

Tania Gudz

TG - In 1932, I was nine years old. Three men and two women came to [our house], with poles that they would stick into the ground to see where you had hidden something. My father said, "What are you looking for? You better leave before something happens." But they came, and searched, where we stored the wheat, rye - my father had made small barrels, they even took the grain that the mice had gathered in little holes. They took everything from the house. I was nine years old, and my brother was four. They took everything from the house, and we were left like we were standing.

In Mykolaiv, Kherson, the famine was terrible. We'd get up in the morning, and the neighbour would be gone. Where are they? They're gone, deported to Siberia, and in their place, they settled Belorussians. We'd get up two days later, and the neighbour on the other side was gone, they're in Siberia, and they'd bring in other settlers. [From our village] a lot of people were deported to Siberia and to the Urals. Like my aunt Lena's husband, he was taken to the Urals [for the rest of his life], they didn't have any children. Our house was right next to theirs.