

# Fuat Hajdini

Head of Accounting

I was born on November 9, '47, in the village of Upper Zabel, it's a village up there. I spent my childhood in Zabel, in the village where I was born, and then somewhere around the age of seven, maybe before I even turned seven, I was enrolled in Komoran, that's where the primary school was back then, called *Jeta e Re*, in Komoran. We traveled with my peers, as expected, to attend school in the afternoons, we came here, to this village where we are now, which we used to call Kolonistav village, because there were Serbs who had arrived in '36, then returned in '41, left from here, and in '46 they came back again, some returned, and others brought new people as part of the colonization of Kosovo during that time, as is known. And this neighborhood here, back then, only had Serbs, and as children, we had to be cautious while passing by here, sometimes, when we were scared, we had to take a slightly longer route to avoid passing through their village, because besides other things, they also kept geese, and geese can be a bit dangerous, and we, as children, would run away from them because they'd chase us [*imitates the sound of geese*].

In primary school, in the fall, we moved from Zabel to Komoran, settled there, and for me, that part of my childhood became easier since I had the school nearby, naturally. At that time, apart from studying, behaving well was also important, as it was a period when there was more respect and perhaps... better education than today. In a sense, if I may say so, in quotes, but it was pleasant, for example, when you'd meet an elderly person on the way, greeting them with "Good afternoon" or "Good evening" was common practice, especially in the village.

<<<Classroom scene at school>>>

And naturally, as a student, I was distinguished, academically, always passing, back then we used to call it excellent with all fives. And there was a time, an activity from the fifth grade onwards, for kids to start writing a bit, scribbling, maybe a poem or something. I was fortunate at that time, as my deskmate was Ymer Elshani, the children's writer from Lower Korrotica, my deskmate. And around the sixth grade, he started writing more actively, and inspired by him, I also tried a bit to write, but not as much. But I had that, like, like... not a written assignment but a practical one. In other words, every Saturday, whatever he wrote during the week, in a notebook, there were these kinds of notebooks, like half A4, math notebooks with squares, he would write poetry in those, and I would read his poems. And when there was a really good poem, I'd say, "This one, Ymer, is the worst," and he'd respond, "Ah, you rascal," hug me and say, "How do you get it," you know, meaning that was the best one. So, until the eighth grade, we finished together here, then our paths separated.

I went to the Economics School at that time, specializing in Administration, because I forgot to mention that I was also involved in music and acting, you know, the activities kids had at school for various celebrations of that time, where we would prepare performances. And songs, choir

songs, recitations, I was active among that group of friends who were more engaged. After finishing primary school, I tried to go to the Music School, but back then the Music School was in Serbian, and interestingly, 13 Albanians applied, one girl from Kamenica, and 12 boys from different regions. But I couldn't get accepted there because, obviously, I didn't have the right connections for that time, so I enrolled in the Economics School instead. In the Economics School, I had respect for my peers, and I was also close to them since we came from the village to the city, the conditions were tough for that time, as you know, but we had to study under those conditions, even with the fear that we might not be able to learn as much as needed. Then, I enrolled in the Faculty of Economics, coming from my specialization, which was Administrative, we were mostly prepared for the Law Faculty, in other words, but one of my friends said, "Shall we go to the Faculty of Economics?" since we were good at mathematics, I said, "Let's go," since I didn't want to let him down, as he was also a close friend, an idealist of that time. This was Bedri Prishtina, back then he was called Novosella, and we enrolled by taking the entrance exam, which was in mathematics and Albanian language, and we were accepted into the Faculty of Economics.

We finished the Faculty of Economics, and after I completed the Faculty of Economics, without any request or anything, I got employed here in Komoran as the Head of Accounting, since they needed someone, so there was no need to apply at all. I worked here for two years, and from there, I was called to work in the municipality of Glogovac as an Inspector of Social Income Services, and I went there in time. Later, I worked as the Secretary for Economy and Municipal Affairs of the Assembly from March 23, '73. In December of '74, I went to military service, when I went to military service, I had my wife and three children, as I got married early, due to circumstances and fate. After the army, I returned to the Assembly here and went to *Rilindja* on January 16, '78. And at *Rilindja*, I did not apply, they came and invited me, "Will you come?" I had Ismail Berisha as a professor, he lives in Prishtina now, from Dranoc of Deçan, and Nisan Kastrati, who passed away last year, may he rest in peace, they invited me, and I went to *Rilindja*. Meaning, they needed me, I expressed my readiness, so from January 16, '78, until March 31, '84, I worked at *Rilindja*.

<<<Work scene at *Rilindja*>>>



*In the photo: Fuat Hajdini*

*From the personal archive of Fuat Hajdini*

At *Rilindja*, let me tell you, the conditions, especially in the tower part, were ideal because it was a rare construction of that time. There was air conditioning back then, and even though smoking was allowed, you couldn't tell that people were smoking because it had those kinds of exhaust systems. In the summer, for example, even though it was hot and stuffy outside, it was cool inside. There were planters with flowers and such, and then the workers themselves, especially the women colleagues, even though there was staff in charge of watering the plants, they also started taking care of them themselves, cultivating them, calling the cleaners, saying, "Bring some water, they're drying," and so on. The area where I worked as the Head of Accounting, where the accounting services were, also had flowers in the planters, I don't know how they were arranged there, but that part was made of concrete. The light came through those planters with flowers, and the flowers were tied together by the workers with strings and such, creating a kind of unplanned, unskilled decoration. But it was something very beautiful. My desk was among those, where I had my office, since one floor, on the second floor where the accounting services were, was entirely open, on the other side, there was another half, and in the middle, there were four elevators to reach the building, as the tower was 16 stories high, with four elevators. Two on one side, two on the other, on one side, there was the accounting service, and on the other side were the finances. The conditions were ideal, of course, the work desks, the worktables were like those in a university hall, when I was in the Economics Faculty, we used to sit two people at a desk, and similarly, we were two at worktables. Meaning, I had three rows of desks in front of me where I worked as the head, stretching to the end of the building.

And at the end there, we had two typewriters, called accounting machines by those who worked there, back in '78 when I started. In '79, I purchased, as the financial director, I had Ismail Kastrati, may he rest in peace, and we bought these, the first Olivetti computers. Now, the workers who were used to working with typewriters resisted because it was something new for that time, but in other words, the first computers, in service of accounting at that time, were bought by me, and I introduced them into use. The work became more efficient, and so on.

I had three accountants, one balance sheet specialist, specific workers for fixed assets, expenses, the printing house, to monitor the expenses of the printing house according to departments, and so on. The work was divided, and then each person had their own tasks, every three months, besides daily and weekly consultations, cooperation, and checks to ensure smooth work and consultations, every three months, each person had to prepare for the analytics they managed, and I would call each one individually to align with the normal synthetic state, as it was called in accounting back then. And to prepare periodic accounts, which were done every three months. The final balance sheet required even more exceptional effort, and teamwork was necessary, sometimes 15 or 16 people working until two or three in the morning, and sometimes I would still be at work by morning to complete it on time, as there were set deadlines. The balance sheets were submitted by February 28 for the previous year, and if the work wasn't completed on time, there were legal penalties and such, but we were successful.



*Anniversary evening of Rilindja, February 12, 1979*



*In the photo, from left to right: Fuat Hajdini, Ali Krasniqi, Selman Olluri, and Ibrahim Rrmoku  
From the personal archive of Fuat Hajdini*

There were, for example, workers like Naim Maqedonci, who didn't need to stay for those tasks since he had completed his own work and could stay relaxed at home. But he would come there because, how should I say, he was like a tambourine for the atmosphere. We worked there, and sometimes during breaks, a cigarette, a song would reach the sky, yes, to get the work done. The account for the year-end data that was needed, it sometimes took about a month, a very large and exhausting task, but the mood was great for the time, and the work went well. Then, by the end of March, the consolidated balance sheet had to be submitted, now, all these eight base organizations of the balance sheet that were prepared needed to be turned into a cumulative balance sheet, called a consultation balance sheet in the Social Accounting Service [sighs] like that.

To tell the truth, it was a big commitment, a lot of work, but it was easy for me to work because I had a very good mother of the children. She took care of the children, their education, schooling, clothing, food, and other things, but I can't say that I was perhaps a bad father, maybe, in quotes, yes, but when it came to working with the children, I couldn't do much, as I was very, very occupied with work. She did everything for the children, clothing them, and maybe only when it came to buying books, we would go together and buy them for September, because we had a rule, at the end of August, before the start of the school year, we would go out with the children. One by one, to buy clothing for September, for autumn, appropriate and good clothes, as the children wanted and as their mother chose, I would just pay, of course, and for winter, there was a special time, for clothing and everything. So, my wife took care of all that, my fortune, as on September 6, we marked 53 years together.

As I started the job, let me tell you, I began working on January 16, in '78, [thinks] does that sound right? Yes, in '78, on January 16, '78. Now, I started at that time when the annual asset registrations were being completed. And the first time I went there, I went with one of my workers, a Kemal Salihu from Ferizaj, he was in charge of the fixed assets, the Inventory of Fixed Assets. And I went with him to see how, where they were, as I was interested in that part, which he had in the Inventory. The first time I went to production, to see it there, the printing house was divided into parts, as it was, how the technological process was.

And then from *Rilindja*, again not through competition or anything, but I was called by friends to go work in Dardania, in the Trading Company for construction materials. I went there in April of '84. I experienced it very well, I must say, but sometimes when I talk with friends or family and such, I admit that I made a mistake when I left *Rilindja*, with a kind of metaphor, I say, "I broke my leg when I left *Rilindja*."

They called me to go to another company, as the Director of the Workers' Association, and I got tempted for a bit more bread. The income was better there, significantly better than where I was the Head of Accounting. I'll never forget, I went to see a Selatin Ajvazi, who was the director of the Workers' Association, he had come from Kurakova, so to speak, to inform him that from this date, I'm no longer here, that I'm leaving *Rilindja*, at that moment, Rexhai Surroi, the late one,

came in, and while we were saying goodbye, he said to him, "Director," he said, "Have you heard," he said, "Fuat is leaving *Rilindja*." And he turned to me, "Why, where, where are you going?" I explained, I said, "This is the situation, they've called me," I said, "I have a chance to go to Dardania," I said, "as the Director of the Workers' Association." He said, "Surely, it's about the income," I said, "Yes, director, by God." He turned to that Selatin, who was my direct director since he was the general director, and said, "Selatin, do you have the possibility," he said, "to meet the conditions to keep Fuat?" - "We really need him, but..." he said, "if you're capable," he said, "either match the salary he's going to receive there," he said, "on the spot," he said, "keep him." He said, "But you know how it is, director, with such matters, the bodies, the regulations, and the income and all that."

Meaning, if *Rilindja* at that time had been able to meet my needs, because I had seven children back then, with school and everything on one salary, and Ramize had an Economics degree but couldn't work because of so many children, each with their own age, circle, and needs, it was a problem with just one salary. So, I left *Rilindja*, and I made a mistake. Now, I regret why I got tempted and left *Rilindja*, seriously. It was a healthy collective for that time, where you went to work willingly, worked willingly, because the environment, the colleagues, were polite, good, high-quality, and the working conditions were very good, very good. Nowhere else is like that.

Who would have thought, for example, that a time would come when I, while working as the Head of Accounting at *Rilindja*, we had a kiosk in front of *Rilindja*, where we used to pass by on our way to work, now, even though you could get *Rilindja* for free, I never entered *Rilindja* in the morning without buying the newspaper. And with the morning coffee, I would flip through *Rilindja*. I even had a colleague from Gjakova, a certain Bedri Isniqui, *[laughs]* "I always start," he'd say, "from the last page," because at the end, there was the small classifieds section, but also who had passed away, you know. "Only this part," he'd say, "is true," "from here onwards," he'd say, "nothing is true," he'd joke, which had its meaning at that time. And now the time comes, with *Rilindja* gone entirely, and even with these newspapers in today's private conditions, there's no newspaper to buy, now you only go online to read a newspaper, who would have thought? But look at the times, you know. The effect of time.