

## **Olga Katalak**

**OK** - We weren't in the collective farm. But children would go, and we'd go with them and collect grain stalks. The brigadier came on a horse, we scattered, he hit the children with a club - [saying] "you kulaks!" Sometimes we were able [to get some grain stalks], sometimes we weren't. My mother wouldn't let us go, saying that they were watching us. You understand, we were dekulakized. They took everything. They threw us out of our house. There were five children [in our family]. It was winter, there was snow on the ground. They threw everything out of the house. We had a bit of barley; we children were crying, fighting to get it back, because the next day we'd have nothing to eat. They didn't want to give it back, and what did they do? They scattered [the barley] in the snow. We children searched for that barley, so that the birds wouldn't come and eat it. So we searched for it. It was a [very small amount]. They didn't care that we were children. My father was gone, he was hiding; he couldn't come home.

That year, there was a [great harvest]. People thought something would come of it. They took it all. They came and took everything. You couldn't keep anything in the house. Especially us, because we were dekulakized, we weren't allowed [to keep anything].