

I wrote this all from my head. I'm not writing this from any notes or papers. Exactly fifty years have gone by from the time this all happened to me between the difficult years of 1941 to 1951. And, of course, all of this happened so long ago. You could say I have already made peace with myself. A half century has passed. I am writing this as a normal story, however, it was truly a catastrophe. It was horror - starting from the moment the Germans attacked Yugoslavia and destroyed my regiment of aircraft to how I was forced to hide for three months in Boka Kotorsk and then how I infiltrated the Pavelić's Ustaša of Croatia. Continuously, every hour of every day, in Croatia and in Germany, and other various schools--everywhere my crew and I went we were always in colossal danger. I always had to be doing something while also looking for a crew—to be exposed would be devastating. It would mean a military tribunal and firing squad. If I or Lev made one small mistake, we would be betrayed by those we approached. Then the very tragic, tragic, tragic flight to the Soviet Union - Vyshnjij Volochok, Tarasovo village; eight months of the most idiotic investigations in the Lubyanka. Virtually the real intensive interrogation was, let's say two weeks, and then again it was all very clear for Fedyushkin. I told him everything in detail, and he had nothing to interrogate me about. The only thing was that he sent for me once a month so I would write him about the economic political situation in old Yugoslavia and the situation in Croatia that got connected with Germany. I wrote the whole truth, no propaganda, no added fluff. It was clear to him that we had nothing in common with Communism and we were Democrats from the West.