

**Eva Towarnycky**

**ET** - My father crossed the border into Poland twice during the Famine.

**Interviewer** - In what year?

**ET** - I can't say for sure. I think it was in 1933. He crossed the border, and exchanged gold [for food].

**Interviewer** - He had gold?

**ET** - Earrings, or gold rings. There was an Orthodox tradition, that one pair of rings would be passed down from generation to generation. So father went and traded them. But the third time when he was coming back he could have been shot. On the Polish side they didn't really care, but on the other [Soviet] side, there were some [guards] who would let you through [for a bribe]. But if you happened upon one who didn't know, they could have shot my father. But father came back and went one more time, and didn't go again. I don't remember exactly [what year].

**Interviewer** - But the borders were closed? How did he manage to cross?

**ET** - Like I said, on the [Soviet] side, you had to bribe someone. On the [Polish] side they didn't care.

You know, when I go to a restaurant, to a [cafeteria], I look at people who take food, and throw half of it away. It tears at my heart. Because I was hungry. I can't ever leave anything. Because I think, how many people and children are dying from starvation today? And I know hunger. It's very hard for me to see what [food] goes in the garbage. I can't [watch] it.