

Nikola, Vera, Vojislav And Ljubomir Vajda



This is a photo of my father, my brothers Vojislav and Ljubomir, and me in Belgrade. The last time I saw my father was November 14, 1941. After forced labor, he was imprisoned at Autokomand at Topovske supe. Until November 14, my mother and I visited the camp. Every day, for more than a month, we brought him food and we waited for hours in line to give it to him. The meetings were very hard. There was a great clamor. We were packed in like sardines. They turned on German

music, which made the conversations more difficult. We were in the yard for 10 minutes.

My father was from Austro-Hungary. When he graduated from secondary school, he went to Vienna to study. My father and mother, a Serb, met while working in a Belgrade brewery. He was a boss of what would be called the commercial department, where my mother worked as a clerk. There was great love and happiness between them. My father, although he came from a foreign country, found tranquility here, and my mother was very happy. My mother gave birth to my two brothers and me in the course of three years.