

Rahela Perisic And Her Brother Moric Albahari



The picture was taken in 1944 in Turbe, a small place near Travnik. My younger brother Moric and I are pictured. In 1941 the war broke out and German units entered Drvar. Not long afterwards, my father, my mother, my younger sister, Judita, and my eleven year old younger brother Moric, were taken by the Ustache. When that happened I was visiting my aunt. The Ustashe told her that she must send me to the camp but I did not go, instead I ran away. I hid in surrounding villages, however in the end I fell into the hands of the Ustashe and I suffered terribly when they took me to prison. But the town was liberated by the Serbs, I escaped and then I joined the Partisans. I held a variety of positions. Mostly I looked after children who were war orphans. They were traumatized in the extreme. I received several decorations for this work after the war. In the meantime, my

parents along with Judita and Moric were supposed to be transferred to Jasenovac but they escaped. With a lot of hardship they reached Drvar. I was ordered to stay in Drvar from the time the Italians took over to do illegal work. My father and mother spent the entire war running from place to place as liberated territories changed. My sister and brother were in the Partisans. In 1944, I caught pneumonia. I did all sorts of organizational work in the liberated territories, much of it to do with basic literacy. I received awards for serving Bosnia and Hercegovina , for contributing to the fight, and for my work with children. I was in Bugojno until 1945. My parents, both sisters and brother all survived the war.