On Sunday this was a popular gathering spot for the young and old. Week after week, we all met for same reason and purpose, to have bit of deep in the fresh water where all around was surrounded by wine yards.

Most usual. We all arrive and left with the same train. And because We knew each other the journey it self to the dam and back home was an entertaining and pleasant event.

Of course We wore not from the same village, there for step on the train and off the at different station.

At this dam and place for the first time; I notice among all sort of youths, two lovely; seams lonely brunet girls with exact same pale green swimming outfit. Two perfect bodies with not one fault, that I could noticed.

**One was slightly stronger then the other and the stronger was the one, I longs for her love.** In company with My Brother in low Milan, observed the girls with great interest, but they kept for them self and alone. After they had bid of swim, would lie in the shade or seating on their towels over the grass. Mostly time, slowly seeping some wine us we all did. In moderation, I must stress. Wine we all purchased in nearby village; directly from the farmers.

Couldn't help my self looking at the girls, always alone with a bottle of wine, between the two, slowly seeping the liquid: laughing, whispering and more laugh. I guess: typical girls secrets wore on the agenda.

#### **FIRST LUCKY ENCOUNTER.**

I wrote this in big capital letters, because was an capital encounter.

I was swimming in the mention dam and I must admit that I was never a good swimmer but seeing; near by; the preferable girl; the one that I longs for, the pretty cute brunette with a perfect body. I try very hard, actually my best to make an impression on her by tumbling around like a barrel, go under the water even that, was not my habit. I dislike to put my head under the water but this time, though is worth risking my life for such a gracious creature. So with enormous hesitation; dived under the water and appear out close to her. It **did work**. Her self being a very beginner in water experience saw me with such *artistic* performance came closer; enquiring; how I do such tricks. With pleasure and enthusiasm **demonstrating my skill to her, which was nothing, but clumsy tumbling.** She was observing, but was, far from startled. To my sorrow, she swam away but in my eyes, her picture was never far away, nor that it ever fade.

**Who would then in the slightest imagination guess, that in eleven month time, she is going to be my devoted wife.**

At that time I have to be satisfied, with another girl call: Marica, six years my junior. She was fed and short. One thing that Marica love was: have fun and a good laugh, what she did it with such charm and enthusiasm that made me fall in love with her but all ways doubted, if she would be a good life partner. Also her physical stature didn't really fit my taste. She work in the office at the factory where I was leading hand and instructor, actually too close for a good relation.

Carol had some relation with her steady boy, that work at the same factory. Actually I was His boss. Lucky for me, same time in February 1951, Carol broke up with her steady and I broke up with my fat so. At first chance went; one's way in the: Carols mess, where all factory workers from Carol's establishment wore eating. [ I was close to home ] so ate at home,] but that day and several more times later went to the mess, where the manager was good friend of my. Other way I wouldn't have the right to enter or eat.

Sat if possible by the table where Carol was eating. So our affection for each other began, or my affection for Carol was fully matured. Carol was not aware of it, nor would I confess my filling for her, because she was; as I sensed not jumpy for opposite sex relation and too sensitive. It my have negative effect to jump in too premature revelation. I want to win her slowly and passionately.

As I could judged she is: delicate, sensitive, humble but not arrogant, even with her gracious physical appearance, sparkling eyes, long brown curly hears; the envy of most girls, yet she was to every person: male or female, old or young equally friendly. For two month kept the normal distance, waiting her to ripen and hope; on her initiative to get a little closer to me.

I better clear the working situation. [ All manufacturing places were working in two shifts, even three rotating shifts.

Straight 8 hours shift. From 6 a, m, to 14, p, m, etc ]

After two o'clock dinning; Carol and I would go pathway walking, seating beside each other on pleasant spring sun and talking. Never touch her physically. In two month she became attach to me, more and more and getting closer. In three month, she was and wanted to be; at close body touch.

when seating or standing. Ripen. She was all main. To this day; an unforgettable event, like that it did happen only few weeks ago. My wish became a truth reality, with most pleasant and desirable satisfaction.

At the best of relation was worry that it may came to the end because of the very serious problem which I already stated only couple pages back.

I must avoid being sent to DRIVE THE WHELL BARROW means back to Goli island, so I had to act: fast, before my be too late.

My brother Franc escaped over the border only one month before.

So I decided; as did previously mention to illegally run over the country border to Trieste, that time under the British and Americas occupation, or better stated: under the protection before the appetite for Trieste from Tito's Yugoslavia.

I wished: Carol would go with me over the border but that is strictly her own decision. Of course I approach Her and told her my intention, means running as already stated, also stressed, especially, that I have no money, that over the border have no body to assist me in any way. I am on my own. But for my life safety have to do it before I get in the Security clutches.

Carol didn't hesitated. Her prompt answer was: where ever you go, I go with you. Well! that was another great satisfaction that I dream about. For me the dearest and sweetest living and loving creature goas with me to an unknown, unpredictable future with out a precondition. Of course she is going to tell her friend: Albina.

Albina is got her boy friend over the border, that she have not see or met for very long time. Now is the chance to join her boy friend in Trieste by going with me and Carol and together run the country border.

I wish I had not give in to Nato. Presumably he is going to be en extra burden and responsibility for me but couldn't by far imagine Nato and his unpredictable convoy of unusual accompanist.

Few comment about the man that same how force or persuaded me to except him; with us and together over the country border.

#### **The evening before escape,**

Because I want to be sure that Nato is not deceiving me, I ask my brother Henry to go and check on Nato's disposition, means go and see how many people are with him; waiting.

I instruct Henry, just walk by, close enough at the arranged spot, observe Nato and who is with him and in what situation they are. Henry promptly executed the task and came back by different rout and report the situation.

As Henry explain: Hi did pass close enough to Nato and His teem and continue walking like that is non of his business.

When back, Henry told me: there is Nato his pregnant wife and his drank mother lying on the green grass, holding a two litre bottle home made grappa and continually drinking.

How could Henry knew, she is drinking grappa? because every one knew she is the grappa drinker.

I told Carol and Albina: I will not accept the other group of three with us, it is too risky, only let them know, that us are on the way toward the Border. Carol Albino and my self, three young and slender will pass very fast by the Nato's group of three slow goers.

Enough to let them see us, will not stop, but continue even faster, so as to prevent the three from following us.

**This was not the arrangement we had. Pregnant wife, drunk old women, I couldn't take such senseless responsibility.**

Lead such people through dangerous bush tracks, especially; through military ambushes. This would be call: suicide.

Behave as stated. Us three move toward the country border unimpeded, which was only about four or five kilometres away. With rapid pace, should be there in about one hour. As we were getting about half kilometre from the border we slow down, but luck was not on our site. A wind less night with a very bright moon and the ground: absolutely dry. Every step on the ground, over dry oak leafs, did course such loud creaks that could be heard: half kilometre in all direction. I could hear the border guards patrol but unfortunately they did hear us too and in consequence the guards stops and waited for us. I could figure because I could not hear them move. I order the girls to stand fast till the patrol get sick waiting.

I must describe our arrival to the spot of waiting, from where we hear the; border patrol. We wore not using tracks, but walked across fields and over stone walls in straightest possible way toward our gaol. While waiting for probably twenty minutes; for the patrol to clear the path, the other unwanted three people that We left behind arrive right at us.

What a coincidence. How the hell, at night time, across unknown territory; crash right at us, only few hundred metres from the border, where we intended to cross. Of course this was not the place to argue, but consolidate. I could feel the disaster approaching. I ask the other three persons to stay silent till the patrol move on. We were all very tense, another half an hour, when the patrol got sick of waiting and decided to move. We could hear the guards walking away. Very good. Soon I gave order to move forward slowly with maximum precaution.

The drunk old women with a rucksack over her back; got up and by doing that; strike a tree behind and in process broke a dry tree branch which tumble down steep hill side; coursing a noise, that could be heard from miles around. I felt like shooting the bastard. The patrol; naturally heard the tumble and presumably stop. Now I was even more tense then before, have again been waiting for about two more hrs. with absolute silence, hoping the military patrol get sick waiting but in vain. We hear no movement from the foe.

What is this, what is this? was Carol with anxiousness asking. Hand the two coin to me, look like silver to me, very impressive and big too. I do not know, never before saw such coins.

Handed the coins back to Carol and said: let's find out. Drop every think and ren to the kitchen, where a Russian cook that spoke Yugoslav became acquainted with us. Hi was very talkative, always ready with pleasure to explain any think to the new comers. Usually in the evening after hi finished his work hi was the centre of attention to the whole surrounding; explaining every think to people that wore willing to listen.

We enquire from the cook; what is the value of the two coins. Hi look at it and begin explaining to us like this: those are: four Australian shilling hi said. What can we buy with this, we enquired.

The Russian ask: are you smoking? yes, if I could effort it I said. Ok, This money can buy a small packet of tobacco, cigarette's paper and one box of matches and still enough left for a small ice cream for your lowly wife

With all our great capital, we ren in to the canteen and bought exactly what the cook suggested.

On our way back to the barrack, a distance of about three hundred meters, I rolled a cigarette for my self, light it and with great satisfaction puff away, while Carol happily licked the ice cream.

As the reader could easily ascertain ; We were miserable, poorest, not better off then beggars, but happily looking in to the future with all positive attitude.

Never lose the will and enthusiasm, that one day we shell be materially and financially comfortable, plus secure before any political oppressor.

Probably too optimistic or naïve?

Because arrive during Australian Christmas holiday; couldn't go to work right away as we aspects, but soon after New Year same employment official came with the list of man's names. They probably suspect that no one speak any English, there for didn't tell us: where we going or what is going to be our work. They didn't tell our wife's, either where are We going to be settled. We all accepted the opportunity with out comments, after all we came to Australia to work and commence a new life.

Pick my miserable possession, like in simile situations before and during the second world war, when Nazi or Italian fascists pick people with out warning and deported, imprisoned, even murder.

This was simile situation, except, that in our case the gathering has not been executed with military command and terror and We wore quiet happy to obey. Three buses crammed with married man with no children, while our wife's on looked and greeted us good by.

The buses had taken Us to the town of Shepparton, like a piazza in front of the employment office, there We wore like cattle on display, waiting, not knowing for what, except that We are going to get a job of their, not our choice.

Not that we wore unhappy about any think. Actually; we wore prepared to except any job, practically under any circumstances as long a Pound Sterling could be earned.

From all of us that arrive from Bonegilla, the employment official formed few groups of people of different numbers. In the group that I was assigned wore; twenty five young man that had wife but no children, all selected for the Orchard farm of: Nethersole in Ardmona. No one mention; our wife's. Are they going to be told all right or who is going to tell them; where are We going and doing what. We simply trust the official, that every think is going to be fine.

A young stranger Australian driver, latter We knew him as: Peter. Hi was the younger of the two Nethersole sons at the orchard farm where Peter was taken us on a try body truck. No introduction. Peter only wave his hand and all twenty five of us follow like sheep's. On the side; Peter had two try body trucks and another driver for the second truck. Peter wave at Us and point at the two trucks. All of us jump on to the side of the trucks and sat on the wooden floor with the legs hang over

the edge down, like in the French movie: " The devils island " except We wore not in chain.

From Shepparton to Ardmona was about; ten or more kilometres. As long the truck rode bitumen road was fine. Once the truck enter through the farm gate, the dust rose so thick, that could be cut with a knife. Two hundred meters and only one minutes of that kind of travel We all change from normal to brawn.

From toe to the top of our head, including our modest possession, every thing change to exactly the same colour:

The trucks stopped in between two small sheds with entrance on both ends but no doors. The drivers left us stranded in ten centimetres thick dust with out saying: a word. They must have considered us: a bunch of idiots, though among us was a: medical practitioner, technical engineer, x German military lieutenant, few more intellectuals and others, but none really idiot. Few spoke; fluently English but not given the chance to speak. After dropped from the truck We wore like lost in the desert. We all move from the thick dust in side the tin sheds and inspect it.

Apparently this is going to be our sleeping quarters, dirt's floor no plaster on walls and sealing, but iron sheet roof, all covered with spider's web. Not very impressive start.

In about half a hr, the truck came back and brought plenty of straw and for every one a new empty hemp begs. Previously mention Peter nod to fill the hemp bags with straw. Was no need to tell way, We knew; that is going to serve us as matrass.

All mention necessity was dropped on the dusty ground like for enemy P.O.W.

All thous moves definitely proved the Australian superior white British ideology. We wore White Europeans, but still foreigners, not appreciate by Australians, but good enough to pick fruit, what Australian generally refuse to perform.

We clean and tidy the shed first. Was plenty of room for all twenty five of us. Each one pick a spot and a steel mesh bed. was nothing to choose, was all same.

One older man call: Tom with a very distinguished crooked nose, suppose to be; as he claim; a school teacher, kitchen's lady cook's husband. Tom came to greet us. His wife; a pleasant, also most friendly lady.

As Tom explain to us: Hi is the Father of five children and all reside on the farm property because this way is more convenient then; teach in a town; where a big residence would be needed for such big family. Actually Tom was horses driver and farm handy worker. In the fifties; horse was still a popular farms equipment.

Let go back to us: the new arrivals on the Nethersole orchid farm.

Every one filled the mattress with straw, as best we knew, without taking too much dust in the sleeping bag or matrass, choose a mesh steel bed in one of the two sheds.

The workers farm's kitchen was about fifty metres away from the sheds, but on the other site of the irrigation water channel. Although the proprietor that We never meat, residential house was close to the farms entrance.

As no body gave us any order for the duration of what was left of the day, we had the chance to observe the farm structure and system of how to grow fruits. All around sheds and kitchen wore rows in perfect line; thousands fruit trees: mostly pears and peaches.

Looking from any angle, the rows wore in precisely straight line. Very impressive. Well! this is a capital way of production. The whole property in one single lot with the proprietor house in the commanding position, not like in Europe where a village is in one group of houses and all around; small fragments of lots of all different kind of produce.

Was still Sunday and very sunny hot after noon. We seen on the farm every think We could see and in a bit of confusion wore moody because our wife's wore left at Bonegilla camp. We all force our self's to laugh at jokes, but couldn't really have fun. Was boredom.



Next day; suppose to be the first working day, the beginning of a new life in a new Continent. We were looking forward with great expectation.

Before eight o'clock on Munday morning the mention Peter came with a try body truck and brought same unusual type of fruit picking begs, that one need to be an artist to fit it over one's body. Peter help us with thous unusual picking bags over our body's with some unusual straps. When learn the first lesson, we ascertain that the idea was very clever.

Each man had to pick a step ladder and off we went in to the orchard. Each man chose his row of fruits trees and along every row wore empty boxes waiting to be fill with pitches.

But no body told us the system of work, nor what we get paid for what? So most of the time we kept talking among ourself, even chasing the rabbits, not aware, nor been told that if no work is perform no money shell be due.

Seams; nobody among us or boss was preoccupied with our lazy and slow working performance. Not that We wore lazy but being in so many and in a completely new environments there was so much to tell and discuss about.

After three days on the farm, picking pitches and pears a man from among us, went to Mooroopna hospital. **[ half way between: Shepparton and our place of work ]**

There Hi discovered; a very good news, regarding our wife's.

That same afternoon the man return back to the farm. We all jumped around Him anxious; may be found some think about our sweet hearts. ( Wife's ) For while Hi only tease us, like that hi doesn't know any think about any think. Finally to our joy, Hi disclose to us the pleasant news. Hi commence talking.

All our women's from Bonegilla, but five hi said wore taken by buss to Cobram; fruit preserving factory on the border of N,S,W. Couple of hundred Kilometres away from where we are. This News didn't came from the Australian official but from the man that accidentally met our women at the Hospital.

**The five women's, it just happens Hi said, I accidentally met at the Mooroopna hospital where I was attended for my little illness.**

The man was looking at us, and all of us impatiently looking at him, wanting to know, which five wife's are employed at Mooroopna hospital and which wore taken to Cobram. Come on! Tell us!

In a seamy circle We continue to look at the man, He is got some think for us all, like Father Christmas, but He was purposely delaying to tell the so much important discovery.

Of course, we all knew each other and our women's from a month long ship journey from Germany to Australia.

The man finally; still very slowly looking around, his finger pointing at five lucky one's that have the wife's, only about four or five; Kilometres away. I was one among the lucky.

**So my lowly dear Carol is; after all; not so far away. I shall see her at THE WEEK END, not after six long month as the Australian Consul in Trieste; intimidated me. but much sooner.**

Friday evening; every one was anxious enquiring about buses transportation: place and time of departure, arrivals at Cobram etc. where the rest of wife's are working and lodging.

What was the bus table, I don't remember, bur remember that every man, but five had left for Cobram and didn't came back till next Monday morning.

Lucky: the Cook's husband was equipped with all needed travel information's.

Five lucky one's; all We had to do; waiting at the farm gate at about eight o'clock Saturday morning and the bus did take Us right at the Hospital gate. A fifteen minutes right.

After locating the wife's in the same hospital and sleeping compartment, it gave us a pleasant feeling, especially the sleeping quarter with white tiles on the floor and

the walls; up to the sealing that gave us the first impression like; luxury comparison door less sheds with spider's webs all over walls and roof where Us five and the rest of the fruit pickers lodge.

On the second; better look and though at the ladies bed room, we begin to ask our self? Way is a dry hole; about thirty centimetres across in the middle of the room? Not for peeing. Way tiles in the sleeping room? Very unusual. May be: this is Australian culture. After all, no one among Us has saw an Australian bed room. After discussing and contradicting the situation, we ascertain: the room was not a bed room but must have some time previously serves, or have been used as morgue or operation room. It gave us a bit of shivers. Who cares, the women are not Australian, only emigrant from backward Europe; the hospital official most probably thought. Those European wouldn't know the difference.

Before arriving in Australia probably slept with pigs, the Australians in the Hospital most probably though.

The reader who ever you are and think what you like. My impression still persist that Australian government's official and people did hold the new arrivals with humiliation and contempt as less worthy people, like did the Nazi with the foreign population during theyr glory. Most probably felt uneasy and worry, the new arrivals are robing them of their livelihood.

In the fifties the Australians, especially the average man according to my own experience was childish and ignorant except; horse rising, cricket and footy. Main mental occupation after theyr routine work was; drinking and meeting pup's maids. Also blindly convinced that Australian are most advanced people on earth. Women wore generally much more civilized but reserved especially toward Europeans man's.

The mention remarks; I stated with regret. Sorry if proven wrong.

I meant not to offend any body but stated as I felt fifty and more years ago.

Actually as new comers we didn't aspect Australians to be thank fool and glorified Us for coming to this Country.

We wore prepared with loyalty and diligence to prove to the people and Government of Australia that We are worthy assets for the Country.

All We aspect was: to be given the opportunity for a dissent job and commence a normal new and safe life with out the constant tread as it was where we came from. Wore not offended for calling us: New Australians, after all we got to be distinguish one way or another and if would be call; beauty's instead of New Australian, there would still be half of new comers complaining for being wrongly named.

Personally we are thankful for being accepted, not right away but in latter years. Carol and I haven't any record being directly discriminated and on the other site, never attempt to give any impression that we are better or try to take thinks over. We are sincerely very grateful to came to this Country and people with a really democratic political system, not like the one where I sacrifice and fought for better life and got the worst of it.

Since our arrival, we were at all time absolutely free from any political or Party interference. Never in all fifty and more years has any body press home a political argument, nor has the employer ask; what party did I vote at last election, or which Party should I vote at the next.

Not like back home under; communist rule where loyalty to the Party was first priority. Communist Party was the only Goddess of beauty; always first for the good and glory. Every think was turning around the Party and there was nothing good attain, if the Party was not mentioned as the main accomplisher.

Although We my; at the very beginning, be a little disillusioned about the Australian's official regarding family relation; disrespect and negligence for not telling us the where about of our women and vice versa. We have not forgotten, but have long forgiven. Never the less, one thing remains certain; we never look back for coming to Australia.

I want to stress one point! We came to this continent to be one of the consisting people already here, to join the existent society and accept upon language and culture. Hopefully to be accepted by society.

I dare to stress! Any new arrivals to this Country, that came only to use the multi culture society and system with pretence of democracy and force upon his own tradition or religion, should be shown the way back. Lately; we have few of such people invading Australia. This is a silent invasion with a very enormous task and enormous future consequences. By such behaviour: the new comers are discriminating Australians, therefore shouldn't be accepted.

Let go back to the farm work; at the Nethersole's orchard farm at Ardmona.

As I described: We were not told about the work system. In consequence; for the first week; we receive an average of two and a half pounds each. Second week; about one pound more. Apparently We were not talking so much as first week. Few weeks latter, some acquaintance from the next farm; told us about earning; something like ten pound per week.

How came, we enquired? The more boxes of fruit you fill, more money you get. So, this is piece work, Way no body told us.

When found out how the system works was too late. As We latter understood, the farmer deliberately hasn't told us the working situation because in three weeks time the farmer has run out of fruit.

The way we behave with our slow work, just suit the farmer.

We were all send to other farms, where were told, that Nethersole's { first employer farm } is very sly and in all respect the worst farmer in the surrounding.

Another tree weeks of picking at the next farm was slightly better, only slightly.

because we were picking from the trees where the fruit were once before picked, means the fruit were few.

We save nothing, because every single pound saved is got to be spend for something that we desperately needed. In as much in need for hundred vital items, My first two and half Pound earned at the farm fruit picking, was send to my brother in Trieste to make odds even.

First five Pounds that Carol receive at the mention Hospital spend on me for a pair of shoes. She always look for me before thinking on her self.

After about six or so weeks picking fruits We were like at the very start, but few items, financially broken, send to Broadmeadows ex. army camp.

I was given a job at a bricks work's Brunswick. I was there; probably one year or so.

From then on, I was looking after my self, going from one job [ stocking, butcher, Taxi and truck driver, maintenance of earth moving equipment etc.] to another; according the money and convenience. When send to

Broadmeadows; Carol was not given a job, but soon she found one her self: dressmaking.

Fruit picking became handy latter, when butchering in the factory.

Those days: Australian especially butcher's communist workers Union were very anxious for industrial strikes. That didn't suit me. I want to work not idle or standing by the pub counter talk bullshit and stuffing main self 's with bear, as was Australian men's custom.

If it was a fruit season or other temporary work I would take advantage of it.

With my friend Joe drove to Mooroopna and pick fruit while in Melbourne the strike was going on.

Just drove to Mr. Yang's farm where I pick fruits after finishing at the mention Nethersole's farm in 1952.

After six years accompanied with My friend Joe drove back to the farm, work only few days to fill the duration of the strike. The farm owner realize that Us two don't drink like the rest of the pickers, there for proclaim Me: driver of the workers truck. Felt like some think special in the driver's seat taking all workers to the work and back. Even My best friend Joe was happy sitting in the track's cabin beside Me, instead of travelling at the back of the truck and sitting on wooden boards. Of

course, as soon the strike in Melbourne was over, what We hear on the evening news, We drove back to Melbourne; and butchering.

Since our arrival in Australia have never been unemployed but Us, like every body also, depend on luck or being smart. What ever doing, wore doing with all diligence and inspiration. Was a good chance to save money and plan for the future.

In the fifties, life couldn't be compared with today's life: luxury, big houses, flashy cars, meals in restaurant's.

Even for the wealthy wasn't such availability unless going in e expensive hotel. After six o'clock in the evening, every think was shoot. Hardly any restaurant, no super market of today standard, even petrol for the car was not available after one p, m, Saturday, very limited junk food in some like; milk bars, only during working period till 6 pm.

Available entertainment: picture and theatre or visiting friends. No temptation for spending. Good time for saving.

We commence building a house in Niddrie. on a block of lend that cost us 160 Pounds. While renting a bed room with the use of kitchen, as was custom in the fifties. Moving around to work and back home on public transport. After four years together with Brother Franc purchased an ex Army second hand: fifteen years old motor bike with side car, rather side box that serve to go to work, latter serves as transport for building material for the house that was being build; mostly by our self. Those days the Council Inspectors wore not fussy as nova days. They just over look little mistakes, not like when building the last house where We still live. Every new timber or concrete erection was controlled and directed like that is getting build for the Councillor Him self.

After commencing building the first house in Nidrie and when running out of saving the bank lend us three times in due succession a sum of 500 Pounds. When 500 spend, the bank representative would inspect the progress on the house. If satisfied the Bank would lend an additional 500.

I must stress; in the fifties the bank wore like family doctors, really helpful in family needs; with advise, not like today's, persuasive to take loans for any useless purpose then standing over and prepared to repossess the last bit of assets Let me tell, a very historical moving experience. Same time at the end in 1955 few month after purchasing a block of lend, we commence building our first home. The road, drain and sewerage wore not yet constructed, as was a common event up to the 1965, but water and gas to the block wore connected.

One Saturday morning with my motor bike and attached side box I went to the timber yard, nearest to the property and purchased enough timber to build the future out side house toilet.

Out site toilet. Way? because the sewage on the block of lend was not existent, as stated. Of course the toilet space room have to be a bit bigger then normal, because while the house wore getting build; the toilet serves as storage for tools and building material.

When the house have all enclosure and roof, not necessary completely finished, We may settle in, so the toilet serve as toilet because the sewage was not yet connected as I stated. Mention procedure was absolutely normal in the fifty and sixty. The toilet pan was Weekly exchanged by City District sub. Contractor. Today is different. No family is allowed to move in the house till completely finished, inspected by the local authority and given the permission to move in.

**Comment:** .There would be a lot funny story's to tell about the toilet's pan.

The house structure that consist mostly of timber is going to be erected mostly by our self's.

I am not a trade man and have never build a house but saw other non professional people doing it. And if other can perform, way not us. I had spend enough time learning by looking other building sites.

So, when commence building. Carol and I got the arrangement;

Tomorrow Saturday morning I am going to commence building the already ten times mention toilet. The arrangement with Carol wore: to deliver the launch about twelve o'clock and then probably lend me a hand.

We didn't poses a car at the time. Our best transport at that time was: the mention 1942 Army BSA Motor Bike. Nothing to be proud of. To get to the block of land, Carol have takes the tram in Monee Ponds, up to Essendon Airport, then walks over pathway and water pot holes for about half Kilometre to reach our property.

From morning after purchasing all needed material till launch time; all I accomplish was: erect four corner posts in the ground, fasten the floor and on two sides walls; fasten timber boards. Two sides wore still open and no roof.

Soon after twelve o'clock Carol appear like all ways; dressed like for beauty contest, in the hands She was caring a basket, covered with a checkers rag and in side the basket, I presume: lunch for Me.

When She arrived close to the future only part of the erected structure, she drop the basket to the ground and enthusiastically open her mouth fully and squill with satisfaction.

She was so pleasantly surprise that nearly run out of breath. As she happily appreciated what she saw, sat on the just erected toilet floor with wide smile and satisfaction crying: this is my first own, really my own floor on this Earth. O, how grateful I am having our first launch, on our own floor and our own land. What a great appreciation for such a little value. Surely I was happy too but I couldn't feel the little accomplishment with such deep emotion when is still so much work ahead. Was a good start any way.

Every Week end and spare time odd few more timber pieces to the structure. After many long month of carpentry, surely took the whole year and more till was ready to commence lie the bricks on the out site.

My Brother Franc at that time was not even a proper brick layer but have done the best He could. We never knew to use brick layer sand and cement, for mortar but just ordinary sand with cement, which course harder and slower work, but with one advantage: the brick wall was much stronger, if that was of any value.

In couple of years; We move in to the small 12 squares brick veneer *type house*, with in side walls and ceiling not yet plastered. Timber floor all over, but launch room. No proper front door, only close with spare boards.

As it is evident; in spare time, piece by piece was erected as money and time was available.

It did take about six years, before every thing was completed. With little money available and afford every little thing was slowly added. Hard work and passion has rewarded Us and given a great satisfaction and excitement.

We could say that after hard work and determination **We own a house.**

Up to this time { *pan Me* } We couldn't afford to have children but six years being in Australia; 1958 our son Henry was born.

Henry is married with two sons and two daughters.

Six years latter; 1964 our daughter Vivienne was born. Since very little child and up till grown up was a trouble less girl. First day to school she excepted with all enthusiasm. She was so impressed that when first day back home she pledge to Her self: when grow up I want to be a school Teacher and yes! a successful High school Teacher She became. Married to a successful business man; call Peter and together have two most cutest sons that us two couldn't love more. We are very close and cooperative, unlike with son Henry and His family.

Carol and I with two children have been living in the first house with two bed rooms up to about twenty years since coming in Australia, means the one that have been build mostly by our self's in place call: Niddrie. Save some money then purchased another house in East Keilor, slightly improved bigger house with three bed rooms. Stay in the mention house for ten years. The first house in Niddrie was rented for few years.

While living about eight years in the second house at Keilor East, had the opportunity to look for a block of land in the vicinity of Eltham, because of the

proximity of the Slovenian Community Club that was established in 1954 where we two are established members, and from the very beginning, even before a perpetual collaborators with in the Committee and out of it, but always Club helpful members with all jobs required, including acting and singing.

Decided to live close to the Slovenian Club, there for every Week end were looking, for a suitable block of land till; found and purchased the desired land in Mount Morency, a distance of six Kilometres. from the Club establishment. The house in Mont Morency is established on a hilly and commanding position from where We enjoy a perfect view to the hills of Dandenong and beyond. Right behind the property, only about twenty metres is a Council bushy reserve with a small lake. From the back veranda, kitchen, living room and rumpus room; but specially from main bed room's veranda at the first floor the lake is down below. A unique view of the Australian nature. All Australian type; singing birds are constantly in view. Was Carol idea, because of her love for the birds and nature, that in the middle of the back yard we build a fountain with constantly running water where birds came to drink and wash.

Here on the hill is our home. our dream house that commence building in 1983 mostly by professionals trade man but a lot of work was done by our self's.

We sold the first house in Niddrie and then commence building the house on the new purchased site in Mont Morency, while still living in the second house in Keilor East, which was sold about 1983 as soon we move to Mount Morency in the residence of desire and house of our design with eight rooms with all necessity plus room under the house storage and cellar if needed.

In the mention house wish us luck and health we intend to stay till carry out.

Carol: is a constant worker at home, club or organizing trips for pensioners, always on the move. Going regular daily exercises: taychy, aerobic swimming walking etc. She doesn't mind doing any think as long is for our satisfaction or community use full. Work for the community dos with pleasure and satisfaction and with out expecting glory.

Let me describe Carol, passion at present and past.

Years back while still at routine and regular work. Probably; first ten or more years, She was working as a machinist; piece work, sewing ladies dresses.

In the seventy's; deceased Mr M. Peršič recommended Dragica to interpret; Yugoslav English and vice versa, only at Week ends, Soon the Emigration office requested Dragica to work as a interpreter permanently at different Migrant Camps all over Melbourne and Geelong. As she knew Italian, was quick to learn: bit of French, Spanish, plus understood fairly good the Slave tongues from Eastern Europe, which were use-full for the work that She was performing.

She enjoy helping people in need, there for requested by the Emigration office to accept the job as social worker; more as a mediator mostly among the Yugoslav Community that at that time were arriving in big formation, also among them self's coursing few problem. Work in the migration training camps around Melbourne and Geelong. Latter became Migrant receiving officer from the world wide at the head office at Maribyrnong.

As Migrant didn't arrive every day, She acted as receptionist and telephonist.

As She was only primarily educated in home town, during Italian occupation, in Italian, I heartily congratulate Her ability and success at every job place, just as much at home as excellent cook, good dressmaker, house keeper. Good host. Her behaviour is always pleasant and under control. Can manage with success any think that is given the responsibility. With out bragging or expectation. As mention; hardly educated. Her mother pas away when so little that She does not have any memory about. Her father: before the war and during it was incarcerated. When came home after the termination of the war Hi married another women and move out. Carol and Her younger Sister Marica were growing up with a 60 years Ankle,

yet She crave for more knowledge to be among best in every think. She is as feminine as a women can be.

Her last job, until retired she held as office clerk responsible at the State Maribyrnong migrant hostel for State Housing Commission; rent payments. After many years of constant work for the community, She received a diploma recognition from State Premier of Victoria Mr Bracks and recognition Diploma from the Slovenian Community for fifty years of constant work for the community plus few other written recognition.

In what ever she is, or was involved; succeeded, because She strive with passion and ambition, plus natural pleasant character, friendliness and broad tolerance and sense of humour.

Most important is Her absolute honesty and loyalty with Her self and just as much with other people and employer. Trust-full and reliable. Never take advantage, whether financially or materially. What She promise, accomplishes fully. Few more important quality, may call them: friendly quality's: She is not at all malicious, vindictive, or hostile, not even toward adverse or malicious individual. The reader will not believe this statement. **She is not envious or jealous.**

One subject that, We are for years in dispute, some time hot dispute, She let Her self being used by various organizer's where She is the main worker but hardly get any credit. Her answer to me is; all ways the same. I don't mind doing it, I like it and people knows who's doing what.

Previously described Carols beautiful figure; held it past her middle age; well in to her sixty. I couldn't be more satisfied and proud of Her.

She never ever denial me, but proudly acknowledge being her husband or daddy, as she still call me. She all ways, at all times; for good persist to give me the first preference.

I must stress, she is fond of precious think: jewellery, glass ware and especially dress wardrobe.

Going on regular in the Slovenian Club or other functions: ball, dancing party's; she make sure to be best among the best. Going out for lunch? If ;possible to exclusive place, under the chandeliers, silver cutlery, crystal glasses with gold ornaments etc. All described luxury, we could afford very few times, but she appreciate gratefully when ever experienced. Her positive attitude is: If she can afford with in our means, way not. We only live once and can not take it with us.

With all said, Carol wish to poses or enjoy mention goodies, but has no illusions for all those super thinks, or thinks, she hasn't, or can't afford, but as usual she is happy with what she is got; humble by simple saying: We are very lucky and wealthy, have; thanks health and each other. Another good quality in Carol attitude: never to gossip. Never say a bad word about any body, not even against her adversaries. If I do it, she would tell me off. Main your own business.

But She have few that dislike Her; since last memory, mostly women, because they are incompetent and physically incomparable.

I am certain that compliments toward My Carol are going to steer some certain reader. If thous certain people are going to laugh, they will only do it because of their malignity.

For our gold wedding Anniversary in 2001 we flu: only for eight days to: North Queensland luxurious Port Douglas and Cairn. We had a great time. Carol became so fond of Cairn, that two years latter; on the TV. Whether prediction; she is still checking the wether and temperature in Cairn. Good memory.

I am certain, that being in our native Country, We would never see so much World. Carol and Vivienne, has in 1973 been in Yugoslavia for three Month, compliment of Yugoslav government, for socially assisting; Yugoslav new comers to Australia. In 1976 I have alone been; four weeks; visiting my friend Joe in U.S.A. One year later; on my way to Slovenia, visit: Manila, Hon Kong, Bangkok and Singapore. 1986; Carol and I with our daughter Vivienne, went for three month; round the world trip: to north America, Western Europe including Austria and our native home Slovenia.

On our way back; stop few days in Singapore. Unforgettable memory.

In 1989; again on my own, visited Slovenia, and last time in 1999 have with whole; Australian, Slovenian bocce teams; competing; against Slovenian National; with not much success. Carol alone have on a bus tour travelled all Over Tasmania.

February 2005 my Nice Nadia and her Husband Joe arrive from Slovenia and together went on a tour to New Zealand for sixteen days. Again unforgettable memory. In 2006 Carol and I went on a Bus tour all over Slovenia, Austria, Germany and Italy and back to Slovenia where we were again touring all nice and attractive tourist places.

2007 unexpected, again decided to go back to Europe. This time central Europe: Austria, Hungary, Czech Republic, Poland up North to Lithuania, Latvia Estonia, including St. Petersburg and Finland. On our way back stop again for three Weeks in Slovenia; Komen.

Flying back over night stop in Dubai, had good tour of the town build practically in the desert at the edge of the sea, where is as hot as Sahara desert with no running water, yet all over the town along the edge of the roads plants desalinated water continue to supply sprinkled water for parks grass. Not a really needed purpose. In the city it self; artificially made hills of ice and snow where children sly or skiing with their typical nervous Mothers running behind them.

In last few years We have travelled, as one could go: north, east and West Australia. As it is evident, We saw most of the World.

In August this year plan for the third time to visit West Australia for sixteen days. The reader will realize: that We had a bed and very hard start, but through out the past fifty and more years our respect and love for each other plus togetherness we endure all obstacles and came on top.

To sum up: First fifteen years in Australia We were extremely strain and most of the time; broke.

Last twenty years before retirement, I my say: were satisfied and most of the time have some spare money.

Since retired. We are most satisfied and live in pleasant comfort and happiness. We are not wealthy with money to burn, but enough to have a comfortable life. Some time I wonder where in one or My life time all gathered material in the house and around it came from. Use-full and use-less junk is every where.

Us two have been harmoniously cooperative and understanding hard, honest and conscientious workers there for proud and very satisfied with our achievement. Educated our son in a private Grammar School, a very expensive education, while our daughter Vivienne was educated in a State school, has attended the university with good result and finally the Teachers College to become an successful and enthusiastic High school Teacher as stated.

FRIENDS. The reader, I believe is well aware that, really fear dinking friend are very hard to come by, yet We are proud and satisfied that We have few really good friend that can be trusted and vice versa. Among us is full confidence and transparency with no offence in any discussion or subject. Most confidential and trustful friend is Joe volčič. We assist Joe and His wife Rosa that came from France to Australia and since first met, never look back.

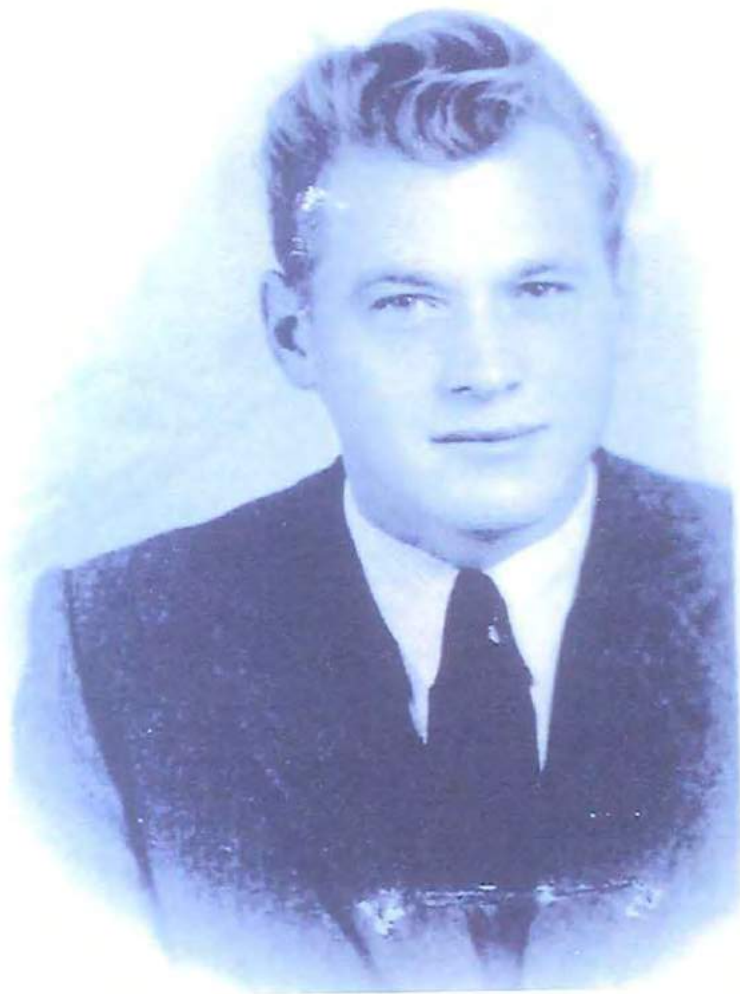
Here I am at the end of my personal autobiography, hope some of My descendant will appreciate to read what a person can endure in one life time or that the first Vern { Virgili } and Carol { Dragica } Gomizel that arrive in Australia: 27. 12. 1951 wore by Nationality Slovenian from the Province of Trieste.

If ask: Would I start my life; all over again? Answer: definitely NOT the way I outlive the first one. But would like to continue and live with Carol as We are last twenty years: healthy in harmony; together? YES FOR EVER.

Impossible dream.

Vern Gomizel



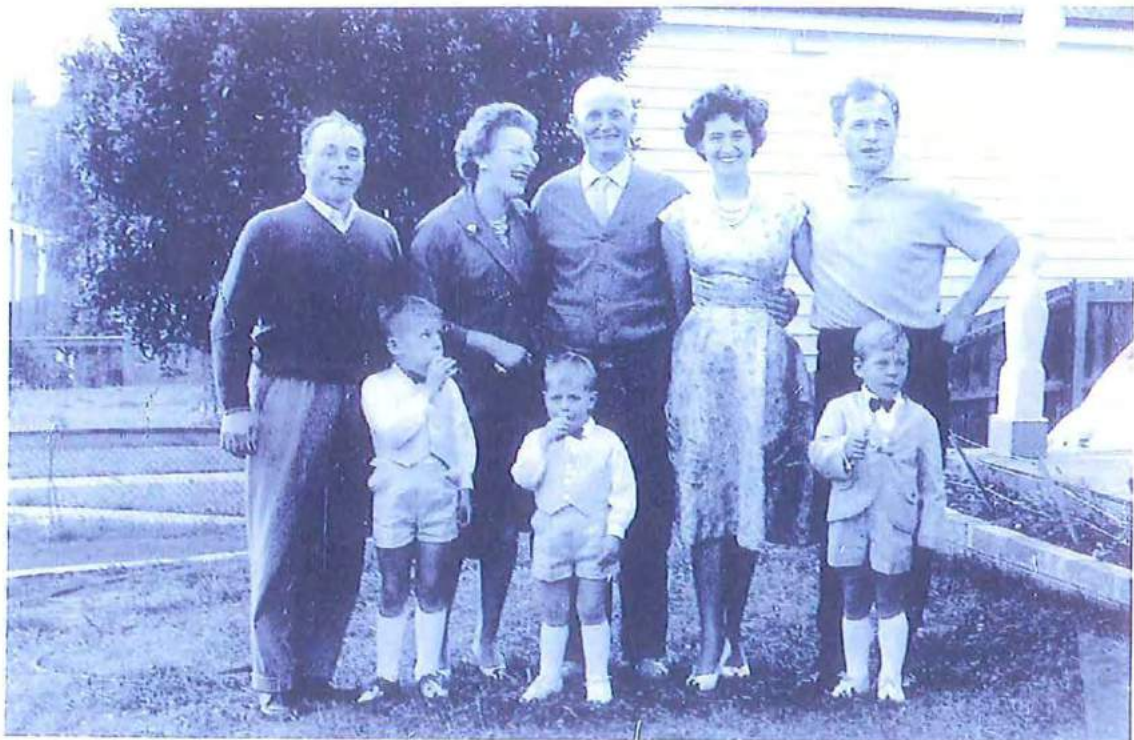


1. Picture's on the document, like Pass port that allow  
Us to step on the Australian soil.



2. Both, still in the cloth from Red Cross. 3. First year in Australia. No sowing machine, so the whole costume was sowed by hand needle and yarn. 4 The best looking one.





5. My father visiting us in Australia. From left My brother Franc, his wife Elsa, our father, Carol and my self. Two boys at the left are brother's son's, boy standing before me is our son Henry.



6. Still young family.



7. Carol and Vivienne at native home in Slovenia.



8. Carol and I, a little older with grown up Son and daughter.  
Henry and Vivienne.





9. From left. Carol, my brother Franc, sister Gisela My self and Franc's Wife Elsa. Many years ago.



10. Carl my Sister Gizela and my self.



9. From left. Carol, my brother Franc, sister Gisela My self and Franc's Wife Elsa. Many years ago.



10. Carl my Sister Gizela and my self.





11. Day for celebration Vivienne deserved Teacher Diploma.



12. One of our friend guest from Slovenia.



13. Year 2001, month of July. Celebrating our golden wedding University. In Cairns north Queensland.



14. Travel over the world. picture in Amsterdam.

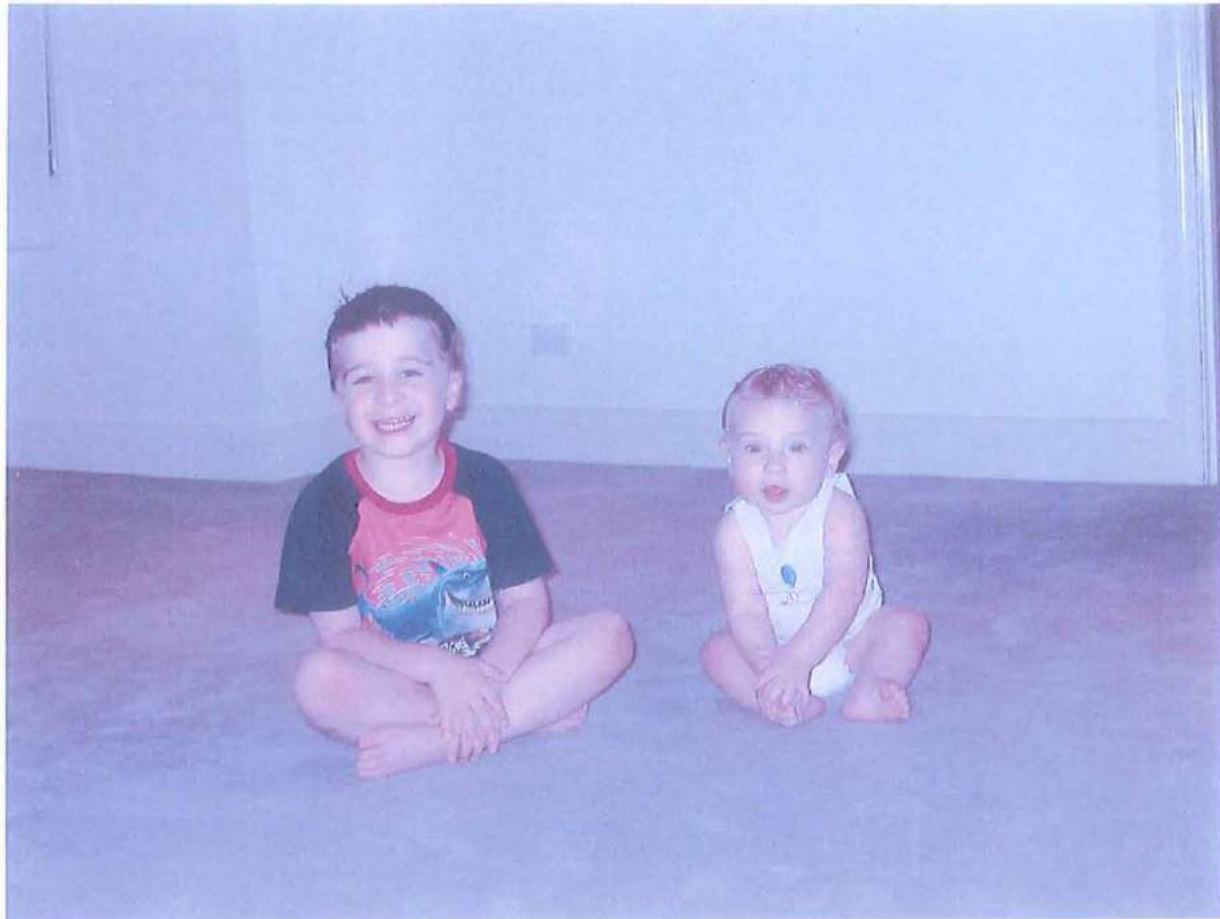




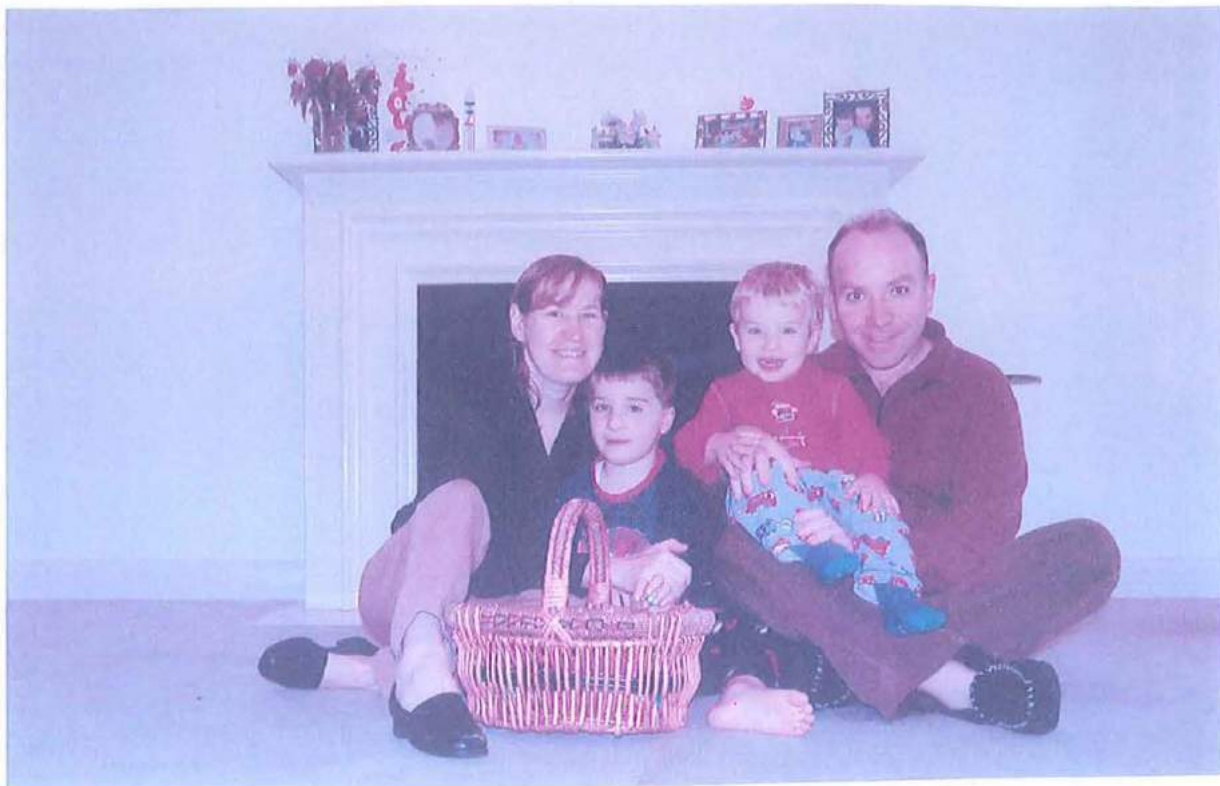
15. Near Christchurch in New Zealand.



16. Mi and Carol Touring New Zealand.



17. Vivienne children: Methew and Marcus.



18. Vivienne, husband Peter and children.





19. Traditional Easter day. Children look for Easter eggs.



20. House we at present live.





21. Back yard of existing house.



22. First house, not yet finished.



# CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

*Is awarded to*

*Mrs. Dragica Gomizelj*  
*in recognition of voluntary*  
*service to the community*

INTERNATIONAL  
YEAR OF  
VOLUNTEERS 2001

*Steve Bracks*  
THE HON STEVE BRACKS MP  
Premier of Victoria

*Christine Campbell*  
THE HON CHRISTINE CAMPBELL MP  
Minister for Community Services  
Minister Responsible for L.V.V.



SLOVENSKO DRUŠTVO MELBOURNE  
SLOVENIAN ASSOCIATION MELBOURNE

izreka  
awards

PRIZNANJE  
CERTIFICATE OF APPRECIATION

*Dragici Gomizelj*

za 50 letno aktivno delo pri društvu  
for 50 years of active involvement

Melbourne, 20. 11. 2004

*Julia Poci*



Organization of Affairs

Certificate Of Appreciation

Presented To:

*Mrs. Dragica Gomizelj*

For your outstanding work  
carried out for the benefit of the  
Slovenian Communities within Victoria.



*Mr. Peter Mackay*  
President  
*Mr. Rodney Crooks*  
Secretary  
Date

23. Carol's Certificates of appreciation for working for the Community.