

Tetyana Pavlychka

In 1932, when the taxes were levied and everything was taken away, people started to trade [their valuables]. A lot of people from the village went to Russia. At that time you could still get through the border. Later on, you couldn't go anymore, but at the beginning people still went and took whatever valuables they had and traded them for rye or wheat, or whatever food they could get.

Later on, nobody could go. You couldn't [take the train]. People walked. People from other villages came to houses, bringing their embroidered shirts, or whatever valuables they had, to trade them for a piece of bread to feed their children, or themselves. And they died on the roads. Nobody had anything. This was unthinkable.

I know who died from my family. My cousins died. One cousin joined the collective farm - he was supposed to feed the horses, and other animals. He thought that he could get something to eat there, but he died there. There was no food for the horses. His name was Ivan Klymenko. My maiden name is Klymenko. Evdokia Klymenko, Alyoshka Klymenko, Tetlya Klymenko; my cousins, who lived close to us - they all died. My aunt died, in 1933, when the grain stalks were growing, she ate the green stalks and died. Her whole family died; only one daughter miraculously survived. She lives in Poland now.