

Shlomo Sadikario



This is my brother Shlomo Sadikario. They took this picture for fake identification cards. All the Jews had their pictures taken for passports, fake papers. Fake passports were to be issued as if we were Serbs, even though we were not. This was not Serbia, it was Bulgaria. So that they could expell us, as though we were foreigners. [Editor's Note: This photo was more likely taken by the Bulgarian authorities in the first half of 1942 for identification purposes. Source: www.ushmm.org]. Shlomo made a lot of trouble at home. He would ask our mother, 'Why did you cook this? Why did you cook that?' We were all calm, but Shlomo always had to make a big problem. My brother, Mois, used to hit him. He would take him once or twice and hit him. After Mois got married he left Shlomo to me. Then I used to fight with him, 'Why do you bother her?' My mother tried her best. She cooked the best she could. He made problems not just about food, but with other things too. But in school he was an excellent student. And he was an excellent partisan. He was great with others, but he made problems at home. In 1943, when they arrested everyone, he ran away. He tried at a couple different houses and then he was taken in by the Altipalmak family. They took him with my other brother, Sami, and another person. They were there for a month before entering the partisans. He died while with the partisans, near Kumanovo in 1944.