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Aleksandar DEMAJO

## ALWAYS ONE STEP AHEAD OF DEATH



*Aleksandar Demajo was born in Belgrade in 1923 to father Moric Demajo and mother Alis, née Amar. When the war began he was seventeen years old and about to graduate from high school. He fled Belgrade and managed to graduate in Cetinje. His father Moric did not survive the war but was killed by the Italians in Cetinje in 1941.*

*He returned from the camps and took part in the national liberation struggle then, after the war, joined the diplomatic service where he spent his entire*

*career, retiring as an ambassador.*

*This interview with Aleksandar Demajo was conducted by Jaša Almuli for the Fortunoff Video Archive for Holocaust Testimonies at Yale University, USA.*

My father was a lawyer who worked for both the Jewish community and the community at large. When the war broke out he was vice-president of the Jewish Sephardic Community, a post he held for a long time. He was also for many years a city councillor in Belgrade. I was brought up in the Yugoslav national spirit, in the SOKOL movement, from my earliest childhood but, in the years immediately before the war, I was caught up in the progressive high school movement guided

by the Communist Party of Yugoslavia. During that period I was swinging back and forth between SOKOL and this progressive movement. My father and I lived alone, because I had no brothers and sisters and my mother had died just a year and a half before the war.

On March 25, 1941, my father began thinking about resigning from his position as a city councillor in Belgrade. At this time several ministers in the Cvetković Government had offered their resignations in an effort to distance themselves from the Yugoslav government's decision to join the Tripartite Pact. My father believed that, as a Jew, he could no longer be a member of the City Council under these circumstances. The Tripartite Pact was the treaty among the Axis powers – Germany, Italy and Japan. On March 25, Yugoslavia formally joined the pact. However events were moving too rapidly. Within two days, while my father was still thinking about it and telling me that he should resign, there was a coup d'état and the new government withdrew from the pact, which had already been signed. This was the direct pretext for Germany's attack on Yugoslavia ten days later. The bombing of Belgrade, early in the morning of April 6, 1945, caught my father and me in our apartment. When we heard the explosions and radio broadcasts broke off, my father immediately grasped what was happening. That morning he went to his mobilisation post in Banjica and I went to mine at the Public Health Centre where my job was to give first aid.

My father knew where my post was and, in the afternoon, he came to see me because Banjica had been bombed, there was no assembly point there and he said we should leave Belgrade immediately.

## FLEEING TO MONTENEGRO

That same evening we left Belgrade. We set off towards Avala, 24 kilometres south of the city and then managed to catch a train which took us to Stalać. My father's plan was to get as far south as possible, heading for Greece. However at Stalać we heard that the line had already been cut further south by the Bulgarians, so instead we caught the last westbound train for Sarajevo.

My father was counting on us being able to stay for a while in Bosnia, where there would be military resistance because it was a mountainous area. However when we arrived in Sarajevo we realised that nothing of the sort would happen. My father learned that the Yugoslav government was nearby, heading for the coast.

From Sarajevo we continued by train to Mostar. But there the line towards the coast had been cut by the Ustashas, the Croatian collaborators. We travelled partly on foot, partly by ox-cart and finally by bus through Hercegovina, eventually arriving in Montenegro. When we took the bus at Nikšić, we heard that Yugoslavia had formally capitulated.

Our bus was going as far as the coastal city of Kotor. We arrived there in the morning, only to hear that a British submarine had left during the night after picking people up. That morning we witnessed the arrival of the first Italian motorcycle troops, the *bersaglieri*, with their plumed hats. We decided to settle down in Kotor and found a room. My father immediately went up to Cetinje, because he knew some lawyer colleagues there. Until the end of the first world war, Cetinje had been the capital of Montenegro, which then had been a monarchy with family ties to various royal and imperial houses throughout Europe. There were then some fourteen or so foreign diplomatic missions in Montenegro and my father expected to run into some of his Montenegrin colleagues from Belgrade there.

I stayed alone in Kotor for two or three days until my father returned and said we should immediately go to Cetinje because he had located some friends and acquaintances there.

In Cetinje we found accommodation in the house of a man with whom my father had an interesting connection. In Belgrade he had been the legal representative of the Italian Fiat and Pirelli companies and the man with whom we now stayed was a motor mechanic and Pirelli's Cetinje distributor. My father tried to make as many contacts as possible while he decided what we should do next. At that time the high school was reopened in Cetinje and my father had the idea that I should enrol and finish my schooling and that is exactly what I did.

## THE GOOD PEOPLE OF CETINJE

The atmosphere in Cetinje was fairly relaxed. People mixed freely and talked openly about everything. Despite the presence of the Italians, there was no tension. This was the kind of atmosphere in which my father and I spent about two months until we moved into another apartment. This move was momentous for us because we found accommodation in the house of a Yugoslav officer, a retired captain, Savo Strugar. We were in his house on June 22 when the Germans attacked

the Soviet Union. Early in the morning of the same day, the Italians launched mass arrests, rounding up anyone they thought was suspicious. This included my father, who was taken to prison by the Italians. Our host, Savo Strugar, immediately realised that I was also in danger, so that day, or the next, he took me to stay with his relatives in a village. As it happened, Vlado Strugar, with whom I had finished high school in Cetinje, was living in the same house. He was later a well-known historian and academician. Savo stayed in Cetinje, waiting to see what would happen to my father in prison. After ten days he was released, but was given a document with both our photographs and orders that the document was to be used for both of us to leave Montenegro immediately. In other words to return to Belgrade and report to the police there. I should mention here that Yugoslavia was divided into zones of occupation: Belgrade was in the German zone and Montenegro in the Italian zone. It was for this reason that my father had put so much effort into trying to stay in Montenegro.

My father had believed that Montenegro would not be long under occupation and so, right from the beginning of our stay in Cetinje, he had been searching for opportunities for us to move out of the city to somewhere in the countryside where we would be out of the way. Under false names if necessary. I remember that he had spoken about this with some people who promised to find a place for us in a village in Piva, close to Hercegovina. When he was released from prison with orders to return to Belgrade into the arms of the Germans, it obviously never even crossed his mind to do so. And at that very moment he succeeded in his plan to remain illegally in Montenegro, thanks to our host. As soon as my father was released, Savo Strugar took him to another village mid-way between Cetinje and Budva, to the house of a relative of his, Luka Banović, who later became Yugoslav minister for internal affairs. After he settled my father in there, Savo set about seeing what else he could do. When he had everything planned, he came to me in my village and brought me back to Cetinje, to his small, two-room apartment in which my father and I had previously stayed, but in which two Italian officers had now made themselves at home. I spent the night in the kitchen, and the next day he put me on a bus headed for Budva. He told me that somewhere along the way my father would board the bus, but that we must pretend not to know each other and join up only after we left the bus in Budva. And so it happened. My father got on the bus somewhere, wearing a Montenegrin cap which he

never removed from his head. When we left the bus we finally spoke. He said to me "You are to go to that apartment in old Budva". This was the house of the Zambelić family, who were to give me shelter until he let me know what to do next. He went somewhere else, where his Cetinje friends had told him to go. In fact he had gone to Joko Boreta who, before the war, had been mayor of Budva. Boreta immediately gave him a connection for somewhere we could both go and settle permanently. This was the house of his best man, Rado Vučićević, a veteran of the Salonica front, who lived at Buljarica on the coast south of Budva. When my father and I made contact again we went to Buljarica and settled down there. This was during the early days of July. Our host knew who we were, he knew that we were Jews from Belgrade, but he was very conspiratorial about this among the people in his neighbourhood.

#### WITH THE REBELS FROM THE FIRST DAY

Suddenly, only ten days after our arrival in his house, on July 13, 1941, a rebellion erupted in Montenegro. That night we heard people outside, breaking or cutting something. They were cutting the cables on the telegraph poles. We also heard songs which immediately indicated that this had something to do with the activities of the Communist Party. By the next morning this entire village was ready to mutiny. All the men, including my father and I, set up an ambush beside the road through which the first Italian troops were to arrive. We were in the ambush, my father near the road, behind the rocks, and I a little further away, with a biggish group of people. We had no weapons – there were only a handful of shotguns among the entire group. Sometime during the morning a small column arrived, a motorcycle and one or two cars with the Italians, if I remember rightly. We summoned them from the ambush, ordering them to stop and surrender. It was my father who issued this order, because he spoke Italian. They didn't surrender immediately, there was some shooting, but they surrendered after one of the Italians was wounded. My father then went to the Lučice Hotel near Petrovac. It was very close and he knew that he would find there a group of Belgrade Jews who had arrived from Kotor. Among them was a doctor. The rebels wanted a doctor to help the wounded man.

Many years later, in Petrovac, I spoke with a Montenegrin woman, one of the owners of this hotel. She told me that when my father was

asked where I was, where his son was, he very proudly told them "He's over there with the rebels". My father returned with the doctor who treated the man and we stayed where we were, but I don't remember what eventually happened to the Italian. Later, another, much larger Italian convoy arrived and we were forced to climb a very steep and rocky mountain under machine-gun fire. The group reached the summit and crossed to the other side while my father and I stayed there, on the mountain, for about ten days. In the meantime there was a famous battle taking place on the road between Budva and Cetinje, at a place called Brajići. Together with a younger man from our group I set off in that direction, because the battle had been planned. However, not being used to this kind of terrain I couldn't walk on the rocks and my companion had to send me back. Soon after this, things fell completely apart and the Italians from Cetinje penetrated into Crmnica, a valley in the hinterland near Lake Skadar. Everyone who was there at the time took to their heels and my father and I were left to our own devices.

Now my father and I were on our own until two young Italian officers came along. Because my father spoke Italian, it was easy for him to strike up a conversation with them. He invented a story about me having a lung disease, so that we had come to Montenegro before the war began; he had brought me here for the mountain air and now we were trapped in these new circumstances. One of the Italians was a teacher, both of them were very cultured men and they were most surprised to meet a man who spoke such good Italian. These officers gave us a pass which allowed us to cross through all the Crmnica villages to reach our destination, Bar, from where we intended to take a boat to Split. This was my father's plan because we believed that there was no longer any possibility of surviving in Montenegro.

## TRAGIC ENCOUNTER

It wasn't easy getting to Split. The city is a major centre in Dalmatia in a region once held by the Italians and which they had always claimed was theirs. As soon as the outbreak of World War Two presented them with the opportunity, the Italians conquered and annexed the territory. We had close relatives and some friends in Split and so father thought the best thing was to go there. We obtained passes fairly easily in Bar on the basis of the documents we had been given on the mountain by the Italian officers. No sooner had we begun this

journey when an event occurred which promised to be a pleasant encounter but instead had tragic consequences for my family. When the ship taking us to Split arrived in Budva we went up on deck. On the shore we saw a Belgrade woman with whom we had socialised in Cetinje before my father was arrested. Now he waved to her. She saw him wave, but then immediately disappeared. Shortly after they called my father's name, ordering him to report. We immediately realised that the woman was an Italian agent. While we had still been underground my father had altered the document we had been given to return to Belgrade, changing the name Moric Demajo to Morić Damjan, supposedly a refugee from Peć. When my father didn't answer the order to report, they collected the documents of all passengers on board, realising that my father's was forged after the woman identified him from the photograph in it. We were both immediately taken off the ship and, two days later, escorted to Cetinje. On the third day, without any interrogation, they court-martialled us, together with two Montenegrins from the coastal villages. The court martial consisted of three Italian colonels, and either one or two of them were from the Fascist militia. The trial lasted about fifteen minutes. There were no questions asked, because this was a show trial, a reprisal for the setback the Italians had suffered in the conflict at Brajići. My father and the two Montenegrins were sentenced to execution by firing squad while I was reprieved and returned to prison. Because the Italian queen at that time was a Montenegrin, the daughter of the last Montenegrin king, the Italians believed they could pacify Montenegro and win it over as an ally on the strength of these blood relations with the Italian royal family. This was one of the reasons why, when several members of a family were sentenced to death, they always reprieved the youngest. In this case I was not only the youngest, I was also a minor and this is what saved my life. My father and the two Montenegrins were executed the same morning the trial was held. After the war the remains of all three were moved to Petrovac na Moru, the home town of the other two victims. Their common grave in the Petrovac cemetery is still pointed out by Montenegrins for the curious fact of two Montenegrins and a Jew being buried together.

I remained in prison for some time. There were many people among the political prisoners there whom I met again later in life after they had survived the horrors of the war. My fate would probably have been similar to that of the men interned in the Kavaja camp in Alba-

nia had it not been for a strange coincidence. While I was in prison an Italian officer, the commander of the motor transport units, arrived in Cetinje. His name was Nascimbeni and, as a representative of Fiat and Pirelli, he had been one of my father's clients in Belgrade. He had apparently been mobilised as soon as the war broke out and sent as an officer in the Italian Army to Montenegro. In Cetinje he saw my father's name on a publicly-posted list of executions and, after asking about the case, discovered that I was in prison. He came to the prison to find me. I was very surprised when I was brought to the office and saw him there. I knew him because my father's business office was in our apartment. Nascimbeni arranged for me to appear before the regular military court, which dismissed the case against me for lack of evidence. I am sure that the SOKOL badge which I was wearing was seen as evidence that I was a nationalist rather than a Communist and it was used as an argument in my defence in the proceedings which were launched by Nascimbeni himself. After I was released from prison, Nascimbeni told me that I could choose any place in Italy or some other Italian-occupied zone of Yugoslavia, but that I could not stay in Montenegro. I decided to go to Split, knowing that my relatives there would most certainly take care of me. Many local people from Cetinje helped and supported me while I was in prison. I could see that they were sorry for me as a young boy who had lost his father. When I was released from prison they immediately offered me shelter and, during the couple of days I remained there, they bought me a suit and everything else I needed.

### TO THE ALPS, VIA SPLIT

When I arrived in Split I went to see my relatives, who had fled from Belgrade. They had heard before they left the city that my father had been executed, but they knew nothing of my fate. I stayed with them.

There was a large group of Jews in Split who had managed to escape from Belgrade with forged documents. Some of them lost their lives in the process, but most of them managed to reach Split. This is where I came across Aleksa Čelebonović, Loni Davičo and a number of other young Jews who I had known in Belgrade. I had arrived from Cetinje in Split with jaundice and terrible eczema for which I was receiving treatment. I had planned to go with a group of young men



from Split to join the Partisans in the mountains, but my condition prevented me. About December 7 or 8, 1941, a large group of Jews was summoned to report with all their belongings at an appointed time in the harbour where we were put aboard a ship and taken to Kopar, the Slovenian port known to the Italians as Capodistria.

The Italians who received us there were very kind. They were aware that we were in danger of being killed if we were living in German occupied territory. There were no problems at all, they accepted all who came, regardless of how they arrived and what documents they carried. The only surprise came for us was when we were rounded up and moved out of Kopar. We were taken from the ship and put into railway wagons, with all the men bound in chains. There were families, men, women and children, in the train. They were taking us somewhere in Italy but we had no idea where. Suddenly we stopped somewhere in the Italian Alps, in the province of Aosta, close to the borders with France and Switzerland. Here, in this mountain resort they let us out of the train and released us from our chains. We were quite free.

We received a daily sum of money for food and a monthly allowance for accommodation. This was only a token amount, but we were free to find accommodation anywhere and any way we could. Some people had more money with them. The relative with whom I was travelling had plenty of money and rented a very nice apartment, so that for a year we lived very comfortably. The only obligation was for the men to report every day to the *Carabinieri* station for *appello*, the daily roll call. This regime was called *confino libero* – free confinement. And we actually were free, although we were not allowed to leave except in special cases and with special permission, say to see a dentist, because there was not one in San Vincenzo or for specialist medical attention. In other cases individuals could even go as far as Turin escorted by the group leader, who was elected from among our ranks. The only Jews being sheltered here were from Yugoslavia, less than a hundred of us. We stayed there from December 1941 to February 1943.

Those who had no money were able to work and earn something because the Italians were happy to hire us for odd jobs. The locals behaved very decently towards us. Even the sergeant in charge of the *Carabinieri*, the local police chief who we saw every day at roll call was very kind. He gave the impression of being very strict but in fact he was very decent. There was one episode which I shall probably never forget. One day after the roll call, the police chief read aloud to us a

letter from his son who was at the eastern front. His son wrote to him about the harsh conditions there and his father wept in front of all of us. We were the only people with whom he could find some release for his paternal feelings. His son was in an Italian military unit at the Russian front. Many years later I again passed through San Vincenzo. We visited our acquaintances from that time and they were very happy to see us again.

## FROM SAN VINCENZO TO FERRAMONTI

We were confused in February, 1943, when they suddenly called us in and ordered us to get ready to leave San Vincenzo immediately, that they would take us somewhere else. We had no idea what it was all about. They put us on a train, again in chains, and took us from the far north of Italy to the far south, to the Ferramonti camp in Calabria.



*Part of the Ferramonti camp*

This was a large camp which could accommodate about two thousand inmates. It was not until just before we left San Vincenzo that we discovered the reason for this move. Turin was being heavily bombed by the Allied air forces and their idea was to scatter the city population, to evacuate families so that they would not be bombed. It was natural to send them to places where there were hotels, villas and other facilities available to accommodate the families. We confinees could hardly object to the decision to move us to make way for their own citizens.

In fact it was a stroke of good luck for us because by February 1943 we were already in the south, in a camp from which we were to be liberated in September of the same year. Had we remained longer in the north we would have found ourselves under the German occupation of northern Italy. Some Jews managed to flee from the region into Switzerland, but many died in the attempt.

The Ferramonti camp was set up in 1940 to accommodate Jewish refugees fleeing from those parts of Europe under German occupation. These were Jews from Czechoslovakia, Austria, Hungary and Poland. They must have also included a few German Jews who somehow managed to reach Italy.

During my time in the camp its structure changed considerably. At first it was a purely Jewish camp in which large numbers of Belgrade Jews found shelter. Most of these had fled Albania or had taken shelter on the Montenegrin coast. They had then been assembled in the Kavaja camp in Albania and from there moved across to Ferramonti. During my time there, at the beginning of 1943, there were other national groups as well as Jews. There was a small but solid group of Greeks who had come from the internment camps in Greece. They included a Greek bishop and Evangelos Averoff-Tossizza, a future defence minister of Greece. There were also Chinese and other nationalities. Then there was a group of Slovenes and later a large group of Dalmatians. Apart from those interned for political reasons or for joining Partisan units in the fighting in Yugoslavia, there were also people who had been interned in Italy for their Partisan sympathies.

The camp regime was very relaxed. The accommodation was tolerable: there were barracks for single people and others for families, with small rooms or barracks partitioned off with blankets. The main thing was that the families stayed together. There was a permanent obligation to attend roll call at set hours in the morning and evening and also snap roll calls throughout the day. Inmates were free to move around the camp. There was also a shop with basic food items. Certain staples such as oil and beans could also be bought from members of the Fascist militia who were in charge of camp security. These were usually farmers from nearby villages who had been mobilised into the police and they sold other things as well.

The camp had its own church, a synagogue and even a choir, organised by Lav Mirski, a conductor from Osijek who, after the war, was the founding director and manager of the Osijek Opera. Jews and

Slovenians made up the choir which rehearsed choral music and, on Sundays, sang in the church.

Football matches and other sporting competitions were organised in the camp. There was a school, which ensured that children didn't lose too much education. There were various courses offered and we, as part of the Yugoslav section, together with the Slovenians and Dalmatians, had an organised cultural and political life. We had an organisation which held regular literary meetings. This was one of the political activities designed to support the Partisan struggle in Yugoslavia. There were also well-organised political activities led by the Communist Party, with a number of old Communists from Yugoslavia, mainly Dalmatians and Slovenians as well as Jews. This organisation tried continually to maintain the spirit of struggle against Fascism. This was our basic goal. We had no idea how things would develop but we were always prepared for an opportunity to continue the struggle against Fascism by taking up arms on Yugoslav soil.

We were lucky that the camp was promptly liberated after the landing of the Allied forces in Sicily in southern Italy. However, in the meantime, there was a tragic event when a British plane flew above the camp and we all ran out to greet it. The aircraft suddenly strafed us with machine-gun fire and several internees were killed. The crew had obviously taken us to be an Italian military camp. This was just prior to the liberation.

When the Allies arrived, the English in fact, the camp was liberated and we had complete freedom of movement. The English endeavoured to give the liberated camp inmates the most comfortable life possible. They improved the food, clothing and other essentials, with the intention that the inmates should remain in the camp while they regained their strength and got back on their feet. In this way they would be in a better state to await the liberation of their own countries. However our organisation in the camp had other plans and we prepared to join the Partisans. We didn't know what was going on at Bari, the Italian port on the Adriatic facing the Yugoslav coast, but we planned to somehow reach the city. We thought that from Bari we would be able to cross the Adriatic into Yugoslavia and join the struggle. We travelled to Bari in a number of separate groups. We had support in this from the Italian anti-Fascists whom we met in the nearby town of Cosenza. They helped us, without the knowledge or agree-

ment of the British, to have special coaches in trains leaving for Bari. Thus we were able to take a large number of people to that city.

When we arrived in Bari we discovered that a Partisan mission had already come by boat from the liberated part of the Yugoslav coast to the liberated part of the Italian coast. This was a mission sent by the Supreme Headquarters of the Yugoslav Partisan army to make contact with the Allies. Those first contacts, despite some initial difficulties, bore fruit: there were special camps set up near Bari as collection points for all the Yugoslavs arriving there. They were coming from all directions, from camps, from prisons (some of the inmates had been sentenced to a hundred and one years), from German-occupied Italian territory and from the front in the south of the country. This is where the First Overseas Brigade of the Partisan army was established, with battalions formed on national lines.

### JEWISH PLATOON

In order to demonstrate the desire of people of various Yugoslav nationalities to join the struggle in their homeland, a brigade was formed with six battalions, two Montenegrin, two Dalmatian and two Slovenian. Within a Montenegrin company in one of the Montenegrin battalions, a Jewish platoon was formed. I'm not sure to what extent this was done on the demand of the Jews themselves. At the time I understood it to be the intention of the brigade command to make it known that there was a Jewish platoon, that there were also Jews from that territory who wanted to go into occupied Yugoslavia and fight. There were 22 of us. I later tried to reconstruct a list of the men. I know that it may be incomplete, but it does exist. The platoon commander was David Štern of Prijedor. He was the only one of us who had served in the army before the war. I also remember Dr Isidor Alkalaj of Sarajevo, an orthopaedic surgeon who lived in Israel after the war. Also from Sarajevo was Mirko Haler. Then there was Šlomo Levi an engineer who, I think, came from Bitola and lived in Belgrade after the war. I seem to recall that he had lost an arm in the war and that for a time he was a member of the Jewish Community in Belgrade. He has since died. According to the reconstruction we made, a number of platoon members lost their lives, while we pre-

sume that some are still alive in Israel. There are probably also several who went to America.

There were two young Jewish men from Pisa in the ranks of the platoon. They had got to know some of our people in Bari and, having managed to cross the German-occupied territory of Italy, they were not prepared, as Italians, to stay in the south and wait for the liberation of the entire country. Instead they joined us in order to fight with us against Fascism in Yugoslavia. One of them, Claudio Paggi was killed in the Bosnian mountains fighting beside us as a Partisan. The other, Franco Lucato, had a different fate. He was taken prisoner by the Germans but, as an Italian, fared fairly well. He was in various camps and even survived Bergen-Belsen I believe. He returned to Italy and was later in Argentina and finally in Israel. Today he lives in Pisa, a retired physician.

There's a detail of our time on Korčula which is worth mentioning. I had been appointed assistant commissar of one of the Slovenian



*Common room for single men in one of the barracks of the Feramonti camp*

battalions, at their request. Shortly after this the entire brigade was moved from Korčula to Hvar and then to Vis, from one Dalmatian island to another and, eventually, from Vis, the brigade was transferred to the Yugoslav mainland one night around New Year, 1944. Our brigade was ordered to proceed to Drvar, where the Supreme Headquarters of the National Liberation Army was situated. It took a long time to travel from the coast to Drvar but we had only one serious clash with the enemy as we crossed the Una railway line. The territory

had already been largely liberated but, as we crossed the line we noted that on one side the line was secured and guarded for the Germans by the Ustashes, the Croatian collaborators, while the other side was guarded by the Serbian collaborators, the Chetniks. When we arrived in Drvar they decided the entire First Overseas Brigade should be disbanded. We were assigned to other units which already had fighting experience. A large number of men were transferred to the First Proletarian Brigade. I was assigned to the technical platoon and remained there for some time until I was sent as a delegate to the artillery squadron of the First Proletarian Division. I remained there, even when the squadron was moving eastwards to Serbia. In the summer of 1944 I was so exhausted that I kept losing consciousness and so was sent to hospital for treatment.

After the war finished I spent some time in uniform as an officer in our military mission in Trieste, in Zone A. From there I was later assigned to the diplomatic service where I spent my entire career. I retired as an ambassador with the rank of reserve lieutenant-colonel.