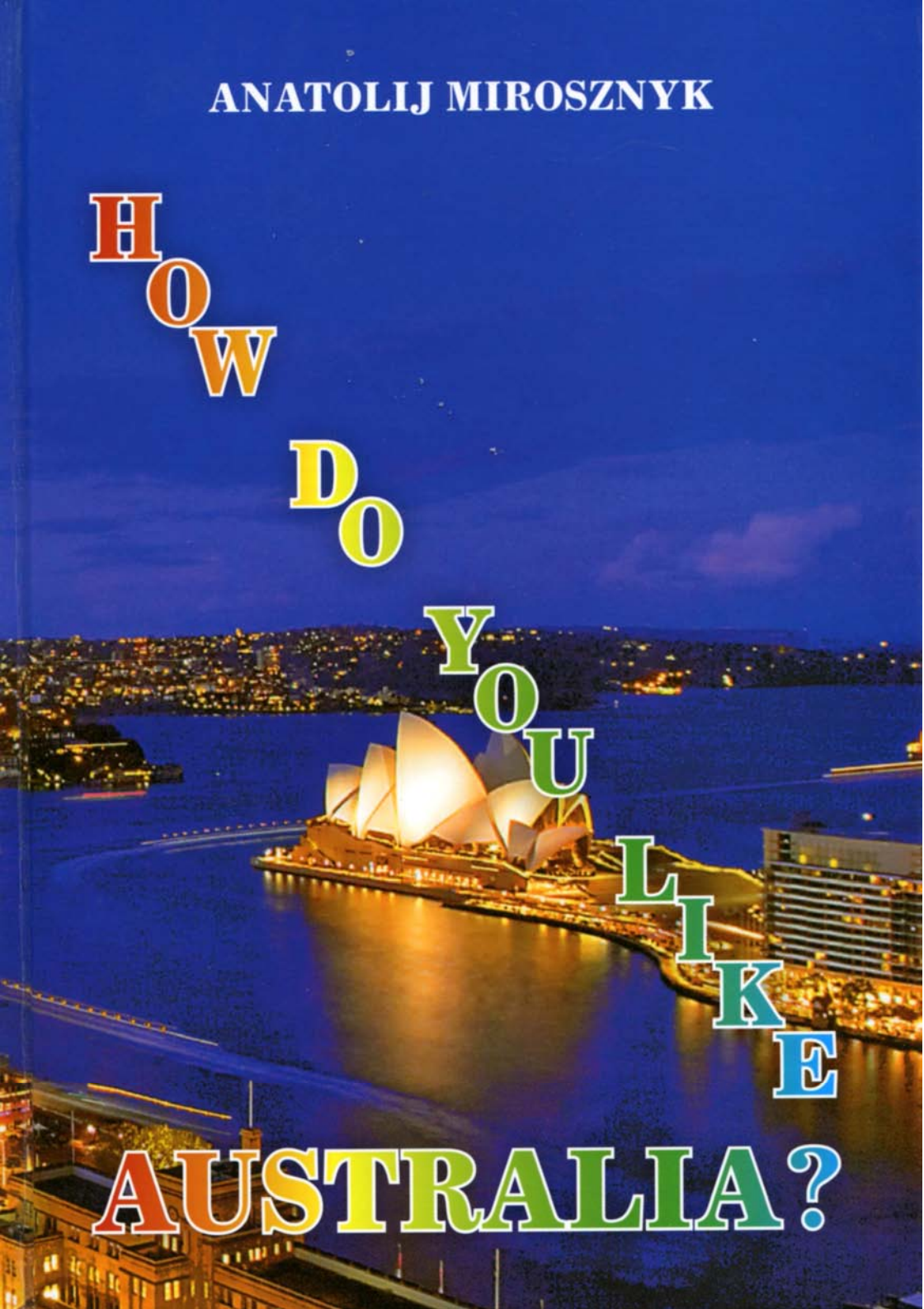
ANATOLIJ MIROSZNYK

HOW DO YOU LIKE AUSTRALIA?



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HOW DO YOU LIKE AUSTRALIA?

This book is the memoirs of the well-known Ukrainian pianist and composer, Anatolij Mirosznyk, who lives in Sydney, Australia. It embraces a large span of time from the end of the twenties of the last century till today. Through the author's reception of the events, the reader will acquire an understanding of how Kyivites (people of the city of Kyiv, the capital of Ukraine) lived in the thirties in their occupied country during the Second World War. The memoirs present interesting facts of life, the author's life and his countrymen. The author was taken by force to labour in Germany and later migrated to Australia.

This book is addressed to all readers.

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CONTENTS

A Dedication 4
From The Author 4
About Kyiv, Ukraine – The Country Of My Birth 5
Early Years 5
Music Is My Destiny 8
What Was Kyiv Like In 1928? 9
A Few Words About Kyivites' Life In The 1930's 14
My Brothers 18
Famine 1932-33 20
Father – A One Man Shop 22
My Mother 25
Travel 26
War Begins 29
German Occupation 33
Racial Commission 45
Only For Germans 47
Theatres, Football 48
Journey Into The Unknown 51
In Germany 52
How Americans Gave Us A Lift 71
Freedom At Last 74
Life In The Castle 82
In Camp Again 85
How Do You Like Australia? 99
Life Of The Ukrainian Community 114
Teaching In School 124
My Travel In Australia 126
Guests From Ukraine In Australia 133
Music And Musical Education In Australia 134
Visit To My Motherland 138
Compositions by Anatolij Mirosznyk 142

A DEDICATION

I dedicate to my parents, relatives, friends
and to the people of Ukraine and Australia.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank Yoshiko McDonald,
Virginia Rudenno and Margareta Akcay
for their invaluable support in providing assistance
with compiling this English version of my book.

FROM THE AUTHOR

The impulse to write this book was through my article, published in the Number 1 edition of the Ukrainian Musical Gazette in the year 2007 in Kyiv. It created lively interest from readers and gave me confidence to share my journey and how important music has been in my life. I write this from memory. I would like to apologise to readers for any errors of fact but please take into account that this covers eighty years of the past.

ABOUT KYIV, UKRAINE – THE COUNTRY OF MY BIRTH

Ukraine is situated in the eastern part of Europe. In the north it borders Russia and Belarus, and in the west, Poland, Slovak Republic, Hungary, Moldova, Romania, and the Black Sea in the south. It is the largest European country except for the European part of Russia. The present population is about 48 million. The capital city – Kyiv (Kiev) is where my life and story began.

Kyiv currently has a population of nearly 3 million people and proudly stands on both sides of the Dnipro (Dnieper) River. It is a cradle of Christian religion for Eastern Slavs of three nations – Ukrainian, Belarusian and Russian. The name Kyiv derives from the name of Kyi one of the legendary founders of the city (brothers Kyi, Shek, Horyv and sister Lybid). The city's history dates back to the fifth century and was founded as a trading post by the early Slavs. It grew and acquired eminence in Eastern Slav civilization, religion and culture. In the tenth to twelfth century it became the political and cultural centre of Kyivan Rus.

One of the oldest cities in Eastern Europe, during its history, Kyiv passed through several stages of great prominence and relative obscurity. It was destroyed by Mongol invasion in the year 1240. At the time of the Mongol destruction, Kyiv was one of the largest cities in the world with a population of 100,000 citizens. It had a turbulent history. From 1921, Ukraine became the Ukrainian Socialist Republic of the Soviet Union until 1991, when it gained its independence by the fall of the Soviet Union.

EARLY YEARS

I was born in Kyiv, Ukraine. My father Mychailo Grygorovich was working in the Darnitza railway repair workshop. He was born in the village of Nova Basan in the Chernigov region. His name Mirosznyk means that his

grandparents were connected with the mills and, actually, Mirosznyk is the person that measures the incoming grain and ready product. About his childhood, my father didn't tell me much. He lost his father early in his life and grew up with his grandfather and sick mother. He had only a few classes of village school education. At 15 years of age, he moved to Kyiv where he commenced his working life as an apprentice in the metal shop owned by Igor Sikorsky, who was later well-known as an aircraft designer in the United States.

As my father acquired experience, he opened his own workshop and later a garage at No. 1 Baseinaya Street. Just before the start of the First World War, he owned a workshop and a garage where he had accumulated twelve hire cars made by Lando. During the war he served in the Sapper battalion. After returning from the front, he continued to work in his garage. When the First World War finished, civil war raged in the country. Following 18 changes of government in Kyiv, finally the Bolsheviks established their rule of the country. At that time, Vladimir Lenin issued a decree guaranteeing life and immunity from further persecution for all capitalists, large landowners, and wealthy people, if they agreed to support the proletarian revolution. My father, after reading this decree, hurried to Podol (Kyiv suburb) to the military Commandant's office and "wilfully" handed over his garage with twelve automobiles to the cause of the proletarian revolution. He was left with only one motorcycle which he later also handed over. In exchange, he received a special certificate acknowledging his support to the new government, which saved his life many times. He subsequently went to work as a fitter at the Darnitza railway repair shop.

My mother, Maria Popugayeva, was born in the Russian city of Kursk. Her real name – "Papuga", didn't sound very well in Russian and by the pressure of friends and relatives, changed her name to the more acceptable Russian sounding name of "Popugayeva". By profession, she was a "high-class" dressmaker.

My father's first wife died early in her life, leaving four children – Evgeny, Gregory, Konstantyn and daughter, Vira. They were all much older than me and lived separately from us.

I remember my godfather, Turulin. He was a dental mechanic who lived and had a business at the same address as my father's garage at N1 Baseinaya Street. His son was also a dental mechanic and was married to a Japanese circus artist whom he met when she was on tour in Kyiv.

In early 1930, in Kyiv, like in the rest of the Soviet Union, mass arrests of Polish, Germans and other foreigners began. We all feared that young Turulin and his Japanese wife would also be arrested. 'Luck', however, was on their side, possibly as Turulin was called to serve in the army and was sent to serve 'his turn' in the hospital for the NKVD (State Security Police) personnel. Specialists of his profession were very scarce at that time, so it may have had some influence on the situation.

Our family was very harmonious. My brothers, who lived separately, often visited and entertained me with games and brought presents. I clearly remember my childhood from the age of four. I loved books, and was very proud to recite to visitors, rhymes, holding the book and most of the time, pretending that I was reading it. I was always rewarded with sweets and presents.

The middle 1920's was the period of the NEP (in Russian: 'Novaya Ekonomicheskaya Politika'). The NEP was the temporary admittance of capitalism to stimulate the economy destroyed by the First World War, revolution, and civil war which proceeded.

In Contract Square (Kontraktova Ploshcha) in Podol district, there were frequent 'special fairs'. On particular occasions, markets of predictable merchandise attracted large gatherings and lively activity.

In 1929, "Collectivization" of primary industry began. All small farms and farmers were forced to join the Kolhosp ("Collective" farm). All stock and land were collectivized. Farmers were left with one cow, a few fowl and that's all. Despite their resistance, many arrests followed with deportation to Siberia. We lived at No. 3 Karavaivska Street (later Tolstoy Street), opposite the Karavaiv Baths. Large buildings in Kyiv were confiscated from their owners and given to the 'Zhilcop' ("People's Co-operative") which were managed by the 'Upravdom' (house manager).

Several 'Narpits' (people's public eating places) were established with large kitchens where people, for a moderate price, could buy take-away food. The Narpits provided reasonably good quality meals but did not survive long. The majority of larger buildings had central heating systems but mostly didn't work and occupants had to rely on "Burzhuika" stoves requiring coal or firewood. The permits to buy them were issued at one's place of employment but there was a big problem with what to cook the meals on. The saviour was a Primus operated by kerosene. There was no gas supply in Kyiv.

Knowing on which day of the week the horse-driven kerosene barrel would be in the street, long queues of citizens, with different shapes and sizes of tins, bottles and cans, were formed, queuing on the pavement before the arrival of the kerosene cart. Our building had a big backyard where we children used to play. Games, which were our version of cricket, and later football (soccer), were popular. But to buy the ball was the big problem as there was nowhere to buy it. In the beginning of the 1930's, wandering gypsies with monkeys and bears used to entertain children in similar big backyards as ours, for 5 to 10 Kopecks. Gradually, wandering gypsies and musicians disappeared altogether. In the whole of the Soviet Union, the Torgsin (shops) which traded with the foreigners appeared where ordinary citizens could purchase for gold (old Russian 5 Rouble coins), any gold items like rings, crucifixes, wedding rings and foreign currency sent by relatives from overseas. This was the last resort to buy food to avoid starvation.

MUSIC IS MY DESTINY

When I turned 5 years old, my mother took me to my first music teacher whose name was Rosa. She was about 20 years old. In the corner of the big room, for the first time in my life, I saw a big black grand piano. She took my arm and made a seat next to her on the piano stool, gently taking my hand and made me press the piano key with one of my fingers. The magic sound stayed in my ears for the rest of my life. Rosa checked my ear pitch and declared it was perfect. Later, I found that the grand piano, "Blüthner", was purchased by Rosa's father shortly before the beginning of the First World War. This visit to Rosa bound all my life to music.

WHAT WAS KYIV LIKE IN 1928?

In Kyiv, there were no buses, taxis or Metro, only trams and the so-called Izvozchik (horse driven passenger cart). The railway station building that now stands wasn't previously there. It was all a partly wooden structure at that time. Along Hreshchatyk Street to Tolstoy Square, young pioneers in white shirts and red ties with fanfares and drums, were proudly marching along the street lined by hundreds of onlookers, especially children. I was amongst them. It was every child's dream to be in one of the marching teams.

On the corner of Tolstoy Square and our street was a paper kiosk. My father always sent me to get the newspaper "Evening Kyiv". Tightly holding in my hand 2 Kopecks, I set off, repeating so I would not forget what I should buy. But sometimes it happened that I did. My father looking out the window, reminded me. Rosa was teaching me at that time from the popular "Bayer" school book. Sometimes I refused to continue my lesson making my own condition that my mother take me to the movies. Then my lesson continued.

Now a few words about films at that time. The theatres where children's movies were shown were in Hreshchatyk Street on the opposite side of Krytyi Rynok (markets under a roof). A bit further to Duma Square (now Independence Square), sessions for children were during the daytime. The entry fee was 10 Kopeks. Films were silent and in 'black and white'. As a rule, in front of the screen was either a pianist or a small band playing music that in some way related to what was going on upon the screen. All films were of foreign origin – English or American. Most popular heroes were Harry Peel or Garry Lloyd (correct spelling I cannot recall). Films also showed clever monkeys and elephants along with more ferocious animals such as lions, tigers, snakes and big crocodiles. From fear, children loudly cried. Mothers had only one choice – to leave the hall to quiet them down. The outing to see films was every child's dream. Comedies were very popular with children. Most popular, were heroes Pat and Patashon – one tall and slim, the other short and fat (equivalent to the English Abbot and Costello). Later came Charlie Chaplin.

At the age of 8 years, I went to the Music School situated at Pushkinska Street No. 32, in the same building which is now the Union of Ukrainian Composers and Publishing House, Muzychna Ukraina. The conditions to study were not ideal. In the cold months of winter, we students had to bring with us something to heat the classroom – a piece of wood or something else. Before the lesson, we started the fire in the Bourzhuika stove that stood near the blackboard and heated the teacher more than us – and we learned well. Exercise books were very scarce. You couldn't buy them in shops so we were given one exercise book with lines and one with squares.

Now about life in general in the 1930's. Supply of food products in Kyiv was reasonably good. The Collective farms from the neighbouring villages Motovylivka, Boyarka and others, brought to our city milk, fruit, vegetables and fowl. Bread and bread products were supplied from mechanical bakeries and were of good quality. The problem with food supply began shortly before the 'great famine' in Ukraine of 1932-1933, which I will describe later.

Kyiv Conservatory building was old. Before, there was "His Majesty Imperial College of Music", which was transformed in 1913 into the Conservatory of Music. Two of the first founders were the well-known pianist and pedagogue, V. Puhalsky, and the composer R. Glier.

In 1935, Kyiv became the capital of Soviet Ukraine. All government institutions moved from Kharkiv to Kyiv. Beside the old Conservatory building, a new modern five-storey high school was erected. It was named Music School at the Kyiv Conservatory of Music. Both buildings were situated in "Music Lane" (non-existent today), which was about 100 metres from Hreshchatyk Street, off Prorizna Street. In front of the Conservatory building was a monument to the Russian composer, Glinka. In order to enrol at the new Music School you had to pass through various selective committees. Juries were conducted in different parts of Ukraine. Opposite Music Lane, on Prorizna Street, was a small building known as "Tchaikovsky's small house" where the composer stayed while visiting Kyiv. To prove it, there was a small memorial plaque on the building. Also in Music Lane was the imposing building of Lombard (Money Lend), a place where people pawned their valuables.

The new school was a real wonder. Inside there were three lifts, and in each classroom, two grand pianos – most were Blüthner or Bechstein. As you entered the building, on the right side was the cloakroom we children called the 'dressing room' or 'warm-up room' because in the winter time, in sub zero temperatures outside, we had to get warm before starting the lessons. On the ground level were the headmaster's office, teachers' room, doctor's surgery and library. On all other levels, there were long, wide corridors which were used for 15 minutes physical exercise before lessons. On the right side were classrooms. Also on the same level were excellent chemical and physics cabinets. The school was a 'show-piece'.

Very often, foreign delegations visited us to report back to the rest of the world the conditions under which Soviet children were educated. I clearly remember when the delegation of Australian and New Zealand teachers visited us and took some photographs. At that time, I would never have dreamed that at some time I would live in one of these countries. The lessons in the school were conducted in two languages – Ukrainian and Russian. Class "A" was delivered in Ukrainian, and Class "B" in Russian. Ukrainian language classes were three times more popular.

My piano teacher was U. I. Tolpin. After the war, he held the position of Chair of Compulsory Studies at the Conservatory, which was set up for non-pianist students. Every quarter, we had exams, including physical culture, military training (rifle and machine-gun practice, fired from the Maxim system, along with hand grenade throwing and instructions on providing medical assistance to wounded comrades).

It was compulsory every quarter to play at the Academic Concert at the Great Hall of the Conservatory before the Special Commission to evaluate the performing talent and achievement of each student. I recall when well-known Moscow Conservatory Professor, Goldenweiser, came to Kyiv. He attended the students' concert, bringing with him Beethoven Sonatas which he had edited. I received high honours for my performance of Beethoven's "Appassionata".

At 15 years of age, I played with great success, Rachmaninoff's "No. 1 Concerto in F sharp minor". At the end of each academic year, the students

had to perform to a capacity filled Conservatory Hall. The marks were entered in the next year's 'Transfer Certificate'. Excellent students were awarded with scholarships. My scholarship was seventy five Roubles a month. To achieve this, I had to work hard. I always went to bed after midnight. Lessons in a chosen instrument were twice a week, also Solfeggio, theory and history of music. Ensemble classes meant playing in trios, quartets and accompanying the soloists, violinists, cellists and vocalists and were compulsory. In the first ensemble, I played Haydn's trio with violinist, Edik Knigov and cellist, Fenia Gruzman.

When the new recordings of Beethoven's symphonies arrived from Germany, we gathered a few classes together to listen in the small school hall equipped to play such recordings. Amongst the teachers in our school, I remember Professor Konstantin Mihailow (piano), composer, Gozenpud, Vilkonsky (cello), Yankelevich (trumpet) and Bertie (violin). In my class was Oxana Drai-Hmara, daughter of the repressed Ukrainian poet, who now lives in New York (we still correspond today), Zhenia Sokolovska, Tania Kovalenko, Edik Knigov, Boris Lisniak (his father was our maths teacher and class supervisor). After the war, Boris Lisniak studied medicine and settled in Zhitomir Ukraine. Also in my classroom was Volodia Pashkevych, who was the son of a Kyiv University professor, and nephew of known revolutionary, Valery Kuibyshev, and the son of Light Industry People Commisar, Michael Kaganovich, who was later arrested and executed as an 'enemy of the people'.

Ukrainian language and literature was lectured by Yakiv Grygorovych Tkachenko. Sometimes he amused us with funny stories. His lectures were very interesting. Once we asked him if he knew Pavlo Grygorovych Tychyna, a well-known poet of the time, who lived in Kyiv. He replied, "Of course. Well, I know him but he doesn't know me." We laughed. A good lecturer was Valentyn Popov, a native of Siberia, who lectured on the constitution of the Soviet Union. It was necessary for him to have knowledge of the Ukrainian language. With much pride, he told us how he achieved this: "I was studying day and night, with friends helping me with the pronunciation. I learned Ukrainian in a few months. As you hear now, I learned it quite well. All you need is desire and perseverance." He started lectures from Ancient Greek times, connecting with philosophy in later years, then to Marxism and Leninism. We found out that Popov was a principal political censor of all

literary works published in the Ukraine. He also lectured in history of the Communist Party at Kyiv Conservatory to all party members. They feared him most because the party's history didn't enter their brain. There was a big problem with a shortage of text books. Sometimes one text book was shared between four or five students so we were forced to get together to do the homework.

In the third year (at eleven years old), we started a foreign language, which was English. However, not for long, as it was changed after two months to German which was considered more practical in the event of war with Germany. Our German language teacher was Kopeikin (name of the coin Kopeck). There were rumors that his real name was Phennig (name of the small German coin) but fleeing from fascist Germany, he changed his name. As a teacher he was very demanding, especially with correct pronunciation. We all had to individually repeat many times until he was satisfied that the correct pronunciation was achieved by each student. He said, "All you kids are laughing when somebody is speaking in broken Ukrainian. Do not become a laughing object." I am personally very thankful for his effort, so when I met German people, I didn't sound like a foreigner. One day our teacher came into the classroom and asked us to put on her table the exercise book that had on the cover the portraits of Stalin and Lenin. Somebody noticed some traces of "counter revolution". We children didn't have time to examine and analyse the kind of "counter revolution" that was there. A few days later some other exercise books were confiscated that had portraits on the cover of disgraced Communist leaders, Postyshev, Liubchenko, Yakiv and the almighty NKVS (secret police) Balycky.

We lived in Mala Vasylkivska Street (now Shota Rustaveli). I remember those harsh winter days, running nearly two kilometers to get there as there was no hope to catch the overcrowded trolleybus running along main Hreschatyk Street.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT KYIVITES' LIFE IN THE 1930'S

After Kyiv became the capital of Ukraine and the government moved from Kharkiv to Kyiv in 1935, big changes occurred in the city. It was cleared from the criminal elements and walking at night became much safer. New government offices were speedily constructed, such as the building of Verhovna Rada (Ukraine's Parliament), a new railway station and many others. On the corner of the Hreschatyk and then Lenin Street was constructed a modern building, Univermag (Department store). To Kyivites, it was an unforeseen wonder – a fantastic look in a better future. Also on the same street a modern Gastronom (food store) was opened with a big selection of delicatessen goods. In the early hours of the morning, the queue was standing before opening time to 'snatch up' 200gms of butter before it was sold out. University students used this as an opportunity to make extra money by selling this butter in the "black market", (Tovkuchka) on the other side of the Dnipro River, at four times the price. The "black market" was nicknamed "Abyssinia" (Ethiopia). At that time, Italy was conducting aggression in Abyssinia. The war was criticized by the Soviet Government. Later Soviet "volunteers" were fighting against the Franco regime in Spain.

Every year Kyiv celebrated, like in the rest of the Soviet Union, 1 May and the Great October Revolution of 7 November. For these occasions, on the corner of Hreshchatyk and Lenin Street, a special tribune was constructed for the Government and Party members and invited guests. From this tribune, they watched a parade of tanks, light and heavy artillery, marching Red Army infantry units and flying overhead "Red Falcons". After the military parade, under sounds of brass bands, marched workers with banners identifying their factories, office workers of different institutions, university students, and students from different schools. Each carried placards reading "Long Live 1st of May, day of solidarity of workers of the world" or " Long live our great leader Joseph Stalin." Those banners never changed year after year. After the parade people were merry-making and receptions were held in factories with food and drinks.

I should not forget to mention the 'Five Year Plan development of the national economy'. All factories, works, Collective farms, State farms and individuals in all enterprises joined in a Socialist competition to fulfil and over-fulfil the Five Year Plan. Special awards and decorations were established such as the 'Rolling Challenge Red Banner'. The best Collectives received monetary prizes, orders and medals. Some became 'Heroes of Labour' or received Stalin prizes, later Lenin prizes. That was all designed to encourage and stimulate everybody to work better and harder. Even in our class, we called our classroom mates to join in this movement to reach better marks in our exams.

For the whole of the Soviet Union, the name of the Ukrainian Collective farm worker, Maria Demchenko, became symbolic of such a movement. Maria Demchenko grew and harvested 50 tonnes of sugar beet from each hectare. She headed this movement. There was also a similar movement in industry called the 'Stahanov movement'.

This is one side of the coin, on the other side were numerous political processes staged in Moscow against Trotskyists, Zinoviates and Buharinists with death sentences. Also there were harsh penalties for truancy: for being late to work or for collecting wheat-ear after harvest. This could "yield" ten years of hard labour.

Many of my father's friends had already been arrested and served in far corners of the Soviet Union. He was ready and waiting for arrest. Quite often the ambulance took my sick father half alive to hospital. Sick people were not needed in labour camps at Solovki or in Siberia. There is a saying: "No bad luck without good". That saved him. With ill-health, he survived the war and German occupation. Maybe he was the only one!

We lived five minutes walk from "Red Stadium" (now called "Republican Stadium"). During winter, the soccer field was turned into a skating rink. I often went skating there. Once, big champions came from Moscow and I went there to see them. It was wonderful winter weather – cold, but no wind and the radio was playing ice skating music. It was announced that champions would appear at eight o'clock and before that the main arena

should be cleared. I noticed my feet started to freeze. I ran home with no feeling in my toes. As soon as I was inside the house I took my shoes off. Mother looked at my white feet and hastily brought from outside a bucket of snow and started to rub my feet. Soon my father joined in. It took some time until my feet regained normal colour. I was much more careful in future. Frost bite, I would fear for many years to come.

After 1930 in the Ukraine, like in the rest of the Soviet Union, radio broadcasts became part of life. On Hreshchatyk Street and many other parts of the city, large loudspeakers were installed on street lamp-posts. During the day and in the evening, through these, were broadcast news and music and announcements of the beginning and end of practice air-raid alarms. With the nearing of the Second World War it was very frequent.

Around 1935, on sale appeared shortwave receivers called SVD, which were sold for 600 Roubles and were in short supply. They were difficult to buy despite such high prices. This receiver enabled people to listen to foreign broadcasts. The word SVD people nicknamed as "whistling, howling and very expensive". My father obtained one through a friend. Of course, giving extra in hand. We could now listen to broadcasts from Koshice in Czechoslovakia in Russian, and from Warsaw in Polish. Knowing Ukrainian it wasn't difficult to understand Polish. My mother knew Polish quite well, having learnt from many Polish friends. In fact there were many 'Poles' living in Kyiv before and after the revolution. The Polish Kostiol (Church) was built in Velyka Vasilkivska Street (later turned into the Organ Music Hall). People who listened to foreign broadcasts had more information, but tried to keep it to themselves.

The Municipal Government was giving a lot of attention to the cleanliness of Kyiv. The Hreschatyk was paved with asphalt and trolleybuses were installed to run from Stalinka along Velyka Vasilkivska to the end of the Hreshchatyk. Many theatres functioned including the Kyiv State Opera, the Franco Drama Theatre, theatres showing musical comedy, operetta, and the State circus. There were also a few movie theatres on the Hreshchatyk and many more in other parts of the town.

In Kyiv, operas that were performed included two Ukrainian Operas "Zaporozhec beyond the Danube", "Natalka-Poltavka", also "Carmen", "Chio-Chio San" ("Madam Butterfly"), "Magic Flute", the ballet "Swan Lake", "Red Poppy" and many others. Leading artists were Petrusenko, Zoya Haidai, Maria Lytvynenko-Volgemut, Myhailo Donets, Myhailo Gryshko, Ivan Patorzhynky and many others.

The first piano competition in the Ukraine was held in Kharkiv. To the Chopin Piano Competition in Warsaw from Kyiv Conservatory went future Conservatory Director, Abram Mykhailovych Lufer, who was awarded fourth prize. The State Kyiv Conservatory was awarded the highest Soviet Decoration – the 'Order of Lenin'. Some Professors from the Conservatory also were decorated. One of them, Professor Konstantyn Myhailov, received the 'Order of Labour and the Red Banner'. Many outstanding musicians became Laureates of international competitions performed in Kyiv, including the acclaimed Emil Gilels – piano, and his sister Liza Gilels – violin. The famous pianist, Egon Petri, visited Kyiv more than once. His repertoire included "La Campanella" by Paganini – Liszt. This work became a very popular piece of music amongst Conservatory students. Renowned conductor, Vladimyr Dranishnikow, from Leningrad performed in Kyiv, which he liked so much he settled there.

In the Kyiv Opera, one of the conductors was Natan Rahlin, who later achieved fame. On one occasion coming by tram to conduct at the Opera, he accidentally left the orchestral score on the tram seat. At the performance high-ranking party and government officials were expected. He was extremely lucky that someone on the tram found it and cleverly took the score to the Opera House in time for the performance. Should this not have happened, it could have been seen as sabotage and would have finished his career, ending him in a camp in Solovki or Vorkuta.

About two months before diploma examinations, we all gathered at the Conservatory students' meeting. It was unusual because we were only pupils of the music school. The war was approaching. Through the speakers, many Comsomolets (Member of the Young Communist Organisation) emphasized their readiness to defend their fatherland from the enemy, and their loyalty to the Communist party and Government. One speech became an anecdote:

"Comrades! If our fatherland will call on us to defend it, we will exchange violin bows for bayonets." (In Russian this combination of words sounded quite funny.) And indeed, one member did "exchange his violin bow for a bayonet" by fleeing to Kyiv a few days after the start of the war, leaving behind his old and sick parents. He had lived in the house opposite us.

In 1941, at the end of May, I completed my studies at Ten-year School where I began in 1935. In the Big Hall of Kyiv Conservatory, each of us was called onto the stage individually, where under sounds of the orchestra we were handed our Matriculation Certificate. After this ceremony, a reception and dance was held. A lot of girls from our school had tears in their eyes, knowing they would never meet again.

MY BROTHERS

From eight years of age, I became interested in photography and made my own camera using lenses from spectacles. Photo chemicals, photo plates and paper could be obtained from the Hreshchatyk Photo Shop to develop and print photographs. I developed and printed photographs at night in the corner of the room, shaded by blankets. My older brother Evgeny was an amateur radio fan and was married to Mura (Mary), who was working as a bank teller. Under the guidance of my brother, I made my first crystal radio receiver. This was a simple set, nevertheless, I was very proud of my achievement.

For the first time in our lives, through Evgeny's electrical record player with an amplifier, we heard sounds of the voices of very popular singers of the time. In particular, I recall hearing Petro Leshchenko and his popular "Chubchik Kucheriavy" ("Curly Forlock") and other melodies. Evgeny served in the Red Army as a musician. He played clarinet. Later he worked setting-up medical equipment. My mother told me a story about when he was seven years old he contracted typhus and refused to take medicine. It wasn't possible to make him take it so father sent one of his workmen with a measuring tape to measure the length and width of his body. When Evgeny asked the workman what he was measuring him for, he replied, "to make a coffin". That hit the target. He started to take the medicine and soon recovered. When he became older and was reminded of it, he always laughed.

He was survived by his son Valentyn and his wife Alevtyna. They had two sons Volodymyr and Oleksandr, who live in Kyiv.

My second brother Kostantyn (Kost), served as Midshipman on a navy ship on the River Amur, in the far east of the Soviet Union, on the border with China. When I was a small boy, he came to Kyiv for annual leave and brought me a bicycle. I was too small to reach the pedals so the seat was taken off and a small cushion fitted instead. Next year when he came for annual leave he brought a 22 calibre rifle which my father gave back to him immediately.

Just before the start of the war, Kost came to Kyiv and the war kept him there. He was mobilised to the Red army. The unit he served in was surrounded by the Germans near Kyiv and he was taken prisoner and marched by foot to the prison camp in Rivno in West Ukraine, about 350 kilometers from Kyiv. His good knowledge of German, which he learned from German colonists whilst my father was on the front during the First World War, helped him to obtain his freedom. He then had to march by foot back to Kyiv. Stopping in villages and helping in harvesting, he arrived very thin and exhausted.

After returning home, Kost met a ballet dancer from the Kyiv Opera whom we believed reported him to the Germans for being an ex-Comsomolets (Young Communist Member). Tragically, Kost disappeared and, sadly, we never saw him again. Fearfully, our suspicions were that he was secretly sent to Babij Yar where more than 100 thousand Kyivites were killed by German fascists.

My brother Grygory, or simply 'Grysha', during the civil war, being a small boy, lost one eye playing with ammunition. He was not eligible to serve in the army and graduated from the Kyiv Institute of Physical Culture where he was later awarded the title of Master of Sport. Grysha played football (soccer) for the Kyiv club "Spartak", but they paid very little so he joined another club Harchovyk (food supply firm) who paid him more and gave him a job as a salesman in a prestige Gastronom (food store) in Hreshchatyk Street. Once he came to father and handed him 200 Roubles that he owed him and said that what he earned in 5 minutes was more money than my father earned in a whole month, by jumping with a parachute. That was when

parachuting began as a sport. To encourage the development of this sport, which could be useful in the event of war, jumpers were paid 200 Roubles. As more people were involved they reduced the pay and then abolished the payment altogether. After making 500 jumps, he became an instructor.

Sometimes Grysha told us that himself and two of his mates had a few drinks and were arrested by the militia (Soviet police). It was almost common that militia men would beat up those arrested but, this time, they miscalculated. Grysha and his mates were trained boxers and the militia suffered badly. They were saved by members of the "Dynamo" Kyiv football club which was cared for by the NKVS (secret police) with whom our boys had to play the next match. The boys were immediately released and the militias were punished.

During the war, Grysha was a Soviet partisan in the woods of Belarus. After the war, he was the trainer of the well-known Minsk "Dynamo" football team. In retirement, he lived in the small town of Zolonosha, in the Zaporizia region in Ukraine. His daughter, Ludmila and son Ruslan, a successful businessman, live in Moscow and other daughter Elena and niece, Sasha, live in Vienna, Austria.

FAMINE 1932-33

Many books and articles have been published about the 'great famine' in Ukraine during 1932-33. I will mention only what I saw myself as I lived through this tragic period.

In the middle of 1931, we moved to the new address No. 21 Mala Vasylkivska Vulycia (later Borohova which after became known as Shota Rustaveli). Next door in No. 23 was a bread shop. It opened at 6.00am and already had long queues lining up. My mother was always first in the queue ensuring a definite purchase. All the supplies of grain and flour, along with other food supplies were confiscated from Collectives and State farms. The Government decided to punish Ukrainian farmers for their resistance to join the Kolhosp (Collective Farm). It was almost certain that more than a few million people perished from artificially made starvation while the echelons of grain was

shipped overseas. The Besarabka Market which was five minutes from where we lived was now empty. At work, my father used to receive small "payok" (food allocation). My mother saved through the years a small supply of peeled grain for times when food supply would be short and we managed to get through the food shortages. Other people were not so fortunate and fled from the villages to the cities to survive.

In the Spring of 1933, my father's countryman, from the village Karpo Lopuha, appeared on our doorstep 'half alive'. Father helped him to get a small room in a cellar on our street. He described the horrendous tragedy of how famine struck his village. More than half the men, women and children died from starvation. Later in his life, an unusual incident happened to him. After having one drink too many, suddenly he felt a sharp pain in his heart. An ambulance arrived and they decided that his heart had stopped and took him to the morgue. Outside it was an extremely cold day and he came back to life. He touched on each side of his body and found dead people beside him and realised he was naked himself. He could hear footsteps outside and began to scream for help. The person outside became frightened by a voice which came from what he thought was a dead person and ran away. Finally, someone heard his cries and freed him. Since then, he never touched alcohol again.

In our school canteen, we were given a free glass of milk or compote (stewed fruit). I remember one morning in winter, at about 8.30am, I was walking to school which was situated on Pushkin Street. On the way, on the corner of Rognedinska and Velyka Vasylkivska Street, a dead horse lay in the middle of the road with a few people around it. Part of the corpse was hacked out, probably by an axe. Later in the afternoon, returning from school there was no horse. There were rumors in the city that the militia arrested a number of people involved in selling sausages made from children's flesh. My parents told me to be extremely vigilant walking on the street.

In the early summer of 1933, we went on a holiday, taking the riverboat to the village of Tripillia, which was about 70km downstream on the Dnipro River. There we came across an appalling and terrifying scene. More than half of the population had died from starvation. The windows of houses were boarded up. Mother was so frightened that we returned immediately to Kyiv.

FATHER – A ONE MAN SHOP

There was a special word for it – "Kustar-Odynak", which means a one-man business. At the end of 1920, father became very ill with ulcers. He underwent a few operations and was feeling better. He decided to leave his job at the railway and opened his own workshop. This was permitted as long as he didn't employ other workers. The workshop was in the cellar of an old timber house in No. 10 or No. 12 Chervonoarmijska Street. He was doing jobs for Government institutions. One, I recall, was for the 45th artillery regiment stationed in Kyiv and another for the Flying School in the Solomianka District. The work involved tinning of coppers used for food preparation. He also made parts of equipment for the Ukrainian Academy of Science which they could not manufacture in their own workshop. Customers supplied their own material such as tin and other non-ferrous metal. These jobs saved him from closure. The Financial Inspector (Tax man) was pressing hard to close the shop but intervention of Government clients kept my father's business afloat.

Jazz music, already popular in the 'Western World', was introduced in Kyiv. The jazz bands required special musical cymbals which were not attainable in shops in Kyiv and could not be imported. My father had a unique idea and purchased metal food trays from pawn shops and developed a technique he used with a special machine to produce the shape of cymbals, then tempered them with a hammer to achieve the pitch required for the popular "jazz" sound. After a visit to Kyiv, by the Leonid Utiosow Jazz Ensemble, who were famous in the USSR in the middle of 1930, jazz bands multiplied like mushrooms. In all Kyiv's Hreshchatyk cinemas in the foyer, jazz bands became a normal feature. The bands and vocalists performed before the main feature film. Shortly before the start of World War II, my father was forced to close his workshop.

From the beginning of 1930, you could often hear people saying that someone was arrested for "zolotuha". This meant that people were arrested for suspicion of unlawful possession of Czarist gold coins. This is one of the examples:

My father had a friend, Penkin, whom he knew prior to the Soviet time. He was a small dealer in the market. He bought and sold everything on a small scale. Somebody reported him to the authorities saying that he was illegally hiding one hundred gold "fivers" (five Rouble gold coins). I was present when he told this story to my father. "They came to me at 3 o'clock in the morning. They searched everywhere. Overturned the whole house and found nothing, arrested and jailed me. On the seventh day in a solitary cell, I was called to face the investigator. He said that they had information I was hiding 100 five Rouble gold coins. I said, 'I have no gold and no gold coins.' 'You go and think and try to recall', replied the investigator. 'Maybe you forgot. It does happen sometimes. We've got time.' A week later everything was repeated. I decided that there was no way out and told them I had 120 gold coins. The investigator said 'We don't need 120, only 100. The remaining you keep.' I gave them 100 coins and was released."

Sometime later Penkin disappeared again. This time they demanded 250 gold coins. "I told them I will give at least 280. They took only 250. 'The 30 you keep for yourself.' When I was arrested the third time, I gave them the last 100 and told them to keep me in jail for good." Finally, a few weeks later, totally exhausted, he was released. That was the end of his golden epoch.

The same year, persecution of Nationals was in full swing, including my father's friend and countryman, Fedir Vasylyovich Doroshko, who formed "Kobza" (Ukrainian National Instrument) players' group. We often heard them on Kyiv Radio. By profession, Doroshko was a watchmaker and worked in the 'Arsenal factory' as a metalworker. They had all been arrested and charged with Bourgeon Nationalism and were executed just because they had been playing and singing Ukrainian songs and Dumas (historical songs). The list of executions carried out would be long. Our family lived in constant fear that father would be arrested too.

In all factories and enterprises, lectures were held on the international situation in the world. My parents always attended such lectures in the Zhilcop (House Co-operative), before elections to the Supreme Soviet. The meeting was held in the next door building (now the Physical Culture School and formerly the Synagogue that was closed a few years before, like all

churches at the beginning of 1930). The meeting was conducted by Niunia (surname forgotten). He came to Kyiv from the province and was a Komsomolets (young Communist member), and a so-called "Vydvyzhenec" (pushed to the top) as he tried to climb up as much as he could. He lived with his wife and two children and his aged parents. He had a problem with his language. His father was a handy craftsman in a small town where he lived. Niunia communicated in Yidish or Ukrainian but little Russian and mixed all these three languages. People could hardly contain themselves not to laugh. Illiterate Marisha, who lived in the backyard, earned her living by buying fresh cucumbers in the Besarabka market to pickle them and sold them for 10 Kopecks at the front of the house. Marisha did not read the newspaper or listen to the radio. Niunia asked her who Comrade Stalin was? She paused and replied. " Comrade Stalin is the manager of the Soviet Government". (In Russian it sounds a bit ironic.) We children standing in the back of the hall, trying not to laugh, quietly left.

My father was approached many times to head the Committee of Zhilcop (House Co-operative). He always refused, with the excuse that he had only two classes of village school education. My father was a generous man and had a well-tempered character and had lots of friends whom he helped and they helped him too.

When I was small he used to tell me tales, later stories by Fenimore Cooper, Conan Doyle, Jules Verne and others. From eight years of age, I used to 'earn' 20 Kopecks by shaving him. For me it was big money. He taught me how to spend money wisely. From my own money, I bought a good camera, a "Fotocor" and was very proud of owning it. My father was also a strong believer that the organism has to be hardened in order not to catch cold in winter time. To do this, before I went to school, we went a few times to the Dnipro River, late in the autumn when it started to be covered with ice. He broke the thin ice with his fist, went in and I followed. It was so cold that I came out, dried myself with a towel, dressed and had a hot cacao drink. Back home mother had an argument with my father saying, I would catch pneumonia. But that never occurred. I did really harden myself because overall, during the year I didn't get sick.

During the German occupation, to stay alive, father made buckets which he sold or exchanged for food at the Besarabka market. Father lived till the age of 83. I resumed contact with my family when I was already in Australia.

MY MOTHER

My mother loved music and theatre but didn't have any talent for art. She had a friend, Galia Glinina, who lived with her husband in a timber house in the backyard. Together they used to go to every drama play in the Franco Theatre. The quality of the play was measured by both of them by how much they cried during the performance.

When the war started, Galia Glinina was arrested for speculation on the Besarbka market – at that time it was a very serious offence and was severely punished. She played at being insane and was sent to a psychiatric institution. The head doctor, Pobykosky, was her good friend. She was there nearly at the time of the German occupation of Kyiv. Before that, she found out that the Germans executed all psychiatric patients at mental institutions. She had changed her address and maiden name to avoid arrest and the firing squad. The Germans had a list of patients and had been looking for her.

Mother was a good dressmaker. The majority of her clients were acquaintances or friends and for a moderate price, could fashionably dress up. She had a habit of always being late. When we had to travel somewhere, I advanced the clock every hour by 10 minutes. Mother didn't notice this, so we were always on time at the railway station.

Mother had a lot of friends and acquaintances and always remembered their birthdays and name days. She wasn't religious but celebrated all religious holidays. In the corner of the lounge room was an icon. When my father had visitors from his work, he covered the icon with a portrait of Lenin. After their departure, my mother swore and took it off.

TRAVEL

I wasn't even five years old when we started to prepare for our first journey to Tiflis (Tbilisi) and Batum (Batumi in Georgia) in the Caucasus. Mother packed in suitcases all our necessary clothes, also cooking utensils and a primus stove. Father was employed by the Railway and was entitled to travel with his family free, ticketed anywhere in the Soviet Union. Travel to Tiflis at that time took five days. Our flat was looked after by my brother Eugene, who lived close to us.

It was 1928, the period of the NEP (New Economic Policy), the temporary admittance of capitalism to improve the economy, ruined by World War I, the revolution, and civil war. We got to the railway station by izvozchik (horse driven cart). The carriers picked up our luggage, which they took straight to our train. The rail carriages were very long and were "Pullman". The steam engine was already hooked up with it and this was the first time I had seen a steam engine. It was puffing loudly, throwing big clouds of steam and smoke. This was a great and unforgettable sight for the rest of my life.

We had reserved a separate compartment, with the so-called "platscarta" ticket. Every carriage had a special attendant (Providnyk) who accompanied the train during the whole journey. The attendant looked after the order and prepared boiling water to make tea. In the middle of the train was a special carriage called the Wagon Restaurant (restaurant carriage). I was following all the stations as we passed. As the train stopped, people from all localities brought roasted 'chooks', hot sausages, milk, cream, fruit and everything that good Ukrainian soil produced.

I remember in Rostov on Don, I saw for the first time in my life " Kavkazciv", all dressed in black, with shotgun cartridges in the pockets of their jackets and a dagger hanging on their hips. Mother told me they were Georgians. Later, I saw many of them in Tiflis – it was their national dress. Seeing them for the first time was a strange scene for me. When we arrived in Tiflis, we booked into a small hotel with a big backyard. Playing with the children, I began to understand them and picked up the Georgian language. Sometimes we ate in

the so-called "duhan". That's the Georgian version of a restaurant which is usually situated in cellars and in hot summers was cooler. Their food was very different from ours – it had many spices and was forbidden by my father, so mother had to cook all meals on the primus stove in our hotel room.

Once, we went on a funicular (railway) to the top of David Mountain, I think it was. It was in the evening – the view over the city was fantastic. Mother bought me a red balloon and I felt that I was the happiest boy in the world. We took Turkish delight and other oriental delicacies home. Almost every day I went with my mother to the city markets and what a variety of fruit and other foods there were!! Our market in Kyiv looked very poor by comparison with this where everything was so cheap. Such a selection of different fruits, which we couldn't dream about. Smoked fish of different kinds were hanging, with oil dripping in the tray. We bought a watermelon which was so big that it was brought to our hotel in a wheel cart and it cost only 5 Kopecks. The trams were also very different to ours – they were open and had no walls.

From Tiflis we went to Batum (Batumi), situated on the border with Turkey on the Black Sea. In town you could buy foreign goods that had been smuggled from Turkey and were contraband in the country. The border with Turkey was not on the "lock" – yet. We returned to Tiflis, then back to Kyiv.

Our second voyage to the Caucasus in 1929 was more interesting for me. I was one year older. We stayed in the same hotel as the previous year but I did not find my old friend. The whole family became the victim of "blood revenge". I cried a lot. My parents explained to me the meaning of "blood revenge" – uncommon in Caucasus at that time. The government had a harsh way to eradicate it. The third time we went there was in 1930. Everything was going the same way as the previous two years, until we arrived at Rostov on Don. After new passengers boarded the train, it was shunted to different locations and something was hooked on. Then it became very quiet. Father and I stepped onto the deserted platform. I ran along it. At the end of the train was a goods carriage and on the platform behind sandbags with machine guns were small cannons facing both directions. There were around twelve military personnel. When I asked one of them, who looked like being the officer in charge, if there were going to be training exercises, he replied: "No, little boy. It will be real shooting and when you hear the shots, lay down on

the carriage floor. Don't look out the window. Tell the others what I told you." I ran to tell my father what the officer told me. At the other end of the train was a similar goods carriage and platform with machine-guns. A cannon and military personnel were there. Finally, our train was on the move and I looked through the window. It started to get dark when we passed Nevynomyskaya station. About one and a half hours later, the shooting started. The carriage attendant ran along shouting to everyone to lie on the floor, not to smoke, not to look out the window and to wait for his command when it had all finished. Lying on the floor, my father said it was a real battle. He knew – he was once on the front-line.

The battle lasted for almost two hours. The train was moving slowly and when everything quietened down we started to move at normal speed. The electric light was turned on. Without any further incidents, we arrived at Baku, situated on the shores of the Caspian Sea. Later on, we found out that the battle was in the territory of the Chechen Republic. When we arrived at Tiflis, this time we stayed in a different hotel. We were amazed that houses and rooms in hotels had no locks. Visiting Tiflis on the first occasion, mother asked the hotel owner for a door key and he replied in broken Russian, "Madam, don't worry, nothing will be stolen here". Here for the "this" (meaning stealing) " - he moved his hand across his throat. After a couple of days in Tiflis, we went to Batum on the Black Sea. My father noticed that Soviet rule had become considerably stronger. There were less contraband goods on the market. Mother bought a length of English material for father's suit and a couple of pairs of "feldicoss" (kind of pre-nylon) stockings for herself.

In 1937, mother and I visited her relatives, who lived in Moscow's outer suburb of Mytyshchi. The weather was very different to that in Kyiv. It was much colder and cloudy. When we strolled around Red Square there was a funeral procession for the known revolutionary, Kamenev (different to the one who was sentenced to death as the "people's enemy"). My mother was led inside the building and I was allowed to stay outside and watch the funeral ceremony. When it all ended we went to Lenin's Mausoleum and took a stand in the long queue to get inside to see the body of the leader of world Communism. At the entrance to the tomb was a guard of honour.

Later in the week, we visited the famous Tretiakov Art Gallery and other numerous Moscow museums. We then booked the very famous express train "Strela" (arrow) from Moscow to Leningrad, but missed it by arriving late so we had to travel in a very slow "mail train" stopping at every station.

Leningrad was a wonderful city with beautiful architecture. Our relatives lived in Pestel Street, which runs off the well-known Nevsky Prospect. The host of the house where we stayed was a specialist in the fur trade and worked in a fur atellier where he earned good money. By his living standards you couldn't judge the average standard of living.

We visited all the well-known museums of the Tsarist time in Peterhof, Tsarskoye Selo, Oranienbaum and the Ermitage. Years later, I learned that many thousands of Russian and Ukrainian serf peasants died in a building of Saint Petersberg.

From Leningrad through to Moscow, we returned to Kyiv, which waited for us with sunny and warm weather. A few times, we went together with father to Zheleznovodsk – a health resort in the North Caucasus region. Shortly before the outbreak of the war, we visited the Black Sea holiday resort of Sochi, on the Caucasus Riviera. I still remember the address we stayed at – 6 Kirpichnaya Street, opposite the railway station. The service at all restaurants in holiday resorts was very slow. You had to wait in a queue to get a seat in the restaurant, then be given a menu, then cutlery. So altogether, it took about 2-3 hours to eat. I remember the excellent restaurant "Kavkazya Riviera", in Sochi on the Black Sea.

WAR BEGINS

That day, I remember very well – 22nd June 1941. In the early hours of the morning, we heard many loud explosions and anti-aircraft artillery shooting. All Kyivites got used to it because we had many times practiced air-raids and we thought that it was one of them.

About 9 o'clock that morning, my schoolmate, Lionia Zhukovsky, came to visit me. The radio was playing pleasant music and suddenly it was

interrupted by an announcement that the Foreign Affairs Minister, Viacheslav Molotov, would speak at 12.00 noon. My friend Lionia became very pale and said, "It's war" and hurried home. I never saw him again. My father and mother impatiently waited till 12.00 noon to hear this historical speech.

At the end of it, Molotov said, "The enemy will be defeated. Victory will be ours!" Immediately after the declaration of war in Kyiv, numerous army recruiting offices were opened and general mobilization began. My father, due to his age, was not eligible for call-up, nor was my older brother Eugen, due to health reasons. My brother Grygory was not in Kyiv but Konstantyn, who came to Kyiv for annual leave from the Far East, was immediately taken into the army. I would be 18 in August that year and had to go to pre-conscription military training before call-up. I received notice to appear at the recruitment office.

During our visits to the Caucasus, I contracted malaria and was on the malaria register at the Lenin Polyclinic in Baseinaya Street. To be on the register was compulsory in order to get free Quinine tablets - the only malaria medicine at that time. Quinine was imported from South America where this tree grows. Malaria affected people were not subject for call-up but still had to go through pre-conscription military training. Despite that, I produced the required document. I was to train at a big backyard at Marx Street not far from the Continental Hotel. I was there twice. The third time the training officers didn't turn up and all of us waited till noon, then went home.

Kyiv was attacked from the air almost every day but our part of the city was not affected by bombing attacks. At the corner of Shevchenko and Hreshchatyk Streets was a mobile food wagon trading with bread products. Now here was a long queue. People were stockpiling food, buying more than they needed. Above the city was aerostat for air defence. All along the roof of the big buildings you could see paired machine-guns and anti-aircraft guns for defence from enemy planes.

When one enemy plane somehow broke through stiff defence and appeared over the city, incredible shooting started. They were shooting from everywhere. In Shevchenko Park, opposite Shevchenko University, large calibre anti-aircraft guns could be heard. Sometimes you could hear the

sound of pistols and hand guns. I witnessed an air battle over Kyiv sky. The pilot parachuted. It was difficult to say which plane was shot down. The barrage of fire was directed towards the parachuting pilot. On landing he was dead and happened to be one of our own.

The city was filled with fantastic rumors about captured spies. These rumors were spread with Radio OBS – short in Ukrainian for "One woman said". My mother, after a visit to Besarabka market brought this news. One woman buying something, instead of saying one kilogram, said one pound (pound as a measure of weight is not used) and was immediately arrested. She lifted her arm and said into her wristwatch, "Berlin, I have been arrested".

There were numerous raids to catch deserters. I remember when at 3am we heard a loud knock on our door. Two army men with rifles searched under beds, in the wardrobes and checked our documents, studying them thoroughly to make sure they were not forged. Incidentally, this week I had an attack of malaria and one of them saw me and said to the other, "Let's go quick from here before we catch something ourselves." As soon as the war started, the able population of Kyiv was mobilised to build military fortifications, such as digging anti-tank rows and other defensive measures. People who engaged in this work, used to eat and sleep there. The population was well prepared to fight termite bombs that could cause fires. The Germans used such bombs in other countries during the war. I was on duty on the roof of our building. When such a bomb fell on the roof, we picked it up with a shovel and dropped it into a bucket full with dry sand, or threw it out onto the ground. The termite bombs proved not to be very effective because we had been well prepared and trained. They were used mostly in night attacks.

We used to get information about the situation on the fronts, from newspapers and street loudspeakers that were on all major traffic arteries. When the radio announced that the battle was in such and such direction of the city, we knew that this city had already fallen to the Germans. Mass evacuation of Kyiv's industrial plants, factories, public institutions and Universities began when the bad news started to arrive from all fronts.

Our house became half empty. The first to leave was Niunia, the same person who at the tenants' meeting was loudly agitated to defend his fatherland to his

last drop of blood. He had left behind his old and sick parents whose horrible fate it was to die in the infamous Basiy Yar.

Suddenly, my father became very ill with stomach ulcers. My mother spent hours running around town in search of medicine or components for prescriptions. The front-line quickly advanced in the direction of Kyiv. It was so close now that we could hear the non-stop cannonade of heavy artillery. From the beginning of the war, the city had to comply with a total blackout at night time and it was each citizen's duty to comply with it. For violating the rule, the militia imposed very heavy penalties, in accordance with war time.

We learned to calculate how far the front-line was by the difference in time between a flash in the sky and the explosion of shells on the ground. Now the front-line was between 35-40 kilometers or even closer. The city was becoming deserted. When the Germans were very close, the stores placed on stalls for sale, many goods including food kept back before. Mother, remembering the years of hunger during the revolution and civil war and the great famine of 1932-33, managed to stock a small supply of food. But as people say, you cannot store enough for the whole of your life.

Anti-tanks at the time were called "hedgehogs" (steel rails welded and concreted in the middle) to stop advancing tanks. They were across Shevchenko Boulevard and Hreshchatyk Street and were also guarded day and night by armed soldiers at the gun-port, with machine-guns on top of sand bags. Other parts of the city had similar defence arrangements ready for street battle, should it eventuate. To deprive German pilots from orienteer, the church domes were painted in grey.

Systematic checks of documents of all pedestrians took place. The ones causing suspicion were taken to the militia station for further examination. Finally, rumors spread around town that the Germans were already in Pushcha Voditsa, close to the outer suburb of Kyiv. Two days later, we learned that Kyiv was completely surrounded and 600 thousand Soviet troops were taken prisoner by German troops. Cannonade stopped at night. It became frightfully quiet. Anarchy began. People rushed to plunder stores. (They were all Government owned.) We lived close to Kryty Rynok (covered

market place). I went there and saw people dragging everything they could. It struck me that one man was carrying a bucket of sour cream but his trousers were soaked in sour cream up to his knee. I was told that barrels of sour cream were stored in cellars in the market. When people entered the store room, they threw barrels from the top onto the cement floor. Naturally, the contents spilled out on the floor.

My mother, ignoring father's protest, went to the market too. But on the way there, met our neighbour who was carrying a bag of salt. It was too heavy for him and he gave some of it to my mother. That's all we got that day. The radio sets that we had when the war began had to be surrendered to the Physical Culture Institute (N19 Shota Rustaveli street) for storage. People now rushed there to retrieve their sets. The hall where sets had been stored, became human anthills. Everyone was trying to get a better radio set than the one they had taken there - Telefunken and Blaupunkt, the favourites. Less favourite brands were dropped on the floor and broke.

One day, namely 17th September, we heard and experienced a loud noise and the earth shook. That was the destruction of the biggest bridge across the Dnipro River – a chain suspension bridge.

On the 18th September, the day before the German occupation of Kyiv, we saw on the city streets, drunken men, who claimed to be "red partisans". They were heavily armed "to their teeth". Each had a submachine gun and a few hand grenades – one had an anti-tank gun. People looked at them in sorrow. What happened to them is unknown.

GERMAN OCCUPATION

Early morning, on 19th of September 1941, we spent the night in uncertainty. What would happen next? I went into the backyard. People were exchanging hearsay. Some had been saying that the Germans were already in Stalinka, close to Kyiv suburbs. From time to time, you could hear light rifle fire. Suddenly, somebody yelled loudly, that a German motorcyclist rode past Red Army Street in the direction of Hreshchatyk Street. On the corner of Rohnedynska Street was a newspaper kiosk. I decided to stay there in case

there was shooting, I could hide behind the kiosk. On the opposite side of the street, we noticed a few women with flowers in their hands. People who came here before us said that the first German motorcyclists had already passed.

Finally, we heard the noise of motors and in the centre of the street two motorcycles with side cars came by, each with a soldier with a machine-gun. The helmets worn looked exactly like those we had seen in newspapers and in films. I returned home to tell my parents, but they had already heard about it from someone else. Two hours later, I went to Hreshchatyk Street. It was flooded with German soldiers. On the side streets were girls chatting in poor German. Some were smoking cigarettes. One soldier remarked that in Germany 'good girls' did not smoke. I translated for them and soon they left.

Next day in one of the cinemas, the Germans screened for free, "Kulturfilm". The queue to see it was too long and I wasn't able to see it. The ones that did see the film said that it was about how good life was in Germany.

On 21st of September 1941, an announcement was made to give up all weapons, ammunition, radio receivers, gasmasks and spare food. Disobeying this order would result in the death penalty.

On 24th of September, I took all family gas masks and went to the collection point on Hreshchatyk Street, not far from Prorizna Street. There was already a big heap of gas masks. I threw mine on top of it. Walking back home, along the Hreshchatyk not far from the Besarabka market, I felt how the ground under my feet moved and then I heard an enormous power explosion. I turned my head in the direction of where the Children's World Store was to witness an enormous cloud of smoke and dust. Only ruins stood there. People started to run away from the place of the explosion. Then followed one after another. A few days resounded in explosions as the Hreshchatyk burned to the ground.

The Music School was burned down and the Conservatory with a few hundred pianos and a large music library were gone. To add to this disaster, was a strong wind. All the residents in our house took guard with full buckets of water from the well in the backyard. At that time, rumors were, that the explosions were the work of Soviet partisans. The city had no water. The

water pumping station was destroyed by retreating Soviet troops. It was said that the Germans brought from Berlin, special pumps and fire hoses to pump water from the Dnipro River, but at night time partisans had cut through them. The fire stopped only on 2nd October. Burned down were the Hreshchatyk and neighbouring streets.

On the 2nd of October came an order for compulsory registration of citizens. I took my passport and other documents and went to the registration centre which was on the corner of Rohnedynska Street and Shota Rustaveli Street. There was a big crowd of people. Everyone was trying to register first. A German soldier was walking with a long wooden stick shouting something and then hit people on the head to make them form one line. I was far away from the gate through which 50 people at a time were let into the yard where registration took place. A German soldier came to me and about 10 others and led us straight to the tables for registration. After that we were put into a small truck and driven to Pushkin Street, about 200 metres from Tolstoy Square.

The building, not far from the place we used to live in before, had six floors. The lifts were not working. Our boss was a commissioned officer in SS uniform. We cleaned the rooms and carried furniture from one room to another or another floor. We started work at nine and exactly at twelve o'clock, a soldier came and said "mittagessen" meaning lunch. He brought a big jar of coffee, loaf of bread and about 200gms of butter. I thought it was a dream. He didn't forget the knife either. The bread tasted like nothing better existed in life. The coffee was "Ersatz" and slightly sweetened. After our meal we worked with enthusiasm. Someone from us said "We can live".

When we finished the job at five o'clock, the German soldier bought our registration papers and certificates that stated we were employed by the German Wehrmacht as labourers and should not be employed anywhere else. The certificate was valid indefinitely. Signed "SS... .Führer" with a big stamp of a "swastika".

To move around the city was allowed up to 6pm, but a certificate was required after the curfew. The next day we shifted furniture, washed the floors, etc. One of the Germans spoke Polish and I told my mother about it.

She told me that she would go and see him and ask him to release me from that job because it would destroy my hands doing this work. The German's name was Paul. My mother easily found him in the building. She told him that I was infected with malaria and had graduated from the Music School and doing this work would damage my hands as a pianist for life. He said that he understood as he also played the piano. "As soon as I find a replacement for him, I will let your son go." And in a couple of days he did let me go. Music played its role, but the valuable certificate remained in my hands. Now I could walk in town without being grabbed and sent to rebuilding ruined bridges or sent to labour camp in Germany.

In the city were constant raids to catch unregistered people, by checking documents. A few days after the Germans occupied the city, Ukrainian nationalists appeared in military uniforms with the Tryzub (the Ukrainian national emblem) and yellow and blue stripes (now the national flag of Ukraine). But they all mysteriously disappeared. Hitler didn't need independent Ukraine.

At the end of September, the Germans issued an order for all Jews in Kyiv and suburbs to appear on 29th September on the corner of Melnykivska and Dehtiarivska Streets with documents, valuables and also warm clothing. Those who would not obey this order would be found in different locations than stated above, and would be shot. There were different rumors, one of them: resettlement in a different place. Almost half of the tenants in our house were Jews but the majority of them were evacuated from Kyiv. The remaining were either old or sick. In our building was Ovrutsky with his wife and ailing Niunia's parents – the one that used to give the instruction on how to vote for the block of Communists and non-party man. Ovrutsky with his wife lived on the ground floor. His windows faced the backyard where we as kids played football. Occasionally our ball finished inside his flat. We had to enter into "diplomatic" talks to have our ball given back to us, subject to a condition that we played a bit further away from his windows.

I remember during Jewish holidays, Ovrutsky asked me to light the fire in his primus stove. He awarded me with Matzos (Jewish bread) and 10 Kopeks and my mates were already waiting for me to give them their share of it. Ovrutsky didn't get a pension and lived by making and selling paper bags in the

Besarabka Market. I was sad to look at people who didn't suspect what a tragic destiny awaited them.

Our food supply was disappearing like snow in the spring. Something had to be done. Mother and I decided to make soap in exchange for food, or sell it at the Besarabka Market. From our friend, the chemist, my mother received all the information that was required to make soap and in what proportions the components and equipment was needed. We bought the necessary fat, caustic soda, talcum powder and a big iron pot. Following all instructions, we made about six kilograms of soap and were surprised by its good quality. Mother exchanged it for food and sold some of it in the Besarabka Market.

In August 1942, the German administration of Kyiv decided to open the Conservatory. It was named Lysenko, Kyiv Music-Drama Conservatory. In the premises of the former Lysenko Music Institute, an audition was arranged for future students. I went inside the audition room where the enrolment commission was and saw about 6 respectable men, who looked and behaved like professors sitting at a table. These were all Germans who had especially arrived from Berlin to check and evaluate our level of musical knowledge and education. I performed the "Sonata Apassionata" by Beethoven and was rewarded by applause and was admitted to the 5th year of the Conservatory. When the lessons started, the shortage of academic staff became evident and the Conservatory was wound up. Another reason was because of the bad news arriving from the front.

One day, my father accidentally met on the street a musician friend who in the past had bought jazz cymbals from him. He told father that within the Kyiv Police, a brass band was being formed and if father wanted, he could help me to get a job in that band. The band was officially conscripted to the Ukrainian Police but in reality had nothing to do with it. The band was under German control and was mostly used during the burial of German soldiers and officers, whose bodies steadily arrived from the battle zone.

The band rehearsals were in a building in the Pechersk district of Kyiv where before there had been a government office. I brought my attestation and the conductor, Vasyl Nenninger, after examining it, accepted me into the band. All formalities would be fixed up on the next day. My parents were not very

happy with the fact that the band was connected with the Police. They thought that I would be issued with the same black uniform as the Ukrainian Police had, however, I was issued with an old uniform worn by the German Fire Brigade. Our boys themselves pinned on their lapel, the musical emblem of the Lira. The band was 85 strong. When they attended a funeral the band was split into three parts and played in different parts of the cemetery, separately for soldiers, officers and high-ranking personnel. I never attended a funeral because I didn't play any brass or wind instruments, I was the band's librarian. My duty was to set the music in a certain order, sort it out, copy it if necessary and sometimes make musical arrangements. My direct supervisor was Meister Gripl. He was about 60 and before the war was a Police officer in the German city of Hamburg. He was a man of good nature but pretended to be very tough and strict. He loved music but understood little. Sometimes when we played a so-called "Kameradshafts Abends" (comradely evenings), he tried to conduct the band, but as our musicians said, it was all in contrary to the beat.

To give Germans credit, they loved music and respected musicians and called them in German "Künstler", which means artist. Our band had a "Starshyna" (alderman). The title originated in the Red Army bands. His name was Fedir Mynayev. During the First World War, he was a German war prisoner and could speak a little German. His duty in the band was to look after order, so people didn't come late to work or intoxicated. I was subordinate to the conductor and Meister Gripl.

We had a small jazz band. Depending on demand, it could be increased from six to sixteen people. On one occasion, we had to play at a wedding reception. The bridegroom was an SS Lieutenant and his bride was probably an employee of German civilian administration. A car was sent to pick us up and we were driven to a mansion in the Pechersk district of Kyiv. Meister Gripl advised me beforehand which music to take. The bridegroom must have been an important person, judging by the fuss connected with the reception. We were given a small ranking officer to look after us. Meister Gripl gave us a paper where everything was written down of what to play and when. Before the guests arrived, we looked inside the reception room. On tables were so much food and variety we couldn't even imagine it in our dreams. It was all Ukrainian. It was unknown if someone would repay it in

the future, with their own blood. In the side room we saw boxes of various drinks stacked up. Our supervisor brought drinking glasses and two bottles of vodka. We were very hungry and told him that we needed some food to go with the Vodka. He said that he was very hungry himself but couldn't organize food at this time. Finally the guests started to arrive, all of them were SS men. The only greetings were "Heil Hitler". When the guests took their places numerous speeches and greetings followed. On the command of our supervisors we played the Nazi Anthem "Hoerst Wessel Lied". The banquet lasted over two hours. Guests drank a lot and the newlyweds thanked everybody. We were astonished when they came in our room and thanked us for the good music. In return, I wished them, from all band members, happiness and good luck in their life together. After, I started to wonder if this SS man would know how many people he had sent to the grave? Who knows it? Finally guests started to disappear. At last we were given our long awaited food. Our supervisor who had a few too many drinks, gave us a whole case of Vodka and 20 occupied Karbovanets (money) each that would hardly buy in the market one glass of mille meal. An ordinary soldier drove us home.

The ration of food we received weekly at work was hardly sufficient for one person. The Vodka was a kind of currency and was a big help to our budget. This was the only wedding reception that we had to play at. On one occasion, our jazz band was taken across to the Dnipro River to play at Kameradshafts Abend of "Todt Organization" that during the war engaged in building destroyed bridges and other activities. The place where we had to play was very roomy, it seated up to 1,000 people. From looks and people's behaviour, you could see that they were not trained solders, but ordinary labourers. We played "Lily Marleyne", "Juliska aus Budapest" and other songs for beer drinking. And there was a lot of it.

One funny incident happened with the drummer, Kolia Bely, and a large bottle behind his bass drum, which he filled up with beer that had been brought to us. The saxophonist, Tyhonovich, after arguing with Kolia Bely, shifted the drum exposing the half filled bottle to the Germans sitting in the hall. But... they only laughed. They didn't pay for beer anyway. So everything ended well. Kolia continued to fill up the large bottle with beer.

Meister Gripl decided to use the opportunity and started to take piano lessons from me. The only problem he had was his memory. What he learned today, was forgotten by tomorrow. There is a little German children's song "When I was a little bird". He could not manage to learn it for the whole year.

At the end of 1942, it became very cold and one of our musicians got an idea to ask Meister Gripl to issue pure alcohol, because the trumpet valves froze in below zero conditions. They asked me to approach Meister Gripl about it. He said he had witnessed that himself and would talk to "Herr Lieutenant". He asked me how much alcohol we needed each month. I said two litres each a month for every musician. The order to obtain it from the factory was signed and the next day Meister Gripl and I went in a small truck to the Podil region to the brewery to get our consignment. At the gate was a German guard. He looked at the papers produced to him by Gripl and saluted him and showed him the direction of the warehouse. The local people were working there. The one that was in charge asked me if I was a good guy. I said, "Yes." "Our containers are 100 litres each and we are not able to measure 70 litres. Tell me, is your boss a good man?" he said. "Yes!" I replied. "We've got big families and are not able to feed them. Here is the warehouse with lots of this stuff and nobody knows the count of it. What we will do, we will throw in an extra couple of barrels for you and a couple for us which we will pick up from you later." I translated for Meister Gripl and he agreed to the arrangement. We made a few trips to the brewery in the winter. I knew that Meister Gripl and the lieutenant sent or passed on alcohol to Germany.

Kyiv's fire brigade or fire police, as the Germans called it, had a similar band. Their musicians used to get permission to travel to the Rumanian occupied part of the Ukraine, which was called by Rumanians, Transnistria (beyond the River Dnister). The Rumanians hoped they would get part of the Ukraine as a reward for participation in the war against the Soviet Union on the German side. In the Rumanian occupied zone, private enterprise was allowed and food was freely available without ration cards. Everything was available in non-restricted quantities.

In the Spring of 1942, a couple of boys from our band asked, through me, for Meister Gripl to issue a travelling pass to Zhmerynka town in the Rumanian zone of occupation, to buy food, namely salo (salted pork lard). Meister Gripl

consulted the lieutenant and permission to issue the pass was given. Gripl asked me what the purpose was of such a trip? I said, "The purchase of musical instruments for our band."

Those two boys from our band went to the small town of Zhmerynka in the Rumanian zone. They travelled by rail but on open trucks that carried coal from the Donbas region of Ukraine. Passenger trains were not running, or maybe some only for Germans. The coal carried on such open trucks was sprinkled with white chalk. That way you could see if somebody interfered with it and hid under the coal's surface.

After returning from Zhmerinka, there were stories of availability of food that we in Kyiv couldn't dream about. Of course, they thanked Gripl and the lieutenant with salo and Rumanian soap (all scarce in Germany). I selected Zhora Gitular as my travelling mate to go to Zhmerinka. The boys said he was either Gypsy or Moldavian. He was taller than me and strongly built. My mother exchanged Ukrainian Karbovanets for 600 German occupied marks; father made tin vessel for oil and borrowed a backpack from his friend. I was ready for the journey to where everything was available.

I got to the Kyiv railway by foot. Trams and trolleybuses were not running. I found a German railway man and showed him my documents. He told me that in our direction, a goods train would depart, but there were no passenger cars and we would have to travel in an open truck. We have real luck, we thought. We found on one of the open trucks, a little compartment for a guard that was empty and we settled into it happily.

The train wasn't moving fast. Through the window we could see that the forest along the rail track was cleared for about one kilometer on both sides. That was a preventive action against Soviet partisans. Still in Kyiv we heard that Slovak soldiers were guarding the rail tracks. We reached Zhmerynka without incident. Our boys that had been there before, bought salo and other goods from an address that had been given to us and we easily found a small restaurant. In reality, it was an ordinary small house with a handwritten sign. We walked in and were met by the owner. He invited us to sit at the table and asked if we were sent to him by Aliosha from Kyiv. "I know that you are hungry, I just roasted a piglet." I asked how much it would cost and said that

the whole piglet was too much for us, we only needed small pieces to eat. He said if we bought salo from him, it would cost nothing. We agreed to his proposition. He told us he sold salo for 20 Marks per kilogram and said that such good quality, we wouldn't find anywhere else in Zhmerynka. And indeed, he brought us a piece of salo to confirm what he had said.

My friend Zhora was hungry and when he emptied a glass of wine, he already showed a sign of intoxication. After eating, we went for a stroll. In town, there were many such restaurants, namely, eating places. In some of them, live music was playing. We thought that we were in a dreamland. There was no sign of war! We stayed overnight in the place where we bought salo. In the morning, we started to get ready for our journey back home. It was a bit heavy for Zhora. He had a bit too much to drink the night before. He had bought twenty kilograms of salo. I was afraid that the handle of his suitcase would break off, but he had a few leather straps around it. My luggage was much lighter. I bought only eight kilograms of salo, a bit of oil, Rumanian toilet soap and 2 bottles of Samogon (home brewed Vodka). I also invented a "legend" in case we were searched and detained by police. In our travelling pass, it was stated that the purpose of our travel to Zhmerynka was for the purchase of musical instruments for our band, but we couldn't find the necessary instruments. We decided to buy salo for all members of our band, as the situation with the supply in Kyiv was bad.

I agreed with Zhora that I would do the talking and he should keep quiet. Our host helped us to get to the railway station. All personnel there were German – we hadn't seen a single Rumanian yet. On the station platform, I noticed a man in uniform that I hadn't seen before. Back in Kyiv, Meister Gripl instructed that it was best to greet the German military to stand to attention. That created a very good impression. We reached the station and there was a train camouflaged, covered with a tarpaulin and nets with tree branches. You couldn't make out what was underneath it – tanks or artillery. I approached the German and took the pose "at attention" and said "Herr Commandant" and gave him our papers. He carefully examined them and then called loudly "Lieutenant! Take these two – they go to Kyiv." Two soldiers jumped from the carriage to help Zhora lift his suitcase but he refused and lifted it himself as if it was as light as a feather. If one of the Germans took Zhora's suitcase in his hand he would become interested at such heavy contents. Inside the

goods carriage was a crew who were all young people, not older than 20. You could read on their faces, confusion and sadness. One was playing a mouth harmonica, the other was trying to follow with his voice. The remaining rested. Finally, we heard a loud whistle and our train started to move.

I got a bottle of home brewed vodka and poured some for myself and Zhora and offered some to those who were sitting close to us and had a sip to lift suspicion. A lot of soldiers were already sleeping. The others drank with us and started to sing. I told them that we had been to a wedding and were given this Vodka. At the station, in a small town called Gnivan, on the border of Rumanian and German occupation zones, German customs officers were checking thoroughly what crossed the border. If they found what we were taking across the border, they might arrest us and confiscate our luggage. We were in fear that the German chief of the train, in his report, would say that two civilians were travelling within. But everything went well.

A loud whistle blew and we were on the move again. Great relief, as we'd been travelling all night. The train sometimes moved very fast, and sometimes very slow. At last, we reached Bila Cerkva Station. One of the Germans came to our wagon and told us that the train wasn't going to Kyiv and we would have to get out. The Germans, in order to confuse partisans, changed the routes. I went immediately to see the station master. Just at that moment, a new goods train pulled into the station. An old German soldier got out of the second carriage after the steam engine. He made a verbal report to the station master who pointed in our direction and instructed the soldier to take us to Kyiv.

We got inside the old carriage. From the conversation I had with the German, I found that he was from Ruhr region, known as a very industrial part of Germany. Americans and British were heavily bombing that region. The old soldier told us that he had lost his two sons in battle in Africa. Zhora opened his bottle of Vodka and we had a couple of drinks and salo. Coming closer to Kyiv, I thought that coming from the railway station there would be a checking point and our luggage would be examined and I was right. In the middle of the railway square was a big queue of people. At the head of it a German policeman and two Ukrainian policemen in black uniforms were sifting through luggage and confiscating food.

Zhora and myself were walking in their direction. On the way, two Ukrainian policemen tried to stop us. One nearly grabbed me by my arm and shouted. "Where are you going? - Are you blind? Don't you see the queue?" I replied in German that it wasn't his business. Hearing my reply in German, he jumped sideways, like being scalded with boiling water. When we came close to the German, I showed him our papers and told him that we were hurrying to get to work on time by 9 o'clock. He carefully examined our papers and then said "Los!" (Go!) In the beginning, Zhora and I had to walk in the same direction. We walked past the Hungarian stationed unit. Two soldiers approached and stopped us, wanting to examine our bags. I started to speak to them in German and they let us go without even looking at our documents. They thought that we were Germans – they had no right to search or interfere with their movement. They had a pathological fear of Germans. My baggage was becoming heavier and heavier!! I felt like I had walked around the globe. Being already on my street, I stopped many times. Just as I walked in the house where we lived, I sat on the door step and started to call my parents to help me with the load. Mother heard my call first and, together with my father, they carried the 'priceless treasure' inside. I didn't even manage to get into my bed but sat and fell asleep. That day I didn't go to work.

Almost everyone from our band made a few trips to Zhmerynka and even deeper into the Rumanian occupied zone, where everything was even cheaper than in Zhmerynka. Some even managed to go to Odessa. Once Meister Gripl was called urgently to his office. He was angry and annoyed. Two of our boys were arrested, because they were drunk. Luckily they were already in the German occupied zone and would have had all their luggage confiscated if not for the intervention of our lieutenant. When they rang him he said to release them with their luggage and he would punish them himself. But a few kilograms of salo fixed everything up.

Bad news had been arriving from the battle front. Troop trains full of the dead had been arriving every day. The funerals were twice a day – in the morning and after lunch. The Germans that lived in the rear tried to forget all the tragedies of war. We often had to play and entertain in different Kameradschafts Abends (comrades evening). They drank a lot to forget the grim reality. The news from the battlefront was becoming more and more

sad. We played most of the time in Pechersk (part of Kyiv) in villas previously occupied by the NKVD (secret police officers). When we finished late at night, we were given 'Parole' (password). On all crossroads in Kyiv, at night time, were German patrolmen, who used to yell out "Halt" (Stop!) "Parole!" In order to walk through we had to say the password and memorise it as it was forbidden to write it down. The password was usually the name of a German city.

An unusual incident happed to one of our musicians whose name was Titov. He played tuba – the largest brass instrument. He had a few drinks too many. Playing on one of the comrades' evenings and going back home, he forgot the 'Parole'. He sat down near a big heap of snow and tried to recollect the password and fell asleep. So, in the snow he slept through the night. He was sprinkled with snow and only the brass tuba was sticking out. In the morning, our boys found him alive and well.

RACIAL COMMISSION

One month after I joined the band, going to work in the morning, I met Fedir Mynayev, our band supervisor. He told me that he would shortly be making an important announcement. When everybody was quiet, he said that there would be no morning band rehearsal as usual because we were going to have a medical check-up. We marched a few street blocks and went inside of what reminded me of an old school. We had been given cards in the German language where already our name and numbers were typed in with an empty space left to be filled in. We were ordered to undress and, in alphabetic order, in groups of ten, men were called inside a small hall where a Medical Commission (board) of 8 Germans was sitting at a long table.

I understood immediately that it was not a medical check-up but an examination to find out whether we had any Jews amongst our band members. After examining and satisfied that I wasn't Jewish, they still asked me if there were any Jews in my family like grandparents, or great grandparents. One of the medical commissioners compared my hair with samples in his book. He spoke good Ukrainian with a strong Galician (West Ukrainian) accent. He made thorough records and studied my eyes, measured between them and

asked me to look in different directions. One member of the 'board' asked me to bend down, sit down with closed eyes and crawl on the floor. Every member of the board entered notes on a special card and notebook in front of them. The last German had a rank of colonel. He got up from his seat and came to me and asked if I had any German relatives, like grandfather, grandmother or great grandparents. I said I was of Cossack descent. "Why do you speak German so well", he asked. I told him that I had studied German language and literature in my music school in Kyiv.

He was surprised, smiled and went back to his table. Later on, we found out that the musicians from the fire brigade band underwent a similar medical inquiry. The band rehearsal went on as usual in the afternoon. We prepared the program of Johan Strauss waltzes. We had never played for the Ukrainian Police before, and suddenly were put in buses and taken to an unknown location. In a hurry, I took the music of well-known marches that we played for the Germans. When we got there, we saw on the big square a couple of hundred Ukrainian policemen lined up. We found out that a swearing in ceremony would be taking place. The oath of allegiance to the 'great Führer.' Here I saw for the first time Anatoly Kabayda, the commander of the Ukrainian Police. From a long distance I could not see what shoulder-piece he had on his uniform. In his speech, I could pick up a strong west-Ukrainian dialect, but some of the words he used I heard for the first time in my life. I do not remember the content of his speech. We were given a sign and played a few German marches, including the well-known "Alte Kameraden" ("Old friends"). After the ceremony, the policemen marched away under the sound of our music.

In June, our jazz band was brought to the building on Volodymyrska Street, opposite the former Lenin Museum. We were led into a small side room and ordered to keep quiet. From a hall next door came a loud yell and applause. The doors were opened and we could see officers in ranks not lower than colonels. A very important conference must have taken place. A young lieutenant was attached to look after us and tell us what and when to play. He gave us a list of songs, most of which we had played many times before and I knew by heart. He offered us beer, which was brought to us in a couple of minutes. At the beginning, it was quiet but within half an hour it became noisy. We played popular German melodies and the whole auditorium sang

along. The lieutenant was very happy with our music. During our break, a German in the uniform of a colonel came to our room.

He said to us in perfect Russian: "Do not think that we came to you and brought you freedom and independence. We came to you because we need your land, your coal, iron and your slave labour. Why are you silent? You are frightened." We were afraid of provocation. He understood that he had gone too far and waved his hand at us and went away. He did not come to us again. Gradually people started to go and when the lieutenant told us to play two last marches, we calmed down and everything ended well. Finally, we were driven home.

In the beginning of 1943, half of our band was taken in buses to a village not far from Kyiv. Our conductor told me to take music of German marches, polkas and generally music of folk dances, because we were going to the village where peasants would celebrate the occasion of free distribution of land. When we arrived, there were already lots of people in the village square. Speeches were given by Germans and Ukrainians from the civilian administration of Kyiv. They thanked the "great Führer" for his Order for free ownership of land. There was a lot of food and Vodka on the tables. We all knew that the Germans suffered on the battle front, defeat after defeat, and this was a forced act, in order to safeguard their rear from the activity of partisans.

ONLY FOR GERMANS

Such a warning – "Only for Germans", you could often see in Kyiv during German occupation. On one occasion, I had to work in a restaurant with such a sign on the window. It was a café rather than a restaurant. It was situated on Chervonoarmiyska Street almost next door to where my father had his workshop before the war.

Three of our musicians played there every night: Tyhonovich – saxophonist, Anatoly Sveshnikov – pianist and Kolia Bely on drums. The pay was small but the owners provided two meals, which was most important. One day, Kolia Bely asked me if I could play only one night in place of the pianist,

Anatoly Sveshnikov. I arrived at the restaurant at 6 o'clock and already the place was full of people. We played well-known German songs. Some were singing to our music. There were Slovaks and Hungarians. They were allowed in these places. Not far from the musicians, at a table was a German in the uniform of Field Military Police with a big metal badge on his chest and next to him a local girl. He laughed very loudly and requested us to play the same German song "Heimat deine Sterne" – ("Fatherland – your stars"). Every hour, we were entitled to have a fifteen minute break, but when we stopped playing, he pulled out of his bolster a "Parabelum" (large hand gun), and pointed it at us. Out of fear, we started to play what first came to our minds. With a laugh, he put the gun back in the bolster. That was repeated again and again when we tried to take a break.

It was a pity that a higher ranking German officer didn't walk into the restaurant. He tried to show to his girlfriend the power he possessed. We decided to flee. First to flee was saxophonist, Tyhanovych, followed by the drummer, Kolia Bely. I was the last to do so, I picked the moment when he embraced the girl and rushed through the kitchen, backyard and jumped the fence and found myself in another street. I went straight home without dinner. The angry German damaged Kolia's drums by cutting the drum skin with a dagger. I never went into this restaurant again.

THEATRES, FOOTBALL

The Germans loved music and art. On former Lenin Street, in the premises of the Russian Drama Theatre, they opened the Variety Theatre, only for Germans and their allies. Through my musician friends employed there, I managed to see the show a few times. Almost all artists were Kyivites that stayed in the occupied city.

The singer Dembrowska had colossal success. (After the war she worked in the Odessa Theatre.) Germans showered her with flowers on stage and loud applause. Her crown was a German romantic ballad "Ich bin heute ja so verliebt" ("Today I am really in love"). Also the comedian Mishevsky had great success, making the Germans laugh, almost to tears. There were acrobats, jugglers and other typical variety artists. The Germans didn't forget

opera either. They re-opened the Kyiv Opera theatre but the opera performances were strictly for Germans and their allies. Unfortunately, I didn't have a chance to go there. There were rumors that a plane dropped a Soviet bomb on the theatre, but in the newspaper "Ukrainian Word" there wasn't a single word written about it.

Now, about newspapers. In the beginning of the German occupation of Kyiv, the "Ukrainian Word" was published, but the Germans thought it was too nationalistic and replaced the editor and changed the name to "New Ukrainian Word".

There was an employment office in town, but people didn't hurry to register there because the questionnaire required the name and address of previous employment.

Active propaganda painted rosy pictures for those who agreed to work in Germany, but the ones that were already there sent messages of horrible living conditions and bombing raids by allied aircraft on industrial objects, where our countrymen were sent to work and live.

A tragic fate met our football players "Dynamo" Kyiv. The Kyiv population received news about the players, mostly from what was said on the radio OBS ("one woman said") and of course such news was very controversial. We, in our band, heard that the German football team lost to ours. The Germans could not concede the loss and shot dead almost the whole team of "Dynamo" players.

The front-line was rapidly moving to Kyiv. After Germany's defeat at Stalingrad and later at Kursk, Germans who had made their home in Kyiv, started in a hurry to leave for Germany. One day, our Jazz band was taken to the military barracks in the Pechersk region of Kyiv. Originally it had been a school. There was supposed to take place a ceremony for the decoration of soldiers who had just arrived from the front-line, with military medals for distinction of service and bravery. We musicians were given the program of what and when to play and had attached to us a supervising sergeant. Even the General was present at this ceremony. Whilst the senior officers were present there was iron style discipline. First there were speeches, then every soldier to

be decorated approached the general and, under the sound of our band, was given an "Eisen Kreuz" (Iron Cross). In about half an hour's time the General handed over his duties to a colonel and yelled "Heil Hitler" and left the hall. After the end of the ceremony, soldiers started the beer drinking 'fest'. We followed the program given to us whilst a few hundred already intoxicated soldiers loudly shouted. As the high-ranking officers were leaving the hall, the soldiers became louder and less controllable. From somewhere, a soldier appeared with a big drum and began banging it with a hand grenade. We got frightened. Somebody smashed an electric bulb, then a second one that had been lighting the hall. Nobody paid any attention to us. Luckily none of the soldiers had any weapons with them.

This evening, I was playing the piano accordion because I wasn't sure that the piano would be available in the hall. Like animals, the soldiers knocked to the ground the grand piano that was on the opposite side of the hall in the corner and took out the piano keys with anything they had in their hands and started hitting the strings. The instrument was dying in agony from the hands of barbarians. It was difficult to believe that such a cultured and disciplined nation could be so inhumane. We decided to flee. Only two bulbs remained in the hall. One of us leaving the hall, switched off the last of them. A loud noise erupted.

We quietly walked towards the guard house at the entrance to the barracks. Officers on duty looked in their order book to drive each of us home. This area of Kyiv was out of limits for unauthorised persons and nobody without special permission could be in this part of the city. Kyiv became the war zone. Day and night, you could hear that the front-line was near. The part of Kyiv near the River Dnipro was to be evacuated by all civilians. Disobeying that order meant the death penalty.

A few months before that, our conductor, Vasyl Neninger, as Volksdeutsche (of German descent) was taken away from us and the new conductor, Ivan Lesnichenko, a Ukrainian, took over. I don't know where he had worked before, but his musical skill was much below our previous conductor. The front was already on the doorstep and we didn't know what was going to happen to us.

One day in September, we all arrived at work at our usual time, but were not allowed to go home. I asked Meister Gripl to let my mother know about this and she spread the news to other family members of our band. We were told that we were to be temporarily evacuated to Lviv in Western Ukraine. Mother brought me my school Matriculation Certificate, underwear, a razor, a bit of salo (salted pork lard) and vodka, in case of catching cold, and other necessary items. The next day, big German trucks took us to the railway station. Every musician had his instrument with him. Meister Griple took care that my mother and father were at the station to say goodbye to me.

There was a long train with goods trucks and passenger carriages. Lots of civilians, German police and Ukrainian police travelled in the passenger carriages. Some had children with them. So we were not the only ones on this train. The time came to say goodbye to my parents. I embraced mother and father with long kisses. With the whistle of the steam engine, my life changed forever.

JOURNEY INTO THE UNKNOWN

The train moved. We passed well-known suburbs of our beloved city. What was waiting for me in the future. Now I was alone. My father taught me not to be afraid of anything in life, not to be a fawner and only rely on my own strength and ability. It started to become dark. Germans calculated exactly how many people to allocate to each truck. We had to sleep on the floor. There was not enough room to stretch out our legs. I was lucky that my mother brought me a warm blanket and jumper. The train moved slowly. When we got up in the morning, we calculated that we had travelled no more than 200 kilometers. The forest along the railway track was cut down for a considerable distance on both sides of the track as an anti-partisan precaution. In a couple of days, we reached Lviv. Our train stopped at Pidsamche Station, where we were told that we could go into the town, but that we must sleep in the train. Our boys scattered in Lviv, some of them had been there before and had some friends. The rumor spread amongst us that the Soviets would be pushed back from Kyiv and we would be able to return home. That was the reason we didn't run away.

I had been in Lviv on a few occasions. The town was nothing like Kyiv. It had beautiful architecture. There were no ruins like we had on Hreshchatyk Street in Kyiv. Here people dressed very well, better than in Kyiv and there was no hunger either. In town the black market flourished, but this was actually speculation. You could buy almost everything. There were lots of restaurants and cafes. Our boys met girls and secretly planned to stay there. They sold their blankets, watches and all that could be sold for money, and when they started to believe that we were returning to Kyiv, celebrated and drunk even more. That was the bite to get us back on the train. Some of them even had a haircut and shave.

The train moved on and the next day, we were in Breslau in Germany (now Wroclaw, Poland). We came to an empty platform and played in front of astonished passengers, waiting for their trains on other platforms. We played well-known German marches. Well-dressed German men and women were surprised by our unusual looks and loudly applauded after each musical item.

IN GERMANY

For almost a whole month, we had been travelling back and forth until one morning we found ourselves in the little German town of Beeskow, 80 kilometers east of Berlin. We left our carriages and I saw a sign "Cloak room". In this little room, as I found out later, a young Ukrainian girl worked. The fee for the cloak room was very low and I suspected that our luggage would probably be sent for disinfection and wouldn't be returned to us, so I decided to store it here – everything I had with me, including salo and vodka. I advised the other boys to do the same. I was right because when we were taken to the Fire Brigade School, things that were sent for disinfection were never returned to their owners.

Bit by bit, I took back all the items I had stored in the cloak room. When we left the railway carriages, we walked to the Fire Brigade School. Here we had to completely undress ourselves in the open air in the school yard and undergo individual disinfection, then we had to take a shower and were given a towel, a set of underwear, shoes, working overalls and old German Firemen uniforms without shoulder-straps. In step, we were marched to barracks

where we were to spend the next two years.

We were placed in 24 double bunk dormitories with straw mattresses and pillows, without bed linen and pillow slips. At the entrance of the room was an iron stove (the type we called "burghuika") and a bucket full of coal brickets. Brickets were a German invention of compressed waste material of the coal and wood industries.

We selected our beds and, as the youngest, I got the top bunk. We put our things away and went straight to the mess (dining room). We had a meal of "eintop" (all-in-one meal) and then went to our work-place two kilometers away. We were assigned an overseer, a short German whom we gave the nickname "Pipka", which he didn't like and made him very angry when somebody called that out. There were many rumors about him, the reason he wasn't at the battle front was that he was a Communist. Pipka was a hard working man himself. He made us work very hard all the time. There was no mechanisation in our job. Our only instruments were saws, which we had to sharpen manually ourselves, an axe, pick and heavy hammer to drive thick pieces of wood into the ground for the barrack foundations. We started early in the morning and finished when it started to become dark. Rain was not an excuse: 'soldiers on the battle-line fought in any weather', the Germans said.

To down venerable trees is very heavy work. After the tree is on the ground, it has to be cut into smaller pieces. We had to separate the branches and then cut them into smaller parts. All of it had to be carried to a special place, where a truck would take it to a factory for processing.

Tree trunks were very heavy and it took about sixteen men to lift one and carry it to the place where the specially equipped trucks would take them to the sawmill. It was a very heavy job to pull up tree stumps. The next job of building barracks for fire-engines was to hammer in thick piles for foundations. All this work needed a lot of physical strength, and we were fed badly, a bit of potatoes, carrots and mostly swede, and not a grain of meat. In the winter, our boys used to steal potatoes from the Germans next door. Farmers stored potatoes in their fields, big heaps covered with straw. Our supplementary source of food was mushrooms.

Our musician, Kostia Pluzhnyk, used to crawl out of camp underneath the wired fence and pick edible mushrooms in the woods. In the beginning, he had luck, except on one occasion, he picked poisonous ones and nearly died. He was barely brought back to life. The boys gave him the name, "Savka Griboyedow" ("mushroom eater"), which was also the name of a known Russian writer). Later Kostia settled in Australia.

Twice every night, during the air-raids, the allied planes bombed Berlin. Air bombardment was from about 11pm to 1am and the second one, from about 3am to 5am. So, having only a few hours sleep, we had to go and do heavy work. The first siren was a warning alarm (foregoing alarm). Fire-engines from our school raced at high speed along the autobahn to Berlin. On the way, when the alarm sounded, they were directed to the areas where fires had already started. There were many fires. In Beeskow we could see the red glow and flashes from exploding bombs. It was compulsory for us to go to bomb shelters situated in the grounds of the fire school in the cellar of an old castle. Also in the castle was our dining mess and medical room. There were no doctors, only a male nurse.

Sitting in our bomb shelter, we could hear the explosions of big bombs in Berlin and its suburbs. The allies already knew that Berlin would become a Soviet occupied zone of Germany and added all efforts to do more damage to the city and its industry. There were a lot of prisoners in Berlin: French, British, Soviets and even Americans, and thousands of civilian workers forcibly taken from different parts of Europe to work as slaves in this hell. Just imagine what these people would think during such barbaric bombing raids, while their own or other allied pilots were killing them. Apart from Germans, the bombs killed thousands of their own taken prisoners. The Americans and British thought that the bombing attacks would break the German spirit of resistance. These psychological attacks failed.

I don't know if there was a hospital in Beeskow or even a doctor in the whole town. Our sick boys and I had to go to the Berlin hospital because there was no medical help for us in Beeskow. On one occasion, Kachurowsky had problems with his legs and Zhora Chebonian had some other complaint. Zhora was calling me 'little boy' and was ignorant towards other people. He knew everything, he saw everything, but didn't speak German. He came to Kyiv

from Armenia for a visit but was caught by the war. We travelled to the Berlin hospital by train. Kachurowsky received an injection and was allowed to go, but Zhora had to stay in hospital till three o'clock. He categorically refused to be picked up at three o'clock, reasoning that he was not a small boy and could manage by himself, despite the fact that he had never been to Berlin before. We agreed to meet him at the booking office at Alexandra Platz Railway Station at 4 o'clock.

We went there with Kachurowsky. Alexandra Platz was known far beyond Berlin as a "black market" where you could buy almost anything. The traders were usually foreigners, but there were also some local Germans. We decided to go to a cabaret – if I'm not mistaken, it was called the "Verolina Cabaret". In the "black market", we bought a bottle of what was labelled Yugoslav Slivovic (Fruit Brandy) – 75% proof. Such a strong one, we had never seen before. The person who sold it was Yugoslavian. We insisted that he should have the first sip to show us that it was safe to drink. He had a sip and Kachurowsky tried it himself – it was almost pure alcohol.

We went straight to the cabaret, but the porter told us that there were no seats. I squeezed a few Marks into his hand and told him that I would give him some Schnapps. He took us right to the front, and brought a couple of chairs to a table where already a few people were sitting. They paid no attention to us because on stage was a comedian, and everyone was enjoying his performance. The conferancier came out and told this joke: "I went to a pharmacy to buy toothpaste. The sales lady said we will sell you some if you bring in the old tube. I asked for a toothbrush. If you haven't got the old one, we won't sell you a new one. I wanted to ask for toilet paper, but hesitated." These were the jokes in war-time Germany. The warning alarm (foregoing alarm) rang. The show stopped and people rushed to the nearest bomb shelters, one of which was in the cellar of a six-storey building. As we reached it, the alarm sounded. There were already many people inside, mothers with children and elderly women.

Clearly visible emergency exits were illuminated with blue lights and then it all started! Explosion after explosion, and each time, it got closer to our building. Finally there was an unimaginable sound of an explosion. Everyone jumped up. Lights went out and the dust fell down from the ceiling. It was

difficult to breathe. Children and women started crying loudly. It was like the end of the world.

I asked Kachurowsky if he was still alive. He pushed into my hand the bottle of spirits and told me to take a couple of gulps and chase it down with water. So I did. Somebody, using a cigarette lighter, found the emergency light and switched it on.

The dust started to settle down, and the children and women became quiet. Nobody was hurt. We found out that two emergency exits were blocked, it meant that the bomb had hit our building. We were waiting for the all-clear siren. Finally, it sounded and we went to the main exit. Two people with unusual bands on their arms asked if anyone was hurt. The street was unrecognisable. It was a horrible scene. One woman with burnt hair was running and behind her was a boy of about seven years of age. (We thought that all the children had been evacuated from Berlin). The whole street was covered with broken bricks, mixed up with what was inside the houses: broken furniture and household items. There were a few ambulances around and fire-brigades. The war prisoners were already moving obstructions. We went in the direction of the cabaret theatre. It stood undamaged!!! But a shop not far from it, where we wanted to buy a small pair of scissors to trim fingernails, was a heap of rubble. The owner told us that we needed "Iron coupons" to be able to buy goods made from steel or iron. We didn't have any. We went to the cabaret. The doors were open and we could hear a well-known Schlager (hit song) "Rosamunda". There were already a lot of people inside. Kachurowsky said to me, "You see Anatol, the bombs are afraid of music!" I replied, "It must be so."

Our friends at the table arrived minutes later with a bottle of French Champaign. Still more people were coming in. The curtain rose and the show went on just as though there was no bombing and no war at all. Our friends filled our glasses with wine and announced the toast "Prosit". I asked them what they were drinking to. They said: "To life!!!" After finishing the first bottle, the second appeared and then a third. We enjoyed a wonderful program and it was already time to go to Alexandra Platz Station to meet Zhora at the booking office at 4 o'clock. At the agreed time, Zhora didn't come and we went to Beeskow without him and arrived just in time for dinner.

In our barracks, we told the boys what we had lived through during the air-raid. That night as usual, were two bombing raids on Berlin and we had to go to our bomb shelter twice. Just when I fell asleep after the second air-raid alarm, swearing loudly, burst in Spitz, (our supervisor) and nearly pulled me down from my bed and yelled at me, "Where you lost Chebonian?" Calmly, I explained to him that there was a big crowd at the Aleksandra Platz Station and he couldn't get inside the carriage. He quieted down and said: "Chebonian was drunk and was arrested without any documents. At six in the morning, you will pick up at the main gate, yours and his travelling papers (Marschbefehl) and bring him to Beeskow."

I had to travel 200 kilometers north of Berlin to take Chebonian back to Beeskow. After arriving in a little town, I went to the police station, showed my papers and authority to take Chebonian to Beeskow. When he was arrested, he didn't have any documents with him. He was searched and they found over a thousand Marks on him. That was a big sum at the time. They were suspicious that he was an undercover agent or even an enemy spy. They had different interpreters sent for him: Polish, Russian, Czech and Yugoslav – but he always said he didn't understand them. He thought that the police were fools and would eventually let him go.

Finally, they ran out of patience and one of them said, "Let's take him in the backyard and shoot him dead." When Chebonian heard that remark he started to understand everything. He told them his name and that he worked in the Fire Brigade School in Beeskow.

I had all the necessary documents and Zhora was freed from police custody. We went to the railway station and took the train to Berlin and then to Beeskow. On the train, I asked Zhora what happened that he found himself in that town. He said he came on time to Alexandra Platz Station, but we were not there and somebody on purpose directed him to the wrong platform and the wrong train. That was an absolute lie, but I kept quiet.

On arrival to Beeskow, we went straight to see Spitz. When Spitz saw Chebonian, he erupted with anger and said that he would put him on water and bread for a month, but after having a cigarette, softened up and fined him

by forbidding him from going into town for two months.

When the school Commandant learnt that I was a pianist, he called me to his office. This was after lunch, after sawing timber in the forest. Pipka suddenly shouted "Spitz". He came to me and said; "Leave the job and come with me." I asked him, "Where are we going?" He said, "You will find out later". We went through the main gate of the school and headed to the Commandant's office. He left me in the waiting room and went inside to report. After a few minutes, the door opened and Spitz said, "Go inside, Herr Commandant wants to see you".

I entered the office. The Commandant stood up from behind the table, shook my hand and said, "I have heard that you play piano very well. Could you teach my children? Come with me, I will introduce you to my wife, she is in charge of the children's education." We went to his house, he rang the bell and the door opened. A woman with a pleasant smile took us into a large room, excused herself and left. She was the only servant there, but soon an elegantly dressed woman came to us and he said, "This is my wife Elsa", and introduced me, "This is Herr Anatol, the music teacher." We shook hands and went to another room where there was a grand piano. My heart started to beat faster when I saw the grand piano. It was a long time since I had played one. Elsa asked me to play something. The hosts took seats on the sofa.

Not thinking for long, I started to play the first movement of "Moonlight Sonata" by Beethoven and after a short pause, played the last two movements. They both came to me, shaking my hands and repeating many times: "Wonderful." Elsa assigned lessons to be held twice a week, on Tuesdays and Fridays. The Commandant remarked that he could only release me from work for a couple of hours. "It's war. You will finish work at four o'clock and come here." Elsa led two children into the room, a boy and a girl and told them, "This is your music teacher." The boy shook my hand and the girl made a reverence. The Commandant excused himself and left, Elsa asked me to play something for the children. I played two children's pieces by Schumann. We agreed that lessons would start the following Tuesday.

After saying goodbye, I went straight to our dining room. On the way, I met boys returning from the forest. Just as we sat down, questions poured out.

They were asking where I had been. I didn't know what to say and decided to wait until Tuesday, maybe the lessons would be called off. Life is full of surprises. That night, I found it very hard to fall asleep.

Soon we heard the siren of the air-raid. The boys lazily got up from their beds – they had only two hours of sleep and myself even less. The bomb shelter was almost full. The bombs were falling closer to us and with 500 kilogram bombs, the walls of the old castle were rumbling. We had already got used to it. Some boys were playing cards, some dozing, some writing letters to their girlfriends who worked in a little town, Storkow, about 15 kilometers away. There was a big factory there, possibly making weapons, because the girls didn't tell us what was manufactured there. We knew that their nourishment was as bad as ours. A lot of our boys were romantically involved with the girls from Storkow who were all forcibly taken from their homes to work in Germany. All came from eastern districts of the Ukraine and were wearing on their arms, bands with initials OST on it. They were called 'Ost Arbeiter' (East workers).

On Saturdays, we worked till lunchtime. After lunch, we were made to clean our "stube" (room). When Spitz was satisfied that all was done well, he gave permission to one third of the occupants to go into town. Some boys never went into town as they had nothing to do there so the others used their leave passes. The ones that stayed, played cards or simply relaxed in bed. Amongst us was a musician drummer, Mytia Sych. He left his wife and three children in Kyiv. On one occasion, he said, "Boys, who can remember the name of my oldest daughter?" We all laughed and finally helped him to recollect his daughter's name. He generally behaved very strange.

Whenever the warning alarm sounded, Mytia wouldn't go with us to the bomb shelter. He crawled under a wire fence and went to the pine forest nearby. He felt more secure there. But on one occasion, the unforeseeable happened. There were no military targets in the forest for enemy aircraft. What happened was that the pilots just tried to off-load their arsenal of bombs and generously rained them on the forest where our friend was hiding. Luckily, he wasn't hurt, but after returning to our barracks, lost the ability to talk. He tried hard, but could not say one single word. It took over a month before his speech returned to normal.

I had a friend, a trumpeter with our band, Sasha. He persuaded me to go with him to a small village called Friedland, about 7 kilometers away from Beeskow. It took us just over two hours to get there. We came to a small hotel. In peace-time, the farmers from surrounding farms gathered there for a 'stein' of strong German beer. But at this time, all you could get was non-alcoholic "ersatz" malz beer. We met a girl called Vira, from Poltawa in Ukraine, who worked in this hotel as a maid. She serviced the rooms and looked after a small vegetable garden where the farmer also grew for his own use a few buds of tobacco. When my friend Sasha heard the word 'tobacco', he immediately became attentive and asked Vira if it would be possible to get a couple of leaves. Vira said that it was still green, but Sasha said, "We will dry it.' In a few minutes, a strongly built girl with rosy cheeks appeared. Her name was Galia, also from Poltawa. She worked in the butter factory and had to lift heavy milk cans that farmers brought to the factory. We went to Vira's room where she treated us to apple strudel and "ersatz" coffee. Time went quickly. We looked at the clock, thanked the girls and started to say goodbye when they gave us small presents: mine was a small piece of farmer's bread and a piece of butter about 300grams. We agreed to visit them the next Sunday.

Vira and Galia walked with us down the road for about 100 metres and waved goodbye to us. We started to measure off with our feet, seven kilometers back to Beeskow. On the way, Sasha asked me what the best way was to dry tobacco leaves. He had an idea to dry them on the stove at the entrance to our barracks. I told him that the boys back home would find the proper solution. Cigarettes were not in our ration. For smokers, this was a big problem. You couldn't buy them without a ration card and we didn't have any. People used to collect cigarette ends on the street. Zhora Chebonian used to buy some from somebody in town, one or two packets of cigarettes and later resell to our boys, one cigarette for 50 Pfennig (half a German Mark). The boys used to cut each cigarette with a razor, into 4 or 6 pieces and smoke using a cigarette holder.

We walked about a half of the distance and decided to have a rest. We sat down under the tree, cut some bread and buttered it. We hadn't tasted butter since the beginning of the war. It was fresh and very tasty. After our rest, we

continued to walk and arrived in time for dinner, but after the peasants' bread and fresh cream butter, the food we were given wasn't easy to swallow. When we went back to the barracks, the boys became busy with drying the tobacco leaves. They dried very quickly on top of the stove. They divided it equally amongst all of us. We were not allowed to smoke inside the room and everyone wishing to have a puff of fresh tobacco went outside. The tobacco leaves were nicknamed "kpipachok" (strong one), and later "fly death" because flies would fall and die from the smoke fumes.

Tuesday came. Exactly at four o'clock, I arrived at the Commandant's residence. The door was opened by Elsa herself. She had already prepared the music and the first to have a lesson was six year old Hans. With the help of their mother, the children had already learnt the notes. Hans made a good impression on me as well as his eight year old sister Lili. Elsa was not in the room during the lesson. Each had a half hour lesson. After I finished, Elsa thanked me and gave me a piece of apple strudel wrapped in paper and a packet of "Juno" cigarettes. I thought that the boys would now have something better to smoke than "fly death".

Apart from Germans in our school, there were also Dutch and Czechs training as fire-fighters. With the Germans we had some contact, we could exchange a few words, but with the Dutch and Czechs, no contact at all. They were very proud of their uniforms which were different to the Germans'. To extinguish the fires in Berlin, they went with the Germans. On the way to Germany, or even before, I fell ill with bronchitis. Since then, it has not bothered me. On one occasion, when I was accompanying sick boys to the Berlin hospital, I decided to see the doctor about my illness. The doctor examined me and gave me a diagnosis - chronic bronchitis, and referred me for treatment to Schneidemühl Hospital, (now Pila in Poland east of Frankfurt Oder). My friend Kachurowsky was also referred to the same hospital. We went to Schneidemühl together and were placed in the same ward. In the morning a nice female doctor came to examine patients with two sisters. On each bed was a chart with information about the patient. After the doctor read the contents of my chart, the sister gave her a syringe which she stuck in my back. When she started injecting, I experienced such horrible pain that I had never experienced before. She was injecting eucalyptus oil. The blood does not carry it away so quickly. Later, when examinations of all patients were

finished, one of the sisters came to me and massaged the spot and said that, in future, she would give the injections.

In the corner of our large ward was a very old piano. I asked the senior sister if I could play it. She said; "If you can – play!" I played a few well-known 'Schlager' (hits). The patients cheered up – all were aged, some of them even started to hum the melodies. I played for about 15-20 minutes. Applause followed after each item. The senior sister thanked me for my performance. News about my improvised concert reached the doctor. Next time when she was doing her rounds she came to me, looked at my medical chart (this time, she had a pleasant smile on her face), asked me how I felt and said; "I know these injections are very painful, unfortunately there isn't any other reliable way of treating this illness. By the way, I heard that you play piano beautifully. I learnt to play the piano too. When I have an opportunity, I'll listen to you. In two weeks time, you have to visit one of the best-known German specialists in ear, nose and throat disease. He holds the rank of General." Two weeks later sister Hilda took me to the Doctor General.

At the entrance of his house was a plaque but I didn't have time to read it. We walked into the waiting room. Hilda gave the referral to the secretary and went back to the hospital. I didn't have to wait very long when the door opened and a tall slender gentleman with a pleasant smile, in a white coat with a General shoulder strap, invited me inside his surgery. He read the letter Hilda had brought in an envelope and started to talk to me in broken Russian with a German accent, sometimes using Ukrainian words. He said that he was born in Odessa. His parents were German colonists and returned to Germany shortly before the beginning of World War I. He examined my nose with the help of different instruments and said to me that after two treatments not a trace would be left of my illness.

I lay down on the couch. He sprayed inside my nose with some powder, then brought a little box with many different colour electric bulbs inside. The box was made from two parts, with a piece cut out for my neck. I put my head on one half and with the other half, he covered my face. He gave me a piece of wire in case it got too hot and told me if I pressed the button, some of the bulbs would be switched off. To use this button wasn't necessary at the time. "This treatment method is my invention", he said. "Only I use it. Come

tomorrow at the same time and you will forget for the rest of your life that you had this illness." The next day, I went by myself to see him. He examined me thoroughly, even longer than the first time, and said that I was cured, but to be sure, he would perform one more procedure. I thanked him for the treatment and added that I never expected to meet a German General who would personally treat me. He said that he became a General, not for military merits, but for medical and scientific reasons. As we said farewell, he asked me how to say in "goodbye" in Ukrainian.

When I returned to hospital, my treatment was coming to an end. The senior doctor examined me and said that tomorrow I would be discharged and returned to Beeskow. Back in Beeskow, my life returned to the old routine: work in the forest, lessons for the Commandant's children and visits to Friedland. Only now, I had organized myself the use of a bicycle for one Mark a day from a friendly German. One Mark was compensation for the wear and tear on the bicycle tyres. Our boys found out that we were entitled to a couple of weeks' holidays and I decided to use this opportunity to see Prague and Vienna. One of our boys decided to join me in this venture. His name was Pichugin. By profession he was a jeweller. He was about fifty years old. I approached Spitz about it. He listened to me and asked how many days I wanted and who would be travelling with me. He allowed us to leave on the next Monday.

Besides the travel certificate, I was given a travel allowance and travel food ration cards. I told Elsa about my leave and gave the children extra practice work to make up for my absence. Elsa gave me two packets of cigarettes, a piece of apple strudel and wished me a pleasant journey. The way to Vienna was through Dresden and Prague, but we didn't stop in Dresden to see the city. Prague charmed us. The rules and laws of life there were different to Germany. We passed a beautiful bar in the centre of Prague, where we saw in the window a display of attractive bottles with different drinks. We went inside and I asked the price of a bottle of cherry liquor, and was told that they didn't sell it by the bottle, only by nips. Inside the bar we had to laugh at the miniature size of a nip for one Mark. The same story was repeated at the next few bars we visited. The people we met in the street were not very cheerful. To get a room in a hotel was not possible, and disappointed, we went on time to the railway station to catch a train to Vienna. The next day, we arrived

there. We took a tram and went to the city's centre and, without any problem, booked into the "Goldene Kugel" Hotel (which still stands in Vienna). Inside the hotel was very tidy and clean, despite that the building was quite old. On the ground floor, there was a coffee shop where we had a couple of pretzels with "ersatz" coffee, and then went for a walk to see the city. We only saw the Vienna State Opera from the outside. Vienna is a colossal city. There were a lot more foreigners in Vienna than in Berlin. We could even see German allies – Italians. The next day, we went to the famous Pratter. We took a ride on the roller coaster and on the Riesen Rad (Giant Wheel).

Accidentally, I met a girl from Zaporizia, a district of Ukraine, who was employed in a local factory. She complained about the bad food and hard and long hours at work. I felt sorry for her and invited her to my hotel room where Pichugin and I entertained her with a bit of salo, (salted pork lard) and the cheese the sisters gave me in the Schneidemühl hospital, and a bit of apple strudel and coffee which I bought in the coffee shop downstairs. She told us the story of how she came to be in Vienna. This was a typical story for hundreds of thousands of our young people, who were forcibly taken to work in Germany and Austria. We exchanged addresses, but I never received any reply to my letters. Vienna was still an intact city, not damaged by air attacks. Later, I learnt that when nearing the front-line, the allied air forces actively bombed the city.

In the beginning, Pichugin and I had planned to stop at Prague but instead went straight to Beeskow. During our absence, nothing important happened there. Elsa's children often asked when Herr Anatol would be coming back.

A few times, I escorted our sick boys to hospital in Berlin. Allied air forces heavily bombarded Berlin, and some of the suburbs were flattened to the ground. The front-line was moving towards the borders of Germany. At Frankfurt on the Oder River were large stores of fire-fighting equipment and we were sent there to evacuate it. With some large trucks, we went to Frankfurt. The area near the Oder River was already under machine-gun fire from the opposite side. In order not to get hit from across the streets, we rushed by at high speed at the dangerous spots. Overloaded trucks returned to the safe zone. We had several such trips, until all stores were evacuated. The last few months, we didn't build any more garages for fire-engines, but put

together prefabricated houses for one-size families. These type of houses were everywhere in Germany. First we made the foundation, then laid sewerage and water pipes, the electricity and water was done by somebody else. One day in March, an order came to evacuate our working team to Berlin. We went there by train and were placed in an empty school in the western part of Berlin.

Opposite the school was a big park where numerous anti-aircraft batteries were stationed. They were of large calibre. We could tell by the sound and frequency of gun-fire. Not far from our school was our bomb shelter. It was a trench, a few metres wide, covered with a few layers of wooden beams, and along the walls were blue electric lights – that's all. Evidently, the civilian population was evacuated. Except for our boys and some military personnel, nobody else was there. Sounds of the explosions of about 500 1,000 kilograms bombs and shots of anti-aircraft guns of different calibres blended in with ceaseless sounds of cannonade day and night, never stopping. Our boys used to say, "If hell does exist – we are already in it."

We were told that we would soon be evacuated to the southern region of Germany, therefore, we could not be absent from our living quarters for very long. There was no place in the school to have a shower. I recalled that I had an acquaintance whom I met when taking the boys to Berlin. Her name was Nina. She lived in Koepenik, one of the eastern suburbs of Berlin. When I rang her, luckily the telephone was working, and she asked me to visit her. I left her telephone number with my boys in case something urgent came up, and by train, went to visit her.

Bombardment made the area unrecognizable. On the long street where Nina lived, only three houses stood undamaged. The rest was flattened to the ground. Nina was caring for a 93 year-old man. His son, a nazi member with a wife and children, fled to the western part of Germany leaving the old man in Nina's care. They left a big stock of food, enough for two years. It was mainly canned food, for long storage, including some wine and Schnapps. I took some courage and asked Nina if I could have a shower and wash my clothes. She brought me a clean towel and asked me which clothes I wanted to wash. She said that she would wash them for me. While I had a shower, she prepared some food and took some to the old man in his room. The table was

set in a bomb shelter. Such a variety of food, I hadn't seen for a long time: tinned fish, a variety of canned meat and even wine. We heard the sounds of anti-aircraft guns and explosions from heavy bombs, but paid no attention to what was happening around us. I was sitting on the sofa opposite Nina, and after such a filling dinner, chased down by wine, I felt so tired with the accumulation of sleepless nights that I simply fell into a doze. Nina pulled off my shoes, put a pillow under my head and covered me with a blanket. I slept until 10am the next morning. When I opened my eyes, breakfast was already on the table. Nina had washed my clothes which had dried overnight.

I didn't know how to thank her. She refused to take any money. I had to return to my so-called "home". It was a rainy day and no air bombardment. In two days we had to move south to Bavaria. We took a train to Anhalter Bahnhoff railway station. There were thousands of refugees, all trying to go west. Our itinerary was to go south to Dresden and then westwards. The carriages of our train were overfilled and there were a lot of military personnel. In the beginning I had to stand, then one of the soldiers put his long rifle between two seats so I could sit down. It was very uncomfortable and often I had to stand up. I couldn't remember how long it lasted, but after the examination of our documents, we were set down in a little station. I was happy about that as I couldn't have travelled all night.

Nobody could tell us when the next train would go in our direction. Later, an old style train with long boards along whole carriages and small compartments stopped. It was already full inside. Some of us made ourselves comfortable on the steps, some on the roof, holding on to vent-holes. It was dangerous to sleep in such positions, so we decided to sing and do anything to keep awake. The train was moving very slowly. Suddenly, it stopped in the middle of the field and all civilians were ordered to leave the train. We collected a bit of straw on the ground and sat in the open air in the field. It was cold but there was no wind and the moon was shinning above. Somebody started clicking their teeth from the cold. One of our boys, Kurich, a practical joker, said, "Hey boys, why do you tremble? Look above and you see a full moon. But do not think it is the moon, think it is the sun and you are in Africa or Australia and you start to feel warm." In the morning, the train pulled up with empty carriages. We continued our journey by passing Dresden on the other side. We reached the border of Czechoslovakia and the train stopped as

the railway track had been damaged by bombs. Now we had to walk along the railway track. The next station didn't exist anymore, only the foundations were left. A couple of locomotives were lying on both sides of what had been a railway station before, and the rail trucks were thrown hundreds of metres around. Everywhere big pits were filled with water. We hurried on, not looking at the horrible scene. We walked into a small station where we were told a locomotive with a few passenger carriages was ready to take us to Karsbad. We got on and, in about half an hour, moved on. But our luck was soon gone. The track was damaged and we had to walk again. I was carrying a lot of music which was becoming heavy. So, bit by bit, I was throwing it in the gorge below. We walked about ten kilometers and at a railway junction we boarded another train. Going through the tunnel, it suddenly stopped and everyone standing fell. A few times, it tried to leave the tunnel and back up, because a plane above was waiting for its target to come out and then attack. Finally, the plane was shot down and, without any hindrance, we reached Karlsbad. (Karlowy Wary, the Czech Republic now).

Something unbelievable was happening at the station. There were thousands of refugees with little carts and bags. The radio was announcing that lost children were in such turmoil. We found one small, empty room. Even though it was tight for all of us, we managed to somehow settle inside the small space. Everyone was very tired and most of us fell asleep in no time. I was awoken by the sound of a siren. Obviously, an enemy plane was spotted late and anti-aircraft guns and machine-guns were working at full capacity. I didn't know if there was a bomb shelter around. In any case, it would be too late to start searching for it. The shooting stopped as suddenly as it had started. We were very hungry. Some of our boys found out that the army kitchen in the station distributed free 'wehrmacht suppe' (army soup) to everyone. Taking our aluminum utensils, we lined up in a long queue. To kill the hunger, I had to go three times. The soup was extremely tasty, probably because of our hunger. In fact, it was ordinary thin oats porridge without any trace of meat. We were so exhausted and tired, ignoring the danger of bombardment, we stayed in that room till the next morning.

I felt quite strong and went with Kuziakin to look at the town. After walking about a hundred metres down the street, we smelt freshly baked bread and headed in that direction. On the corner we saw a bakery and a small shop

next to it. From the smell of freshly baked bread, the saliva was running down from my mouth. When I walked inside the small shop, I said to the man behind the counter in German, that I wanted to buy two small pretzels. The Czech made a face as though he didn't understand me. I spoke in Ukrainian, then Polish – it made no difference. We left and went further. We came across two similar bakeries where finally we were told that we needed a ration card in order to buy any food in the bakery.

We returned to the railway station and learned that our plan had changed and we had to go to Bayreuth on the next train. Soon we were on our way, but our adventures with trains hadn't finished yet. The bridge we would be crossing had been destroyed by the bombing. The journey on foot and the night spent in the train carriage had made us tired. We didn't even notice how we found ourselves in the territory of the Reich (Germany) again. Here all the roads were patrolled by allied aircraft and everything that was moving on it, including animals, such as horses and cows, were hit by machine-gun fire. In the fields, practical Germans dug out individual shelters, a pit over half a metre wide and over one and a half metres deep. In case of an air attack, you could jump in and stay until the attack was over. As we were walking, such an attack happened so we took cover in the pits. The plane attacked the farmhouse we were heading to with machine-gun fire. When it flew back, it was shot down and the pilot parachuted into the farmer's field. He hit an enclosure with domestic fowl. Now all the chooks, ducks and geese ran in panic all over the field from fright. The farmer was jumping on one leg with his crutch in his hand. Before he reached the pilot, the pilot lifted both his arms to surrender. The farmer was swearing badly and hitting the pilot all over his body. Soon after, a military vehicle arrived and took the pilot away. Strangely, the pilot didn't try to defend himself or avoid punishment. Later, we found out that he was an American pilot. Our band split into groups of three men and got established in farms. We agreed to meet again in three days time in the village where we could see the church tower. I went to see the farmer who had been attacked by the plane. I showed him our documents and asked him if we could stay for three days in return for our help on his farm. He agreed. Immediately, we went in the field to gather the fowl back to the farm enclosure. When we entered his house he introduced his wife.

Each of us introduced ourselves. The farmer took us around his farm and said that he would like us to cut and chop as much fire-wood as possible. It was something he couldn't do by himself. We started to work and a half an hour later we were called inside the house. On the table were cut pieces of bread, smoked pork and apple strudel and a big jar of "ersatz" coffee. Just looking at it, saliva filled the mouth. After such a good lunch, we started to work with even greater enthusiasm. The farmer's name was Hans. He pointed out that a tasty dinner was ahead. Two of us sawed and one chopped. The heap of fire-wood was growing. It started to get dark. We washed our hands and sat at the table. We were treated with chicken, ducks and everything else that had become the victim of the air attack. Never in my life had I eaten so much fowl meat. Today we lived well but what would tomorrow bring? Nobody knew...! In three days, we chopped all the fire-wood the farmer had and ate to satisfaction, washed ourselves and had as much sleep as we wanted. For our journey, he gave us a good piece of tasty farmer's bread and some roast chicken. We thanked Hans in accordance with German custom and wished him and his wife good health.

In the village where we all got together, we learned that the American troops were making big advances in our direction. They were unable to say exactly where the Americans were. We were advised not to move on main highways, instead to take unimportant roads. After our daily march, we stayed overnight at an empty village school and slept on the floor. Next stop, we made it to a small town where all houses looked alike. Such houses, Hitler promised to every German. We approached the Mayor of this town who accommodated us in different homes. I was placed in the house of a young woman. In her job she was a small boss who loved to be bossy with everyone. As soon as I entered her house, she led me to the bathroom and gave me a dressing gown and towel and ordered me to take off my clothes, and said: "I will take your clothes and wash them. Certainly have a shave. The razor blade you will find on the shelf below the mirror." I did what she said. When I came out of the bathroom, the table was already set, even a bottle of wine was there. I asked her if she was celebrating something. She paused for a while and said that today was her birthday. I noticed in the corner of the room, there was a black piano, so decided to play for her a German drinking song appropriate for the occasion, and asked her permission to play the piano. She said 'If you can – play!" Those words touched my ego. Quickly, I was on the piano stool and

played that drinking song. She asked me where I was from. I said "From Kyiv in Ukraine." From the radio news, Hilda heard a lot about the advances of German troops in the Ukraine. Kyiv was mentioned many times in these reports. She thought that it was a backward, wild country, and that the people had never heard about a piano. This was the result of Goebels' propaganda campaign. She was astonished by my good German and that I knew and played compositions of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann and other composers. To prove it, I played "Moonlight Sonata" and "Für Elise" by Beethoven. She asked me about my parents and family. At last, she noticed that I was almost falling asleep and made up my bed on the sofa, then went upstairs to her bedroom.

In the morning, as a sign of our gratitude, the band gave a small concert for the town residents. We gathered on the steps of the town hall. This was Sunday and people were leaving the church. After the morning services, we entertained them with jovial marches, waltzes, polkas, and songs, completing our concert with the sentimental song "Heimat deine Sterne" ("Fatherland your stars"). We could already hear heavy artillery cannonade getting closer and closer. People's faces were becoming more serious. The Mayor of the town thanked us for our performance under loud applause. We packed our instruments and headed west to Bayreuth. As we walked about ten kilometers or more, we stopped for a rest in a little forest near the road. Every one of us had a little food that we got from the farmers. Sometimes we bought it for money. The cannonade finished and we could hear single gun shots and small arms fire. Now we decided to go to the main road. About 300 metres before reaching the Autobahn (Main highway), Zelentzow and Bely went to investigate. In about 15 minutes, they returned and told us that they saw on the main road, a lot of trucks with white stars on their sides. They must be Americans! Where should we go? What should we do? It looked like the war was finished for us!!! We were told before that Bayreuth was 60 kilometers away and we had already covered 10 kilometers. So, we had 50 kilometers left to go. After consultation, we decided to go out on the main road and find out what was happening in the world. We could see a lot of refugees with all kinds of carts. American cars with soldiers were moving in both directions on the highway. We were looking pitiful in our old, dirty and worn out German fireman uniforms and working overalls. With clarinets, trumpets, tubas and drums you could guess that we were musicians. Only our

band leader, Ivan Lesnichenko, had a uniform of a lieutenant of the German police. We joined the stream of refugees and nobody paid any attention to us. We didn't look like military at all. Lesnichenko and Mynaew said that they would try to stop a couple of empty American trucks to get a lift to Bayreuth.

HOW AMERICANS GAVE US A LIFT

We all stood on the side of the road separately from the refugees. Lesnichenko was trying to stop the passing American trucks. Finally, three empty 'Jims' (big American trucks) stopped. The sergeant and soldiers looked at us and laughed. The sergeant talked on the radio-phone and ordered the soldiers to put us on the trucks. They didn't ask us to show any documents, but counted us and divided us into three groups and put us on the trucks to be taken to the prisoner of war camp. From the sergeant's behaviour, you would think that he achieved a heroic deed by taking prisoner a heavily armed enemy. Two officers shook his hand, patted his shoulders and looked in our direction. We hadn't been searched but driven straight into the barbed wired enclosure. Our neighbours were SS-men from the 'Toten Kopf" (Dead Head) division – a real cut throat mob. Pitiful to look at.

The camp was built in a hurry and was divided into sections by barbed wire and had a number on the pole of each section. People were sitting or lying under the open sky. It was good that there was no rain at the time. We were held there for a short time and at night time taken to the abattoir. There was a strong smell of rotten meat. There was no-where to sit down, so we lay on the cement floor. Everyone was given a ration of American soldiers' packs consisting of a small tin of meat, cheese, powdered orange juice and biscuits. We couldn't die from starvation. We stayed there overnight. The worst part of our existence was that the Americans ignored us completely. They did not ask us who we were. We didn't exist as far as they were concerned. I told my colleagues that **music** brought us here and music will bring us out!!!

Every one of us knew that we were mistaken. Evenutally they would have to register us. Soon we were taken to another camp. Here, our neighbour soldiers were from the Russian Vlasov army who had fought on Hitler's side. They were all officers with two women in men's uniforms amongst them.

Finally, we were transferred to a well-equipped camp. It was a former German army barracks with beds and straw mattresses, a shower room and army-type toilets. We were fed three times a day. For lunch, always omelets made from dried eggs. The American lieutenant took an interest in our fate at last! He came with a sergeant who was asked to make a list of all the musicians and the instruments they played, and later brought to us a form to fill in, one for all of us. I told the lieutenant in detail how we got there, how we hailed the American trucks to give us a lift to Bayreuth, but instead were taken to a prisoner of war camp. He promised to convey our plea to higher authorities and clarify the situation. I showed him my document saying that I was employed as a labourer in the Fire Brigade School in Beeskow. This night, we slept better. Later, we discovered that Lesnichenko had one document for all of us, but did not hand it over in the filtration camp. On one occasion, the lieutenant said that he had already handed over our matter to a higher authority, but he wished to hear us play. We improvised a concert and a lot of people from the camp administration heard us play. The Americans in Bayreuth had their own casino where they could eat, drink and dance, but without gambling games. At the concert, I met an American sergeant of Ukrainian decent, John from Detroit. His parents moved from the Volyn district of Ukraine before the start of the first World War. John told me they needed a pianist in the casino jazz band. He played the piano-accordion. Sometimes they needed a trumpet player or saxophonist. He informed me that in Bayreuth there was a Ukrainian camp for refugees, founded by the United Nations, and said that he had informed the camp director about our band. The Ukrainians in this camp became worried about our fate and were frightened that we would be handed over to the Soviet Repatriation Commission. Therefore, they decided to go to the headquarters of the American Army in Munich to plea for our release. John promised to take me to the casino's jazz band rehearsal and there, meet with the representative of the Ukrainian refugee camp, who intended to go to Munich regarding our release. In the meantime, it was decided to check the professional level of our band. This move strengthened our morale. To our surprise, they told us to play German hits like "Rosamunda" and 'Lili Marleyn". Satisfied with our ability, we were taken to a large hall where other camp artists were on stage.

A funny incident happened during the performance of three Hungarian musicians. They had a quarrel on stage. Suddenly, one of the violinists

smashed his violin on the head of the clarinet player. Americans liked this scene better than anything in the program. Photo cameras worked to capacity to record it on film. But it all ended well and the violinist appeared on stage with another violin and ended their appearance to loud applause. Our band played with enormous enthusiasm. After our performance, an American captain came to us and praised our music and thanked us. He said that our matter was being attended to and soon we would be freed. That was the best news we had received.

Every day John used to come and take myself and other musicians to the casino. Nobody watched us and we could have easily escaped, but we didn't want to let down our friends. In the canteen I bought a Swiss watch, and it still works today. In the casino stood boxes full of small packets of cigarettes and candy (chocolates) which were free. We could take as much as we wanted. Just before going back to the camp, we filled up our pockets for our mates in the camp. The Americans issued for the army and navy a small music book of popular songs. They called it the 'Hit Kit". From this book, we filled our repertoire with the newest hits. This book helped me a lot when I worked in an American hospital. Casino patrons were mostly connected with our camp, but some soldiers and officers were with other military units from around the Bayreuth area. Most American soldiers were called-up during the war and were named GI (general issue). They were people of different trades and professions from all of the United States of America, and of different ethnic backgrounds, mostly English, Irish, Scottish, Italian, and a small number from Ukrainian descent. Black Americans served in separate units. Our American friend John was from Detroit. His parents migrated to the United States of America at the beginning of the twentieth century from Volyn, a district of Ukraine. He told us that in the United States, Ukrainians were well-organised, with their own community centers, churches, choirs, dance ensembles and dramatic societies. People followed their own traditions and festivities. Weddings took place according to Ukrainian tradition. John had a small group that served at such weddings. He got 20 dollars for one wedding, which was good money at that time. He wrote his address and telephone number on the music, although I didn't write it in my book because I didn't have one.

It's a pity that I lost the music with John's address and telephone number. I have very pleasant memories about John from Detroit. At the end of August, as usual, John picked me up to go to the casino. This day was no different in all respects to other days. In the evening, with a smile on his face, he came to me and embraced me and announced that tomorrow we would be free. That was the result of the delegation of the Ukrainians from Bayreuth who met with high-ranking officers in the American army headquarters in Munich. The General, in their presence, ordered over the telephone the release of the band as civilians and to take us to the camp for displaced persons in Bayreuth. We went to the bar. John ordered two glasses of wine and we drank to our friendship. When I returned to the camp, our boys already knew the good news. They were told to be ready at eight o'clock the next morning for a transfer to the camp for displaced persons. That evening, they started to prepare for our freedom by cleaning their shoes, shaving, and cutting each other's hair. Some didn't even sleep the whole night.

FREEDOM AT LAST

It is difficult to express my feelings when the large American trucks took us to freedom. Crossing the line that separated captivity and liberty. Everyone was screaming as loud as they could. The ride was very short. It is a pity that I don't remember the name of the school we were taken to in the Ukrainian camp for DPs (displaced persons). People there were waiting for us with a traditional Ukrainian welcome of bread and salt. We noticed that on the gates was the same flag and trident that now proudly looms over independent Ukraine. We were greeted by the songs of a choir and in reply, after we stepped down from the trucks, without sheet music, we played "The mighty Dnipro roars and bellows" and "I would take the Bandura in my hands."

Germans living in the neighbourhood of the school, hearing the sounds of the 84 men strong brass band, started to assemble to hear the surprise performance. Inside the school, the ordinary classrooms were turned into living quarters for us. The same night, we were visited by the camp's management. I was surprised that everyone I had to meet, had a title such as professor, doctor, engineer, director etc. I also noticed that when a professor or doctor was greeting a lady, he would say, "I kiss your hands," but in

reality, never did. These were people from Western Ukraine, where this was an expected part of their etiquette. The majority of occupants of the camp were from Western Ukraine. They were the most active in securing our release from the American prisoner of war camp. The Ukrainians from Eastern Ukraine were less active in this respect, but they had a greater percentage of higher education and almost everyone had matriculation standard. A schoolteacher in the Soviet part of Ukraine was never called "professor", only in Western Ukraine, Poland and France.

The next day, we had a visit from a team of Soviet Union Repatriation Commission officers and a company of observers from the United Nations Refugees' Organisation. Soviet propaganda convinced all members of our band to return to the Soviet Union except three: myself, Kost Pluznyk (who later settled in Australia) and Malia (who settled in Canada). All the efforts by the Ukrainians to free our band from the Americans were wasted. Everyone wishing to return home, were transferred to a different camp and were kept without the right to go into town, in case they might change their minds. Just to lure us, they sent us lots of German sausages and salamis, to show how good it was to be repatriated. We ate their sausages and salamis, sometimes chasing it down with a drop of wine or beer, but didn't think to join them. Not even two months had passed before three of them escaped from a filtration camp which was situated in the town of Sagan, on the border of Germany and Poland. On the same ground, during the First World War, there was a camp for Russian prisoners of war. Immediately after their arrival to this filtration camp, they were housed with the rest of the inhabitants. Later the camp bosses decided to use the band for their own purpose and moved them closer to superior quarters with better conditions. Every night the band played for dance parties.

There were a few thousand repatriates at the time. Some were arriving and others were leaving the camp all the time. The camp administration consisted of political workers, male and female, who entertained themselves the best they could with music, dances, German sausages and Schnapps (German vodka). Our boys heard a drunken high ranking officer say; "Pray to God to be sent to destroyed Donbas (industrial region in Ukraine), and not to Vorkuta or Kolyma (hard labour places)." Our boys decided that it was time to flee whilst there was an opportunity. The band wasn't so firmly watched. When it

was very early in the morning, they started the journey west. If somebody stopped them and asked where they were going, they said, "To the nearest commandant's office". With the reply, "But you are going in the opposite direction." Then they were given a lift. At the commandant's office, they were issued with a certificate for returning to the Fatherland. Sometimes Germans gave them a lift for money. Taking them closer to the American occupied zone, and also showed them where it was best to cross the border. They advised them the best way was to walk backwards in case they were stopped and said they should say that they were fleeing to the east. The boys crossed the border without a hitch, and returned to our camp. Three of us who stayed from repatriation had been moved to a big camp. In this camp, besides Ukrainians, there were also a lot of Russians, not only from Ukraine but from Russia and Belarus. Some of them claimed to be Ukrainians. It was more secure for them. Ukrainians from west Ukraine were deemed to be Polish citizens and were not subject to repatriation to the Soviet Union. I was placed in a four-person room. The beds were double bunks and, as the youngest, I got the top bunk. Sasha, one of my room mates, told me his story of how he almost got into a German concentration camp. A German grabbed him on the street in Makiivka in Ukraine, where he lived with his parents. First he was taken to work in a German factory near Breslau (now Wroclaw in Poland), but after it was bombed, he was sent west to Central Germany. There he got a job in an Anatomy museum. Here he carried out all the dirty work. Somebody told him that the spirit used to preserve parts of human bodies in glass jars was pure alcohol that could be drunk. And he did like to drink. So, Sasha decided to pour off the alcohol and fill up the container with water. That went on for a long time until there was almost pure water left. The contents started to become rotten and smelly. Suspicious, the museum workers called the police and he was arrested. German capitulation, that ended the war, saved him from a concentration camp. Later, I will recall some amusing and sometimes tragic stories of camp life.

The Soviet Repatriation Commission sometimes acted quite aggressively, depending on who was in charge at the time. One afternoon, I heard a sound of camp people assembling. It was the sound of striking on steel rail. I looked out the window and saw in the camp's ground, a few cars with American military police, two UNRRA cars and two cars with Soviet flags. Microphones and loud speakers were set up. I decided to look from the top.

About a hundred people gathered around. When the Soviet officer started to speak, they whistled, shouted and interrupted his speech. Suddenly, somebody set fire to one of the Soviet cars and then to a second one. People started to run away. Americans pulled out cameras and laughing, filmed everything that took place. Nobody tried to stop the fire or extinguish it. After they assembled together, they drove away in their cars taking Russians that had been left without cars.

Soon after, the Germans arrived and took away the burnt out vehicles. The second visit of Soviets was the following week. They came the same as the previous week, but with two large trucks. I decided to flee the camp. Quickly I ran down the steps to the fence, opened a couple of boards and crossed the road and found myself in a park. From there, I could see the camp's main gate. In a few minutes, the gates opened and two cars with UNRRA signs went out, followed by American cars, and last of all, large Soviet motor trucks. They came to the crossing and people started to jump from them and ran as fast as they could in different directions. The cars stood for a few minutes, then drove away. I returned to my room. My neighbour came to me and said that they had been looking for me. It became clear that somebody from the camp had been informing repatriation authorities about who was from Eastern Ukraine. I decided to use my friendship with a Polish musician whom I met when he visited our camp. I went to the Polish camp and quickly found him. I told him the whole situation I was in and asked for his help to move to the Polish camp. In fact, this camp was for Poles not wishing to go back to Poland. Together, we went to see the Commandant of the camp. He was a good friend of my musician and fixed up everything. In the camp's registration, he entered that I was born in Kielce, Poland (not Kyiv). The Commandant asked me if I played Chopin well. I said that even today, as soon as I moved in, I would play for him. I was given a wonderful room. The same evening, in the premises where the piano was, I gave an impromptu recital of Chopin music for the Commandant and his party. Now I could sleep peacefully and walk the streets without fear of being grabbed and sent to the Soviet Union, probably to a Siberian labour camp.

I still kept a connection with the Ukrainian camp. Everyone there knew the reason why I was living in the Polish camp. I remember a funny incident happened there. Someone from the camp stole a cow from a German farmer

and led it through the camp's main gate during daylight. Lots of people witnessed it, including a couple of Americans who were incidentally there. Soon after, twelve American policemen (MP's) and the German whose cow was stolen came to the camp's main gate. The American police searched every room, on the roof and in the cellar but couldn't find the cow. It just evaporated? The police captain in charge was from Detroit and all his life he had to deal with mafia. But here he failed in his final examination and decided to compromise. In return, he promised not to prosecute persons guilty of stealing the cow just as long as they disclosed to him where the cow now was. Trusting his promise not to punish, he was shown that the cow was in the lift stopped between two floors. Power and lights were switched off and the cow, in darkness, stood quietly in the car lift chewing its cud.

In the Ukrainian camp, I met a professor from Lviv Conservatory, violinist, Volodymyr Cisyk and his brother, cellist Zenon. Volodymyr was married and had a four-year-old son, Vasylko. We formed a trio and got a job to entertain wounded American soldiers in hospital. We played popular American songs in wards and corridors. Sometimes we saw tears in their eyes. At night, we played in the officers' mess. I finished work late and there was no transport to get to camp so I was given a small room in the barracks with American hospital personnel. Cisyk's family had private accommodation not far from the hospital where he worked. The first day after work, I decided to stay overnight in my room. My neighbours, Americans, drank a lot and were very noisy and were quarrelling, singing, and shouting. Suddenly, the shooting started. They were shooting at the opposite barracks and the other side replied. Bursts of automatic gun-fire lasted about ten minutes. I jumped from my bed and lay down on the floor under the window. A siren sounded and shouting, 'MPs' (military police) burst into my room and ordered; "Hands up", but recognized me and didn't search me or my room. I played in their mess at lunch time. They took the guns from other men, in cowboy like manner, smelled the barrel of the gun to see if it had recently been fired. Satisfied that it was used, led the person outside, put him in a police wagon and drove away. I don't know how they were punished, however, I saw them around the next day.

There was a grand piano in the officers' mess. I was playing a solo and when I finished the item, I was approached by a woman with the rank of Captain. In

Russian she said that she wanted to meet me later to discuss life in the Soviet Union. She was from Odessa and together with her parents, left Russia after the revolution in 1917 for the United States. By profession, she was a specialist in eye diseases. I wanted this meeting myself. One of the Ukrainians urgently needed treatment for his bad eye condition. Next day, I brought him to her surgery in hospital and after examining him, she said that if he had come a day or two later, she couldn't have saved his eye. At that time, Americans were using penicillin which was difficult to obtain. Sonia was her name and she helped two more Ukrainians with eye problems. She told me how difficult it was to get to America.

The USA was going through bad times and an economic crisis in the 1920's. Sonia was working for miserable pay to support herself and her parents who had difficulty getting a job. She worked even when she studied to become a doctor and joined the army because it would be easier in the future to establish a private practice. Whatever happened in the future, she was assured of a Veteran of War pension. I met Sonia many times and she actually put me off ever to migrate to the United States. Through Sonia, I met Robert Sorkine, also from the Ukraine. He was a hospital personnel officer. He couldn't understand why people didn't want to return to their homeland, the Soviet Union.

Music always helped me in difficult situations. I needed a place where I could practice the piano. One German introduced me to a German doctor who had spare accommodation. The authorities could place anyone into her home. These were the rules in Germany at that time. She lived not far from the hospital where I worked and owned a wonderful mansion. The owners were aristocracts and as I found out later, were quite rich but they were discreet about it. On the ground floor, there was a reception room and a surgery and upstairs she lived with her daughter who was a medical student in her last year. There was a beautiful grand piano in the lounge room which I could practice on as much as I wanted to because both were almost never there. So, I moved in to live there. I didn't have many belongings, just my clothes, music and a piano-accordion. They refused any payment of rent. The daughter told me that I reminded her of her brother who had been killed in France at the beginning of the war. During university vacations we went to Lindau, a holiday resort on Bodensee, by train together. There, her aunt

owned a big hotel. It was family-owned and a part of it belonged to her mother. The top floor penthouse was in family use. I was given two rooms. There was a baby grand piano in the lounge room and the second room was a bedroom. The family also owned a few farms that partly supplied hotels with farm produce and two wineries with a small factory. My breakfast was brought to my lounge room. The menu was on the table, and lunch and dinner we had together at her aunt's apartment. I was an honored guest of the family and didn't pay for anything. In the main hall of the hotel's restaurant, I gave 3 concerts, each half an hour long. I played Beethoven and Chopin. After that, the aunt told me that I could come anytime and stay there as long as I wanted as her special guest.

After a couple of weeks, we took the overcrowded train back to Bayreuth. In the Ukrainian camp, I played at an Academy concert which means a concert dedicated to a certain event or person. As a rule, on stage, the national flag and trident were prominently featured. With Volodymyr, we were preparing for a concert tour around Germany. One of the first concerts was on the 28th of December in 1946 at Freiburg, in the Bresgau province, not far from the Swiss border. Our impresarios were 'Musik Haus Ruckmich' Freiburg. They owned the largest music store in the whole province. Besides the UNRRA that cared for us, they organised a series of appearances in camps where Ukrainians were living. On one occasion, I had to go by train from Frankfurt on Main to Munich to meet Volodymyr Cisyk. We had to give a concert for a Ukrainian audience. The trains were always overcrowded. I hardly squeezed into the carriage at Frankfurt station and had to stand the whole night in darkness. There were no electric bulbs in the ceiling. At night we played in a former German military caserne (quarters), if I am not mistaken, called "Panzer Kaserne"("Tanks Casernes"). After the concert, Volodymyr met a few fellow countrymen from Lviv. There was no-one from Kyiv.

After the reception, I was given a room and the floor number where I would stay overnight. I found the room, knocked on the door, and opened it. There was a woman lying in the bed. I thought I had made a mistake and went one floor higher but the numbers were completely different. I decided to go back, maybe she could help me solve the problem. I knocked and heard the voice say; "Come in." I walked in and the woman said, "It is here. My father is sick in hospital, you will sleep in his bed." Then she started to praise our playing

and asked me where I was from. And she said, "Don't pay attention to me, and be shy to undress. I am a medical student in last year at the university." I was completely exhausted and as soon as I put my head on the pillow I fell asleep.

I woke up at eleven the next morning. On the table was my breakfast and a little note praising my music. I didn't have paper with me so on the reverse side of the note, I thanked her for her hospitality and wished her success in her final exams. I was in Munich many times, but with very little time, I could not visit her. Ukrainian camps were everywhere in the American zone. I had no luck in visiting the English zone. I did travel a lot across the American and French occupied zone of Germany, and learned how practical Germans were. The majority of German towns and cities suffered heavily from bombings. There was lack of hotel accommodation. Always in hotel rooms, there were two beds, so with consent, irrespective of who was first, the second bed was given to a strange man or a woman. People were glad to survive the horrible war and no-one intended to harm another person. I got used to such arrangements. We finished work in the hospital at the end of 1946. The wounded and sick were taken to different hospitals.

I received thanks from the personnel officer, Robert Sorkine, for excellent service. Volodymyr Cisyk was offered a position as choir conductor in the Ukrainian-Greek Catholic Seminary in Castle Hirschberg, near Weilheim, south of Munich in Bavaria. He asked me if I still wanted to work with him as an accompanist and soloist. There in the seminary, we would have plenty of time for practice and concert work. I would be entered as a seminary student to legalize my presence, but I was not obliged to attend the lectures. My friend's doctor and her daughter organized a lovely farewell dinner and told me that their house was always open to me.

A new chapter of my life began. Many times before going to sleep, I thought of how important music had been in my life and generally, for the whole of mankind. Music is not only playing instruments, it is a song that a mother sings to her baby. Music follows us everywhere. First of all, when a group of Ukrainians get together, they form a choir. Choirs exist in every church, in every village. Music is not separate from me and with people I belong to.

LIFE IN THE CASTLE

In the castle, a new era of my life started. There were three of us in one room. One was the son of a Ukrainian Orthodox priest from the Volyn region of Ukraine. His name was Kindzeriavy. Because there were no Ukrainian Orthodox seminaries in Germany, his father placed him in a Greek-Catholic seminary. The second person in the room was Mychailo, from Halychyna in Ukraine. The most beautiful view opened through our window to the German Southern Alps. In front of the castle, there was a small, almost round lake, about 200 metres across with green meadows.

In the beginning, I was introduced to the seminary's Rector-Father, Doctor Laba. I formed a good opinion of him. He said that if I had any problems, I should see only him. I attended the seminary's lectures only a few times and all of them started with prayers. Seminary students knew them by memory. I didn't and was embarrassed. The boys were whispering behind my back and I thought they wanted to ask me something, but couldn't decide on it. At last, one of them came to me and said; "Anatol, have you been baptized?" I said, "How do I look like it?" He blushed and left, after that nobody asked me such questions again. I never heard the students discuss religious matters. All their talk was about some new appointed priest and his parish in America or in Canada. It was about either a good or bad parish. When asked what they meant by good or bad, they replied that a good parish is one where people generously support the Church. I didn't ask about a bad one. In the castle's big hall, there was a grand piano where Volodymyr and I held our rehearsals. Volodymyr's family lived together with his father-in-law, Doctor Lev, from Lviv, a professor of Ukrainian language. At that time, he was working on an Anglo-Ukrainian dictionary.

I often had dinner with Cisyk's family. Small Vasylko, Volodymyr's son, with his mother's consent, went with me to a small lake near the castle where I swam while Vasylko was sitting on the lake's shore. On the way home, the four year old used to tell me his fantasies of how he talked to butterflies, birds and other animals. I used to praise how clever he was. His parents didn't have the patience to listen to all his children's fantasies. But once, I was

absent for one week, and when I returned to the castle to my room, Vasylko's mother became agitated and said that he was sick and wouldn't take any medicine. He was continuously asking his mother; "Where is Mister Molosnyk?"(He couldn't pronounce "r".) "Please, visit Vasylko now." said his mother. As I went to see him, I recalled my own childhood, and invented a little fable. As I walked into Vasylko's room, he lifted his head. At once, I started my little fable; "Vasylko, as I was walking along the road, I saw our friend Rabbit sitting and crying. I asked him; 'Why are you crying, little Rabbit?' He said; 'Vasylko is very sick and doesn't want to take medicine. Tell him that I ask him to take medicine or he will die.'" Vasylko asked, "That's what he said?" I replied, "Yes, this is what the Rabbit said." "Mum! Give me medicine. Rabbit said that I should take the medicine!" he said eagerly. After this, Vasylko's parents started to be more attentive to Vasylko's fantasies. Recalling this memory, I thought of Vasylko who would now be 65 years old!!! Maybe some of his friends or relatives will read these lines and tell him that somebody remembers his childhood and will write me a letter?

What was happening outside the seminary grounds? We called the countess "Frau Gräfin". Nobody knew her real name nor asked her. We knew that she was of noble descent, dating back about 600 years. In everyday life she was simple and unnoticeable. She addressed all castle personnel by surname, adding 'Herr, Frau' or 'Fräulein', depending whether it was a married woman or a single woman. One morning, I was walking past the flower beds in front of the castle and noticed her sitting on a very low chair and potting her flowers. I said, "Guten Morgen, Frau Gräfin." She replied, "Guten Morgen, Herr Anatol. These flowers, I don't trust to anyone. They are a present from a Japanese Prince when I was in Japan before the war." Her behaviour around the castle was never different to other people.

Early in the summer, the countess held a reception, which was probably a long time tradition. The invited guests were the blossom of German and Austrian aristocracy. The reception took place on the main terrace in front of the castle. Everything was in a style of the nineteenth century. Musicians dressed in the time of Mozart, with wigs and camisoles and other service personnel dressed similarly and all by candle light. The countess greeted the arriving guests first, and then all the castle residents including myself did.

Seminary students and teaching staff were not present. I had on a dining suit and was standing third after the countess. The arriving ladies wore magnificent silk gowns, with rubies and diamond studded jewellery. They bowed to the countess and myself, like other men, greeted guests, kissed ladies' hands and gave a simple handshake with men. Mostly they were older guests. Then a lady with a young daughter arrived. When my turn came to kiss her hand, I blushed and she smiled. In all, I played my role well that night. Next day the countess thanked and praised me. At the reception the officers from the American army headquarters in Munich were also present. It was noticeable that they didn't feel quite comfortable in this gathering. Some guests that knew English tried to entertain them. When all the guests arrived at the castle, they were asked to the terrace where tables were full of food and drinks. There was a space for dancing. The orchestra played first minuets, quadrilles and later waltzes. Those who could dance did so. Right from the beginning of the reception, I closely watched the manners of such very aristocratic company and especially the women. I noticed that they would avoid sharp movements of arms and bodies and by doing this, they were trying to emphasize their nobility. The expressions on their faces showed some restraint, even when they had to laugh.

I entered into conversation with one gentleman who was with his wife. He started the conversation first. I found out that he owned a firm that produced equipment for dental surgeries. By his remarks, he said that he was a distant descendant of the Habsburger dynasty. The other gentleman I met that night, was a distant descendant of the Hohenzollern dynasty. They were surprised when they found out that I was from Kyiv and an artist, in German "Kuenstler" (the artist).

Everything that was on the tables was supplied by farms belonging to the countess, including different wines. The guests started to leave after midnight. Again there were kisses and handshakes. During the summer, the countess had a few of these receptions. At the next reception, I felt much more relaxed and played the role of an aristocrat very well. After this big reception, the countess invited me to dinner in her small private dining room. The other guests present were a Catholic priest and people who lived in her village: a doctor, two engineers, architects and their wives. After the first reception, I was invited to dinner every Saturday and Sunday. On one

occasion later, the countess invited me to her office in the castle and said that she heard me playing on the radio and liked my performance. I was also praised by the radio station director. She decided to give me one of the best rooms in the castle that was kept for special guests. She took the keys and we went to my future living quarters. There were two rooms with all conveniences. In the lounge room, there was a baby grand piano, and the other was a bedroom. Both rooms were beautifully furnished. When I asked how much I had to pay, she said "Nothing. Occasionally, when I have guests, you will give a small half hour recital." I agreed to the terms. Now, I could practice piano as much as I wanted. That was the time when I wrote my first version of the "Ukrainian Rhapsody" (the 2nd version appeared 30 years later – a solo with orchestra). Together with Cisyk, we held many concerts in the American and French zones of Germany.

Cisyk and his brother, Zenon, were planning to migrate to the USA. I had different plans. By accident, I became acquainted with a virtuoso double bass player, Yakiv Pohrebynsky. He was also from Kyiv. We formed a concert duo and started to prepare a new program. Yakiv was an absolute virtuoso on his instrument. With ease and great feeling, he played pieces that were technically very difficult even for violin. Later, he migrated to America and played in the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra. The most famous bass player, composer and conductor, Sergiy Kousewytsky, handed his crown of the world's best bass player to Pohrebynsky in front of the public during the concert.

In all the camps for displaced persons, the UNRRA started a campaign to prepare to resettle people to different countries. So, I had to say goodbye to my comfortable living in the castle. I thanked the countess for her generosity. She gave me a small, heart-touching farewell party.

IN CAMP AGAIN

We moved to Aschaffenburg, the town west of Frankfurt-Main and I settled in camp 'Pionier Kaserne". Yakiv and his wife found private accommodation. I was given half a room. The second half was occupied by a former professor of Ukrainian language from Kharkiv University, Dmytro Mychailivsky, and

his wife, Iryna. He was working as a correspondent for the newspaper "Nedilia" in Aschafenburg. Our room was divided into two by two wardrobes. The part near the window belonged to Mychailivsky, and near the door belonged to me. The life in the camp was very intensive. There were a few theatrical societies. The best one was led by Zbotaniv. I collaborated with a couple of them. There were also many choirs, almost on every long floor of the former German military caserne. Arts of every kind were flourishing. Many commemorative concerts dedicated to different jubilees and historical events took place.

Myhailivsky's wife, Iryna, had a friend, Valentyna Ponomarenko, who also belonged to one of the theatrical groups. They went together to rehearsals and appeared on stage. Iryna was Russian and Ukrainian pronunciation was difficult for her. It was very noticeable on stage. Through their ambitions, artists often changed theatrical groups if the producer didn't give them the role they wanted. I was present at one performance where the action on stage was set in medieval time. There was supposed to be a marble statue on stage. But where in the camp could we get such a statue? The solution was found and it was very simple. One of the boys was white-washed with liquidized chalk, and put on a granite-like pedestal. It was a bit chilly on stage and the statue sneezed. Laughter erupted in the hall. It was repeated a few times. The producer ordered the statue off the stage, to the sounds of whistles and loud laughter. It was quite common for artists to lose beards or parts of moustaches. It was simply forgiven. After all, they were not professional but amateurs. The people in such camps were not idle. There were different training courses conducted by the UNRRA such as sewing, embroidery, clothes design, painting, car repair and many others.

People were preparing to migrate to different countries. Nobody wanted to return to their homeland. I must not omit to mention the existence of two main Ukrainian political parties which had branches in all Ukrainian camps. Their political platforms were unknown to me. They both originated in Western Ukraine. Each party arranged its concerts and commemorative concerts separately. I did take part in either party performances and had friends in both of them. On one occasion, I met a lady known as hard core "banderivka" (follower of the Stepan Bendera party line). This pleasant person was in charge of the UNRRA Clothes Store. She said to me, "Mr

Mirosznyk, we received a new batch of men's clothing from America. I have put away two jackets and matching trousers in your size. I hope the colour and size will satisfy you. We have to look after you. You always play for us and we want you to look the best. Please come to see me tomorrow". The lady had good taste and the size fitted me well. The store that was distributing the food was under "Melnikivci" (followers of Mielnyk party line) control. At this time I met a wonderful singer, Halyna Kolodub, and her sister Mariyka, also both from Kyiv, who lived in the camp. Halyna was married to a Doctor Tymochko, a Ukrainian from the Halychyna district in Ukraine. He was employed by UNRRA and served our camp. I often accompanied Halyna in concerts in the camp and outside. Once, I was examined by Doctor Tymochko and he found me to be very thin and in need of an intensive diet. He prescribed a double ration, the same as tuberculosis patients. Here 'Melnikivci" did help me too. Instead of standing in the long line to get weekly food rations, they prepared my ration beforehand so that I could collect it at any time. We had been guaranteed by the UNRRA food and clothing supplies, but didn't receive any money. People in the camp had to think of how to earn some money. A few worked for Germans. My friends, Valentyna Ponamarenko and Iryna Myhailivska, saved the chocolate that they received in UNRRA parcels and with this chocolate, went to villages around Schweinfurt and exchanged it for fruit and vegetables that they could not buy without ration cards. One person I knew used to buy fresh herrings, then salt them and sell as delicacies in the camp, or exchange them for some other goods. People had to adapt to existing situations due to the shortage of money.

We formed a small group with a concert program and at once we received an invitation to perform for the American Red Cross in Frankfurt on Main. The Red Cross sent an ambulance to pick us up. It was winter and was a most appreciated transport for our small group. It was nice and warm inside the ambulance. It was a small distance from Aschafenburg to Frankfurt and took about two hours. The hall where we had to appear was a movie theatre which had a big stage with a half-transparent curtain in front. In the hall itself were tables with coffee, cakes, donuts and other sweets. The hall was filled to capacity with American soldiers. We played "Beer barrel polka" to start the program. The singer sang a few well-known American songs. A couple of dancers performed the colourful Ukrainian Gopak. Everything was a big

success. The last item on the program was the appearance of our dancer, dancing an oriental dance, accompanied by her husband on a special instrument he had bought in Central Asia especially for this dance. To start her dance, she had to first sit down on the stage, making intricate oriental movements with her arms and body, gradually getting up. But as soon as she appeared on stage, soldiers could see her through the semi-transparent curtain and rushed there. She fled the stage and locked herself in her dressing room. That was the end of our performance and the soldiers quickly left the hall. We were invited to the tables and were given what the soldiers had before. The German violinist we took with us was an ex-member of the Nazi Party and could not get a job anywhere, so he was very pleased to work with us. We needed a violinist. They put heaps of donuts and cakes on our table. I took some cakes with me, wrapping them in a handkerchief. On the way back we got inside the ambulance and our girls started singing. As we expected, our German violinist was helping himself many times to all the sweets which made him sick. We started to knock on the driver's cabin, but at first they thought that we were amusing ourselves. Finally, they stopped, opened the back door and he shot out like a bullet. He came back very pale. The rest of the journey was without incident. I made a few more appearances at that Red Cross place with different artists.

After long consideration, I decided to go to Freiburg with Yakiv Pohrebynsky and enter the Music Academy as a student. It was called Hochschule für Musik. Freiburg was situated in the French occupied zone of Germany and we were required to have special permission to go there. But that wasn't a problem for future students. The studies at the Academy were free for us. At the appointed day, we presented ourselves before the Admission Board. In my application form, I named Kyiv Music School as my previous educational institution. Yakiv was a student of the Kyiv Institute of Music. Germans were very curious to hear students from "there". I accompanied Yakiv who played the last movement of Mendelssohn's violin concerto on double bass. This work is quite difficult for violin and for double bass, almost impossible to play. We were stopped and told that they were calling other teachers and professors to hear this wonderful musician. I played Chopin's "Octave Etude" and "No. 10 Rhapsody" by Liszt. I was admitted into the class of Professor Carl Seemann. My pianist level was highly recognized and I was later given a recommendation to Radio Frankfurt, where I later played. He

also gave me a letter to the world famous pianist, Walter Gieseking. I took about ten lessons from him and still continued at the Academy with lectures in composition and orchestration. Lessons with Gieseking were very specific. He placed great importance on the "composer's spirit". The lessons were not limited to time and could last sometimes up to three hours. We worked on every bar, on every phrase – after that, we simply improvised. For example, one of us would start to improvise, then the other continued, then the first one rejoined and we finished together. The improvisation could be an imitation of any composer, or simply an impromptu improvisation. He used to say, if a person has no imagination, no fantasy, he couldn't become a good performer, referring to Chopin, Liszt, Schumann, or Rachmaninov. The ability to improvise was important to me as a composer in future years. Gieseking was also a composer.

In the Academy, I also decided to study composition and orchestration, but for my piano diploma examination, I was with Professor Carl Seemann. He was rated as one of the best pedagogues and pianists in Germany. It was a practice that during piano lessons, students with the same teacher were allowed to be present. I loved to improvise and, on one occasion, Professor Seemann was not in the classroom. The Director called him away for an important meeting. I was sitting at the piano and decided to play a joke. I was improvising in a style resembling Paul Hindemith and I looked very serious sitting at the piano. After I finished playing, one of the students asked me what I was playing, while another interjected and said, "Don't you know? It's Paul Hindemith." During Hitler's regime, Hindemith's compositions were banned but now they were starting to be popular. I disappointed them by saying it was just my improvisation. At next lesson, Professor Seemann told me that he had heard from somebody that I imitated Hindemith very well and he would like to hear for himself. "Can you play for me?" Of course I couldn't repeat it exactly, but it was quite a good improvisation. When I finished playing, Seemann laughed and said that he too thought it was real Hindemith. Seemann was of the opinion that only Slavs could perform Chopin's works well. He felt it was in their blood and that they had a special feeling.

In Freiburg, I had to find a private space to live. After I arrived, I went to the municipal accommodation office and, as a student, I was given a referral from the office to where a spare room was available. After the war, all residences

were registered. I went with my directive paper to the given address and rang the bell. The door opened and an old lady looked at my paper and showed me the room. There was a bed with a mattress but no bed linen, a wardrobe, a small table and a chair. When I asked about linen and blankets, she said she had none. Then she took me through a wide corridor to show me the bathroom. I noticed there was an upright piano standing against the wall. I asked the old lady if I could try it. She said, '"Yes". I played "Für Elise". When I looked back I could see tears in her eyes. "I've got everything for you," she said "and when my son comes from work, we will put the piano into your room too." Now my problem with the instrument was solved. My friend Yakiv found satisfactory accommodation not far from me.

The Ukrainian community in Freiburg was not very large. The commemorative concerts to mark important historical events and jubilees for distinguished Ukrainians were common and we always took part in them. Quite often we appeared in front of French audiences, mainly members of civilian and military administrations. French, like Germans, loved art and music. In concerts, we were announced as "Le grande artist Ukrainen". The Frenchmen and Germans' way of behaviour could easily be distinguished. At the receptions where we were present, we noticed that the French were very reserved, bowed and gently kissed the ladies' hands. At the start of the reception, they would be very reserved and proud with little conversation. That was what we noticed when we were invited for the first time. It was during one of the State holidays that our friend from the military administration, Colonel Michel, sent his car to take myself and Yakiv to the reception. When we arrived at the hall, it was already full and we had to wait to be introduced to Michel's wife and his two daughters who were coming from Paris for the occasion. I was conferring with Yakiv on whether we should kiss the girls' hands. And in no time, Michel's wife with two young Parisians dressed in the latest Paris fashion came to us. Michel introduced his wife in German, "Meine Frau" and his daughters in French, "Mademoiselle Monique and Mademoiselle Isabella." We kissed "Frau's" hand and shook the girls hands. We were seated at a large table for about 20 people. The other part was taken by guests of another administration official.

The tables were lavishly served with excellent food and a variety of drinks including the famous cognac 'Martell'. It was a festive atmosphere. A highly

decorated officer walked to the microphone and called on stage the Commander of French occupation forces in Germany, General King. Knowing some French words used in musical literature, I worked out the content of his speech. He didn't talk long. Meanwhile, waiters filled glasses with champagne and when the General announced "Vive la France", everyone stood up and sang the "Marseillais" and ten minutes later, the hall was humming. Music was of popular French songs. We asked our young Parisians to dance. My partner, Monica, happened to be an excellent dancer and had attended dance school in Paris. The ball lasted until two o'clock in the morning. Michel invited both of us to the Catholic Cathedral service at 8 o'clock morning mass. Refusal would have been treated as disrespectful. Luckily, the Catholic service was very short compared to Ukrainian Orthodox services. After the service, we went to the Colonel's place where the ladies changed their clothes while we had a couple of "Martells", then went to a French club for lunch. Next day, the oldest daughter, Isabella, was returning to Paris and we all went to farewell her. I told everybody that I would be busy preparing a new concert program till the end of the week. A few days later, we went to the Railway Station to farewell Monique who was also returning to Paris. The Colonel promised Yakiv and me that he would organise travel to Paris with him when he next went there by car. Now the new problem arose in respect of money. We had enough German Marks but nobody would exchange it for French currency. So a genial plan came into my mind. All I needed to do was to go to Switzerland for one day.

The plan was very simple, to buy in a German philatelic shop or from a private stamp collector, a valuable stamp collection and resell it in Switzerland for Swiss Franks. To carry stamp collections and currency over the border was legal. Our friend Michel organised for us a 'one-day Swiss border crossing' near the town of Basel and we managed to sell our expensive and rare collection of stamps for Swiss Franks which we bought in Freiburg. We didn't talk about the details of our transaction. I have to point out that we didn't have passports as we were Stateless, displaced persons. Without a passport we couldn't get a visa to go to any country. We had DP (displaced persons') cards. Michel got special permission for the two of us to be taken in his official car to Paris. We got into his car and he drove us in the direction of the French border. It wasn't very far from Freiburg. On the border, our papers were checked, the guard saluted Michel and we were in France! From

the first few kilometers it was clear that we were in a different country. After driving a few hundred kilometers we stopped at a roadhouse tavern. Here we also had to fill up with petrol. We went inside and had a feeling of being in the last century. The chairs and tables were cut with an axe. A young, but not very tidy woman, took the order and soon after brought us a bottle of wine without a label, and a bit later, roast chicken. The plates and knives and forks looked like they were hundreds of years old. The walls were of big boulders which looked like they were left from the ice period and put together. After the good meal, we felt happier and decided to stay overnight in a little town, half way to Paris. Civilization in this place was more evident, but still not Germany!

We stayed here overnight and set off to Paris which I had heard and read about so much. It was a very cloudy day, but without rain, and was much cooler than in Freiburg. Finally, we reached the outer suburbs of Paris, perhaps the working people's area. The houses looked shabby with leaning fences. We didn't have a map of Paris and didn't want to ask Michel the name of the suburb. He took us to a pension where we would have to stay and drove himself home. We stayed here overnight. In the morning after a shower and breakfast we changed our money for Franks, bought a map of the city and went to see Paris. That was Paris two years after the end of war. We didn't see any damage inflicted by war like in German cities and towns. Coffee shops were full of serious people. Everyone was smoking, including women. We took the metro. There was a strange smell in the underground. A smell of perfume mixed with something unknown. Next day, Michel came to visit us and took us in his car to show us the suburbs of well-to-do people. We didn't have time to visit museums because we had to cross the border before our expiry date. We took the same route to return home. I have to point out that the French had very sympathetic attitudes towards us people that the Germans forcibly took to work and humiliate in every way. During the war, I saw French war prisoners after the air-raids rake off broken stones with bare hands. On the back of their uniform was a black triangle to distinguish them from other prisoners. It was customary for the French to treat wine as a necessary component of their daytime and evening meals. In the French zone, we used to get with our ration from the UNRRA, two litres of wine weekly for each person including children.

With a UNRRA recommending letter, came to us a singer who told me at once that he didn't like familiarity and wished to be addressed only by name and patronymic name, Nikolai Porfiriyovych (his surname, I do not remember). He arrived from Paris and registered with the UNRRA as a singer. He had a good quality voice. In his repertoire were Russian, Ukrainian, French, and German songs and romances. His surname was typical Ukrainian, but he called Ukrainian language "little Russian dialect". The same applied to other Slav languages. His father was a nobleman from a Kyiv province who also had land estates in the Chernigiv province of Ukraine during the Russian Czarist regime. The revolution forced him to leave Ukraine and generally, rich people took with them what they could carry. They went to Turkey with the fleeing white Czarist army. Later they moved to Bulgaria and Yugoslavia, and at last, with lots of difficulties they reached Paris. They had been living by gradually disposing of valuables and found themselves in a hard situation needing to find a job. The easiest was to become a taxi driver. Titled noblemen and their wives washed dishes in restaurants and worked in laundries or did any kind of work just not to die from starvation. Young Nikolai Porfyryovich sang in many Parisian restaurants and nightclubs after learning to play the guitar and balalaika as he possessed a good voice. He was a funny man too. He had a narcotic dependence on coffee. His hands were always shaky and calmed down only after a drink of coffee. Without it, he couldn't work. He carried a little copper jar with him, a stand for it and white pieces of dry alcohol for boiling water. Most annoying was the slowness of the whole ceremony. After boiling water, he measured a coffee with exactness to a single grain, then added a microscopic amount of salt, then tasted. Usually, he thought that something was too much or not enough and added a bit of water, coffee or salt. He drank coffee from a miniature cup, slowly, but most importantly, shortly before his appearance on stage. The same was repeated during intervals. He didn't stay with us for a long time, and without saying a word, disappeared, probably returning to Paris.

During one of the concerts, I met a wonderful recital artist, Matusevych, from the Kharkiv Philharmonic. In Freiburg, I also met Ukrainian baritone, Wasyl Matiash, who became known throughout the whole of Germany. He later lived in Australia where I collaborated with him in the music field.

I had tight connections with Germans in the musical arena. In Freiburg, there was a large music shop, "Musik Haus Ruckmich" where you could buy anything musical. The shop owner, Herr Ruckmich, arranged a music night in his large residence every month. The town's musicians, composers and singers gathered there, and everyone present, contributed in an artistic way by playing, singing or reciting. Food and drinks were also served. With Yakiv, we took part in this on a few occasions. We were treated equally with the others. Nationality here didn't matter. Without our request, Mister Ruckmichi wrote to some of the most prominent music agencies to organise concert arrangements in Germany and on radio for us. Also, we received a recommendation letter from the rector of Freiburg Academy of Music, Professor Schek. He recommended us to one of the biggest and most powerful radio stations in Europe - Radio Frankfurt. We went there with Yakiv and after an audition, an appointment was made for a broadcast on 26 September, 1947, at 17:00 hours in the program "Seldom Heard".

On the day of the broadcast, I was taken to a large room to select the piano instrument I was to play in the broadcast. There were about twelve pianos. I lost myself as they were all of excellent quality. I tried 4 or 5 pianos and selected the Steinway. To be honest, when I started to play, I was a bit nervous for a few seconds thinking that all of Europe was listening to me, and maybe somebody in Kyiv. At that time, broadcasts were not pre-recorded and went live to air. I played the "Nocturne in F-minor" by Chopin and "Minuet" by Paderewski. Yakiv, with my accompaniment, played on double bass "Zigeuner Weisen" by Sarasate and one movement of "Concerto" by Kussevitski. Yakiv and my permanent residence were in Aschaffenburg. All our documents were there. We knew that the time would come to migrate to another country and we should pass a so-called "screening", in other words, thorough check on our identities. We didn't have passports as we were Stateless.

Now I will explain how we solved our problem with money. I received a standard fee for my radio broadcast appearance of 75 Marks. On the "black market", a packet of American cigarettes was 300 Marks! Not far from Aschaffenburg there was a factory manufacturing bicycle tyres and tubes. From factory workers, we purchased one set of bicycle tyres and tubes for 300 Marks and were selling them for 1,500 Marks in Freiburg. One German

friend used to come to the Railway Station to pick up "goods" from us and pay at the same time with money and sometimes with home made brandy. Of course, he earned very well too, by taking them to farmers and selling for money or exchanging for "zwetchgen wasser" (home made fruit brandy). It tasted like "Slivovitz" and was made in Yugoslavia or Czechoslovakia. When we arrived back in Aschaffenburg another German took our "goods". Sometimes I brought a twenty litre wine canister for our floor neighbours and we enjoyed good party celebrations on my arrival.

On one occasion, we were walking in Frankfurt in the direction of the railway station with our suitcases full of bicycle tyres and tubes, when we noticed we were being followed by a couple of German plain clothes policemen. When they stopped us, I spoke in French; " What do you want?" They thought we were French and excused themselves and we began heading to the French luggage office. The German police didn't have the power to search French or other allied citizens. We had French documents showing our nationality issued to us by a friend working in that office who was a friend of Michel. Having good connections did help us. Yakiv used his double bass by smuggling cigarettes inside of it. French cigarettes were much cheaper than American and people who couldn't afford American bought French. I remember once on the border town of Karlsrühe, an American MP (military police) checked our documents and noticing the double bass between two upper luggage shacks said "musicians", through the tarpaulin case, pulled the string. A muted sound followed. The instrument was full of cigarettes. They laughed and left our compartment, not thinking of what was inside.

It was the time when our future prospective for migration was becoming clearer. Different countries like Canada, America, Australia and a few Latin American countries were offering to take us. A lot of people changed the place of their birth in their documents. Some of the people were born in the Soviet Union. To change it on the paper was one thing, but to convince the screening officer that you were from Lviv in Western Ukraine was another matter. People from those locations helped these people to create a new biography. It was necessary to know the street where you lived as well as neighbouring streets, churches and the name of the priest where you "went", theatres, school you went to and teachers. You had to convince the officer that you were definitely a resident of the town or village that was stated in

your document. Many times while studying, I heard my neighbours, Myhailivsky and his wife arguing while trying to create new biographies. Lots of people were suffering and had a fear that by failing this screening, they would be sent to the USSR. But later, we found out that this was just a formality and nobody was sent home. The countries wanting immigrants needed honest working citizens. First I started to learn Spanish, but had difficulty with correct pronunciation and nobody could assist me. I then started seriously to learn English. In camps for displaced persons there were different courses to acquire a trade or profession. I had heard that Australia had very strongly developed agriculture, so just in case, I obtained a tractor driver's license. Political tension in Europe was growing each day and the "cold war" began. Everyone had enough of one war. We all wanted to go as far as we could away from a potential place of more conflict. Such a distant place was Australia. A large territory was where to hide. There were people like Yakiv who wanted to go to the United States.

Yakiv was an excellent portrait-painter. He had his own clientele, officers of the American army. They probably helped him to migrate to America. At the beginning in the USA, he was playing in a symphony orchestra and later, owing to an acquaintance and his great talent, was commissioned to paint for the White House in Washington a portrait of the living president of the United States, Dwight Eisenhower. By doing this, he made a big career as a painter. His last address was in Colorado Springs. For some time, we were corresponding with each other. He invited me to visit him but I was busy and besides, I didn't have a great desire to go to the USA at that time. At one point, I didn't receive replies to my letters and I assumed that either he had changed his address or had died. In Aschaffenburg there was another talented painter, Anatolij Salabai. He was frequently a visitor in my room's neighbour, Myhailivsky. Salabai was making art decorations for the American officers' dining room. Some of them came to have a look at the progress when suddenly, the board he was standing on snapped and all the buckets of paint from a few metres high fell showering all the officers. Salabai thought that they would kill him. Nothing happened and they had a good laugh and went to change their clothes and clean themselves up. The next day he continued his work. I think Salabai also migrated to the USA. Registration to migrate to Australia started and I was one of the first to do so. One of the main conditions for migrants was to sign a two-year contract with the Australian

Government to work wherever they directed you. America didn't have this condition. Living in camps, we actually didn't have exchangeable currency. German Marks at that time were not convertible. An Australian medical team arrived in the camp. They had been checking on tuberculosis and cancer and selected the healthiest to migrate. A second so-called screening test followed.

After two months waiting, we were taken by train to south Germany. It was a transit camp. Both men and women had to sleep on the bare floor in a big hall. We stayed there for a few days. In the morning, as a joke, I used to sing a Ukrainian song, "An eagle was flying and sat to have a rest...". Finally, my joke started to annoy everybody. They shouted; "Sing something different!" We were taken to the Railway Station where a special UNRRA chartered train was waiting to take us to Venice in Italy, then by American transport ship to Australia. We boarded a comfortable carriage. I reminded friends in my compartment that this was the first step in farewelling Europe and the Ukraine. One lady sitting opposite started to cry. In a few hours, we were already at the Austrian border. Austrian customs checked our documents and we moved further, admiring the beautiful views of Austria. It started to get dark but we couldn't sleep. It does not often happen in life such special feelings. The train moved again and we saw in the window what must have been a sign in Italian language. I knew Italian from some terms used in music. This time, two Italian customs officers went through our carriage. After a loud whistle we were on our way to Venice. The train was moving very fast and took us straight to the wharf where a grayish-blue coloured ship with the sign "General Sturgis" was waiting for us. This ship had to sail through the Mediterranean Sea, Suez Canal, Red Sea, Indian Ocean, Great Australian Byte and anchor in beautiful Sydney. We left our comfortable carriages and went straight to the ship's ladder. On top, two sailors looked at our documents silently and showed us the way to go. Here, they counted so many people and directed us to defined decks. I was assigned to a middle deck. My port-hole was just above the sea level but the lower deck was already under water. Beds were screwed onto the floor and were fitted with pillows and mattresses. In these conditions, Americans transported their troops around the world during the war. Women were placed separately. Our ship had about 950 young men and women in equal proportion, almost all single. Most of the passengers were from the Baltic States: Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, also Ukrainians, Polish, Yugoslavs, Hungarians and a

few Russians. As soon as we boarded the ship, sea-sick people appeared even though the ship hadn't moved a single inch. My friends from camp in Germany, Rita Metr and her mother, settled on the top deck amongst other sea-sick women. As soon as we left Venice, I carried orange juice from the ship's dining room for them.

We were fed very well. I had a big appetite and the ship unmoored while we were asleep. When I woke up in the morning, the European shores had disappeared from the horizon. There were a lot of sea-sick people. In contrast, the ones who didn't suffer were looking for entertainment. With the captain's permission, we organised dancing on the lowest deck. Besides myself, there was another man who could play the piano accordion. Dancing continued even when we were crossing the Indian Ocean, where we experienced heavy rolling. I could speak English reasonably well when I became acquainted with the ship's engineer, Bob Lundhan, who looked after drinking fountains. There were many of them on the ship. His father was the ship's chief engineer. Owing to this acquaintance, I was invited to play piano in the officers' mess, and after arriving in Australia, they gave me twenty American dollars as a present, a big amount of money for me at that time! After a couple of days at sea, our ship took berth in the Port of Alexandria in Egypt. Dozens of small boats came to the ship offering their wares, including handbags and other goods made from leather. Unfortunately, we didn't have any money to buy them. We stayed in port until the evening then sailed through the Suez Canal into the Red Sea. The weather and the high temperatures indicated that we were sailing south towards the equator. Apart from the people who were sea-sick, we were in high spirits. We couldn't understand why the sickness didn't pause or stop while the ship was motionless in port. We passed Africa and were now in the Indian Ocean. Before crossing the equator, the ship's crew started to prepare for the "King Neptune" ceremony when crossing the equator. Those who had crossed the equator before were not eligible to take part in the ceremony. King Neptune was regarded by sailors as a ruler of the seas and oceans. Those who went through the ceremony were issued with special certificates. Myself, like others, were smeared with something and pushed by a water stream through a large tarpaulin pipe. We struck rough weather sailing through the Indian Ocean. Finally, we could see the distant outline of Western Australia.

The world imminently became a stand between two super-powers, the United States of America and the Soviet Union. My friend, Bob, told me that they had received an order not to return to Europe to pick up another lot of migrants. They were to go straight to New Orleans in the USA after dropping us off at Sydney, to carry the American troops to South Korea. He also offered to smuggle me into the USA illegally, where I would be arrested as an illegal immigrant, but released as a person without nationality. I thanked him, but remembering the doctor from Odessa, decided not to change my original plan. Meanwhile, the Australian coast-line disappeared from our view and didn't appear until we came close to Sydney. Miraculously, our sea-sick people began to recover and some of the girls started to smarten themselves up in the hope that our ship would be welcomed by a crowd of millionaires.

HOW DO YOU LIKE AUSTRALIA?

The fourteenth of May 1948 was one of the most moving days in my life. I could hardly sleep the previous night. We had been sailing along the Australian coast for nearly a whole day and could clearly see countless numbers of beaches and buildings. As our ship entered Sydney Harbour, we feared that the tall mast of the ship would not pass through and catch the lower part of the bridge. But that didn't happen and we flowingly sailed further. Beforehand, two tug boats helped us to berth at Pyrmont. Quarantine inspection and customs officers came on board. We all lined up on the top deck with out-stretched arms while doctors examined armpits and palms. On the ground, a few uniformed men waited for us near passenger trains. The exciting moment had arrived – we were now in Australia! (In Latin, Terra Australis). To get off the ship, Kolia's (can't recall his surname) whole luggage was just a towel and a razor wrapped in it. Kolia carried my piano-accordion and I carried two small suitcases and 'Roleicord" camera. Some of our beautiful girls were disappointed as there were no millionaires with flowers and Rolls Royce's in sight.

We boarded a train waiting for us. It moved fast through the beautiful suburbs of Sydney. Each one of us had one thing in mind, "Where will I live in this new Fatherland?" In a few hours we were in Bathurst, a typical Australian country town surrounded by farms, and the main industry was breeding sheep.

We were taken by buses to a camp and were housed in barracks. Women were in a separate part of the camp. During the war it had been a military camp where Australian soldiers were trained before being sent to war zones in different parts of the world where Australia was involved. The barracks had not been used for a few years and were empty when we arrived. Grass grew tall and dried stumps of eucalyptus trees were around us, and thousands of wild rabbits were running everywhere. Rabbit burrows were under the barracks, under trees and everywhere in the fields. We found out that rabbit skin could be sold. You didn't have to shoot it, just put your hand into the rabbit burrow and pull it out. For a few of us, it was the first source of income in Australia.

All the newcomers, like other unemployed people in Australia, were assigned unemployment benefits of 25 Shillings per week. Twenty Shillings were deducted for board and accommodation, which left us with five Shillings in the hand. By the way, one Pound was equal to twenty Shillings, and one Shilling, twelve Pence. The conditions of our "keep" were the same as the Australian army soldiers during the war – beds without linen. In the middle of the barracks there was a stove, but for fuel, we had to collect dry eucalyptus trunks and tree branches in the field. Because we didn't have saws and axes, we put the trunk in the stove and pushed it in as it was burning. In the beginning, the end of the trunk was sticking outside the barracks. We had three meals a day. For breakfast, usually oats, barley porridge and lunch and dinner were fried sausages and fat lamb chops or mutton of different varieties. In the winter time, mutton fat quickly hardened on the plate. It wasn't the food we Europeans were accustomed to eat. Because the majority of our transport was from the Baltic States: Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, the Australian press without exception, called all of us "Balts". In the first weekend, a lot of farmers from surrounding areas, with whole families, came to visit us and see what those "Balts" looked like. Australians seemed to us to be very pleasant people and a number of friendships emerged. We had many invitations to dance parties and visits. Somebody told the press that amongst the newcomers was a well-known Ukrainian pianist. Reporters found me to take an interview for the local newspaper.

That's how I met the correspondent, Bill Fogarty, and Horace Brown, a farmer known in the whole area. The next time when he came to camp, he

took myself and a few more people to his farm at Triangle Flat. The farm was about 60 miles from Bathurst and had about 15,000 acres of land with 10,000 sheep. Horace treated us with barbecued lamb and fruit from his garden and of course, it wouldn't have been complete without a good drop of strong Australian beer. I was very surprised at the great distance to large cities. Horace had a beautiful grand piano which I enjoyed playing very much. There is an Australian saying, "to tickle the ivory' which means to play the piano. On the second day, after I met Bill Fogarty, a radio interview was arranged at a local station, 2BS. The first question put to me was: "How do you like Australia?" We were asked this question by nearly every Australian with whom we made contact, and this continued for a few years. In the interview, I said that I was not a "Balt", but a Ukrainian. "We have our own language and own country, the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, a part of the Soviet Union and a member of the United Nations", I told them. When the broadcast started, the leader asked me to greet my countrymen first in English, then in Ukrainian. I wasn't prepared for it and just said: "Hello everybody", and in Ukrainian: "I am Anatolij Mirosznyk. I am greeting all Ukrainians in Australia." I think these were the first words spoken in Ukrainian in this continent over the radio. The news about a known pianist reached Sydney, and soon after, I was invited to the radio station 2SM Sydney.

Before long, I found a sponsor, Mr Bernard, the owner of the biggest hotel in Bathurst. He paid my return airfare to Sydney. At the airport, I was met and taken to 2SM studios by the news director, Tom Jacobs. Later on, I will come back to this remarkable man. In the interview, he asked mostly standard questions and at the end, asked me to play a short piece for the listeners. On the same day, I was introduced to the millionaire businessman, Mr Appleroth. His firm produced "Aeroplane Jelly", a very well-known product in Australia. Mr Appleroth sponsored one of the station's programs and was a well-known philanthropist who donated money to various charities. He also became my sponsor, however, I was tied up with the contract for the Australian Government to work for two years wherever I would be sent. I received an appointment as a ward orderly at Concord Repatriation Hospital in Sydney. The management of the Bathurst Migrant Centre organized for me a magnificent farewell party. The migrant centre Director, William Rees, presented me with a book signed by many residents and his own signature;

"Dear Anatol, should things go wrong, should you be lonely, should you need rest, you will find good friends to welcome you here. (Enclosed photograph of his house). Yours very truly Signed: William Rees and Farida Rees"

Other camp residents started to get their job appointments to different parts of the country. Some went sugar cane cutting in Queensland, some worked for the railway and lived in tents where they dealt with uninvited guests such as snakes and pythons. Men were usually sent to big government projects like the Snowy Mountains Scheme, building of canals at Warragamba Dam, or water preservation projects near Sydney.

Women were sent to hospitals and to factories. No-one was left without a job. When I arrived at the hospital, I was housed in the type of barracks we had lived in at Bathurst Migrant Centre. Forty people were in one barrack. A few Estonians, Lithuanians, Latvians and one Ukrainian, Doctor Sirko, from Galychyna who had arrived in Australia earlier. Doctor Sirko wasn't allowed to practice medicine at that time and was simply an orderly. The rest of the staff were Australian. I was put on second shift from 2pm till 11pm. Duties of the orderlies were to help sisters and nurses make dressings, wash patients, make tea and coffee, wash cups and crockery and transport patients to operating theatres. In charge of the sisters and nurses was a matron. As a rule, being in the army before, they were accustomed to military discipline and commanded themselves in a similar manner. I didn't have a permanent ward and relieved those who had a day off. Each ward had 45 patients. One orderly looked after two wards. And the end of my working day, all I was thinking of was just to get to bed. Each sister had an assistant nurse. I had to be on good terms with sisters and nurses to make my work easier and less strenuous. There were days when I had to work with an Estonian woman, Nora Taemetz from Tallin in Estonia. She was already married at 18 and was from a very cultured family. Before the war, her father was the Estonian ambassador in Japan. Sometimes I had to work with a Ukrainian from Odessa, Toska Diadyk. Her brother and mother were also employed in the hospital. There were sisters and nurses who were difficult to work with. I wasn't an ordinary orderly.

The Australian press were interested in me. At that time, the Minister for Immigration, Arthur Calwell, didn't want to release me from my two-year

contract with the Australian Government, so I couldn't pursue my music career. My matter was discussed during a Federal Parliament sitting in Canberra. Despite all the publicity and strong support from the press, I wasn't released from my contract. I became a well-known person. Hospital management gave me an opportunity to use the grand piano in the Red Cross Hall. Newspapers published the photo about this event. I played on the radio in programs sponsored by Mr Appleroth on Radio Station 2SM, conducted by Tom Jacobs. These two families nearly became my relatives. I acquired a lot of friends amongst Australians as well as numerous ethnic groups. I am very thankful to my father's advice to always make friends and not enemies. "Always use diplomacy instead of quarrelling. Sometimes, it is better to keep quiet and to keep your own opinion to yourself. Respect everybody whom you are working with. The smallest screw will put out of action the biggest and strongly constructed mechanism", he said.

In the Australian capital Canberra, a Citizens' Convention took place. I was invited to participate in the concert part of the convention. Between Sydney and Canberra existed an air link so I took a plane. To a full house in Albert Hall, I played "No. 10 Rhapsody" by Liszt and "Fantasie Impromptu" by Chopin. It was a colossal success. After the concert, I was introduced to the Minister for Immigration, Arthur Calwell, the same person who didn't want to release me from the Government's two-year contract. Within a week, I received a letter from Mr Calwell to visit him at his home in Ballarat in Victoria. I had a few meetings with Mr Calwell and found him intelligent and a music lover. Besides this, he even knew the Chinese language. I worked in the hospital for only nine months of my two-year contract. This is what happened. Tom Jacobs who had many friends and acquaintances, introduced me on one occasion to Reginald Marsh, the Director of the Department of Labour and National Service, the first person after the Minister. All migrant centers, camps and migrant hostels were under his control.

Sometime later, when I was at work, a sister came to me and said that an important person wanted to speak to me on the phone. I was wondering who could be such an important person? I lifted the receiver and heard, "Anatol, it's Reg Marsh speaking. Can you do me a little favour? My daughter is finishing school and will be taking part in a traditional debutants' ball but her partner became ill and I wonder if you could take his place. It is very

important. The debutants will be presented to the Governor-General. I think you have a tail suit." I said; "Yes, Mr Marsh, I will do it for you." "Rehearsal is at 10 o'clock tomorrow at the Trocadero (well-known dancing hall in Sydney). The car will pick you up at the hospital's front gate at 9:15am", he said. I had two rehearsals and all went very well. On the night of the ball, I dressed up and a beautiful limousine came to the hospital main gate and took me to the Trocadero, the venue for such occasions in Sydney. Here came in handy the aristocratic manner I had acquired living at the castle. My partner was a stunning beauty and an equally fantastic dancer. If I am not mistaken, her name was Patricia. She became the queen of the ball. We sat at the Governor-General's table. When the ladies left the table, I happened to be sitting close to Reginald Marsh. He said to me, "Anatol, I've got a good idea for you. My department is conducting a special course in Melbourne for migrant hostel managers and assistant managers. We are opening migrant hostels throughout Australia and the course started last week. There are a few vacancies for the course. Do you want to do the course? On completion of the three months' course, you will become an assistant hostel manager and you will go to the Sydney area." I said; "Yes". He replied, "Well! Tomorrow, don't go to work. I will fix this up. On Monday morning, collect your money at the hospital pay office. At 9:30am, a departmental car will take you to the Sydney Airport. The car driver will give you a letter with instructions and an air ticket. You will go to the head office of TAA (Trans Australian Airways). That's all. Let's have a drink to your success! And thank you for tonight's help." On Sunday, I woke up very early and told my friends in the barracks that I was going to Melbourne to do a special course. They didn't ask me many questions. The long awaited Monday came. Everything was going according to plan. I received my money from the pay office, but it was a surprise for all of them that I was leaving the job at the hospital. There were no such cases with newcomers like myself. The car came on time and took me to the airport. In the letter the driver gave me, there was an official acceptance into the course, the name of the hotel where I would be staying during my entire course and my pay as a student after completion of the course as an assistant hostel manager. I was flying to Melbourne by a 22 seat Douglas DC3. The plane was the most used by world airlines at that time. After a two-hour flight, with a stopover in Canberra, we landed in Essendon Airport in Melbourne. From there, the bus took me nearly to the doors of the Victoria Palace Hotel. After leaving my luggage in the

hotel room, I went straight to the institute where the lectures were conducted. I knocked at a half opened door and walked in and sat at the first empty seat. The lecturer was too busy to pay any attention to me and continued his lecture by drawing some scheme on the blackboard. I was writing sounds of the English language with Ukrainian letters. Later in the hotel room, with the help of a dictionary, I put my writing in order.

To learn correct English spelling, I used to write words up to twenty and more times. The course was attended by about 30 people. Most of them were demobilised officers of the Australian and British armies, in ranks from lieutenant to colonels. Amongst them was a Polish officer from Anderson's Army who fought on the side of the allies. We were taken to the Government owned facilities and shown the kitchen that serviced two thousand people in one hour. We had to visit vegetable and fruit markets and fish and meat markets in Melbourne. The time for our exams arrived. I had good summaries of all lectures I attended and came third in the class. First place was taken by an Estonian who had been an English lecturer at a University in his homeland. In second place was a Polish man from Anderson's army. Many of the captains and colonels failed in the exams but still got appointments as managers or assistants. The hotel where I lived wasn't heated, except for the dining room. I came to Melbourne from warm and sunny Sydney, but here, it was mostly cold and rainy, miserable weather. On the second day of my arrival in Melbourne, I went to buy warm woolen underwear and a winter coat. In order to heat my room, I filled up empty beer bottles with hot water and put a couple of them in bed before going to sleep. I didn't have time to meet Ukrainians and socialise with them. The day after the exam, results were announced and we received diploma certificates and job appointments. I was sent as an assistant to Walgrove camp near the station, Rooty Hill, an outer Sydney suburb. During the war, Walgrove camp was one of the biggest army centers in Australia, where up to 10,000 Australian soldiers were trained at the same time. Together with me, 7 assistants came to this camp including Colonel Jarvis. Coincidentally, a big coalmine industry strike began, paralysing the whole economy.

Use of electricity was cut to a minimum. To help this situation, the Australian army came in. They brought mobile electric generators and army field kitchens to camp. There were about 6,000 people in the camp. To feed them

three times a day was not a simple matter. The camp embraced a large area and we used bicycles to get around. We spread the work amongst us. Sometimes, we had to work all night. Usually, one ship brought around one thousand migrants. The first night I started, over a thousand migrants came late in the night. Knowing a few languages, most of the work I had to do by myself. Beside "Balts", amongst the arrivals were Czechs, Yugoslavs, Ukrainians, Russians and Hungarians. The Hungarians were a bit of a problem because they didn't speak German or English, and their language doesn't have any similarity to any other European languages. The miners' strike was on but ships full of migrants were arriving and nobody could stop them. I was at Walgrove for nearly two months, then I was transferred to a newly opened 250 persons hostel at Meadowbank, a suburb close to Sydney. The hostel manager was Mr Cracknell. By the way, his daughter was Ruth Cracknell, the well-known actress and later TV personality in Sydney. Besides us, there were two in the office, a secretary and a young typist. I was the only person who lived in the hostel, the others had private addresses. I bought myself a piano and put it in my little flat. Migrants were paid two Pounds and twelve Shillings weekly for board and accommodation. They had breakfast and dinner at the hostel, and took two sandwiches to work for lunch. The manager and myself were urgently sent to learn how to handle a pistol at the Bank of NSW in the city where there was a shooting gallery and an instructor. According to law, we had to take the Government money collected from the hostel residents and deposit it in the bank. One person carried the money and the other walked behind a few steps, guarding him with the pistol in his pocket.

I went to the training together with Mr Cracknell. My boss's hands were shaking when he held the pistol and he didn't hit the target even once. My part of the training was normal. It was one station from Meadowbank to West Ryde where our Bank was. We deposited the money and Mr Cracknell said; "You know, Anatol, next time, I will carry the money and you guard me with the pistol because every passing person looked to me like a robber when I was walking behind you. My hands are shaking and my nerves are not the strongest."

My first task as the person in charge of the kitchen was to hire cooks and other personnel. As cooks, I took a few Ukrainians, Czechs, Yugoslavs and

Polish because the Slav language made it easier to understand each other at work. The main policy of the Australian Government at the time was to make us Australians as quickly as possible. The press called us "New Australians", therefore, the menu in hostels was typically Australian. In other hostels, there were riots and protests. People didn't want to eat Irish stew or other Australian dishes. I distributed a copy of the menu with Australian dishes and the same menu hung in the dining room, but cooks prepared European dishes. On one occasion, the telephone rang and I was told that tomorrow head office would hold an inspection. The night before, I announced that during the time of the inspection we would be served what was on the menu and would return to our normal menu after the inspectors had gone. Everyone understood and agreed to be patient. My boss was a proud man and never went to the kitchen. I arranged for all his meals to be brought to his office. There was only one inspection which went satisfactorily as they were happy with what they saw in our hostel. Mr Cracknell called me to his office and thanked me for my excellent management.

After arriving in Australia, many families were separated and the wives of those men who lived in my hostel had to stay in hostels near the towns of Cowra or Greta, about 250 kilometers away from Meadowbank. It was a draconic law: wives didn't have any right to be in men's hostels and vice versa. It was Saturday, Mr Cracknell stayed in the hostel longer than he should have. This day he should have finished at 12 noon. Suddenly he called, "Anatol! A woman with a suitcase went into number six barrack. Go and tell her she must leave the hostel immediately." While walking, I was thinking, maybe I would cross some of the 250 men now living in the hostel. Why should I have so many enemies? I went to the barracks, found the woman and her husband, and said; "My boss should have finished at 12 o'clock but is running late. It is better that your wife leaves the hostel in my boss' sight, and in about one hour, after he is gone, she can slip back to the hostel unnoticed. Please convey this to other hostel residents."

In August 1948, the migrant transport ship the "Wooster Victory" arrived in Sydney. A large group of Ukrainians was on board and I went to meet them at Pyrmont wharf in Sydney. The reporters quickly recognised me and photographed me with the new arrivals. In this group there was a married couple, Halyna and Levko Yaskewych, and a Violinist, Eugen Ostromiecky,

with whom I worked with later on. They were all sent to Bathurst Immigration Centre. My sponsor, Mr Appleroth, and Tom Jacobs started to plan my solo recital in the prestige Sydney Town Hall, after the termination of my contract. A meeting with the world famous conductor, Sir Eugene Goossens, was organized by Tom Jacobs. After hearing me play, he told a reporter from the 'Daily Telegraph' that I was approaching "genius".

A Professor of the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, Aleksander Sverjinski, who was originally from Russia, helped me to prepare the concert program. In the last days of my stay in the hostel, Reginald Marsh, the head of all migrant hostels, came to say goodbye. There were four staff, together with a new assistant, who would take up my job. Reg asked me; "Anatol, tell me how was it that your hostel didn't have any problems, no protests from the migrants about the unpopular Australian menu?" I replied, (now I could tell the whole truth) "I used to send the menu they wanted to head office, and from the same products, the cooks prepared what people wanted to eat. So I made both parties happy." Reg replied "You were not in the right place, you should have been in a diplomatic job." My first stage of life in Australia had finished. I had to find private accommodation to live in, but after the war years, it was not an easy task, and here my friend Tom Jacobs helped me. He announced on his radio program that a well-known migrant pianist was looking for a room. (Those days, flats and houses were very expensive and difficult to find.) While he was on air, a couple of proposals came in. I settled close to the city in a suburb called Glebe and started to prepare for my recital by practicing daily for 5-6 hours at a time. I continued my radio work with different musical works. I had to prepare enough musical works for three full time recitals. Mr Apleroth insured my hands for 20,000 Australian Pounds which was a huge sum of money at that time.

Mentioning more about Tom Jacobs. He was a remarkable man. I am going forward many years. I lost contact with Tom Jacobs until about the year 1997, when my friend, Edward Kulchycky, mentioned that Tom "Hayson" (previously Jacobs) was interested in buying his property at Dee Why. I got Tom's new telephone number and contacted him. He invited me to visit him at his home in Harbord, a Sydney suburb. We agreed the day and time and Tom met me at Manly Ferry Terminal and took me in his Mercedes to his luxurious home. There, I met again Ngairy, his wife, who I hadn't seen for at

least 40 years. It was a happy reunion for the three of us. Here, I heard from the man himself about the Sydney Darling Harbour Project – Tom Hayson's "brain child". It was also his wife Ngairy's life dream to meet the Queen, which was fulfilled at the opening ceremony. Tom showed me with pride the Order of Australia, which he received for the realisation of the Darling Harbour project.

Another remarkable person came to my mind, whom I also met at the same time as Tom at radio station 2SM – Reg Grundy. Just around the time of the beginning of television in Australia, I was walking in Martin Place, Sydney and noticed on the street two men, one with a camera on a tripod and the other standing next to him was Reg Grundy. I asked him what he was doing. He replied, "I am making Australian Television History", and indeed he was. All Reg Grundy productions: "Wheel of Fortune", "The Young Doctors", "Who Wants to be a Millionaire", "Neighbours", "The Price is Right" and others, were well-known in Australia and overseas.

Now a little more about how people lived at that time. I rented only one room with cooking facilities and paid two Pound and ten Shillings per week. I felt like a happy man living so close to the city. There were no refrigerators. Only ice-chests. Ice was delivered daily. Milk was also delivered and money was left under the door mat. The first home refrigerator was run on kerosene and called "Silent Knight" made by the Sir Edward Hallstrom factory, and "Shelvador" was assembled from imported parts in Sydney. There were no washing machines. Housewives' washing tools were a washing-board, copper boiler and a clothes-wringer. There was no television, the main entertainment was the radio and going out to the picture theatre, which was in almost every large suburb. The films were mainly Hollywood produced and some British films. The industry started mass production of Radiograms with record players. The first gramophone records were made from shellac base with 78 revolutions per minute. Later they were replaced by microgrooves on vinyl base with 33 1/3 and 45 revolutions per minute. These electrical appliances and vacuum cleaners were sold mostly by door-to-door salesmen.

There were milk bars everywhere in cities and country towns where you could have a milkshake with different fruit flavors or soda water with syrup, and a small meal. More solid meals were available in grill shops. A mixed grill

could cost around three Shillings and Sixpence. Not to forget the fish and chip shops which were usually near bars. It was a common sight to see drinkers in a pub having fish and chips, wrapped in newspaper, and chasing it with a middy or a schooner of beer. Alcohol was served in licensed restaurants with a meal only and in licensed clubs to club members and their guests.

Public bars' trading hours were from 10:00am to 6:00pm. There was no Sunday trading. Pubs closed right "on the dot". Just before closing time, patrons rushed to stockpile a few extra glasses and drink them after the bar door closed. Because beer was so quickly consumed, sometimes on an empty stomach, it was quite a common sight to see a few drunks. The police used to arrest them, hold them for a few hours and release them after a small fine was paid. Later the law changed.

The trains were single Decker and buses, double Decker – London style. Train doors didn't automatically close and in peak hours, in overcrowded carriages, people hung out of the doors. The city was serviced by trams. When I had my first tram trip, I paid 1 Penny for one section in Sydney. Soon after it went up to 2 Pennies per section. The tram had a conductor who collected the fares by walking on the step along the full length of the tram. Taxis were plentiful. They cost 9 Pennies per flagfall and sixpence a mile (1 mile = 1.6km).

Australian men wore mostly dark blue or navy coloured suits and hats. Women, when going out, also wore hats. On Fridays and Saturdays, well-dressed people would stream into dance halls or ballrooms and parties. Public transport was mainly used. Cars were not plentiful and very expensive and imported from England or the USA. The first Australian car, Holden, appeared later.

It was fashionable to dine in restaurants such as the Hotel Australia, Romano's, Pickwick Club, or at the nightclub "Chequers". Photographs and stories or social news appeared in newspaper social columns or in magazines. Coffee shops were not so popular as now. The "Repin's Café" served food. There were 5 of them in the Sydney area.

Finally, the historical day came – not only for me personally, but for all Ukrainians and for all "New Australians". Daily Mirror: 28.02.51 "An

excellent example of the cultural impact New Australians can have in this country... Mirosznyk demonstrated a dazzling technique to a packed and enthusiastic audience!" Daily Telegraph: 28.02.51 "He is a pianist endured much above the ordinary!!"

On the 27th February 1951, my first concert took place in an overcrowded Sydney Town Hall. It was a colossal success. After the first recital, I repeated the program at a charity concert for spastic children. Later, two successive days, I gave one hour 'Lunch time recitals". These days appearances were arranged to popularise classical music amongst young people and were under the motto of an American film about Chopin's life, "A Song to Remember".

I registered myself with a few artistic agencies. Some of them specialised in providing appearances in different music clubs in Australia. The State-owned Australian Broadcasting Commission (ABC) offered me an engagement with live broadcasts in the program's piano music. Many of my friends advised me to go overseas by saying that Australia was too small for my talent. I decided to make my career in music in Australia. The war was raging in Korea and it was not clear what could happen in the world in the near future. Australia took about one hundred thousand migrants a year and some of them were Ukrainians. In all major cities emerged Ukrainian communities, where churches were built, community centers, scout homes and other places. They formed chess clubs, women's societies and other clubs. I will mention more about these later.

In 1953, I formed my own company, "Cosmopolitan Record Co.", engaging in the production and distribution of Ukrainian records. When I released my two recordings of four Ukrainian folk songs, sung by Petro Moscalenko, accompanied by my small recording band, I went to sell them in Melbourne. I booked myself into one of the most prestigious hotels at that time, "Hotel Australia". The hotel was just opposite the known music shop, Allans Music Shop. This store had a special department specialising in the sale of Gramophone Records and I went to see the buyer of this department who was a woman. I introduced myself as an employer of the "Cosmopolitan Record Co." and showed her my records, but found out that she had never heard about the Ukraine or Ukrainians. It took some time and delicate diplomacy not to

offend her for her weak knowledge of geography and to convince her that she definitely would have customers buying my recordings. In the end, she agreed to take 25 recordings on consignment, meaning that I would be paid after the records were sold. I also left a poster for her to put in the shop's window, my telephone number and the name of the hotel I was staying in. It all looked like I represented a solid firm. This was Friday. The next day was Saturday, and the majority of people did not work on Saturdays but did their own shopping. At about 11 o'clock on Saturday, I received a telephone call from the store's buyer, telling me that all 25 records were sold, "Bring fifty more." she said. I had only 30 left. I took 25 to the shop and promised to send the rest from Sydney by airfreight. I was paid in full. I visited two more shops and received an order for one hundred more records. Instead of returning to Sydney by train, encouraged by my success, I returned to Sydney by plane. On Monday, I telephoned the factory to order a few hundred more records and was told that they were too busy at that time to fill my order. I personally went to see the business owner and he agreed to fill my order in two days. Now I saw a bright future in my recording venture. I had to prepare new releases and make a couple of music only records. I made three more records and went to Adelaide, where I met a shop owner, Roman Korduba, who was selling electrical appliances and records. He gave me a large order. Altogether, I made 22 Ukrainian records that were 44 names of songs and music. The performers were: choir "Boyan" Petro Moskani, Zina Moroz, Volodymyr Rychtowsky, Yakiv Rudiuk, Alexandra Gai and orchestra conducted by Anatolij Mirosznyk.

Besides Ukrainian recordings, I made Italian and Russian ones. I would like to mention the Italian recording artists who were Charles Camilleri, Enzo Toppano – Piano-accordionists, Luciano Devescovi – singer and lyricist, and Russian singer, Lena Lisowa. Gradually the Australian market was flooded with recordings of world famous singers and orchestras and I had to curtail my activity in this field. I had a lot of time for my concert and pedagogical activity while producing Gramophone Records. I had lots of students but not all of them chose music as their profession. The music career began for Phillip Shovk, laureate of two International Piano Competitions and his brother, Vladimyr (Walter) Shovk, official piano examiner for NSW, piano and music therapy University lecturer Dianne Langan, well-known Australian TV and stage actress and singer, Justin Clarke and others. In my job, I had to

travel a lot in the state of New South Wales where I lived. I loved the public in country towns. They received artists with open hearts. There were three of us on one tour, a singer, a conferancier impersonator and myself. One Saturday night, we were appearing at an Australian sports club in a remote country town. People were already slightly intoxicated, the audience had all kinds of drinks on tables and there were more than a thousand people. I played "Ballad No.1" by Chopin and finished with two of my own compositions, one of them was "Ukrainian Rhapsody", and a variation on two Australian songs. The hall erupted in applause. The country tour lasted one month. The news of our success spread with the speed of light. Some clubs even rolled out red carpets when we arrived for performances. Unforgettable for me was a tour in New Zealand with Prima Ballerina of the Budapest Opera, Nora Kovacs and her partner, Isvan Rabowski. They both fled from Hungary during the 1956 revolution. We toured the whole of New Zealand and were astonished by the public's interest in classical ballet and classical music. In all halls where we appeared there were excellent instruments. The associate artist was Violinist, Eugene Ostromiecki. I appeared as a soloist during the whole tour.

Classical music in Australia was held in great respect. On one occasion, my impresario, Sid Ross telephoned me and said; "Anatol, I've got a special job for you. Mrs Johnson, a known socialite, needs a good classical pianist to play Chopin only. There will be important people at the reception, like the State Premier and some State and Federal Ministers and big businessmen. You have to be dressed in a tail suit. The fee is ten Guineas for one hour and a half." (One Guinea equalled one Pound and one Shilling). I said to Sid, "Tell Mrs Johnson that you have two pianists. One for ten Guineas and the other for fifty." Not even two minutes passed when Sid phoned me, laughing and said, "She doesn't even want to mention the ten Guineas and said she would send her personal car to pick you up." A uniformed driver took me to Mrs Johnson's estate on the reception day. On the first floor where I played, there was a wonderful instrument and well-dressed ladies and gentlemen gathered. Because it was not on stage, people allowed themselves to talk. Mrs Johnson noticed that. She put her finger to her lips and said; "Quiet! Sh-sh. Listen to him. You know how much he costs me?" On one occasion, I was lucky to meet the Director of the British Ballet Organisation in Australia, Mrs Dorothy Kerr. This organisation controlled over 600 ballet schools which

were members, and provided the Syllabus program of ballet exercises, arranged the examinations and issued certificates and diplomas after completion of courses. They had members in New Zealand, Singapore, Thailand and Hong Kong. Directors of this organisation decided to free themselves from British control and later established their own independent Australian organisation under the name "Ballet Australasia Ltd." I was appointed as their musical director and was assigned to compose music for their new Syllabus. It consisted of almost 600 different ballet exercises, with different levels of difficulty. The music was printed and circulated to all organisation members.

My playing of the exercises was recorded on compact discs and video cassettes. This was nearly twenty five years ago and is still in use today. During the 1956 Olympic Games in Melbourne, I met a known Ukrainian choreographer from Kyiv, Maryna Berezovska. Much later in 1964, she offered me her libretto for choreographic poem "Prychynna" ("Bewitched") by T.G. Shevchenko and asked me to compose the music to it. I wrote the music to the ballet. The performance of the ballet was to celebrate 150 years of the birth of the great Ukrainian poet, writer and painter, Taras Shevchenko and took place at the Ukrainian "People's House" in Essendon by the dance company "Soniachny Promin", and was choreographed by Maryna Berezowska. The orchestra was conducted by composer, Anatolij Mirosznyk. The premiere of the ballet was the most important event for the Ukrainian community in Melbourne at the time.

LIFE OF THE UKRAINIAN COMMUNITY

Each ethnic group brought to Australia its own culture, language, sentiment, music, dancing and customs from their country of origin.

In about 1949, Martin's Café opened on the site where the Sydney Recital Hall is now. Inside, a small band played dance music. People usually brought their own drinks because the premises were not licensed to sell alcohol. It had a European atmosphere and was owned and run by a Czech and a Latvian. It was a meeting place for new arrivals from all over Europe. As more migrants arrived, more ethnic clubs opened up. There was an Estonian club in

Campbell Street, two Russian clubs nearly opposite each other in George Street, two German Clubs, three Ukrainian Clubs, two Polish, Italian, Greek, Lebanese clubs and many more.

Much later, opened the All Nations Club in Bayswater Road, Kings Cross, well-known in the Eastern suburbs. It offered a wide choice of activities from chess, language tuition, to outdoor sport like golf. The band had a very high standard. If I am not mistaken, the Club had only 3 or 4 poker machines. It also had an excellent restaurant with good European cuisine. Migrants had a love of good food. There were delicatessen shops in different suburbs. Two in the city, Slavic and Cyril's delicatessen in Hay Street which is still functioning.

As a musician, I was often invited to take part in other ethnic groups' musical and cultural activities, which had some similarities to Ukrainian. But I am emphasising Ukrainian, which took most of my time, energy and creation.
Most of the new arrivals used to settle in areas with handy transport, in Sydney suburbs such as Lidcombe, Bankstown, Blacktown or Liverpool. Because of a shortage of money, people used to build and live in garages first and gradually helped each other to erect houses. Popular suburbs were where land prices were low. In such areas of compact living, Ukrainian churches, clubs, people's community centers were built. That was the era of enthusiasm and patriotism and swirl of art, music and dancing. Below is an extract from the article: "The banduras art in Australia" from the magazine "Banduryst" published by V.M. Mishalow: "Banduras on the Australian continent appeared together with the first Ukrainian migrants. It came here as a "travelling companion" to the bandura player, Hryhory Bazul, at the end of 1948. The first two years, he had to work off his contract and the bandura lay idle, complaining to its master for the loss of interest."

At last, his contract had ended. Bazhul decided to fulfil his long dream to create his national bandura ensemble. He advertised in the newly formed Ukrainian newspaper "Vilna Dumka" ("The Free Thought") for anyone wishing to join his ensemble and for two years, no-one was willing to join. Through his personal contacts, he organised for seven men to take Bandura lessons. All of them had different levels of musical ability or were without any and tuition was progressing very slowly. Sometime later, three stepped

aside, but the rest who stayed bought banduras, regularly attended rehearsals, acquired specific costumes and started to appear on stage together with the "Boyan" choir and also without it. They started seriously to prepare for a big tour of Ukrainian communities for the Shevchenko jubilee year. They already had seventeen songs in their repertoire. Due to overwork, difficulty to reach rehearsal locality, or family circumstances, more and more bandura players lost interest, and when one of players left, which ruined the vocal ensemble, the group ceased to exist on 16.02.64. Bazhul didn't stop at that and started to organise a new ensemble focusing on younger bandura players. The new ensemble was founded on 14.06.64. It was strengthened by 5 young men and three young ladies, and was known as the "G. Hotkerych Bandura Ensemble". For the six years of its existence, from the end of November 1964 till February 1971, this young ensemble played 29 concert appearances with the 'Boyan" choir and 21 own appearances and three concerts. In the beginning of May 1971, H. Bazhul handed over leadership to his deputy, Petro Deriazhny. Later, the ensemble shrank to four players, then later added four more players.

The ensemble, for the last eight and a half years of its existence, gave seven own concerts and a large number of appearances before the Ukrainian public in Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Perth, Canberra, Newcastle, Wollongong, Geelong, and were also on Australian radio and television. In 1981, the majority of ensemble members left and the ensemble terminated its activities. In close co-operation with the "Hotkevych Ensemble", the "Sydney School of Young Bandurysts" was created. It was founded by H. Bazhul at the end of September 1970. Four students had a public performance on Mother's Day, 9.05.70. Leadership of the ensemble was taken over by P. Deriazhny. At the end of 1971, there were five students appearing in concerts of "Ridna Shkola", young dancing group. In 1974, a fee for lessons was introduced and the number of students dropped considerably but rose again when the fee was abolished in 1974. The Sydney School of Young Bandura Players, in conjunction with Ukrainian Princess Olga Central School at Lidcombe, resumed its work. One year later, on 11.11.1975, the combined strength of the Hotkevych Ensemble and young ensemble gave successful concerts under the name of "Path of Cobzars" (Bandura). The co-operation of the two ensembles proved to be very effective. In 1976, the Sydney School of Young Bandura Players began the new stage of its existence under the leadership of a

young talented teacher, Victor Mishalow. The administration function was taken over by Ivan Zhestovsky. Students reached a high standard by performing in the jubilee concert of Soyuz Ukrainok (Association of Ukrainian Women) at the end of the school year. Those imposing appearances promoted an increase in student numbers.

At the end of 1977, the Sydney School of Bandura Players prepared and successfully conducted the concert to mark 100 years of the birth of the well-known Ukrainian bandura player, Hnat Hotkevych.

It should be noted that at the end of 1976, the School of Young Bandura Players started a special half-yearly publication of the magazine, "Banduryst" which to the end of 1978, appeared five times. It earned high acclaim from such well-known bandura players as Vasyl Vemets, Hryhory Kytasty, Petro Honchazenko and others.

In the second half of 1979, the school leader, Victor Mishalow, departed for Kyiv to replenish his musical skill at the Kyiv Conservatory. His place was taken over by his sister, Roksolana Mishalowa, who with her endeavour, love and ability, increased the student numbers to thirty-two.

In 1980, and the last year of 1981, the Sydney Bandura School completed its last work at a final concert on 29 November 1981, in the "People's Home" at Lidcombe. The Sydney Bandura School played an important role in the spread of bandura art to Melbourne and Adelaide.

In Sydney, the publishers of the Ukrainian newspaper "The Free Thought", Volodymyr and Marko Shumsky, and the Association for the Preservation of Ukrainian Heritage published a 672 page Encyclopaedic Reference Book "Ukrainians in Australia". The writer, Vasyl Sokil, wrote in the foreword: "This Reference Book is a bond with the people that created the glorious 50 year old history of our settlement. Let this be our holy testament to the next generation and sacred report to our Fatherland."

In the introduction, was written: "There is everything in the book: self-respect, pride of the Ukrainian nation, which is indestructible in 50 millions of

Ukrainians that live in Ukraine and 15 thousand that live in Australia. Every single person became a hero and is co-author of this publication.

Reader! Open the book, look through it, recollect and bow your head and feel … as I did indeed.

With respect,
Vasyl Korzachenko
Consul General of Ukraine in Sydney"

Some of the material given below is taken from the Encyclopedic Reference Book. I allot more attention to those art groups that I personally had a working association with. One of the important art units of Sydney and its suburbs was the "Ukrainian Art Society". It started at the end of 1950 and was called the "Dramatic Circle of the Ukrainian Community in Sydney." Its organizers were Y. Masliak, S. Hwylia, E. Novychevsky, M. Svidersky and L. Hayevska. The first performance was on the 21st of January 1951, with the play "The Night Before Christmas." It had an arrangement consisting of three parts –

1. Ballet and vocal arranged by E. Novychevsky
2. Christmas Night," a one act play by M. Hogol
3. "Czar Maximilian" a satire, nativity play, scene by V. Masliak.

After Y. Masliak and S. Hvylia left the association, it was taken over by V. Podryhulia, who started preparation of the play "Martyn Borulia.". The unfinished preparation was taken over by H. F. Masliuk and the premier of the play was on the 1st December 1951.

Members held a general meeting on the 23rd February 1952. The "Dramatic Circle" was renamed and was given a new name, the "Art Association of the Ukrainian Community."

At the community association existed a ballet section led by N. Tyravska and M. Svidersky, the music section was led by V. Maikovsky, and the mixed choir was conducted by Father Ivan Manko. On 14th June 1952, a drama by B. Hrinchenko, "Visitor from the Steppe", was produced and work started on the

arrangement of "An Evening in Ukraine", produced on stage on the 13th of September 1952.

During the ten years of its existence, the Art Association of the Ukrainian Community produced sixteen plays, with the participation of ballet, choir and musical sections which were staged in 56 community shows.

In 1955, the Sydney ballet master, Nina Denysenko, founded her own ballet school and the Ukrainian-Australian ballet ensemble, "Dnipro." This ensemble successfully appeared in many Australian cities and was in film productions and on television. There were very favourable critic responses on the choreography of two of the productions, "Prychynna" ("Bewitched") – five acts, and "Dovbush" – three acts, and support for the small symphony orchestra. The producer and director was Nina Denysenko, her youngest son, Yuri, was administrator, and eldest son, Leonid, art decorator. Yuri was also the instructor of the male dancers and played the role of Dowbush. Leonid played the leading role of a Cossack and bandura player in the ballet "Prychynna." The role of Prychynna was played by Tania Surma. "Dnipro's" special triumph was the decision of the Government Art Commission that the dance ensemble would represent the State of New South Wales at the first Arts Festival in Adelaide in 1960. They appeared in the final of the Festival with their dynamic dance "Zoporozhci" from "Prychynna", before a crowd of 60 thousand people and were awarded the highest prize.

Nina Denysenko educated many excellent dancers that filled up other dance ensembles. Her unforeseen tragic death in 1978 ended her long and fruitful work.

The artistic ensemble that is still functioning after 41 years, is the Ukrainian dance ensemble of Sydney "Veselka". In May of 1967, at the Ukrainian native Ivan Franko School in the Sydney suburb of Lidcombe, 18 students performed for the first time folk dances on Mother's Day. The number of children willing to learn dancing was rapidly growing. That was the impulse for the creation of the dance group, which later became an ensemble. It gave it's own concert to mark the 110th anniversary of the "Great Kameniar", Ivan Franko. After the concert they were already 64 young dancers strong, the desire was to continue their successful work and to give young people knowledge and love

of Ukrainian art. Therefore, demand rose to register with the Sydney Ukrainian Community under the name of the "Ukrainian Young Dance Group", which later came under the care of the Incorporation of Ukrainian Communities of New South Wales and changed the name to the Ukrainian Dance Ensemble "Veselka". For more than 25 years, it was under the leadership of Natalia Tyrawska and was administered by Ivan Zhestowsky. The Ensemble was a constant participant in all community festive concerts and each year gave its own performances. This all assisted the popularisation of the Ukrainian dancing art, especially among young people born in Australia, as well as among Australian youths and other foreigners. Beginning from 1960, the dancers represented the Ukrainian community in Australia by taking part in different folkloric festivals such as the Spring Festival, Shell International Folkloric Festival at the Sydney Opera House, in "Carnivale" and many others. Besides appearances in Sydney, "Veselka" went on professional tours to other places where Ukrainians lived in Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Wollongong, Newcastle and Canberra.

In 1990, "Veselka" fulfilled its long dream to perform in the Ukraine and undertook a triumphant tour during the time of the renaissance of Ukrainian independence. After the tour, big changes took place. Younger generations took over the leadership and Natalka Rybak became the new artistic director of the ensemble, under the administration of Yevgen Oleksyn.

Today, "Veselka" has 45 dancers, including a school for the very young "Veselchata". They are mostly school age children, students and professional youth. They all express their love of the Ukrainian art.

During the last few years, the inside organisation of the collective body underwent substantial changes. At this time, it had three groups: first and second, twelve dancers each and the older group, eighteen. The first and second groups, besides mastering elementary knowledge of folk dancing, performed at school and community concerts. The main task was the preparation of performers in the older group. After the triumphant tour of the Ukraine, the older group of "Veselka" continued intensive and successful work in broadening its dance repertoire from different regions of the Ukraine. The Ensemble's administration gave the opportunity to artists and its artistic director, N. Rybak, to take part in the seminar with the world famous P.

Virsky State Merited Academic Folk Dance of Ukraine and enrich its knowledge of choreography of Ukrainian folk dances. As was the custom, the Ensemble popularised Ukrainian art amongst foreigners without forgetting its obligation to the Ukrainian community. Therefore in 1992, all net profits from their concerts in Melbourne and Sydney were donated to the fund of diplomatic service to the construction of the Embassy of Ukraine in Australia. Of the many appearances of the Dance Ensemble, I would especially like to note their performance in the middle of 1990, at the Sydney Opera House. It was a choreography by Natalia Tyravska to the poem "In Kyiv's Podol", under the accompaniment of Anatolij Mirosznyk's six piece orchestra.

The Ensemble continued its activities and the youngest group "Veselchata" became an inseparable part. The Vocal Ensemble "Bondarivna" was formed in 1987. For the period of its existence, it appeared in various community festivities and concerts together with "Veselka". From the beginning the Ensemble leader was Natalka Rybak. She brought its artistic ability to the highest level. In its repertoire were songs of different genres, from folk to contemporary. The Ensemble released a number of CDs. T.H. Shevchenko's string orchestra was founded in March 1970, at the church of Holy Afanasia of Lubny in Granville (a Sydney suburb), with the initiative of Father Ivan Manko. Its leader was Yosyp Prendecky and it had 15 players.

Volodymyr Ivasiuk's Ukrainian Folk Ensemble was founded by Petro Deriazjny in 1984. In the same year was the 5th anniversary of the tragic death of a young Ukrainian composer, Volodymyr Ivasiuk. On the 1st of August, a group of Ukrainians, who loved their music, gathered in Sydney to listen to the composer's unforgettable music. One of the people present at the concert was the inspired Petro Deriazhny, who formed a new vocal ensemble. At the general meeting, which took place after the concert, Volodymyr Ivasiuk was elected as spiritual patron and called the new ensemble "Volodymyr Ivasiuk Ukrainian Folk Ensemble". The Ensemble's aim was to gather with other Ukrainian choirs to extend their culture not only to ethnic Ukrainians but to introduce their achievements to Australians. In the beginning not everyone in the Ukrainian community was supportive of the idea of having one representative choir, instead four existed at the time.

In 1986, the "Boyan" choir stopped to function for a few years, and the Ivasiuk Ensemble took over this function and represented Ukrainians with appearances over the next sixteen years. The ensemble made recordings of four songs by V. Ivasiuk in 1984.

In 1985, at the jubilee concert the Ensembles "Veselka", "Zagrava" and "H. Hotkevych Bandura Ensemble" took part. The Ensembles performed at the Sydney Folkloric Festival "Carnivale", the "Festival of Wind" at Bondi Beach and the "Shell International Festival" at the Sydney Opera House.

From 1984 to 1986, members of the Ensembles conducted weekly one-hour radio programs on station 2RDJ at Burwood near Sydney.

To commemorate 1,000 years of Christianity in Ukraine-Rus, the "H. Hotkevych" Ensemble, together with bandura players, travelled to play concerts in Brisbane, Newcastle, Wollongong and Canberra. In Sydney the celebrations were crowned with a grand concert in the Sydney Town Hall. In 1996, the Ensemble took part in the "VI Convention of Ukrainians in Australia".

In July 1994, under the leadership of Oksana Rohatyn-Wasylyk, the Ensemble toured the Ukraine. Very successful concerts were held in Kyiv, Rivno, Lutsk Ternopil, Kolomya, Lviv and Ivano-Frankivsk. The choir also sang at V. Ivasiuk's grave.

In 1998, a CD was recorded for Radio Station 2EA at the "People's Home" in Lidcombe near Sydney.

In 1999, to mark the 50th anniversary of Ukrainian settlement in Australia, the Ensemble performed in Sydney, Greta and the Hunter Valley and in August 2000 celebrated its 15th anniversary with a concert in Sydney. During its existence, the Ensemble gave 18 concerts, 132 appearances and had 752 rehearsals.

It is very important to note that one more artistic collective body was founded in Sydney in 1977, which is still active today. It is the Women's Ensemble "Sucvittia", which was founded by the initiative of singer, Zina Moroz-Kotko,

under the care of Parishioner Council of Orthodox Churches. Members were from the Orthodox parishes.

The Ensemble enriched the Ukrainian culture in Sydney. Each appearance introduced new songs based on Ukrainian folklore. The Ensemble attracted the attention of Ukrainian communities in Melbourne, Wollongong, Canberra, Newcastle and Brisbane, where it gave concerts. Mostly Australian audiences, warmly welcomed "Sucvittia" during appearances at folkloric festivals at the Sydney Opera House, and in the television program "Good Morning Australia".

The cast of the Ensemble was growing. Enthusiasm and love of their native songs gave them the drive to achieve more success. There wasn't a single concert or festival where "Sucvittia" didn't take part. The big loss was the unexpected and premature death of the founder and conductor of "Sucvittia", Zina Moroz, on the 27th December 1986. Fearing that the ensemble would cease to exist, the Father's wife, Olexandra Liulka, agreed to take over the leadership, which lasted three years. A performance at the Sydney Opera House commemorated 1,000 years' celebration of Christianity in the Ukraine, in 1988.

In 1989, the leadership of the Ensemble was taken over by Petro Deriazhny. During his leadership, the repertoire grew with new works and soon after the young and energetic Oksana Rohatyn-Vasylyk took over.

In August 2005, the Ensemble went on a big tour of the Ukraine, but first went to Rome in Italy and then on to the Ukrainian towns, Stryi, Lviv, Drohobych, Ternopil, Ivano-Frankivsk, Chernihiv and the city of Kyiv. The Ukraine greeted the Ensemble with flowers, gifts and sincere hospitality.

At the present time, the members of the Ensemble are preparing for a new tour of the Ukraine and are impatiently awaiting that day to come.

Below, I have given an abridged list of the most important dates and events of the foundation of Ukrainian institutions in Sydney and its suburbs:

1948 (14.5) Arrival of the first transport ship with Ukrainians to Sydney

1948 Arrival of the second transport ship to Sydney
1949 (10.7) Newspaper "Vilna Dumka" ("The Free Thought")
1949 Orthodox Church
1949 Ukrainian Catholic Church
1949 Foundation of Ukrainian Scouts
1949 Association of Ukrainian Women in Australia
1949 Choir – founder and conductor, Markian Struk
1950 Association of Ukrainian Youth
1950 (26.08) T. H. Shevchenko Society
1951 (15.09) Choir "Boyan", conductor V. Matiash
1951 Princess Olga Central School
1952 Chess Club
1954 Engineers' Society
1954 "Merry Evening" with the participation of Anatolij Mirosznyk
1955 Foundation of Ukrainian Society of Sydney
1965 Foundation of the "Veselka" Ensemble. Producer and choreographer, Natalia Tyravska
1966 Start of Ukrainian language broadcasts on SBS Radio
1967 (27.09) SUOMA Ukrainian Association of Fine Arts in Australia
1970 (15.11) Ukrainian Credit Union "Karpaty"
1974 FUSA – Foundation of Ukrainian Studies in Australia
1975 Association of Book Lovers

TEACHING IN SCHOOL

In 1968, I taught music in a high school in Sydney. I wanted to try something different in life, but still connected to music, so I applied to the NSW Department of Education for a position as a music teacher. I waited a long time and forgot all about it. Unexpectedly, a telegram arrived asking me to report to the Head Office of the NSW Department of Education in order to register as a music teacher. All the formalities were completed the same day and the next day I started at the school. The school was about one hour's travel by train from the city. I didn't even have time to properly read all the instructions. There were 1,400 students in the school. When I arrived, I went to see the headmaster, Mr Brown. We walked together to the "General Assembly" and after a few announcements, the headmaster said that he would

hand over the microphone to the new music teacher. I was surprised and wasn't prepared for it, but I didn't lose myself. I came to the microphone, greeted the assembly and introduced myself saying my name and how to pronounce it correctly. I added that I was very happy to be their music teacher. After the assembly, a schoolmaster, Mr Tehan, came to me and gave me my main instructions. He said that students who disturbed the lesson were to be sent out of the classroom immediately, and if I would not do that from the start, I would never have discipline in the classroom. The school was Pendle Hill Public High (co-ed) girls and boys together. In the classroom the girls sat on the right and the boys on the left. The students were aged between 12 and 18. The classes were graded from A-F according to ability. Each class had up to 38 students.

At my first lesson, the students entered noisily into the classroom. They were not allowed to sit down until they became quiet. Then the teacher would greet them, in this case "Good morning 3F" and their answer "Good morning Mr Mirosznyk." "Please sit down" I said. On this occasion, the children tried to test my character and patience. I sent two out and the class became quieter, then one more was sent out. Now there was complete order. I passed my examination! The class ended and a few minutes later, I had class 2A with thirteen year old children who were well-disciplined. The schoolmaster, Mr Tehan, stepped in for a few minutes and asked me my impressions and feelings on my first day at the school. I said that playing Tchaikovsky's "Piano Concerto" with a symphony orchestra was more difficult. He laughed, and said that he listened behind the door to my calm voice and advised that it was very important not to raise my tone and shout. By the end of the day, I felt that I wouldn't have a problem in this job.

Each week I had 27 periods, or lessons, which meant over one thousand children per week. The children were of different ethnic backgrounds. Besides Australians there were Polish, Ukrainians, Italians, Russians and Serbians, practically all of the ethnic groups in Australia. Some children addressed me in their native language, which they spoke at home, and a lot of them said, "Mr Mirosznyk is a genius."

There was one Italian boy in class 3F by the name of Charlie, who was known in the whole school for his bad behaviour. Teachers were fed up with him and

he didn't behave any better in my class. Once a week, I supervised the children at their soccer practice at the sports oval. Buses took us to the oval a few kilometers from the school, about 100 13–14 year olds. It was not an easy job to control them. No-one gave me instructions on how to handle the full energy of youth. I conceived a simple idea. I decided to appoint the less disciplined boys as team captains. Every captain was personally responsible for his own and his team's behaviour and discipline. First I called Charlie and offered him to be a team captain. He looked at me with suspicion and said "What about the main sports teacher?" I said, "I will fix that up, but your behaviour from now on must be faultless." It changed Charlie completely.

Maybe ten years passed and I was out walking early in the morning and came to a street intersection, stopping at the traffic lights. From the window of a big truck, a head came out of the window and said, "Mr Mirosznyk, do you remember Pendle Hill High School and Charlie, who you sent many times out of the classroom and then made soccer team captain? I thank you for that. Now I am a manager of this firm." On the side of the truck was the name of the firm. About forty people were looking at me whilst waiting for the traffic lights to change. I met ex-students in many places and they recognised me. To recognise them was more difficult.

I worked for one year only at that school and had to spend nearly three hours travelling every day. I continued my private piano teaching.

MY TRAVEL IN AUSTRALIA

It was about 1963 when the Georgian State Song and Dance Ensemble, under the direction of Illia Illich Suhishvili, came on a concert tour to Sydney. I went to the concert. I liked the performance very much and at the end of the performance went back stage to meet the performers. I also met the film producer Georgy Asatiani and the Ensemble Director, Illico Suhishvili. Georgy Asatiani was travelling with the Ensemble and planned to shoot in Australia a film, "The Roads of the Fifth Continent". He required a consultant and interpreter who knew the country well and could advise him on interesting objects for filming and had his own car to go to those locations. I suited all of his requirements and agreed to the terms and conditions. We

signed a contract where my functions were defined and the obligations of both sides.

Georgy wanted to film Australian aborigines in their native state. To do this, we had to go to a reservation in northern Australia, to Arnhem Land. We required a special permit issued by the South Australian Travel Office, but on the condition of a medical test for tuberculosis and other infectious diseases. At that time, we were with the Ensemble in Brisbane. We flew to Darwin Airport, where I accidentally became acquainted with a professional crocodile hunter, named Richard. He was also flying to the aboriginal reservation in Maningrida. Richard agreed to take us on his 20 metre long boat. He had two aborigines on the boat to help him. It took about 2 ½ hours to fly to Maningrida. The plane we took flew eight people including the pilot. We flew quite low and it was a bit bumpy. We could clearly see below the swamps and black spots of the buffaloes running in all directions from the plane's noise. We flew past huge rocks around which large eagles were circling. Finally, we landed at Maningrida without incident.

Maningrida is a settlement with no hotels, shops or even streets. We brought everything we needed from Darwin on the plane. Zhora (he preferred that name) and I were given a house without windows, doors or electricity. Water was collected in containers from the rain. Food we brought with us, but the problem was cigarettes for Zhora as there were no shops to buy them at the reservation.

A small saw mill was built by workers from Darwin. Instructors trained the aborigines to make boards and build small one-room houses for one family. We saw about forty of them standing empty without windows, doors and even without floors. The temperature was +30C, +33C the whole year. Aborigines gradually burnt what was easy to dismantle. They preferred to sleep on the ground. The tribes came voluntarily to the reservation. They lived there and when they wanted to they would disappear into the wilderness again. They were fed there. I saw an aborigine cook with a white hat on his head, putting into a big boiler tinned meat and vegetables and "to improve the taste", dropped in a 1 ½ metre long goanna (local lizard). When the dish was ready, he beat a metal rail with a metal stick and called everyone to the evening meal.

A school functioned for the children. I met the teacher who was a young Polish woman from London. I was interested in how she taught the aboriginal children. "Come tomorrow morning", she said to me. The next morning I went to the school which was actually a one-room house. Children from seven to twelve were sitting on the ground. Floor boards had already been burnt in fires and school desks were piled up at the back of the room. She said that the children were not used to sitting at desks and she couldn't force them. In the classroom was a blackboard. The teacher placed on the board pictures of various animals and asked the students individually which animal was on the board. After 15 minutes, I thanked the teacher and left.

We wanted to film the corroboree (aboriginal dancing). An Australian professor from one of the universities was living at the reservation. He was studying aboriginal languages and helped us make arrangements with the tribal chief for a time, place and payment to film the corroboree. They didn't wear clothes except for "nagos" to cover the lower parts of the body. For dancing ceremonies they would paint their bodies with coloured clay and stick different coloured bird feathers to their skin with birds' blood. This preparation took some time. We agreed to be at a place early the next morning when the sun would be in a certain position. (The Aborigines didn't have watches). We came with Zhora to the agreed place and waited but there were no artists in sight. We were told that the chief was playing poker (aboriginal version) and while he was winning there would be no corroboree. In the morning of the next day, the chief came himself and said they were ready for the cameras. Everything went well.

Zhora wanted to film the crocodile hunting and the life of the wild tribes. In order to find wild tribes we had to go by boat up the river, but first we had to go out to sea and then enter the river and go up the stream. We started our journey of many days. Behind our boat was tied a four metre long aluminum boat with an outboard motor. As we entered the river we saw smoke, but by the time we reached the spot, the tribe, when they heard the noise of our motor, took off without extinguishing their fire. We sailed further and the same thing happened many times. We shot about a half a dozen wild ducks and decided to cook, eat and rest. We came ashore and boiled two ducks and made soup, another two ducks were cooked on the fire. I noticed that our two

Father, M.G. Mirosznyk, 1910.

Mother, M.G.Mirosznyk, 1905.

Mother, M.G.Mirosznyk, 1913.

Sister Elena, Mother, Anatolij, 1925.

With mother in Zheleznovodsk in Caucasus, 1937.

Father at 35, 1920.

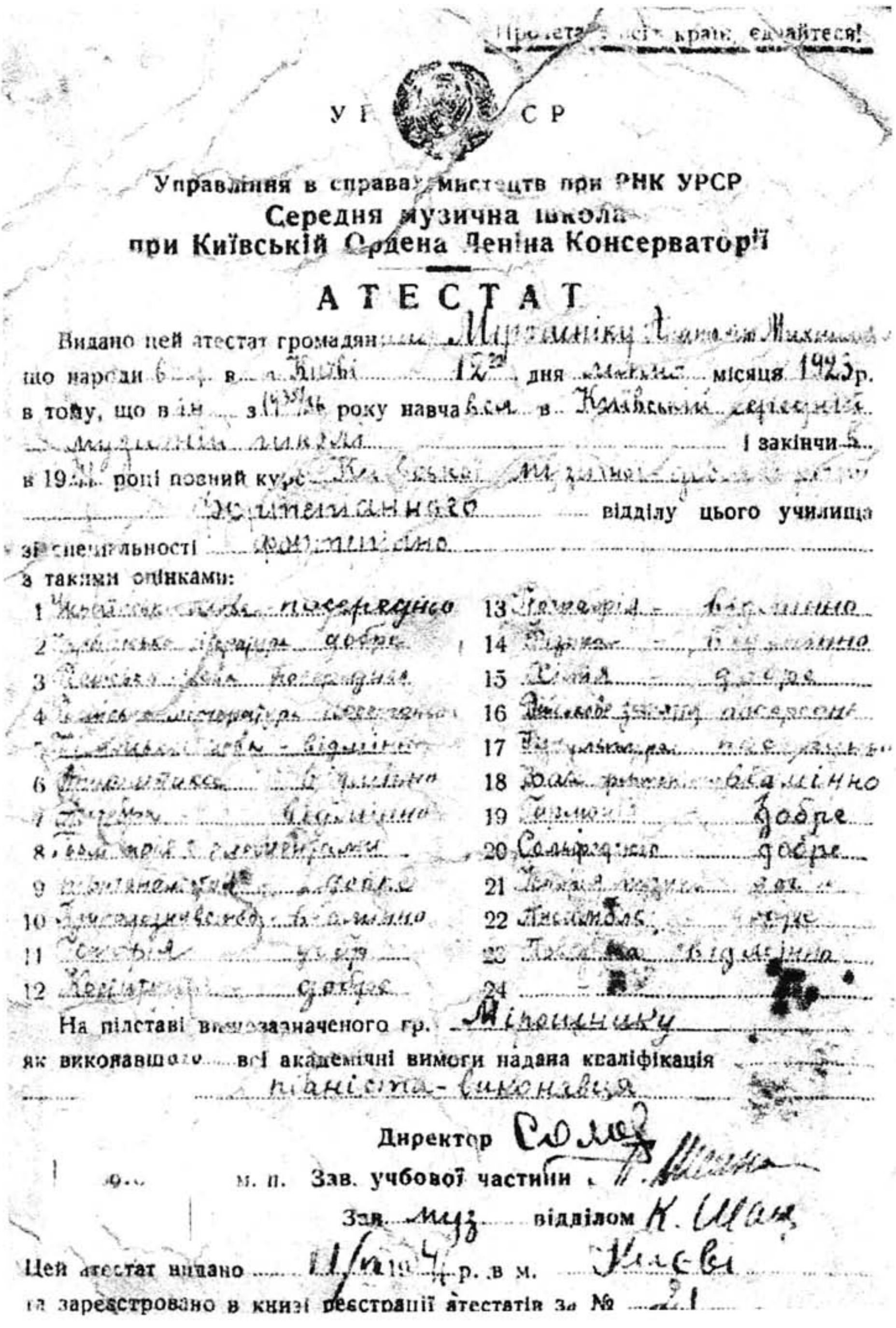
Anatolij, Nephew Valentyn and brother Konstantyn, 1939.

A.Mirosznyk at home, 1937.

A.Mirosznyk, 1940.

Riabokon, D.Sheinin, B. Lisniak, E. Knigov, A.Mirosznyk, 1940.

E.Knigov, T. Kovalenko, F. Gruzman, G. Sokolovska, A. Mirosznyk, 18.5.1941.



Пролетарі всіх країн, єднайтеся!

УРСР

Управління в справах мистецтв при РНК УРСР
Середня музична школа
при Київській Ордена Леніна Консерваторії

АТЕСТАТ

Видано цей атестат громадянину Мірошнику Антону Михайловичу що народився в м. Києві 12 дня [illegible] місяця 1925 р. в тому, що він з 1935/36 року навчався в Київській середній музичній школі і закінчив в 1941 році повний курс Київської музичної середньої школи фортепіанного відділу цього училища зі спеціальності фортепіано з такими оцінками:

1 [illegible] посередньо	13 Геометрія – відмінно
2 [illegible] добре	14 Фізика – відмінно
3 [illegible] посередньо	15 Хімія – добре
4 [illegible] посередньо	16 [illegible] посередньо
5 [illegible] мови – відмінно	17 [illegible] посередньо
6 [illegible] відмінно	18 [illegible] відмінно
7 [illegible] відмінно	19 Гармонія – добре
8 [illegible]	20 Сольфеджіо добре
9 [illegible] добре	21 [illegible]
10 [illegible] відмінно	22 Ансамбль – добре
11 Історія – [illegible]	23 [illegible] відмінно
12 [illegible] добре	24

На підставі вищезазначеного гр. Мірошнику як виконавшому всі академічні вимоги надана кваліфікація піаніста-виконавця

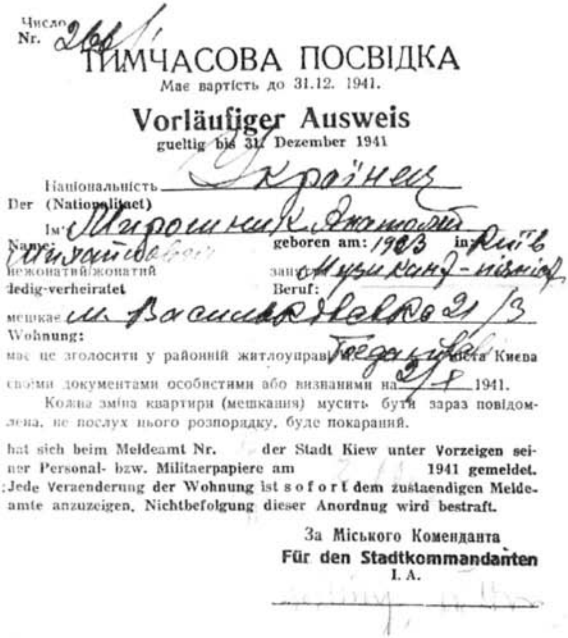
Директор [signature]

м. п. Зав. учбової частини [signature]

Зав. муз. відділом К. Шан[illegible]

Цей атестат видано 11/[illegible] 194[illegible] р. в м. Києві та зареєстровано в книзі реєстрації атестатів за № 21

Leaving Certificate from Special Music School at Kyiv, 1941.



Число
Nr. 266

ТИМЧАСОВА ПОСВІДКА

Має вартість до 31.12. 1941.

Vorläufiger Ausweis

gueltig bis 31. Dezember 1941

Національність Українець
Der (Nationalitaet)

Ім'я Мирошник Анатолій
Name: Давидович geboren am: 1903 in: Київ

нежонатий/жонатий
ledig-verheiratet

заняття: Музикант-піаніст
Beruf:

мешкає: м. Васильківська 21/3
Wohnung:

має це зголосити у районній житлоуправі Богдана міста Києва своїми документами особистими або визнаними на 2/8 1941.

Кожна зміна квартири (мешкання) мусить бути зараз повідомлена, не послух цього розпорядку, буде покараний.

hat sich beim Meldeamt Nr. der Stadt Kiew unter Vorzeigen seiner Personal- bzw. Militaerpapiere am 1941 gemeldet.
Jede Veraenderung der Wohnung ist s o f o r t dem zustaendigen Meldeamte anzuzeigen. Nichtbefolgung dieser Anordnug wird bestraft.

За Міського Коменданта
Für den Stadtkommandanten
I. A.

Temporary Registration Certificate during German occupation, 1941.

At picnic with father (centre), 1937.

ALLIED EXPEDITIONARY FORCE

D. P. INDEX CARD

G 11378747

1. (Registration number) 16—35306-1

MIRASCHNYK Anatol

2. (Family name) (Other given names)

3. (Signature of holder) D.P. 1

DP (Displaced Person) Certificate Germany, 1945.

ПОСВІДЧЕННЯ

Дано п. Мірошнику А. М.
в тому, що він є студент Музичного
Відділу V-го Курсу Київської
Консерваторії.

Дійсно до 15 Вересня 1942 р.

Дійсно до _____ 194 р.

ДИРЕКТОР /Лисенко/

Секретар

Attestation

Hiermit wird bescheinigt,
dass Herr Miroschnik A. M.
Student der musikalischen
Abteilung V Kursus
des Konservatoriums ist

gültig bis zum 15. Oktober
gültig bis zum

Direktor

Prof.

Students Certificate Conservatory of Music in Kyiv, 1942.

Ukrainian girls in Friedland Germany, 1944.

Nurses in Schneidemühl hospital that looked after me, 1944.

A.Mirosznyk in Beeskow Germany, 1944.

vorübergehend Staatsangehörigkeit: staatenlos

MILITARY GOVERNMENT OF GERMANY

Temporary Registration — **Zeitweilige Registrierungskarte**

Name Miroschnik Anatolij — Alter 2.8.1923 Geschlecht männlich
Name — Age — Sex

Ständige Adresse Kielce — Beruf Musiker
Permanent Address — Occupation Arbeitgeber: z.Zt. keinen

Jetzige Adresse Bayreuth, Maxstr. 60 bei Ellwanger
Present Address

Der Inhaber dieser Karte ist als Einwohner von der Stadt Bayreuth (vorübergehend) vorschriftsmäßig registriert und es ist ihm oder ihr untersagt verboten, sich von diesem Platz zu entfernen. Zuwiderhandlung dieser Maßnahme führt zu sofortigem Arrest. Der Inhaber dieses Scheines muß diesen Ausweis stets bei sich führen.

The holder of this card is duly registered as a resident of the town of Bayreuth (vorübergeh.) and is prohibited from leaving the place designated. Violation of this restricton will lead to immediate arrest. Registrant will at all times have this paper on his person.

CARROLL J. REILLY
Lt. F.A.

38795
Legitimations-Nummer
Identity Card Number

Unterschrift des Inhabers
Signature of Holder

Right Index Finger

Name and Rank
Mil Gov Officer, U. S. Army

6.8.1945
Datum der Ausstellung
Date of Issue

(Dies ist kein Personal-Ausweis und erlaubt keine Vorrechte.)
(This is not an identity document and allows no privileges.)

Registration Certificate in Germany, 1945.

Brother Grysha, his friends Kolia, Ivan, 1946.

Civilian Personnel Office
120th Station Hospital
APO 403

5.Jan.46

Subject: Civilian Labor.
To : Whom it may concern.

This is to certify that the following named stateless civilian, MIROSCHNIK Anatoli, has been employed at this installation from 2 August 1945 to 1 January 1946 as a musician. His service has been excellent.

ROBERT SORKINE
1st Lt. MAC
Civilian Personnel Officer

Work certificate US Army Hospital, 1946.

Students at the seminary Schloss, Hirschberg, 1947.

A.Mirosznyk, V.Cisyk at Schloss Hirschberg in Germany, 1946.

HOCHSCHULE FÜR MUSIK
IN FREIBURG IM BREISGAU

STUDIEN-AUSWEIS Nr. 193

FÜR Miroschnyk Anatol

FREIBURG I. BR., den 1. Juli 1947.

DIE LEITUNG

Students Certificate of Freiburg Academy of Music in Germany, 1947.

Radio Frankfurt
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Herrn
Anatol Mirosnyk
Aschaffenburg.
Block 3 Z.116
Pionierkaserne

Programm-Abteilung
Kammermusik
Konto-Nr. 4331

Frankfurt a. M., den 19.8.47.

Betr.: Sendung, bzw. Aufnahme "Kammermusik" (Klavier)

am Freitag 26.9.47. Uhrzeit 17.00

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Die Kasse überweist das Honorar erst nach Bestätigung der Mitwirkung. Bei Barzahlung bitten wir dieses Schreiben, zusammen mit einem Personalausweis vorzulegen.

Wir bitten, alle Zuschriften ausschl. an die Adresse von Radio Frankfurt und nicht an Einzelpersonen zu richten.

Frankfurt Radio, Pay docket, 1947.

Stadttheater Aschaffenburg
Gesamtleitung: Intendant A. O. Hellbröck · Tel. 2554

Mittwoch, den 1. Oktober 1947, 19.30 Uhr
in den Kammerspielen im Frohsinn

Konzert-Abend

mit

Jakob Pohrebinskyj
Kontrabaß-Virtuose

Anatol Mirosznyk
Pianist

PROGRAMM:

I. TEIL:

S. KOUSSEWITZKY	*Konzert*
F. MENDELSSOHN	*Rondo capriccioso*
J. POHREBINSKYJ	*Ukrainisches Prelud*

II. TEIL:

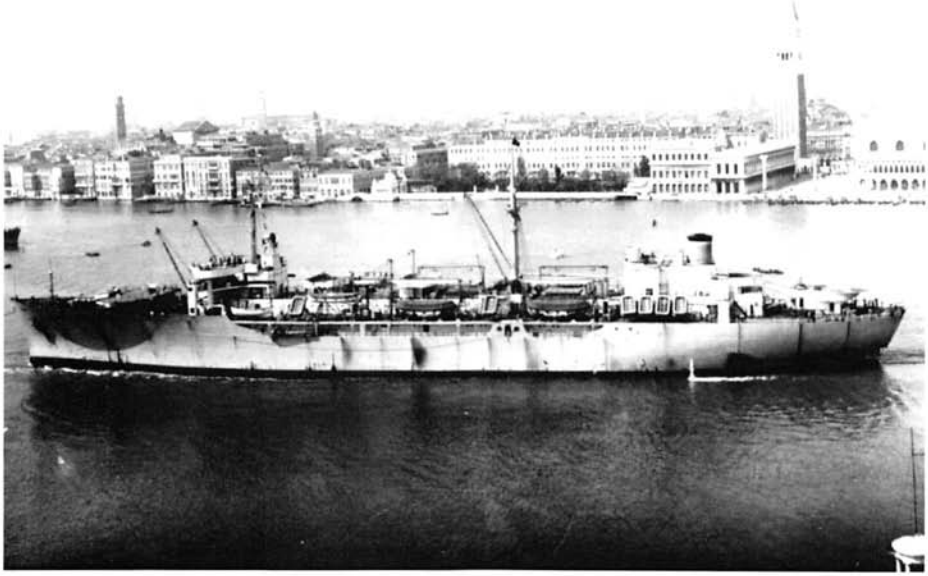
F. LISZT	*Ungarische Rapsodie Nr. 10*
A. DVORAK	*Humoreske*
F. CHOPIN	*Nocturno*
L. DELIBES	*Walzer aus „Coppelia"*
F. LISZT	*Rigoletto*
E. GRIEG	*Solveigs Lied*
J. BRAHMS	*Ungarischer Tanz Nr. 5*
F. DRIGO	*Serenade*
J. BRAHMS	*Ungarischer Tanz Nr. 6*
P. SARASATE	*Air gipsys*

Veröffentlicht unter der Zulassungs-Nr. 6050 der Nachrichten-Kontrolle der Militär-Reg.
Druck: Dr. L. Kirsch, Aschaffenburg

Jakiv Pohrebinski and Anatolij Mirosznyk concert program, 1947.

Farewell with Bathurst Migrant Centre, 1948.

On board "General Sturgis". Left Anatolij Mirosznyk, 1948.



US Army transport ship "General Sturgis" at Venice, 1948.

Sick women on top deck "General Sturgis", 1948.

Mr.Bernard and A.Mirosznyk at Royal Hotel bar in Bathurst, 1948.

Ukrainian's enjoying dance at Bathurst Migrant Centre, 1948.

Station 2BS Bathurst. Left B. Diadyk, A. Mirosznyk, 1948.

No release from contract, 1948.

NO RELEASE FOR GIFTED PIANIST

CANBERRA, Thursday. — The young Ukrainian pianist Anotole Mirosznyk could not be released from his contract with the Commonwealth to work in industry for two years, the Minister for Immigration (Mr Calwell) said today.

Mr. Callwell said that, if Mirosznyk were released from his contract, many other immigrants of great artistic ability might also seek their release.

Mr. Calwell, in the House of Representatives, was answering Mr. Haylen (Lab., N.S.W.), who drew the minister's attention to an editorial in today's Daily Telegraph on Mirosznyk, whom Eugene Goosens, conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, said was a gifted artist.

Mr. Calwell said it was desirable that Australia should have the benefit of Mirosznyk's talent.

There was no doubt Australia would hear a great deal more about him in the future provided he had the tenacity and patience that must be allied to genius if it were to fulfil its purpose.

Mr. Calwell said: "I am sure he will find ready recognition here and be given ample opportunities when he has fulfilled his contract with the Government."

Others With Talent

Mr. Calwell said Mirosznyk could not be released from his contract because there might be many other Baltic immigrants who had great ability in music, art, literature and professional occupations.

These people competed eagerly to come to Australia, and they understood fully the nature and implications of the contracts under which they were accepted.

When they were sent to work here, they were not directed to employment which might have a destructive effect on any skills or talents they possessed.

A condition of their acceptance here was that they must be prepared to serve for up to two years in industries and occupations that were vital to the development of Australia, and in which there was serious manpower shortage.

Daily Telegraph Sydney, 1948.

Musical Migrant

AMONG the migrants who arrived recently from Europe is a young Ukrainian pianist, Anatole Mirosznyk.

Eugene Goossens, Conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, says he is a gifted artist.

"Sydney should hear him," Goossens says.

But Mirosznyk has come here under a promise to work for the Commonwealth for at least a year.

If the Government insists on that bond he will have no chance to resume his musical studies for a long time.

War interrupted these for two years when he was in a German concentration camp.

Here is a chance for the Minister for Migration to be generous and do Australian music a good turn at the same time.

He can release the young man from his obligation and let him get on with the job for which he is best suited.

What about it, Mr. Calwell?

Tom Jacobs (Hayson),
1949.

More than 500,000 copies sold weekly

THE SUNDAY SUN

FORECAST: Scattered showers early, then fine.

FOURPENCE

SYDNEY, DECEMBER 19, 1948

Phone B0333

RÉMY MARTIN BRANDY

alian escape China

TIENTSIN, Saturday.

are among the people who a before the Communist

opper, of Blaxland, NSW and of Mr. K. E. Besseil, of Sydney.

le are leaving the country in the in China's history.

City crowded

WORTH A FORTUNE

THESE HANDS of Ukrainian pianist, Anatole Mirosznyk, 25, are insured for £20,000

HANDS INSURED FOR £20,000

UKRAINIAN pianist, Anatole Mirosznyk, 25, a wardsman at Concord Repatriation Hospital, has had his hands insured for £20,000.

DEATH SECRET

Heart-broken doctor

WORLD-FAMOUS heart specialist Dr. Max Hertz, of Macquarie Street, died on Friday, but his death was kept a secret.

Free operations

Not recognised

Sunday Sun
A.Mirosznyk hands
insured for 20000 pounds,
1948.

Talent

MR. CALWELL'S refusal to release the talented pianist Anatole Mirosznyk from his contract to work up to two years in an industry "essential to Australia's development" is technically correct

As Mr. Calwell says, other talented Balt immigrants ("and who is to judge talent?") might regard Mirosznyk's release as a precedent for escaping from the contracts they all accepted as a condition of coming here

But the question arises whether the contracts should have such limited terms.

Mightn't it be argued that culture is as important to our development as factories?

Press reports, 1948.

Living conditions of Orderlies at Concord Repatriation Hospital, 1948.

Meeting of new arrival of migrant ship "Wooster Victory", 1949.

TUE

NEWS FROM HOME **DOCUM**

UKRAINIAN migrant pianist Anatole Mirosznyk (profile left), who arrived in Australia last May, talking to migrants who arrived on the Wooster Victory.

Migrants Include Violinist, Doctors

Among 883 displaced persons who arrived in Sydney last night as immigrants were a concert violinist and other musicians, three doctors, industrial chemists, lawyers, engineers, and technicians.

The immigrants arrived in the 7000-ton U.S. war transport Wooster Victory.

About half are unskilled labourers and domestics.

All have contracted to work as the Commonwealth Government directs for their first two years in Australia.

The immigrants are Estonians, Latvians, Lithuanians, Yugoslavs, Ukrainians, and Poles from the British and American zones of Germany.

They sailed in Wooster Victory from Genoa (Italy), on August 6, calling at Port Said, Aden, and Colombo.

The average age of the immigrants is 25 or 28.

Anatole Mirosznyk, 23-year-old Ukrainian pianist, who arrived as a displaced person [illegible] year-old son, said he would send today a telegram to the Prime Minister (Mr. Chifley) telling him of the Ukrainians' loyalty to the Australian Government.

He would also send to Mr. Chifley today a letter listing the professions and trades of all in the Ukrainian party.

The Estonian contingent of 71 adults and six children included two fully qualified doctors, Georg Ranamae, 31, and Miss Valve Raidal, 34.

The immigrants were not allowed ashore when Wooster Victory berthed.

They will disembark at Pyrmont at 9 a.m. today, and will board special trains at the wharf to take them to the displaced persons' camp, nine miles from Bathurst.

GENIUS AT WORK **Murdered**

not in

Sydney dete
rented by the

Allard's battered body was found in a stormwater channel at Alexandria on June 10.

Police were looking for £2000 which they believe was in Allard's possession before his death.

The deposit box was empty. Police believe the £2000 repres[illegible]

Big cut in English c

The prices of tw[illegible] reduced in Sydney th[illegible] £182.

←YOUNG Ukrainian migrant pianist, Anatole Mirosznyk, uses the vacuum cleaner at the Repatriation Hospital, Concord, where he is now employed as a wardsman. After finishing his work he practises the piano in the Red Cross picture theatre at the hospital. ↓

A.Mirosznyk works as orderly at Concord Repatriation Hospital, 1948.

My brother Grysha (Georgy), 1948.

Goossens' Praise For Balt Pianist

Mr. Eugene Goossens praised the performance of the 25-year-old Ukrainian pianist, Anatole Mirosznyk, at an audition yesterday.

IMPRESSED GOOSSENS

YOUNG Ukrainian pianist Anatole Mirosznyk (left) impressed Mr. Eugene Goossens at an audition at the Conservatorium yesterday Director of the Freiberg Conservatorium (Germany) once described Mirosznyk's talent as "approaching genius."

Mr. Goossens, who is conductor of the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, said that Mirosznyk was "a born musician with fine talent."

"He must keep on with his career," he said.

"It would be a pity if he were compelled to take up any other occupation.

"His studies were interrupted during the war, and he has had very little chance to practise.

"If he could practise for a recital I am sure he would impress Sydney audiences with his sincerity and artistry.

"Sydney should hear him."

Mirosznyk, who is stationed in the Migrant Reception Centre at Bathurst, arrived in Australia with a party of Baltic migrants last month.

Mirosznyk said yesterday he began his advanced musical studies at the Conservatorium of Music, Freiberg, Germany, in 1947.

He has a letter from the director of the conservatorium (Professor Gustav Scheck) describing his talent as "approaching genius."

Mirosznyk said he could not study between 1943 and 1945, when he was in German working camps in Bavaria and Poland.

"If I could prepare for a concert, my immediate ambition would be realised," he said.

"At the moment I am helpless because of my contract with the Australian Government."

[The Baltic migrants have agreed to work for the Commonwealth for at least a year, and up to two years.]

Audition with conductor Eugene Goossens, 1949.

Yakiv Pohrebinsky.
Bass virtuoso on stage, 1949.

BRILLIANT PIANIST MAKES SPECIAL BATHURST TRIP

Brilliant young Ukrainian pianist Anatolij Mirosznyk made a special train trip from Sydney on Saturday to play at the "Wooster Victory Weekend" concert at the Bathurst Migrant Centre, the occasion of the visit of the Minister for Immigration (Mr. A. A. Calwell).

Mirosznyk is at present employed as a hospital orderly in Sydney. He has been described by Conservatorium Director Eugene Goossens as possessing remarkable talent.

Mirosznyk, who is extremely popular with both migrant and Bathurst audiences, gave a fine rendition of Rachmaninoff's Polichinelle, and was recalled by an insistent audience for two encores. The last of these, Chopin's Fantasie Impromptu, was given a terrific ovation.

The programme was a most colorful one, with a predominance of national costume, song and dance. Outstanding among the artists were the Latvian soprano Olga Pijols, concert violinist Eugen Ostromecki, and soprano Ludmilla Sergejeva.

Among the highlights of the programme was Ostromecki's performance of Canzonetta by Tchaikowsky, with Mirosznyk playing the piano accompaniment.

An amusing play, "Torch Trouble" depicted the newcomers' difficulties with the English language.

The programme was:—

Latvian choir, "Swing the tops of the forests" and "Those who tramp through the world"; Eugen Ostromecki, violinist. Tchaikowsky's Canzonetta and Russian Dance; Yugoslav national dancers, duet, sextet and finale; Tatjana Sergejeva, croonette, "I've got the sun in the morning" and "Serenade of the Bells"; Dzintra Kruze, ballet dancer, Dance Fantasy; Anatolij Mirosznyk, pianist, Rachmaninoff's Polichinelle; Olga Pijols, soprano, "One Fine Day" ("Madame Butterfly") and Vilja's Song ("Merry Widow"); Ukrainian duet, "Two Farmers Chat"; Czech national dancers; "In a Czech Village"; Irene Davidovic, contralto, Polish Tango; Pavlo Smalkov, acrobatic display; Latvian trio, play, "Torch Troubles"; Lithuanian folk dancers; Kolmak Ivan, bass baritone, "Cossack's Thoughts"; Kolmak family, duet from opera "Natauka Puoltavka"; Ukrainian choir, three songs; Yugoslav hillbillies; Jadviga Buzitute, ballet dancer Czardos; Ludmilla Sergejevt (soprano), Don Juan's Song and Russian Folk Song; White Ruthenian polka group; Latvian folk dancers group; Latvian choir, "Estonian Wedding Song" and "God Save the King."

Special trip to Bathurst, 1949.

Entrance to living barrack at Meadowbank hostel, 1949.

Ngairy Jacobs, Mr. and Mrs Appleroth, A.Mirosznyk, T.Jacobs, 1949.

TOWN HALL—SYDNEY

Tuesday, 27th February, at 8.15 p.m.

EUSTON M. GREENE *presents*

ANATOLIJ

MIROSZNYK

UKRAINIAN PIANIST VIRTUOSO

Programme will include . . .

J. S. BACH—LISZT
Organ Fantasia and Fugue

BEETHOVEN
Sonata in F Minor (Appassionata)

and works by
CHOPIN, RAVEL, de FALLA, SCRIABINE, etc.

Highest Praise from Germany to Sydney . . .

"BEST PUPIL I EVER HAD"
—*Karol Seeman, Professor of Piano, Conservatorium of Music, Freiburg*

"A PIANO GENIUS"
—*Gustav Scheck, Director of the Conservatorium at Freiburg*

"DESTINED FOR GREATNESS"
—*Alexander Sverjensky, Professor of Piano, Conservatorium of Music, Sydney*

"APPROACHING GENIUS—SYDNEY SHOULD HEAR HIM"
—*Eugene Goossens, Director of the Conservatorium at Sydney*

RESERVES: **10/-, 7/6, 5/-,** *plus tax.*

PLANS AT PALINGS AND NICHOLSONS

(Concessions to Students)

Town Hall Concert, 1951.

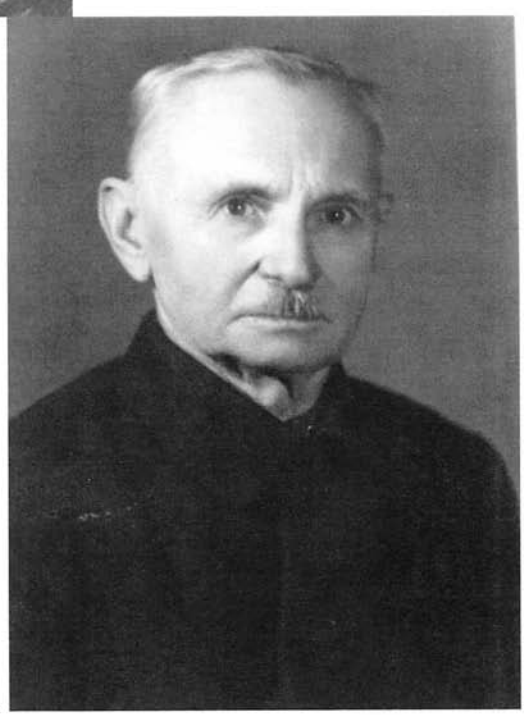
Mother, Mura - Evgeny's wife, Brother Evgeny and unknown person, 1954.

Members of Ukrainian Art Society, 1952.

My first Gramophone record Label, 1953.

Volodymyr Rychtovsky charming Cockatoo, 1956.

Mother and father Mirosznyk, 1965.

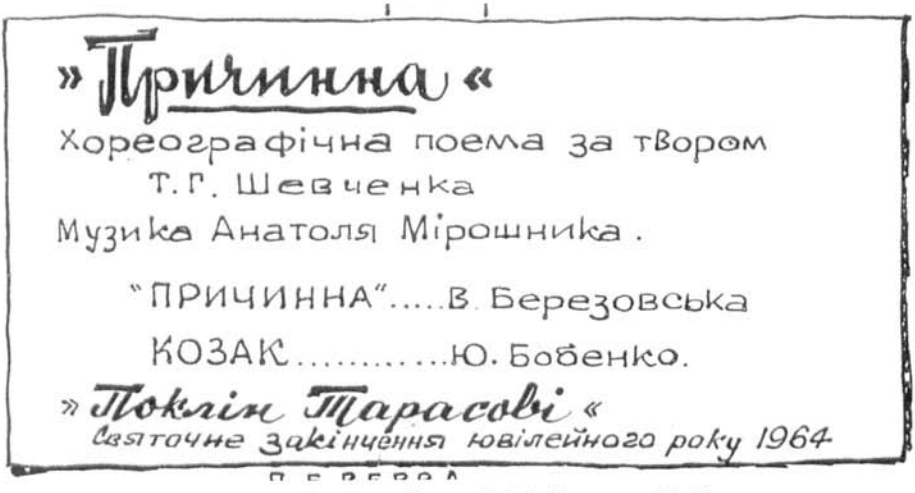


My Father M.H.Mirosznyk, 1958.

Dmytro Gnatiuk in Sydney, 1960.

Dmytro Gnatiuk, his accompanist and A.Mirosznyk, 1960.

Ukrainian choir "Boyan" Conductor, Wasyl Matiash, 1964.



Poster, ballet "Prychynna", Melbourne, 1964.

Before the concert appearance, 1965.

A.Mirosznyk at Pendle Hill High School, Sydney, 1968.

Cabramatta School celebration of T.Shevchenko anniversary, 1959.

Halina Kunicka, Polish singer, 1975.

Diana Curry (typical dress), 1964.

Volodymyr Ivasiuk Ukrainian Folk Ensemble, 1988.

Dance Ensemble "Veselka", Director N.Tyravska, 1968.

The television screen, 1989.

Children's Accordion Ensemble, 1970.

Ukrainian Church of St.Andrew at Lidcombe, 1989.

Sviatopokrovska Cerkva, Strathfield West (Sydney), 1979.

Nephew Valentyn, son Oleksandr, Volodymyr, wife Alevtyna, 1985.

International Piano Competition Winner, Irina Plotnikowa and A.Mirosznyk, 1977.

My Secretary and Photo assistant Margareta Akcay, 1992.

"Kyiv Musicfest". A. Mirosznyk in centre. Conductor I.Palkin, 1992.

A.Mirosznyk with his students in Sydney, 2004.

Четвертий
Український
міжнародний
музичний
фестиваль

СПІЛКА КОМПОЗИТОРІВ УКРАЇНИ
МІНІСТЕРСТВО КУЛЬТУРИ УКРАЇНИ
ЦЕНТР МУЗИЧНОЇ ІНФОРМАЦІЇ
СПІЛКИ КОМПОЗИТОРІВ УКРАЇНИ

КИЇВСЬКА ДЕРЖАВНА КОНСЕРВАТОРІЯ ім. П. І. ЧАЙКОВСЬКОГО
МАЛИЙ ЗАЛ
(вул. Карла Маркса, 1 3)

6 жовтня
середа

КОНЦЕРТ-ЗУСТРІЧ

З КОМПОЗИТОРОМ

АНАТОЛІЄМ МІРОШНИКОМ

(АВСТРАЛІЯ)

ТВОРИ ДЛЯ СКРИПКИ ТА ФОРТЕПІАНО
ТВОРИ ДЛЯ СКРИПІЧНОГО ДУЕТУ
„УКРАЇНСЬКА РАПСОДІЯ". ДЛЯ ФОРТЕПІАНО З ОРКЕСТРОМ

Виконавці: СИМФОНІЧНИЙ ОРКЕСТР
КИЇВСЬКОЇ СЕРЕДНЬОЇ СПЕЦІАЛЬНОЇ МУЗИЧНОЇ ШКОЛИ
ім. М. В. ЛИСЕНКА
Диригент — Сергій ПРОТОПОПОВ

Солісти: учениця II класу КССМШ ім. М. В. Лисенка
Зоя НЕВГОДОВСЬКА
(клас викладача Я. Рівняк)

учениця 9 класу КССМШ ім. М. В. Лисенка
Мирослава ІВАНЧЕНКО
(Клас викладача Я. Рівняк)
Концертмейстер — Юлія ІГНАТКІНА

Вхід за запрошеннями

Початок о 15 годині

Author's concert, "Kyiv Musicfest", 1993.

Anatolij Mirosznyk and Tom Hayson (Jacobs), 1997.

A.Mirosznyk at SBS Television, "Carnivale Festival", 1998.

(2512-13) 2-15.11.1998 ПЕРШИЙ УКРАЇНСЬКИЙ ЧАСОПИС В АВСТРАЛІЇ. ЗАСНОВАНИЙ 10.7.1949

…а ДУМКА

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Талановита співачка Оксана Рогатин-Василик і композитор Анатолій Мірошник. Їх об'єднує любов до мистецтва. Для них найдорожче бажання дарувати людям свій спів, музику. І це їм вдалося зробити на авторському концерті Анатолія Мірошника, який відбувся 25-го жовтня в Українському Народньому Домі в Лідкомбі. В нагороду від вдячних слухачів вони отримали довгі оплески і весняні квіти. Репортаж «Концерт на Олімпі» — на сторінці 23-їй цього числа «Вільної Думки» *(знімки Валентини [illegible])*

After the concert A.Mirosznyk and Oksana Rohatyn-Wasylyk, 1998.

Можно считать сенсацией выступление Алексея Колтакова. Молодой лауреат конкурса Горовица специально приехал из Австралии, чтобы представить украинским слушателям произведение композитора диаспоры, выходца из Киева Анатолия Мирошника. Пианист, как всегда, покорил своей вдохновенной игрой.

N1 Piano Concerto
Press report in Kyiv, 1998.

Australian actress and singer
Justine Clarke

Congratulations after concert by Phillip Shovk (Conductor Henry Pisarek), 1998.

Kyiv Musicfest.A. Mirosznyk with Student orchestra Concert, 1993

Lastivka Bandura Ensemble, N.Taranec, M.Kencalo, S.Kulchycki, R. El Issa, 1999.

A.Mirosznyk and Marta Kostiuk from Bolshoi Theatre, 1999.

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ГРОМАД НПВ

UKRAINIAN COUNCIL
OF NEW SOUTH WALES

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для відзначення

50 Ліття
Поселення
Українців в
Австралії

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to commemorate the
50th Anniversary of
Ukrainian Settlement in Australia

НЕДІЛЯ 28-го БЕРЕЗНЯ, 1999р.
2.00-ій годині дня
SUNDAY 28 MARCH 1999
2.00pm at
Parramatta "RIVERSIDE THEATRES"

We are 50 years in Australia, 1999.

Letter from Radio Ukraine, 1999.

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Шановний пане Міросник!

Всесвітня служба Радіо Україна щиро вдячує Вам за авторський компакт-диск "Нам у Австралії - 50". Передача, у якій були виконані Ваші твори, вперше звучала у нас 14 липня ц.р. На думку музикознавців, звучання цих творів у виконанні квартету "Мрія", дуету "Бондарівна" та Едварда Кульчицького, є досить оригінальним, художньовартісним і милим українській душі.

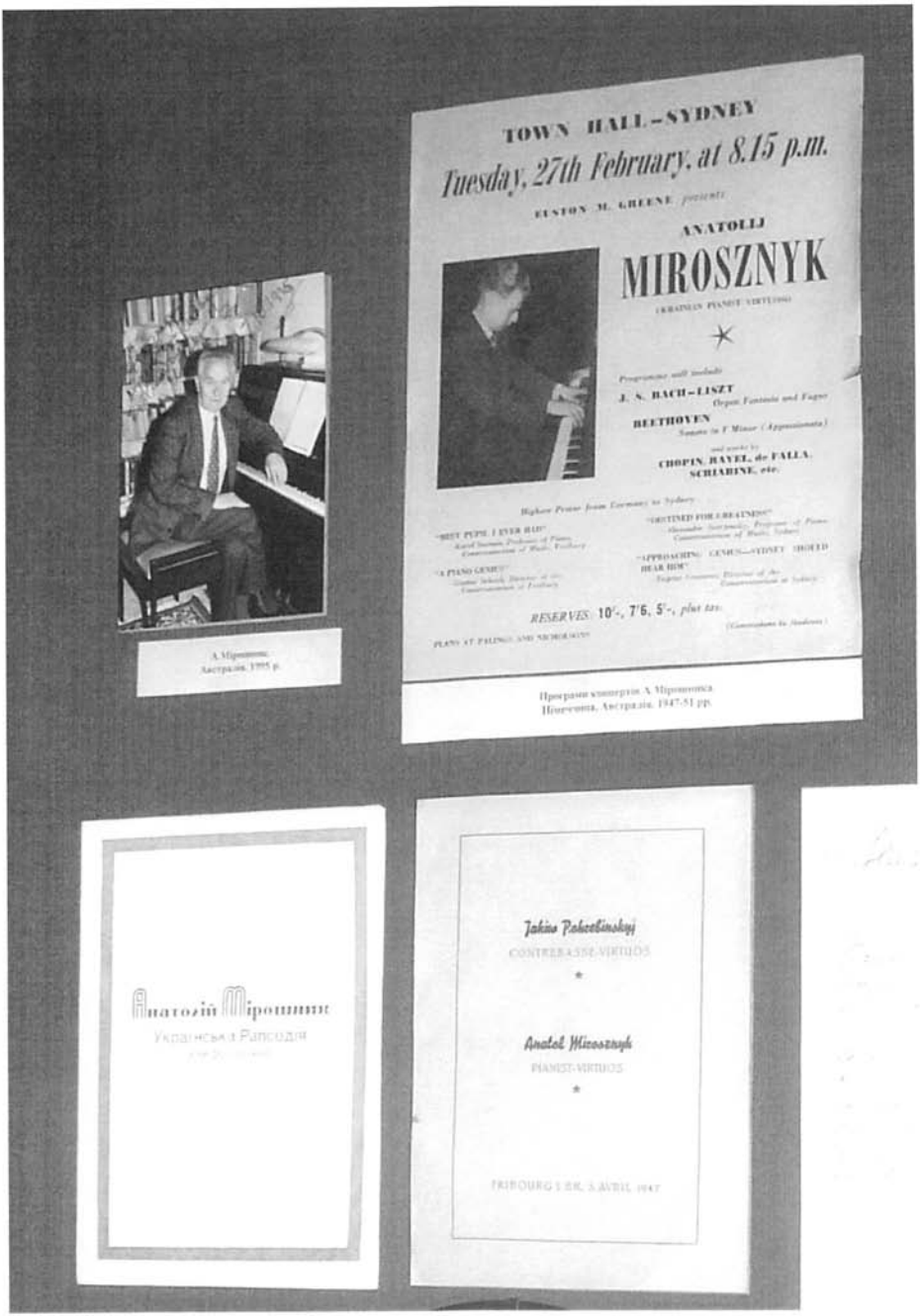
Повтор цієї передачі слухайте у нашій програмі 28.07.99 р. о 12 годині 10 хвилин за київським часом.

З повагою

Головний редактор М.Мариненко

26.07.1999

Cover of Ukrainian Encyclopaedic Reference Book, 2001.



А. Мірошник.
Австралія. 1995 р.

Програми концертів А. Мірошника.
Німеччина, Австралія. 1947-51 рр.

National Museum of Ukrainian Art Heritage Kyiv, 2009.

aborigines were preparing what looked to me like rabbits. But in fact, instead of pulling out ducks' feathers, they pulled them out together with the skin.

We slept on the top deck of the boat. It was good, as it was dry season at this time of the year. The next day, we planned a crocodile hunt at night. Crocodiles that lay on the river banks were not suitable for shooting because even if you killed them, they had time to jump into the water and a dead crocodile would sink. The tribe that kept eluding us was moving upstream and sooner or later we would catch up with them. In the meantime, we checked our rifle, a 303 calibre ordinary army weapon with a strong search light. We moved to the middle of the river, about 500 metres from the bank. Everyone had their own specific function. One person scanned the water and as soon as he noticed two pinkish spots, which were the reflection of the crocodile's eyes, he would hand the light to the person sitting behind him and take the rifle. When close enough, he would shoot the crocodile point blank between the eyes and grab with one hand its leg, so that it wouldn't sink. If the crocodile was still alive, the person sitting behind had to finish it off.

This is exactly what happened. The crocodile was alive and hit out with its tail so hard that our boat, with five people on board, jumped up like a feather. The crocodile was too big to take with us so we took the four metre giant to a strong tree and came back in the morning to skin it. The hunting that night was very successful. Most of the crocodiles were two to three metres long. The whole of the next morning, we delicately took the skin off, so as not to damage it and make it worthless.

We put the skin in a big barrel with salt water, which stood on the deck. Later, after arriving in Darwin, Richard handed over the skins to his agent who would send them to auction in Paris.

We had been hunting crocodiles every night at the same time, sailing up the stream to catch up with the elusive tribe. The river was becoming narrower each day of our journey, and on the eighth day, was so narrow and shallow that it was too dangerous to go any further. When we stopped, our aborigines could smell smoke from a fire and went to find out about it. Soon they came back after making contact with the chief of the tribe and arranged that we were welcomed visitors. At that time, only women, the old and children were

there. All young men were hunting. We came around and settled about 100 metres from the tribe. Soon the young hunters returned carrying on long sticks, wallabies and goannas. They were greeted with loud songs and dancing. They didn't pay any attention to us. Richard told us that aborigines have their own unwritten laws. The adult girl can look at her brother but is not allowed to talk with him, and a son can talk to his mother but is not allowed to look at her. Now they don't follow these rules. We noticed that the small children and domesticated dingoes played together like members of the same family. While the men were preparing a fire for the wallabies and goannas, the young boys were singing and jumping with spears, showing with their movements how they had killed them. Finally, the food was ready. The tribal chief was the first to get his food, which was probably the tastiest piece. Then the rest of the tribe were given food. All the time, the women and children sat separately.

We prepared our "beds" by collecting soft leaves and branches and even made our "pillows". Zhora told me that before coming to Australia he had read an article about Australia and in one report was a story that aborigines killed a farmer and ate his remains. "Anatol, maybe we should sleep taking turns", he said. "Something like that won't happen to us Zhora," I replied. "These aborigines have had enough to eat and they have nowhere to store food. Besides the wallabies and goannas will taste better than us. So you can have a sound sleep."

Unfortunately, Zhora couldn't use his camera because there was not enough light for the film he was using. In the morning we paid our hosts for their hospitality with tobacco and money. It was time to return to Maningrida. During the daytime we went buffalo hunting, but that didn't impress me. It was the dry season and the grass was nearly 1 ½ metres tall with countless numbers of snakes! Snakes are deaf but respond to air movements. So we moved the grass in front of us with big sticks and made them disappear.

On our return to Maningrida the nurses and sisters organised a farewell night. All the members of the Maningrida administration assembled. It was a surprise to us that so far from city civilisation was so much sincere human warmth. We parted as good friends. On our flight to Darwin, we made a stop-over at an aboriginal Catholic mission at Ulenpilli, half way to Darwin. A few

hundred girls and boys, all dressed alike, came to the airstrip to welcome the plane that brought food supplies for their mission. In 1 ½ hours, we landed in Darwin. We changed planes and were again in Brisbane. Zhora had a lot to tell his friends in the Ensemble. We went with Zhora to Cairns. There he wanted to film sharks and the rainforest.

The same travel agent tried to hire for us a suitable private boat but failed. To the rescue came the Fishery Inspector with his fast and powerful boat. Before that, we visited Green Island and met (so we were told) its owner, with the Russian name, Vlasov. There we saw what left an unforgettable impression on us, in particular, the boat with a glass bottom, which enabled us to see marine life.

I started to prepare for a whole day trip on the Fishery Inspector's boat. I bought some food and made enough sandwiches for five people, bottles of beer, soft drinks and paper cups and plates. The taxi took us to the boat. Our hosts were very polite but quite cool. After all they were carrying two "Reds from Russia." They were sitting in the front part of the boat and we were at the back. There was no personal contact. The boat was moving very slowly. I was told that on the way to where the shark nets were placed, we would pass a small island, forbidden to everyone as it was a birds' nesting place. I decided to use diplomacy and "break the ice". I took 2 bottles of beer, glasses and sandwiches and went to the front to see our hosts. I offered them something that no Australian could refuse, especially on a Sunday in the open sea. In a few minutes, we became great friends. The boat doubled its speed and moved on full throttle.

Soon we reached the "bird" island. We went ashore carefully, making sure not to step on a nest or on a small chick. Millions of birds of different species were nesting there. Zhoras camera worked to full capacity.

Afterwards, we went to inspect the shark nets. Unfortunately, no sharks had been caught but there were two big stingrays in the net.

On the way back, the Fishery Inspector (his name I can't recall) invited us that night to a big party at his home. It was his 10^{th} wedding anniversary. A car came to collect us and take us to the Inspector's large house. There were over

100 guests there. When we arrived, we could see and feel that they were looking at us as "Reds from Moscow" (Zhora was from Georgia), but in half an hour it was all forgotten. We looked no different to them.

Even Zhora, without a word of English, found himself a dance partner. The party went until the early hours of the morning. The next day, we took a trip to a lake in a crater of a dormant volcano. There we filmed giant pythons. The following day we visited the rainforest. Here my friend Zhora wasn't so brave. After seeing big spiders and tree snakes, he decided not to risk his life.

Finally, we went to Mareeba's famous rodeo show. It was the first time for myself and, of course, for Zhora to see such a live spectacle. There were a few international champions from the US and Canada.

Back in Brisbane, Zhora had a lot of things to tell his friends in the Dance Ensemble and questions to answer.

The next year, in 1964, I received a telegram from another well-known film producer, Aleksander Mihailovych Zgouridi, from the Moscow Studio of Science Films, which made popular films. At that time he was working on a film "Enchanted Islands." Part of the film was to be filmed in Australia. He also needed a consultant and interpreter, a person like myself. I agreed with his proposal and we worked together during his stay in Australia.

There were four people in the group, Zgouridi – producer, his wife – co-producer, Igor Volkov – assistant and Volodia – cameraman. Zgouridi was making a film about animals. I contacted the president of the Taronga Zoo in Sydney, Sir Edward Hollstrom, who gave us full assistance in providing everything that Zgouridi needed to make his film. The Commonwealth Film Unit at Lindfield, near Sydney, also gave some assistance that Zhouridi needed, like keeping the film in refrigerated conditions and charging the camera batteries.

We also went to Healesville, near Melbourne, where kangaroos and other animals were kept in similar conditions as in the wild.

I remember when we all visited the Wild Life Department in Melbourne, they all knew the "Reds are coming" and when our car stopped in front of the building, curious faces looked out of windows. When we walked through the corridors inside, everyone looked at us as if we were from another planet (echo of the cold war). I heard one woman say quietly to another "They don't look different to us." We all laughed when I told the rest of the group this later. We received a wonderful reception and all the help we needed to film the animals at Healesville.

Back in Moscow, Zgouridi, who was of Greek descent, received the highest award for his film – the State Prize of USSR. In a book, which he wrote and published later, he praised my quality as an organizer, interpreter and consultant.

GUESTS FROM UKRAINE IN AUSTRALIA

In June 1960, one of the Sydney newspapers advertised a concert with the Russian singer, Dmytro Gnatiuk. We had got used to the fact that the Australian press and Australians thought that everyone who came from the Soviet Union was Russian, despite that there were 15 different republics in the Soviet Union.

We Ukrainians had already heard many times Dmytro Gnatiuk's recording of "My Dear Mother" and on the day of his arrival, on 17th July 1960, a small group with flowers gathered at Sydney Airport to greet the famous singer.

The concert, filled to capacity, took place in the Assembly Hall in Sydney. This left everyone with unforgettable memories of the great singer and his great personality. I met Dmytro after his concerts on many occasions and he was a very warm and pleasant person.

In the middle of 1960, a trio of Bandura players and singers, with Nina Pavlenko, Valentyna Tretiakova and Neli Moskvina, came to Sydney for one concert. The playing of real professionals inspired the local bandura players and the popularisation of this instrument amongst Ukrainian newcomers.

From the beginning of the foundation of the "Boyan" choir, I co-operated with their conductor, Vasyl Matiash. I performed my composition "Ukrainian Rhapsody" with a small symphony orchestra which he conducted to a full audience at the Sydney Town Hall in 1951.

Amongst the Ukrainian artists I recorded with the "Cosmopolitan Record Co." label were the Choir "Boyan", Vasyl Matiash, Petro Moskani (Moskalenko), Yakiv Rudiuk, Zina Moroz, Aleksandra Hai and Erast Doroshenko. One of my impresarios, Sid Ross, organised a series of concert tours for me in Australia, mainly in the State of New South Wales. Another impresario, Julian Mielnik, organised a separate tour around Australia with Polish film and television stars, Stenia Kozlowska and Halina Kunicka. Both were from Warsaw. These tours left me with unforgettable memories.

In 1990, I had the pleasure to accompany and be a soloist with the Ukrainian, Martha Kostiuk, the soloist of the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow. We held one concert in Sydney and one in Melbourne.

I tried my luck with business not connected with music. I was a partner of three in a restaurant and later, a partner in the manufacturing of tinned Ukrainian Borsch, but music always had a stronger call.

During the "Perestroika Era", contacts between Australia and the Ukraine became closer. I will only mention some of them.

In 1989, well-known Ukrainian writer, Volodymyr Yavorivsky, visited Australia; in 1990, the Ensemble "Chervona Ruta" with star singer, Sofia Rotaru; publisher of magazine "Ukraina", Anatoly Myhailenko; singer, Nina Matvienko; and in 1996, the President of Ukraine, Leonid Krawchuk.

MUSIC AND MUSICAL EDUCATION IN AUSTRALIA

Music, as a subject, is taught in all private and government secondary schools in Australia. In government schools there is no tuition to play a particular instrument. In the music program, students are introduced to the history of

music, the works of some composers, different musical forms, the recognition of sounds of different musical instruments and the singing of traditional Australian and English songs from song books. The older children form their own jazz and rock bands by themselves, with the music teacher's assistance.

In private schools, for a fee, children could have extra lessons in piano, violin, guitar and brass and percussion instruments.

The Sydney Conservatorium High school is where music is the specialty subject. Here they prepare students for entry into the Conservatorium of Music. To enter the school, the student must pass an exam. As well as the main instrument, it is also compulsory to have a second instrument, which is usually orchestral. Private teachers are registered and accredited according to their educational standard. They prepare the students for exams.

There is a special institute, the "Australian Music Examinations Board" which publishes the syllabus. Those students who pass the exams are issued with a certificate, irrespective of where they studied. There is another organisation that has its own syllabus, "The Trinity College of London." It organises exams and issues certificates and diplomas to those who pass the examinations. The organisation is based in England and its standard is different to Australia.

In the 90's of the last century, Victor Makarow, his family, and some of his students from Kharkiv in the Ukraine, arrived in Sydney on invitation from the Australian Institute of Music. Due to his own teaching method, piano was raised to a new level. In 1998, his student, Oleksi Koltakov, at the International Music Festival in Kyiv (Ukraine), the Kyiv "Musicfest", caused a sensation by performing my "N1 Piano Concerto" with the Symphony Orchestra. Other students of Victor Makarow won many prizes in other prestigious competitions in Australia and around the world.

Sydney proudly stages one of the most prestigious musical events in Australia, The Sydney International Piano Competition. It takes place every four years and coincides with the Olympic Games.

The first Competition was in August 1977 and was held in the Sydney Conservatorium of Music and the Sydney Opera House.

The Founder of the Competition was Miss Claire Dan AM OBE and the Co-Founders were Mr Rex Hobcroft AM and Mr Robert Tobias OAM. Further Competitions have been held in 1981, 1985, 1988 (as part of the Bi-Centennial of Australia Celebrations), 1992, 1996, 2000, 2004 and 2008. The next Competition will be in 2012.

Planning for the Competition began in 1974. Parts of the competition were broadcast by ABC FM Radio and Radio 2MBS-FM. Despite pessimism from some people, the Competition was an enormous success – a success culminating in immediate registration in the Federation of International Music Competitions in Geneva.

The first Artistic Director was Mr Rex Hobcroft and from 1990, it has been Professor Warren Thomson OAM.

Since the 2000 Competition, it has been held at the Seymour Centre – Sydney University and the Sydney Opera House.

The Competition has a number of unique features:

1. In holding live Auditions in a number of cities. In 2008, Auditions were held in Naples, Vienna, Hamburg, Paris, Moscow, London, New York, Los Angeles, Tokyo, Beijing, Shanghai and Sydney.
2. In providing airfares for the 36 competitors selected, following the Auditions.
3. In providing hotel accommodation during the time each competitor is performing in the Competition.
4. In providing a living allowance for the time each competitor is performing in the Competition.

The Sydney Symphony Orchestra has been involved with the Competition since 1981.

Since 1997, there has been a formal association with the University of Sydney and a more formal co-operative arrangement with the Australian Broadcasting

Corporation (ABC). Since 1988, ABC Classic FM Radio has broadcast all Stages of the Competition live, not only throughout Australia but also streamed all stages live on the internet. ABC Television has also been involved since 1988. Since the 2000 Competition, ABC Classics has issued Sets of Recordings, Solo Highlights and Concertos.

Prize money in 2008 was over AUD$150,000.

After each Competition, 1st, 2nd & 3rd Prizewinners have Recital Tours throughout Australia. In 2008, 57 recitals in all States and Territories were given by the first 3 Prizewinners.

The friends of the Competition now number nearly 1,000 and had its beginning in 1977.

The Competition has 5 stages, including finals, performed at the Sydney Opera House with the Sydney Symphony Orchestra. Prize money in 2008 was over $150,000. 1st prize was won by Konstantin Shamrav, 2nd Tatiana Kolesowa and 3rd Ran Dank.

The Opera House building is the architectural symbol of Sydney. It was designed by Danish architect, Jorn Utzon, and was built mainly with the profits of the Opera House Lottery. Inside there are several halls. The largest is the Concert Hall, then the Opera Hall and the smaller Drama Theatre. Sydney is the home of the internationally known Australian Chamber Orchestra.

I started teaching piano soon after I finished my 2-year contract with the Australian Government in 1950. In the beginning, my students were children of my friends and sometimes, my friends themselves. Firstly, I used to hire a music studio in the heart of Sydney for a few hours a week, then I opened my own studio with two pianos so I could prepare students playing piano concertos.

I always had a lot of adult students. Most of them didn't have an opportunity to learn to play piano when they were young. Once I had a 75 year old lady whom I prepared for a diploma examination, however, a bad accident stopped

her from doing so. She was returning from a trip around the world when on the way back to Sydney, in Singapore, she fell and broke her arm and leg and couldn't play anymore.

Well there is a saying: "It's never too late to learn." The highest level achieved was Phillip Shovk, whom I taught to play piano when he was 6 years old. Now he is a prizewinner in two international piano competitions.

VISIT TO MY MOTHERLAND

We Ukrainians living in Australia, always followed whatever changes were taking place in the Ukraine. The declaration of Ukraine's independence in August of 1991 was welcomed with great joy. The long dream of the Ukrainian people had become a reality.

At the end of 1991, I read an article in the Ukrainian newspaper "Literaturna Ukraina" about an international music festival, Kyiv "Musicfest" which takes place every year in Kyiv. Immediately, I contacted the director of the Festival, composer, Ivan Karabyts, who invited me to take part in September 1992. I decided to play my own composition "Ukrainian Rhapsody", with the Symphony Orchestra.

In late September 1992, together with my travelling partner, Margareta Akcay, we left Sydney by SAS Scandinavian Airline to Copenhagen, then to Kyiv.

Over 40 years ago, I left my beloved Kyiv. Flying over new suburbs and the ever young Dnipro River, I experienced a feeling that cannot be expressed with written words. A few more minutes and the wheels of the plane touched my native soil. A small car, towing two carriages came to the plane. We went down the plane's ladder and were taken by the carriages to the customs office. Nobody checked our baggage. Our visa was obtained by paying fifty dollars (US) and we were given a little slip showing how much foreign currency we took into the country.

In the small crowd of people welcoming the arrivals, I noticed a dark haired man looking at me and Margareta. A few minutes passed and we were in a warm embrace with Ivan Karabyts, Director of the Festival. We got into his car and were on the move through new Kyiv. When I left Kyiv, 49 years before, these suburbs didn't exist. We crossed the old and wide Dnipro River. We booked into a hotel reserved for government officials and special foreign guests.

The opening of the Festival was on Saturday, 2nd October 1992, on the terrace at the entrance of the Kyiv Opera House. In front of a few television cameras, participants of the Festival were interviewed, including myself.

The next day, we were provided with a chauffeur driven car to view Kyiv and its surroundings. The main historic street, Hreshchatyk, which had been completely ruined during the war, was rebuilt, as well as an imposing new Conservatory of Music and countless numbers of new buildings and stylish houses.

I was the guest of the 3rd Ukrainian International Music Festival, Kyiv "Musicfest".

On 4th October 1992, in the Great Hall of Kyiv Conservatory, I walked onto the stage. This was not a dream, this was reality. I played my own composition, "Ukrainian Rhapsody", with the Kyiv Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Igor Palkin. This is "Olympus" for each composer and musician. It was a colossal success. After the concert, I met composer, Lewko Kolodub, his wife composer, Zhanna, Lesia Dchko, conductor, Volodymyr Kozhuhar and many others.

At the reception, following the concert, was a spirit of goodwill, friendship and internationalism. At the Festival were guests from many countries and continents. For me, it was my first meeting with my relatives for many years and some of them, the first time in my life. My nephew, Valentyn, was six years old when I last saw him.

I met his wife, Alevtyna, and their two sons, Volodymyr and Oleksander, for the first time in my life. I returned to Sydney with inspiration to write more compositions.

In 1993, I was again invited to take part in the Festival. In the small hall of the Conservatory, on 6th October, it was noted in the program – "Meeting with Composer Anatolij Mirosznyk. Works for violin and piano performed by students of M. Lysenko Special Music School. 'Ukrainian Rhapsody' for piano and orchestra, soloist Anatolij Mirosznyk, piano. Symphony Orchestra of Kyiv, Lysenko Special Music School, Conductor, Sergii Protopopov, 6th October 1993."

Before the performance, interviews were held with a few television channels. The hall, filled to capacity, was mainly students and teachers from the school and Conservatory of Music.

After I returned to Sydney, I continued to write new compositions. The Sydney Conservatory invited Ukrainian Professor, Bogodar Kotorovych, violinist, and his wife, pianist, Yevgenia Basalayeva, to lecture. I showed Bogodar my compositions for violin. He liked them and included some in his concert at the Polish Embassy in Canberra. After the concert, a lady came to me and said that this was the first time she saw a "live" composer and had the opportunity to shake his hand.

Yevgenia Basalayeva liked my style and the sentimental touch of my music. She said to me, "Anatolij, please write something for the heart, something melodic and harmonic to caress the soul." I composed "Concert Phantasy" for piano and orchestra, which Yevgenia performed brilliantly in the Kyiv "Musicfest" in October 1995.

The Sydney broadcasting station SBS recorded that work on compact disc at the concert at the Queen Victoria Hall in Sydney, with Philip Shovk as pianist and the East-West Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Henry Pisarek, in 1998.

Radio SBS also recorded on CD, my album of 20 songs "Australian Poetry in Music", with lyrics by well-known Australian poets, sung by Eliza Eggler and

Oksana Rohatyn-Wasylyk. The same year, on 25th October, an authoritative concert of my compositions was held in the "People's Home" in Lidcombe, with singers, Oksana Rohatyn-Wasylk, Volodymyr Rychtowsky, Edward Kulchycky, Natalka Rybak, Anna Zelinska and Anatolij Mirosznyk at the piano.

Encouraged by a number of successes, I started in 1998, my first piano concerto and finished the score in the beginning of 1999. I received an invitation to take part in the Kyiv "Musicfest" in 1999. I offered an opportunity to young pianist, Oleksiy Koltakov, to play my composition, "Piano Concerto N1", with the Orchestra in the Festival. A leading newspaper in the Ukrainian capital wrote "Almost a sensation of the Festival was the performance of Mirosznyk's 'N1 Piano Concerto' by Oleksiy Koltakov..." It was a pity I couldn't travel to be present at the concert due to a painful leg.

In 1999, Ukrainians in Australia celebrated 50 years of Ukrainian settlement in Australia. To mark this occasion, I wrote the music and words for a vocal quartet, "We are 50 years in Australia". It was recorded on CD by Radio SBS, with Natalka Rybak, Anna Zelinska, Volodymyr Rychtowski, Edward Kylchycky and Anatolij Mirosznyk at the piano.

In 2001, under the patronage of the Kyiv "Musicfest" and the M. Glier School of Music, was published "Liubit Ukrainu" ("Love Ukraine"), a collection of 39 songs with music by Anatolij Mirosznyk, to the poems of T. Shevchenko, V. Sosiura and Ukrainian poets in Australia, K. Folz, V. Onyfrienko, also "Ukrainian Rhapsody" for piano, "Adagio" from ballet "Prychynna" for violin and other works.

In 2003, I received an invitation to take part in the Kyiv "Musicfest". This time, my Suite from the ballet "Prychynna" was performed by the National Orchestra of Ukrainian Radio, conducted by Viacheslav Blinov.

One of my latest works in 2004 was "Tarase, Tarase", with music and words written for the inauguration of the unveiling of a memorial sculpture to Taras Grygorovych Shevchenko, in Canberra, and a prayer "Our Father", for mixed choir.

From the first days of our arrival in Australia, I was active in Ukrainian cultural and musical activities and participated in concerts in Sydney and its suburbs, and other Australian cities. While writing these lines, I received a copy of my compositions for children, 20 etudes, tableaux "Australiana", published by Muzychna Ukraina" in Kyiv, in 2008. This is my gift to the children of Ukraine, inspired by the well-known Ukrainian composer, Lesia Dychko. I plan to write a cantata for choir and orchestra "Australia-Ukraine".

All the best to my readers! To rendezvous with Music!

And at last: How do I like Australia? Guess for yourself. I have lived in Australia for the last SIXTY ONE years!!!

COMPOSITIONS BY ANATOLIJ MIROSZNYK

Shown here is the year they were composed, performed or recorded.

1953	"Autumn Romance" – for violin and piano
1962	Choreographic poem "Prychynna" after T. G. Shevchenko, performed in Melbourne
1964	Complete Syllabus of Ballet exercises – all levels (about 600), for Ballet Australasia Ltd.
1988	"Ukrainian Rhapsody" with orchestra, conducted by Thomas Tico for SBS Television with soloist Anatolij Mirosznyk
1992	"Ballet Miniatures" for piano
1992	"Ukrainian Rhapsody" with Kyiv Symphony Orchestra, Conductor, Igor Palkin and soloist Anatolij Mirosznyk – piano, Kyiv "Musicfest"
1993	"Ballet Humoresque" – for piano
1993	Kyiv "Musicfest" Authors' Concert: "Ukrainian Rhapsody" – Students Symphony Orchestra of M. Gliere Special Music School with Conductor, V. Protopopov and soloist Anatolij Mirosznyk – piano, also works for violin and piano
1995	"Concert Phantasy", Kyiv "Musicfest" – Kyiv Symphony Orchestra with Conductor, Victor Zdorenko and soloist Yevgenia Basalayeva – piano
1996	Ballet "Poet's Last Night". Libretto by Arkady Novycky – "Life and work of T. H. Shevchenko"

1998	"Australian Poetry in Music", CD, Radio SBS. 20 songs on lyrics by well-known Australian poets, sung by Oksana Rohatyn-Vasylyk – soprano, Eliza Eggler – soprano with Anatolij Mirosznyk – piano
1999	"Piano Concerto N1" with Orchestra, Kyiv "Musicfest". Conductor, Victor Zdorenko and soloist Oleksiy Koltakov – piano
2000	"We are 50 years in Australia" to commemorate the 50th anniversary of Ukrainian settlement in Australa. CD – Radio SBS. Vocal quartet – Natalka Rybak, Anna Zelinska, Vlodymyr Rychtovsky, Edward Kulchycky. Anatolij Mirosznyk – piano
2001	"Valse Cappiccio" for violin and piano
2001	"Phantasy" for violin and piano
2001	"Prelude" for cello and piano
2001	"Love Ukraine" – a collection of songs. Kyiv "Musicfest" – published in Kyiv. It contains 39 songs on poems of T. Shevchenko, V. Sosiura, V. Onufrienko, Claudia Folz and others. Also "Ukrainian Rhapsody" for piano; "Adagio" from choreographic Poem "Prychynna" ("Bewitched") for violin and piano
2003	Suite from the ballet "Poet's Last Night" – Kyiv "Musicfest". National Symphony Orchestra, Radio Ukraine
2004	"Tarase, Tarase" – music and words for the inauguration of the memorial sculpture for Taras Sevchenko in Canberra
2005	"Our Father" – prayer for mixed choir
2007	"Australiana" – 20 etudes, tableaux for children, published by "Muzychna Ukraina"
2008	"Music and Destiny" – life of the author and his countrymen. Published by "Muzychna Ukraina" Kyiv.

Anatolij Mirosznyk, pianist and composer born in Kyiv, Ukraine. Musical education received in a Special Music School at the Kyiv Tchaikovsky Conservatory of Music and later at the Hochschule für Music in Freiburg,Germany. He played for Radio Frankfurt and Süddeuthsche Rundfunk. In 1948, he migrated to Australia. In 1951, Anatolij Mirosznyk gave solo recitals in Sydney Town Hall, followed by a concert in Brisbane. In subsequent years, he played on ABC radio and SBS radio and television. Since 1992, he took part seven times at the Ukrainian International Music Festival, "Kyiv Musicfest", and made CD's for Radio SBS in Sydney. Three volumes of his compositions were published in Ukraine.

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