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No. KI Kri. 21/96**WITNESS EXAMINATION RECORD**

dated 4<sup>th</sup> March 1996 before Investigative judge of the Municipal court in Kikinda in the criminal proceedings against unknown perpetrator due to criminal offence from Article 142 of KZ<sup>1</sup>.

Investigative - Judge

Radivoje Spasić

Witness,

Recording clerk,

Olga Miladinov

VOJISLAV ČANGALOVIĆ

Persons present at witness examination:  
public prosecutor

[no entry]  
defendant

[no entry]  
defence attorney

[no entry]

Examination began at 11 AM

The witness was warned that he/she is obliged to speak the truth and that he/she must not keep anything secret, was warned of the consequences of giving false testimony, as well as the fact that he/she is not obliged to answer specific questions if it is probable that he/she would thus expose himself/herself or a close relative to severe shame, considerable material damage, or to criminal prosecution (article 229 of ZKP<sup>2</sup>), thus the witness gives following answers to general questions:

1) Name and surname VOJISLAV<sup>3</sup> [sic] ČANGALOVIĆ

2) Father's name Manojlo

3) Occupation physician - dentist

4) Temporary place of residence Nakovo, the 49 Ml. Stojanović Street

5) Place of birth Sarajevo

6) Year of birth 1940

7) Relationship to the defendant [no entry]

<sup>1</sup> Translator's note: Criminal Code

<sup>2</sup> t/n: Criminal Procedure Code

<sup>3</sup> t/n: correct name is VOJISLAV

Next, the witness states the following regarding the case itself:

The witness was warned that he is obliged to speak the truth and that he must not keep anything secret, and warned of the consequences of giving false testimony, he states:

I resided in Sarajevo, the 29 Gornji Velešići Street. I was arrested by Muslims on 25<sup>th</sup> November 1992 at my home. Twelve more Serbs who lived nearby were arrested. These are: Todor Ristović, Dragan Ristović, Trifko Božić, Mirko Božić, Željko Kljajić, Drago Šoja, Ostoja Šoja, Jovo Kretija, Živko Kretija, a man whose last name was Krunić, Milorad Šekara. We were arrested by soldiers of some motorised Sandžak brigade whose headquarters was in Pofalići. We were taken to facilities of former the “Vranice” construction company. My son-in-law, Mladen Glogovac, was arrested with me. A “Golf” vehicle took us to the “Vranice”. We were placed in a basement where I met my neighbour, Trifko Božić. He was arrested one day before me. He was in bruises and beaten. He complained that he was cold so I covered him with a dirty blanket I found there. He told me that if my son-in-law, Glogovac, gets free, he should go to his family and tell them to hide his daughter Nataša. Muslims probably blackmailed him and threatened to harm his daughter. I have to describe how everything happened. Namely, before the secession of BiH<sup>4</sup> I had seen Muslims arming and carrying weapons. Those persons weren’t uniformed, but they were civilians. In the beginning of March in 1992, Trifko and Mirko Božić were walking down the street, Muslims asked who was walking, they replied it’s Trifko and Mirko, and Muslims reacted by cursing their Chetnik<sup>5</sup> mother and shot in their direction. Since that, we felt threatened. We went to the Community Centre to report this. They told us there that there is a possibility for the Crisis Management Committee to expand to Serbs too, because Serbian citizens were threatened as well. It was their deception because they did nothing after that. Regarding the expansion of the Crisis Management Committee, I attended one of the meetings held in Željko Kljajić’s garage. I didn’t participate in the discussion, I was late for the meeting, and it isn’t true that I organized it. They talked about expanding the Crisis Committee in the the Velešić Community Centre. They also talked about arming of Muslims, and our need to protect our bear lives. Muslims got the weapons in the Community Centre, too.

Later, Serbs offered me a rifle, which I didn’t accept, but rather gave it to Ostoja Šoja. That same rifle was found in his possession later.

I spent only 2, 3 hours in basement of the “Vranice”, and it was night when they took me to the hearing in another room. There was a burning candle in the room and, as soon as I got in, someone hit me on my left shoulder so hard, that I immediately fell down. Muslims were laughing. The investigator asked me to sit on a chair with a chair

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<sup>4</sup> t/n: Bosnia and Herzegovina

<sup>5</sup> t/n: a derogatory nickname for Serbs, origin comes from Serbian guerilla forces in WWII

back facing him and my hands leaned on the chair back. He asked me to look at him. He questioned me about weapons, ham radio device, where I kept cannon and so on. To me, it seemed stupid, ridiculous. There were “executioners” on both sides, they kicked with legs and hit with bats my back, neck, forearms, upper

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legs. For example, when he asked me where my cannon was, I was surprised, i.e. I denied it, and those executioners kicked me. Then they knocked me on the ground and kicked me. I don't know the investigator, nor the other present Muslims. They beat me so hard that I was all in bruises. I didn't lose consciousness. I spent about two hours in this room. They asked me if I was a member of Serb Democratic Party, and I denied it even though it was a legal party. Then they took me to a bigger room and when they opened the door, one of people who took me there hit me with something in my neck so hard that I flew towards the other wall and hit the opposite wall with my head. I was probably kicked with the leg, but I am not sure. There, I found Drago Šoja and Jovo Kretija. They were both beaten. I was there for 15-20 minutes, and then they took me out and let me go home. I was thinking about the reason why they let me go so I thought they probably let me to die of injuries sustained. I walked for about 50 m and when I came to an overpass, I fell down due to the inanition. I thought I should get away from there as quickly as I can, so I walked for another 50 m, to a “Renault 4” vehicle, that is to an intersection where I couldn't orientate even though I have been there many times. Leaning on the “Maršal Tito” barracks' fence, I got to a post office and a “Renault 4” vehicle that was burnt. I waited there until morning. I was vomiting in that vehicle, feeling very thirsty. In the morning, I wanted to get out of it, but I couldn't. I asked passengers to help me, I stopped the vehicles, but nobody helped me. By this vehicle, there was a stand with an awning for selling goods and, while leaning on that stand, I managed to get out of the vehicle, but then I lost consciousness. I remember someone pulling my collar and saying: “He's alive”. Then, I someone got on a bus since I wanted to go my friend's place, but I couldn't get off on the bus stop, so I drove on the bus till the end of the route. The driver told me they were going to go back. I remember getting off the bus and lying on a bench in a park near the bus. I was taken by a vehicle to my friend's place in the 1 Blagoje Perović Street. However, there were guards in the entrance to the building. There, they arrested me again and took me to the police station in Pofalići again. Actually, they took me to the regular police station in that place. From here, I was taken to the ambulance, and then I was taken to the Faculty of Medicine Hospital in Sarajevo, where doctors diagnosed seven rib fractures on the left side, acute kidney injury, contusions on my arms, legs and body,

blood pressure 60/40. They put a chest tube on the left side of my thorax. When they took me to a hospital room, other patients protested by saying that a chetnik shouldn't be with them, so they moved me to another room. I was alone in that room, and there was also a guard with an assault rifle. I was investigated by Ismail Biber there. He was probably a member of the military police. That investigator came every Monday and he didn't beat me. One of the guards beat me during his colleague's visit to me. He entered the room and asked me where my ribs were broken, and then he hit me with his fist a few times on my chest. I started yelling and a head nurse came. This same guard and his colleague stayed in the room when the nurse asked me if they were beating me and, because of the fear that I would be beaten again, I said they didn't. However, she said that

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they did beat me and called the doctor. After this, that guard was removed and he didn't guard me anymore. I was guarded by a man named Toni, who was fair. I don't know the names of the doctor and the nurse. I spent a little bit more than a month in the hospital, and on 6<sup>th</sup> January 1993, Biber came to the hospital and they took me to the Sarajevo Central Prison. They couldn't find one of my shoes at the hospital, so I left with one shoe, and I only had a slipper with no socks on my left foot. It was very cold, -17°C. In the central Prison, I spent a night in room No. 80 on the fifth floor. There was no glass on the windows, but metal shutters instead. It was very cold in that room. On the third day, they took me back to the hospital. I stayed about ten more days at the hospital, and from there I was taken to the second internal. On 27<sup>th</sup>, actually on 26<sup>th</sup> or 27<sup>th</sup> January, the warden from the former "Viktor Bubanj" barracks, Dolan Ramiz, came and I was taken to prison in the barracks. I was questioned there by a judge Fuad Teftedarija. He was really fair. Then, I was transferred to the cell No. 1, where later one more person came, and then I was sent to other cells. The cells' dimensions were 4x1.65 m, and sometimes they put even 12 people there. I was charged for armed insurrection and weapons. I wasn't beaten in that prison. I know they beat other prisoners. I don't know the names of investigators or prison guards who beat other prisoners.

The food was really poor in that prison. We were given half a piece of bread and half bitter tea, and a little bit of stew for dinner. We didn't have lunch. I was judged by Judge Davor Jukić and I was sentenced to 4 years in prison. I was there from May 1994 and I was exchanged on 6<sup>th</sup> October 1994. I was in the Central Prison from May until the exchange. Regarding Trifko Božić, he was arrested together with me, beaten in the facilities of the "Vranice" company and therefore died the next day.

He was buried at the old Orthodox cemetery in Koševo. I want to point out that conditions in the “Viktor Bubanj” barracks have become more bearable since the time when the delegation of the International Red Cross Committee visited the prison in March 1993. I know that, I think at the end of 1993 or the beginning of 1994, a butcher from Novo Sarajevo, Nešković, was murdered on the fifth floor. Investigated prisoners were on that floor. At that time, I was cleaning that floor and when I came in the room where he was lying on the ground, a guard removed me from there. I heard his name from other prisoners. I didn't learn who killed him, nor his name. We were called various names in the Central Prison. In cases of visits from journalists or Arab countries representatives, they would introduce us as prisoners, and in cases of visits from humanitarian organizations representatives, they introduced us as prisoners, convicts or conspirators. Before exchanges in the central Prisons, Muslim authorities would bring one Muslim criminal into each room, and that person would spy on us; when humanitarian organizations representatives visited, they would say that there are Serbs, Muslims and Croats among the prisoners, and that they all live under same conditions. One of these criminals was Radža Maher, who was convicted for the murder of two Muslim soldiers.

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He himself told us that, as a member of Muslim police, provided there are no others and witnesses, threw people from second and higher floors out of windows. These criminals told us which Serbs they murdered while digging the trenches. I heard there is a rocky place called “Kazan” on Trebelić<sup>6</sup> [sic], and that many Serbs were murdered there. Actually, it is some kind of a chasm. One woman from Sarajevo whose name I don't want to mention told me that one Albanian told her she should take off her black mourning clothes since snipers shoot women in mourning clothes in Sarajevo, presuming they are Serbs, and then they make it look like it was Serbs who shot. Actually, it was done by Muslim snipers.

This is all I had to say.

I forgot to say that, in Velešići, before my arrest, Muslims murdered Ristovićs, a family of five, in their home. They murdered Krsto Buha and burnt him in his home.

This is all I had to say.

Warned witness states that he does not wish to read the record since he heard it as it was loudly dictated, he accepts it as his own and as such signs it with no comments.

Ended at 12:40 noon.

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<sup>6</sup> t/n: correct name of the settlement is Trebević

Investigative Judge,	[stamp: Republic of Serbia	Witness,
[signature: illegible]	Autonomous Province of	[signature:
Recording clerk:	Vojvodina	illegible]
[signature: O Miladinov]	Kikinda]	