THE GOLGOTHA OF UKRAINE

EYE-WITNESS ACCOUNTS OF THE FAMINE IN UKRAINE INSTIGATED AND FOSTERED BY THE KREMLIN IN AN ATTEMPT TO QUELL UKRAINIAN RESISTANCE TO SOVIET RUSSIAN NATIONAL AND SOCIAL ENSLAVEMENT OF THE UKRAINIAN PEOPLE

UKRAINIAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE OF AMERICA
50 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK 8, N. Y.
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Подарунок з бібліотеки
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UKRAINIAN CONGRESS COMMITTEE OF AMERICA
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TRANSLATION FROM UKRAINIAN

FOREWORD

"To the memory of my murdered father and those ill-fated Ukrainians who lie in countless obscure graves in Siberia," is the dedicatory epistle to the book, "One of the Fifteen Million — About One Man's Experiences in a Soviet Labor Camp," by its author Nicholas Prychodko.

The dedication to this booklet could well be: "To the millions of Ukrainians who died in 1932 and 1933 of hunger, of a famine arranged purposely by the Kremlin regime to suppress the opposition of the liberty-loving Ukrainian peasants to collectivisation."

Nowadays no one here in America or elsewhere questions the existence of the politically inspired terrible famine which swept through Ukraine in 1932 and 1933. Such was not the case then, however, when millions of people there perished as a result of the famine. In retrospect, it is hard to understand how in such a freedom loving and warm hearted nation as ours, which stands for right and justice, how was it possible for it then to ignore the terrible tragedy that was taking place in Soviet enslaved Ukraine, to pay no heed to the sufferings and the pleas for help made by their kinsmen and friends here, and, what was most dismaying, to either doubt the very existence of the famine or to completely ignore it. For once, the human conscience was lacking in this great country of ours; and we hope never again.

For how could one interpret this in any other fashion when even a Resolution introduced in Congress (73rd Congress, 2nd Session: H. Res. 399) was generally ignored, although that Resolution did not call for any material aid for the starving Ukrainians but merely contented itself with asking for an expression of sympathy for the million hapless victims of the Kremlin-Communist reign of terror in Ukraine.

The Resolution began as follows:

"Whereas several millions of the population of the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, the constituent part of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, died of starvation during the years of 1932 and 1933; and Whereas the Government of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, although being fully aware of the famine in Ukraine and

although having full and complete control of the entire food supplies within its borders, nevertheless failed to take relief measures designed to check the famine or to alleviate the terrible conditions arising from it, but on the contrary used the famine as a means of reducing the Ukrainian population, and destroying the Ukrainian political, cultural, and national rights; and Whereas, it has been the traditional policy of the United States to take cognizance of such invasion of human rights and liberties; therefore be it:

"Resolved, that the House of Representatives express its sympathies for all those who have suffered from the great famine in Ukraine which has brought misery, afflictions, and death to millions of peaceful and law-abiding Ukrainians."

At about that time, too, the Department of State received a Memorandum from the United Ukrainian Organizations of the United States of America which dealt in detail with the Kremlin conducted terror in Ukraine, presented documentary evidence of the existence of the famine in Ukraine, and was appended with an appeal to the civilized world made in this matter in August, 1933 by the Vienna Cardinal, Dr. Theodore Innitzer, as well as with reprints of press articles dealing with the famine written in August, 1933 by Dr. Ewald Amende, Secretary General of the Congress of European Minorities. Noteworthy in this connection is that when that Congress met September 16-19, 1933, in Bern, Switzerland, the question of saving Ukraine under Soviet rule from starvation was the principal issue at its sessions.

Moreover, on September 29 of that year, the Premier of Norway, Mr. Morvinkle, raised the question of the hunger in Ukraine at a meeting of the Council of the League of Nations in Geneva.

The Memorandum to the State Department contained eyewitness accounts of the famine as reported in the press, such as the *Manchester Guardian* (September 13, 1933), the New York Jewish Daily *Forward* (December 27, 1933), the Parisian *Le Matin* (August 30, 1933), *The New York Times* (August 29, 1933).

Another intervention in this matter was made by the Ukrainian National Women's League of America. This organization tried to arouse country wide opinion among the American women against this Soviet attempt to bring the Ukrainians into submission by using famine as a weapon. The organization also sent a letter to Congressman Herman P. Kopleman of Connecticut, calling his attention to what was happening in Ukraine. The Congressman responded by forwarding a Memorandum of the Ukrainian women's organization to the Soviet Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Litvinov. He re-

ceived the following reply from Mr. Litvinov, in form of a letter dated January 3, 1934:

"I am in receipt of your letter of the 14th inst., and thank you for drawing my attention to the Ukrainian pamphlet. There is any amount of such pamphlets full of lies circulated by counter-revolutionary organizations abroad, which specialize in the work of this kind. There is nothing left them to do but to spread false information or to forge documents . . . Yours truly, M. Litvinov."

This was the time when Litvinov succeeded in persuading our American Government that it was possible to do business with Stalin. Our press in those days, one recalls, was full of glowing anticipations on how many billions of dollars of profits America could make in trading with Russia. Naturally these anticipations were based upon empty promises being made by the Soviets in order to gain American recognition of the Soviet Union.

This was the time, too, when such a well known American newspaperman as Walter Duranty of the *New York Times* reported from Moscow, upon his return from a trip through famine-ravaged Ukraine, that he saw no cases of starvation in Ukraine, "only some cases of malnutrition"!

There were, however, a few conscientious American newspapermen, notably William Henry Chamberlin, who had spent ten years in Moscow as a staff correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. In its May 29, 1934 number he told a ghastly story of what he saw when he traveled through Ukraine during the famine. He declared that "more than 4,000,000 peasants are found to have perished in 1933 when State forced collective farming on them." Despite him and a few other conscientious newspapermen, the general apathy in this country toward the famine in Ukraine remained.

Thereupon Americans of Ukrainian descent began to arrange mass demonstrations in various cities throughout the country, in protest of this famine which the Kremlin created and kept going "as an instrument of national policy, dooming millions to death to break down resistance to government edicts" (editorial, *Boston Post*, May 31, 1934). In New York the demonstration on November 18, 1933 took the form of a huge parade, with tens of thousands participating in it, and was followed by a mass rally. Chicago, Detroit and other cities had similar anti-Soviet demonstrations. They were widely reported, but even then the press failed to take the matter seriously, and referred to the existence of the famine with some skepticism.

The fault for this deplorable situation lies squarely on the shoulders of those liberal "liberals" of those "experts" who then had considerable influence on public opinion concerning "Russia." Even today, some of them still consider themselves as "experts" and do everything in their power to prevent the American people from knowing the truth about the Soviet Russian reality, about the traditional Russian imperialism, clad currently in the Soviet garb.

Concerning these journalists, who wrote as "experts" on Soviet, Dagobert D. Runes notes in his recently published book, "The Soviet Impact on Society" (Philosophical Library, New York), p. 66:

"But that American newspapermen like Louis Fisher and Walter Duranty, with full knowledge of the daily executions of Russian citizens who are charged with no other crime than being in opposition to Stalin . . . that these two American newspapermen as well as a group of other scribes, should carry on their distasteful publicity on behalf of Stalin's bloody dictatorship, gives us material for thought concerning these motives of these 'correspondents.' "

Worth noting here is that in another section of the book (p. 103) Mr. Runes wrote: "I admired the Ukrainian energy and endurance."

James Burnham, a true authority on the Soviet reality, in his review of Peter Vierick's book *"Shame and Glory of the Intellectuals,"* notes that,

". . . this was the glory of the intellectuals: that in spirit and body they stood firm against Nazi assault. It is the shame of the intellectuals that they stood not firm but servile, deceived and seduced before the equally vicious approach of Nazism's twin, communism. They refused to recognize concentration camps, aggression and terror when, instead of the swastika, there flew the flag of 'the revolution' and spoke in the name of 'radical slogans'." (*The New York Times Book Review,* March 15, 1953).

Still another reason why the American people in general remained unaware of the fact that millions had perished from this artificially created by the Reds famine, is set forth by Eugene Lyons (a member of the Board of Directors of the American Jewish League Against Communism, Inc.) in his article on the "American Jews and the Kremlin Purges" in the *New Leader,* March 2, 1953:

"In the last thirty years, a number of Jews, especially among the educated and the well-to-do, came to defend the Soviet Union and its works. Influenced by Communist propaganda about racial equality and the proscription of anti-Semitism, they found it possible to gloss over assorted Soviet obscenities. In a glow of liberal righteousness, they tended to accept Sovietism 'despite everything' . . .

"The Hitler-Stalin Pact cured many of these people; the outbreak of undisguised state anti-Semitism will cure most of the others. But their revulsion against the latest expression of the Kremlin's nature will be considered hypocritical by many people unless they acknowledge their moral dereliction in failing to denounce the liquidation of kulaks, the man-made famine, forced labor, and the continuous system of purges."

Today, of course, the existence of that Soviet-engineered famine in Ukraine in the early 1930s is generally acknowledged. Yet many of those who in the Ukraine famine days refused to admit or report its existence, who refused to tell the truth about that Russian imperialism which has always menaced the Free World and our national existence as well, today those Moscow sycophants are still in circulation as "experts" in matters pertaining to East European affairs, "Russia," and even Ukraine. They have not changed their colors a bit. The will of Moscow seems to be more compelling for them than that of Washington.

Perhaps a perusal in the following pages of the eyewitness accounts of the horrible incidents which took place in famine ridden Ukraine will shock the readers into an awareness of the Soviet reality. Perhaps this brochure will be of aid to Americans of Ukrainian birth or descent in their endeavors to make their fellow Americans and the American Government itself truly realize the menace of Russian imperialism, in whatever garb it may appear, not only to Ukraine and other Soviet Russian enslaved nations, but to the free world and America as well.

Dr. Luke Myshuha

BEGINNING OF "COLLECTIVIZATION"

In June, 1929 a group of Soviet officials arrived in Fediyiv Grange and ordered its Council to summon the villagers to a meeting. There they were directed to select about ten Kurkul farms, being operated contrarywise to the Soviet economic system, and to immediately produce and deliver to the state a certain number of loaves of bread.

Investigation revealed that, here in the East, of the entire Fediyiv Grange Council there were six former well-to-do farmers who had been disfranchised. Among them was I. The others were:

Alexander Fediy, Khoma Chub, Peter Yarovey, and the widow Mary Zhadan, foster sister of my father, mother of four children.

The sixth was also a widow with four children. Her husband, Fediy Tereshka, was executed probably in 1920 during the suppression of a revolt by the Village Council against Horobets, commander of a bandit Bolshevik raiding party.

The execution took place under the following circumstances. In the neighboring district of Demidiv a mounted raiding detachment was stationed under the command of Horobets, who was from the Kolomaka Grange, Demidiv District in Poltavschyna. The entire area, covering quite a number of farms which were in existence then, was being terrorized by this band. He would descend with his followers upon this or that farm and order the farmer, who up to the revolution in 1917 owned from ten to thirty acres of land, to immediately, at most in about two hours, cook enough dumplings to feed about forty men, or to produce about two buckets of whiskey or honey. This demand would be also followed by a looting of the chest.

If anyone refused to obey him, he would order one of his men to line him up against the wall, facing it, and shot in the back of his head. To be sure, it seems that actually he never had anyone shot like that. The bullet would purposely miss the victim, but one can imagine what a harrowing experience it must have been.

Thus, when riders appeared on the horizon, the people fled wildly from the village, leaving behind only old men and women. But Horobets did not spare even them. Questioning them as to where the others had fled, he would lash them with the knout. And although

the angered villagers attempted to ambush him several times, he managed to avoid being trapped.

For a whole year Horobets raided the villages in this manner, plundering and abusing people.

One time, accompanied by some five or six armed guards and returning from some hamlet he descended upon the Fediyiv Grange which consisted of a number of small hamlets, stretching about 7 kilometres above the Vilkhova Hovta river. Beginning from the north they were as follows, Brahivka, Hontovivka, Fediyivka, Motsar, Bazhuly, Babichi, Chuby and Luchky. Besides them and scattered on the hillside were the following farms: Klymkivka, Onyskivka, and Barabashivka. This time Horobets raided the Babich farm, and began to rob the chest of Ivan Babich. News of this reached the Fediy hamlet, 2 kilomtres away, and about one hundred of its inhabitants formed a posse and led by the poor Cherevka proceeded rapidly to the Babich hamlet to capture Horobets. On the scene there appeared then a young man from the Fediyvtsi hamlet, Antin Fediy by name, later to become director of the Komnezam and chief of the Militia. He ran ahead and gave warning to Horobets, with whom he had previous connections. So that by the time Cherevko (Shatana) arrived with his followers, Horobets was able to make a getaway from the hamlet together with his guards and Anton Fediy, who never returned to the village.

Immediately upon his escape, Horobets informed the Poltava authorities of "a revolt against the Soviet authorities" in Fediy. Shortly thereafter a mounted troop of about 200 Red Army men arrived at the hamlet. Cherevka (Shatana) and Tereshko Fediy were placed under arrest. As I recall, Tereshko Fediy did not take part in this revolt against Horobets, as he was a well-to-do farmer, had about 40 acres of land, a powered threshing machine, and up to the revolution of 1917 was an officer in Obazivtsi, near Poltava.

Taking the two men with them, the troop departed in the direction of Nadezhda, and on the road leading to Pertsov, near the small hamlet of Haydari, shot the two. This was probably in 1920.

But to turn back to the beginning of this true story. Thus in 1929 the six of farmers, including two widows, were ordered to deliver to the state five poods apiece of bread. That was but a trifle for us, for each of us owned about 300 poods of grain. So at this council meeting we declared our readiness to sell from 200 to 300 poods to the government at government prices. To this they replied:

"No, we do not need that much. Just 5 poods from each of you."

Following the meeting the Council officials put up a notice that the named six farmers were directed to carry out the order.

This we did and delivered our individual quotas of 5 poods apiece to the government.

Harvesting was barely over, however, when widow Maria Zhadan, and the widow of the late Tereshka Fediy had their quotas suddenly raised to about 500 poods. This they could not meet. Neither I nor the other three, however, had our quotas raised.

Sometime in October, I think it was, the two widows were arrested for not having met their quotas. Their trial took place in Reshetilivtsi. There were very many such trials. This trial was open to the public, so I attended it. What verdict was handed down, however, none of us ever knew. Subsequently they released the two widows.

Sometime near the end of December, 1919, I was journeying from the Katiakiv hamlet (from the Luchkivs) to the Fediyiv Village Council on some business matter. On my way over I dropped in on Maria Zhadan, a relative of mine. Approaching it I noticed at a distance of about 200 metres a large group of people making their way toward it, and in it I recognized Hnat Luchko, Maxim Luchko, Fedir Verkhoda, and in it too I think I saw Paul Luchko and several others. Entering the home of my aunt, I informed her of the approaching crowd. I had barely finished saying this when the doors opened and the group entered.

"Well," one of them said to her, "from now on this property is no longer yours, but ours."

A bare few minutes had elapsed when there appeared before the house a rickety sled to which was harnessed with a leather belt an old mare, reinless. The driver was Cyril Gedz from Chubiv.

These newly arrived activists told Maria Zhadan to take her children, the oldest was 13, and wait outside. There was over a foot and half of snow outside and it was very cold, somewheres 30 C. Maria Zhadan wanted to take a bedcover, in order to protect her children from the cold, but they refused to let her have it. They led the widow and her children out, dressed just as they were, and told them to get into the sled.

No one seemed to notice me. I stood on the side, concealing my alarm, and watched what was going on before my eyes.

They drove off my aunt and her children about 1½ kilometres from her home and several kilometres from mine, and dumped them off into the snow before the tavern standing there.

Standing on a rise I saw all this. A cold fear clutched at my heart.

What was I to do? Take them into my house? But suppose then they would come around and throw out not only them but me and mine as well?

I then proceeded about 7 kilometres to the Grange Council. Its head then was Andrew Gedz. I pleaded with him to allow me to take my aunt and her children into my home, for outside it was so terribly cold and that they were liable to freeze to death. But the Village Council head refused to even listen. Still I persisted and after a couple of hours of such entreaties, he finally agreed to let me take them into my house.

When I got home my aunt and the children were already there; they had walked the distance through the snow drifts.

The property of widow Zhadan (who had four children) at the time of the expropriation in 1929 consisted, outside the house and surrounding grounds, of two oxen, a cow and nine hectares of land. To be sure, up to the revolution of 1917 Peter Zhadan, father of her husband Timothy, was a well-to-do farmer, had 40 desiatyns of his own land and rented some 120 desiatyns of adjoining lands. With the disappearance of the latter following the revolution and the confiscation of his own, his son inherited just a "working norm" piece of land. In time, in 1920, the Cheka-GPU arrested Timothy Zhadan and jailed him, although he was a quiet, peaceable man who never opposed any Soviet measures or bothered anyone. In time he contracted tuberculosis and sometime in 1923-24 died. A year before that his father had died.

In such fashion then was Maria Zhadan expropriated. Together with her mites she was driven out of her home, and it together with other belongings was taken over by the kolhosp, which rose on the base of her property.

Within four months she fled to Donbas, fearing further persecution. She married there and had her children staying with me sent to her new home.

As for the widow of Tereshka Fediy she too was deprived of her property, exactly when I'm not certain, for she lived far away from me. All that I know is that her hamlet became the base for the organization of another kholkhoz, and that she with her children were deported to somewhere in the Urals or Astrakhan, exactly where I cannot recall, for they were deporting them all over.

FURTHER COLLECTIVIZATION AND BANISHMENT OF THE EXPROPRIATED TO ARCHANGEL

Sometime late in February or early March of 1930, during a terrible spring, a number of former well-to-do Fediyiv council members were arrested. Up to the revolution in 1917 their farms were from 10 to over 40 desiatyns in size, but at this time they were not much larger than 9 hectares individually. Only Paul Klymko, who before the revolution had 30 desiatyns, was allowed to keep 23 hectares. But this was because there were 17 persons in his family, namely, his wife, a son and wife and their four children, another son and wife with two children, and five unmarried sons. All of them lived together.

Klymko was among those arrested, together with all of his sons. Others arrested were Peter Yaroviy, Nichipor Yaroviy, Peter Zhornyk, Mark Demian, and Pavliy. All of them lived in Klymkiv. Together with others there, 40 were arrested in all. They were herded into some storehouse of the Fediyiv Council.

The following day a score or so of wagons were assembled. They were driven to the homes of the arrested persons to pick up their families. These people were allowed to take with them some clothes and food, and nothing more. There were about ten to twelve of such families, and each not very large in number, for all of the arrested numbered about one hundred.

Laden with their human cargo the wagons were driven to the Council quarters. The prisoners being held there were told to join their families on the wagons. The expropriates, men and women, old persons and children, were then driven along a rough road in the direction of Sahaydak.

What sort of thoughts assailed these people in the face of this sudden, unexpected expropriation and unknown fate? Did their hearts tremble in fear? Did tears of grief course down their cheeks? Who knows?

All of their property, both tangible and intangible, homes and furniture, were placed under the disposition of the activists, *re-se-yi* (R.S.I. — Robitnicho-Selianska Inspectsia — Workers-Peasants Inspection), whose head was Rodion Demianko.

It is true, of course, that the two sons of Paul Klymko were allowed to return from Sahaydak. That was because they had served in the Red Army (probably in 1923, in Leningrad). They were allowed to keep a small piece of their family's property. They lasted but a year at home however. Because they failed to meet the quota

assigned to them (they did not have enough cattle to properly cultivate their land), the authorities banished one with his family to somewhere in the Urals, while the other was arrested, tried and given a prison sentence of 4 years. In 1934 I met him in prison to which he had been taken from Bozhkiv, where he had been doing forced labor. I lost sight of him later. I learned that he did not return home for ten years.

In Sahaydtsi the expropriates were herded into box cars, the doors locked and under armed guard transported to Archangel. Some could have escaped, to be sure, but no one then wanted to leave his family. It was not until later that a few from the Klymko family managed to escape from Archangel and return to their native heath. But this was already when Tsar Famine was ruling over us, and since they had no means of eking out an existence they quickly perished.

BANISHMENT TO KRYCHA — THEN TO THE URALS
("SECOND EXPROPRIATE GROUP")

Spring and summer went by . . . Sometime in September a caravan of wagons appeared, bearing strangers. About a kilometer before our house they stopped. The people climbed down, bearing some personal possessions. The empty wagons were driven off.

"What's this? Why did they bring these people here? And from where?"

The more curious attempted to approach them, to find out who they were, but Paul Kliuka, nicknamed Galavur, made policeman by the Fediyiv Council, would not permit them to get close to the newcomers. He also refused the latter to go anywhere or to get for themselves some water, food, straw or firewood. Such were the orders. They were only allowed to dig pits for themselves in which they were to live. By then we noticed that among them there were older persons, some about 60 years old, as well as some children. These were the "expropriates."

About a week later they were allowed to go among the homes to beg for anything anyone could give them. Most of all they asked for some wood, in order to make flooring and walls for their pits, and straw to sleep on. It was then that we first learned that they were middle class and some absolutely propertyless expropriates from Balkayska Grange from beyond Demidivka.

The entire Balkayska Grange was small. Up to the 1917 revolution no one in it had more than 15 desiatyns of land. But when the

time came to expropriate they had to go, regardless whether they had anything or not. Besides them there were some from the Council of the Reshetel district.

I recall the three Tumki brothers among them, Peter Blokha, Meleshko, John Kisil (the latter I particularly remember because his wife jokingly said, "Give, else we will have to cook our family."). There were many others whose names I cannot recall now. Among them was a widow with two children. Some of the pits, which were about two metres deep, housed even two families.

These pit dwellers had not yet managed to make their pits livable, with a roof and some crude furniture, when the torrential rainy season began. We saw that the pits were unfinished, that it would be impossible to live in them, with the constant rain pouring down upon them, then hail and snow. So we went to the Council to get permission to take boarders, at least the older people and the children.

For a while that permission was granted to us. First children and the old folks, and then unobtrusively others came over to live with us, for life in the pits was impossible.

Adding to the troubles was the fact that our Grange was small, about ten farms in all, so that most of us were compelled to let in two families.

Thus two weeks passed by when all of sudden — arrests. They began October 16, 1930. Among those arrested were the grangers and the newly arrived expropriates as well. Among the former was I (Ivan Klymka), my brother Michael, Semen Zhadan, all from the Lukashenok Grange, and Sydor Zhornyk from Klimkivka. Among the expropriates were the three Tumki brothers, Peter Blokha, and someone else — about five or six in number.

More about the arrests later on. I just want to tell what happened to the expropriates.

In March, or perhaps it was February, since it was winter then of 1931, the expropriates who had been in our hamlet in the autumn of 1930, were taken away and banished to the Urals. Exactly how this was done I naturally did not see. Among them was one of us, Maria Zhytnychka, widow of Fedir Tereshko, whom I mentioned earlier. Whether any others from our hamlet were taken away then I do not remember, as I was not around then. It should be noted here that this banishment to beyond the borders of Ukraine was in general progress then throughout the land.

Later when I found myself in the Donbas — I had gone and fled there on three occasions — I ran across one of those ex-

propriates who had been brought to our village. I believe his name was Meleshko. He had lived for a while in my house, before they had jailed me the first time. He and his family had fled to the Donbas. But they soon caught up with him. He was given a ten year sentence for fleeing, and I never saw him again . . .

PETER BLOKHA AND THE "INSURGENT ORGANIZATION"

Let us go back awhile. When they arrested us December 16, 1930, they drove us that evening to the Fediyiv council building, and then that night to Reshetilivka. There were twelve from our council. We were guarded by activists, Komsomolists, and probably one militiaman. I recall some of them, the Komsomolist Sergius Fediy, Peter's son (his father used to be a church watchman in the old days), Komsomolist-policeman Sergius Tiahlyk (nickname), and others, about six to eight in all.

In Reshetilivka we were detained for three days. More and more arrested persons swelled our original group. On the fourth day, heavily guarded we were taken to the Reshetilivka railway station, where we took a train for Poltava. There we were put into a prison on Kobilianska street, and then after being duly interrogated for two weeks the eighteen of us were herded into one room in a church which had been formerly converted into a jail.

Neither I nor the others with me could comprehend any reason as to why we had been arrested and jailed. And so we sat there in jail for four months, without the slightest idea what it was all about, with no one even bothering to question us. And then finally they began to fire some questions at us. Sanko Blokha, Michael Klymko, and Peter Blokha were each summoned for interrogation seven times, each lasting about twenty four hours. Others were grilled once or twice a week. The whole business lasted about two weeks. Gradually we came to understand that they were "sewing" on us Article 54, II, sections 8 and 11. Obviously the charges were being "based" on some sort of a fabrication.

For example: the charge against me was that my brother Michael was supposed to have told Peter Blokha some such thing as, "My brother Ivan Klymko (meaning me) is ever ready, if need there be, to stand up and fight against the Soviet regime." Similar charges were levelled against the others. The interrogators were obviously set upon establishing the purported existence among us of some sort of a revolutionary organization. For some time we could not figure out what they were driving at. Finally we realized

what it was all about. That was when Michael Klymka, Sanko Blokha, and Peter Blokha did not return together from one such grilling, but returned singly. It was then we learned through a bit of whispering that Peter Blokha had confronted them with the accusation that a conspiratorial organization existed among us, headed by Sanko Blokha and that his successor was Michael Blokha. Moreover, Sanko Blokha, was supposed to have come to our village from time to time in order to rig up a revolutionary detachment. Actually, Sanko Blokha did steal into our village from his own, but it was merely to visit the godmother of his child, Maria Chornobay, one of the expropriates.

Some five minutes after the last of the three had returned from the interrogation, Peter Blokha was summoned out and told to take along his belongings. Then in space intervals of twenty to thirty minutes one after the other of us were told to pack up our miserable personal effects and follow the guard.

Up to now we had been in a large room, No. 18, which usually had about 105 to 120 prisoners. Now we were shifted to different cells. Some were put into the solitary confinement.

Still we did not fully get to know the full nature of the charges pressed against us and who was the real accuser. We did realize, however, that Peter Blokha either voluntarily or per force had become a dangerous provocateur for us.

We were kept in the solitary about a month or two. From time to time we were hustled out for grilling. Some, like Sanko Blokha, were tortured, but they got nothing incriminating out of them. What helped in the case of Peter Blokha was that he was stupid, and so could not make his made-up story stick together. Sanko Blokha, on the other hand, a man with a good head on his shoulders (worth noting here is the fact that during 1920-1923 he was the commander of the local Militia) did not allow himself to get tangled up with the countless questions and accusations. Torturing him did not help either. And so, after being held for quite a long time, we were released. I think I was let free on April 23, 1931.

Not all of us, however, were set free. Four received sentences: Sidor Zhornyk 3 years, Semen Zhadan the same. Why the latter? Evidently because they needed his home to serve as a center of a new kolhosp to be established there. Because of that they even threw his family out of it as well. Another prisoner, an old man over 70 years in age, whose name I do not recall, got a jail sentence of 3 years. He had lived near the Brateshka railway junction where

he had a small farm. Peter Blokha, who had shown himself up to be a poor provocateur for the GPU-NKVD, was upon our release sentenced to be shot. Upon being informed of his fate, he attempted to poison himself with a watered concoction of two indelible pencils. They managed to revive him, and then lessened his sentence to 10 years. Naturally, the charges upon which the sentences were handed down were not the ones originally brought against them. Others had been created for that purpose.

All released had to sign a sworn statement that they would not leave their homes "for parts unknown."

ESCAPE TO DONBAS

When I was arrested on October 16, 1930, my property consisted of the following: 4 hectares of land, 1 horse, 1 bull, and an ox, a cow, 2 pigs and 3 sheep. In addition I had a second class license which enabled me to do free market trading in groceries. Also, I had a license for a butcher shop, for I was also a butcher. On that account I was deprived of the right to vote. Probably because of this I was arrested too.

When I returned home from jail early in 1931, my bull, ox and cow, pigs and sheep were no longer around. Some of them had been taken by the village council, and the rest were "hidden" by neighbors of my wife during a period of requisition, and so well were they "hidden" that not a single trace of them ever remained. The storehouse was gone also.

Realizing that I would not have any peace, that I would be further persecuted, if for not one thing then for another, I made up my mind to ignore the pledge that I had signed about not leaving home. I decided to flee.

Motivated by this intention I signed a declaration offering the kolhosp a gift of my horse and plow, together with other agricultural implements, as well as three-quarters of a hectare of already sowed land. This offer was accepted. Back in 1927 I had built myself a new house and adjoining farm buildings, all iron-roofed. They extended some 22 metres. So now I sold half of them for a cheap price, and two weeks later I left together wlth my family for the city of Ilovaysky in the Donbas region.

In the Donbas I met several escapees from near our place. Later I ran across Sanko Kalatura, a Red party man, as well as the Shkurupiyivs. But since I was rather apprehensive about my safety with them, I avoided them.

We stayed at Ilovaysk up to February, 1932. Then alarm seized us when we learned that some escapees from my village had been arrested. Among them was Peter Wowk, brother of my wife.

For a while we were not certain as to our next step. Was this incident locally inspired or did it originate back in our home village? To write home in an attempt to find out, would have been a folly, as mail there was being censored. So in February, 1932, I decided to return home to find out what it was all about.

Arriving at Reshetilivka at night, I decided on my way home to step in and visit the godfather of my child, Kost Mordydyk, and find out how my father was faring. And there I learned to my dismay that Kost Mordydyk had already been arrested and was now in prison. What is more, my father had been expropriated just the day before. The brigade had cleaned out his house completely. They even pulled my mother's shawl off her shoulders, which she had woven herself from home-spun wool. When they got finished with the job, all that was left were four bare walls.

Shakily I hurried home. I wanted to get there that same night and leave before dawn if that proved necessary.

Arriving at the house, I knocked at the door. It opened, revealing a bundle of straw on the floor, on which my father and mother had been resting when I knocked.

From them I learned what a complete job of expropriation the brigade had done, searching every nook and cranny. They had even confiscated some lumps of sugar my mother had hidden for "an emergency."

Still, having taken everything the brigade was considerate enough to leave my father one horse as well as some farm implements which he simply had to have if he were expected to cultivate some 5 to 7 hectares of land in order to be able to give the government his quota of bread, pay his taxes, and take care of his other obligations.

In our part of the country it was a custom of bleaching handwoven cloth with snow. Thus when about a foot and a half of snow had fallen the women would roll out the cloth on it. Other snowfalls would then cover it up, layer after layer. This winter mother had thus covered about 20 rolls of her cloth. So when the expropriators had finished in "cleaning" out the house, my mother said to herself:

"Well, I still have that cloth beneath the snow. Comes Spring and I'll weave something out of it."

Stepping outside she was dismayed to see that the pillagers were shoveling up the snow and pulling out her stored cloth.

I found father quite ill. He had been that way since the time of my arrest on October 16, 1930, when fearing to be arrested himself some night he had been in the habit of going out to sleep in the fields. His only covering was straw. It was a cold autumn, and he quickly caught cold. Then came the famine and he began to make trips to the Donets, to Rostov, for food. Lugging the food bundles he overheated himself. Then having to ride on the couplings between the railway cars, as there was no room outside, he caught cold again, with resultant complications, and this time he became really ill.

I did not remain home very long that night. Leaving the bread and fish I had brought them I bade farewell to my parents, and then proceeded on my way to a friend, some 1½ kilometres distant. There I stayed around the clock and made my way back to Donbas.

Although I was home but some 24 hours, I learned something new. That very day I got home, the brigade had after the expropriation grilled Hnat Lukashenko (he had 3 children), and also Ilko Lukashenko (father of five children). They lived in the Luchko village. Both brothers had also been expropriated.

It is interesting to note that the father of Hnat and Ilko Lukashenko had up to the time of the revolution made a living by traveling from one village to another, buying home-spun cloth, having it made into dresses, and then selling them at a good profit. With this earned money he was able to buy 15 desiatyns of land, which he farmed with the other members of the family, dispensing with any hired help. During the revolution the old man divided the land between his two sons. The seizure of this land was definitely a severe blow to them.

The brigade which took over this expropriated land consisted of its activist head, Khrysia Kalashnyk (about 40 to 50 years of age), Akhtanasiy Hnatovich Luchko, Mytrophan Hrihorovich Luchko, Hnat Hrihorovich Luchko, Danilo Philimonovich Luchko, Tykhon Luchko, the Russian Sergius Stolarov (he emigrated to our country in 1922, at the time of the famine in Russia then, 1922), Gedz Kyrylo, Gedz Mikhailo, and many others. In this brigade there were some by compulsion, such as Tykhon Luchko, and upright person, but he had to follow orders: "Either you come along with us as one of the brigade, or we will expropriate you ourselves. We know you are a Ukrainian Nationalist . . ." So the poor fellow had to join the bunch.

One of the brigade members, walking in the house, casually asked the head of the household:

"What? You're still alive. You haven't died yet?"

And then, turning to the children:

"You, kids, what did you eat today? And where did your father get the food for you? Was it from beneath your straw-thatched roof? Or was it from some snow covered cache?"

They searched, found some food, and confiscated it completely.

While making a search of the premises of Ilko Lukashenko, they found 2 kilograms of seeds, which his children had either swept up from the station siding or had stolen it. Over in Hnat Lukachenko's place they found about 4 to 5 kilograms of peas. They took it all along with them.

I learned that this marauding brigade searched all the homes throughout that whole winter. It usually had two or three sleds. Sometimes they were able to uncover from 5 to 10 puds of various types of food, while other times they were able to rob much less.

It was then that the head of the brigade used to "blow his top."

"A wasted day!" — he would exclaim in anger.

Interestingly enough, only about a half of the confiscated food was taken over to the kolhosp. The rest the looters divided amongst themselves.

FURTHER FLIGHT — TO KUBAN

Following our return from Ilovaysk, we decided to talk things over, as to what to do next. That which was taking place back home, as well as where we were then, clearly showed that sooner or later we would be the next victims.

So four families, Maria Zhadan, her four children, her new husband, Hrytsko Babych, Ivan Trokhym Babych, I, and two other non-related families, all of us, children and adults, made a desperate start off for Kuban. This was early in March of 1932.

What a terrible journey that was. Not only was fear preying upon our minds, but the traveling time was simply unbelievably long. The journey lasted eight times as long as it should have lasted.

In Ukraine at that time, 1932, the famine was raging unchecked. Masses of people, attempting to flee from it, flooded the stations and the trains. Some were headed for the Kuban, hoping to earn some bread there and bring it back home to their families.

Others were able, upon their arrival in Kuban, to purchase some grain, baked bread, fish and oil, and then with extreme difficulty and much suffering make their trek homeward.

Just as a train pulled into a station, a horde of passengers would assail it from all sides, each scrambling to get on it. It mattered naught to them whether it was a passenger or freight train. They climbed into it, through the doors or even through the windows. And when the interior of the cars was filled up, they climbed on top of the cars. Others perched themselves between the cars. Some rode on the couplings, others rode the rods beneath the cars. Naturally many of them suffered injuries as a result.

At such railway junctions as Taganrog, Rostov, Kuschovtsi, Tymoshovtsi, the business of waiting for trains was not only tedious and tiring but long as well. In such manner and in the space of eight days and nights we finally reached the city of Akhtari, on a Black Sea bay.

There we became fishermen. Our lodgings were not so bad. But before we found them we paid 1 karbovanets per person for the privilege of sleeping on the floor of the railway station. Prices of goods were not so high then. One pud of meal (16 klgr.) could be obtained then for about 5 to 10 karbovantsi, while wheat flour could be obtained then for about 15 karbovantsi a pud. At this time in Poltava, however, the price of the latter was 120 karbovantsi. Three litres of sunflower oil cost 22 karbovantsi, where in Poltava it was immeasurably higher. A pancake, of the larger sort, cost 1 karbovanets, but in the Poltava region it was difficult to get one for less than 10 karbovantsi. So it is no wonder that the movement of masses of people from Ukraine to Kuban, by every available form of vehicle and train, grew greater and greater in volume and lasted until summer itself.

Famine was constantly stalking forward, with more and more people falling victim to it. Thus in the Spring of 1932 in the village of Luchkiv some 10 persons died from starvation. Unless I am mistaken, it would seem to me that it was about then that Sawka Luchko and some others perished in this manner too.

Came summer and a bit of a rise in crop yield. The famine death toll fell a little as a result. We heard that the harvest in our farmlands was below normal. One desiatyn produced from 15 to 16 bales of wheat (16 sheaves to a bale), and a bale produced about 3.5—4 puds of grain. This, however, did not portend any danger of a famine. But here came the rub. All grain of individual farmers, were they well off or poor, was seized by the authorities, driven over

to the kolhosps, where each farmer did his own threshing, and then the whole produce was confiscated, with the farmer coming out of the deal with not even one karbovanets. Those who were able to meet the quotas imposed upon them were arrested and in a number of cases even hauled off to prison or slave labor camps. Among them were such as Akhtanasiy Hrihorovich Luchko. He was sent to some distant concentration camp.

Woe unto anyone who retained any of his hard won produce or who stole some of it. But in some cases, such as that of my father, the kolhosp itself reaped the harvest and transported it to its own storage bins. As a result the farmer did not receive even a single grain of his crop.

Such was the fate of the individual farm owners who did not want to join the kolhosp, or whom the latter refused to accept because they were considered as expropriates or sub-expropriates. Yet things were not pleasant for the kolhospniks either. As soon as the grain was threshed, it would immediately be transported to the nearest government granary. What their pay was, how many kilograms of grains they received for their daily work, that I do not remember. It seems to me though, that they received about 200 grams for their labors, but not of the better sort of grain, and certainly not of the kind which is windstacker blasted. Moreover, the kolhosps had to yield even much of the grain usually reserved for seeding. It was explained to them that the authorities needed it for "storage purposes." They promised to return it in the spring of 1933. It appears that already then they anticipated a famine and were storing up reserves.

So 1932 drew to a close, with the people a little better off than earlier in the year, and not suffering so much from hunger. But the opening of 1933 ushered in a wave of deaths from starvation, one even worse than that of the previous Spring.

BACK HOME AND THE FAMINE

In 1932 my father died. He left behind my mother, 50 years old, and a sister, 11. In order to be around to help my mother, I decided to turn my footsteps homeward. Arriving in my native village together with my family, I hesitated about going directly to our home, though half of it was mine. At the same time I was afraid to go to the home of my parents. So I rented myself a house about 1 kilometre from Hnat Lukashenko. Later in 1933, I found myself a job in Poltava in a shoe factory. My work consisted of

going around the villages purchasing hay for the factory dray horses.

At that time the head of the kolhosp, named Pravda, was Maksym Oleksevich Luchko. One day, it was sometime in December 1932, a representative of a certain combine in Pavlohrad visited him as head of our kolhosp and made him a proposition, namely that until the following Spring sowing in the kolhosp was to furnish Pavlohrad 20 wagons, 40 horses and 60 workers. In return the workers would get not only the usual pay but food as well. The representatives even promised to personally see to it that they would get enough food.

The kolhosp head, Maksym Luchko, thought the proposition quite a good one, especially since he knew he did not have enough fodder for the cattle and food for the kolhospniks to last until the next harvest. Therefore he readily signed an agreement with the visitor and led the workers for Pavlohrad himself.

But when they arrived there they learned to their dismay that their horses and the wagons were no longer theirs, but now belonged to the kolhosp itself. At the same time the newly arrived workers were told they could remain but under terms different which had been originally made with the kolhosp representative.

As living conditions grew worse the Luchkiw kolhospniks began to get sick one after the other. Typhus had struck them. Then they began to die off. Among them was a cousin of my father, Pyvin Kuzmenko.

During January and February some of them returned from Pavlohrad to Luchkiw. What happened to the others, no one knew. The head of the kolhosp, Maksym Luchko, who had been unable to orientate himself properly in the matter of the contract he had signed, and who had fallen for the oral promises made to him by that persuader which were not contained in the contract, evidently feared to return to the village. We heard that he went looking for work in Nizhni-Novgorod. He had been a machinist previously and therefore expected to find some sort of work in this city. But there was no job for him there. So he returned home. By that time the head of the kolhosp was Hnat Hrihorovich Luchko. At a chance meeting Hnat began to question Maksym.

"Where are those horses of ours?" — he demanded. — "And where are the wagons? And how are we going to plow the earth, and cultivate it? With what?"

Conscious of his guilt, Maksym fled the village. He journeyed tc Minsk, and on the way he contracted the typhus. After recovering

from it, he returned home again. Here he found his wife and four children without any food. So he went to the head of the kolhosp, Hnat, and pleaded for some aid. By now it was Spring and the people were busy in the fields.

"You can go out there and work. Whatever you earn, you'll get."

How much they paid for such work then, I do not recall. But whatever amount of bread they received, it was very small in the number of grams, and what was worse, it was not made of flour but of beet seeds. Naturally, it was not edible.

The expected happened. From illness, hunger and the impossible "food" given him, and being unable to work, Maksym sank rapidly and died. Within two weeks his wife, Palazhka (Chubiw) who used to be so beautiful and vivacious, also died of starvation. She had even sold her house to get food, but that did not help. Soon afterward, their four children died, one after the other, from starvation.

THE HORROR OF THE FAMINE IN 1933

If I were to merely note here that 60% of the populace of the Lukashiv Grange starved to death in 1933, the bare figure itself would not give any idea of what truly transpired. Therefore, to give the reader some idea of the horror of those days, I shall by way of example give the case history of the families on our grange. No one among them knew whether he would survive the famine or not. For that matter, neither did I.

1. VASYL LUCHKO. Back in 1931 he bought half of my house and lived there. He was a member of the kolhosp. In 1933 his whole family consisted of 5 persons: he, his wife, daughter, 11 years old, and 2 sons, 6 and 4 respectively. His wife, Sanka, was an activist. During the famine she made trips either to Myrhorod or Poltava for food, and sometimes managed to return with some. Vasyl worked in the kolhosp, but gradually from lack of food grew to weak to keep on working.

One day, it was either late in March or early in April, when the farms were already being ploughed, I noticed that soon after Vasyl had gone to work he returned home. His wife and children were not at home then, as they had gone foraging for food. About an hour and half later, my niece, 4, came running over and said to me:

"Please take me over to Grandfather Vasyl. They say Mikolka had died and I want to take a look."

Mikolka was the youngest son of Vasyl. Although I had a bad headache, I took her over. Entering the house and opening the door to the room, I was momentarily blinded by the sun shining in from the window opposite us. Holding my niece with my right hand I reached over with my left hand for the doorpost. Instead I touched something soft. "What's this?" flashed through my mind, and opening my eyes I raised my head to look. What I saw halted me in my tracks. Hanging from the doorpost by a rope was Vasyl's older boy 6. His tongue was hanging out, and saliva was dripping down on his chest. In sudden fright at the sight I dashed outside, dragging my niece along with me. The first thought that crossed my mind was that Vasyl had gone crazy and hung his son as a result, and maybe he might murder us also.

Having led the child a safe distance away, I cautiously returned back to the house. Opening the door I called out:

"Vasyl! Are you home? Where are you?"

Vasyl came into the room from the adjoining one. I again retreated outside, not knowing what to expect from him. When he appeared on the stoop, I asked him:

"What are you doing Vasyl?"

He replied simply:

"I hung my boy."

"And where's the other one?"

"He's in the storeroom. I hung him."

"Why did you do it?"

"Because I have nothing to eat. Everytime Sanka comes with some bread she gives it to the children. Now that the two of them are gone, she will have to give me some . . . But don't say a word about this, Ivan! Please don't say a word about this!. . .

I immediately perceived that Vasyl had truly gone insane. What was I to do? Finally I said:

"Listen, Vasyl, don't you dare eat your children. We'll be over soon and bury them. So cut the boys down . . . Be sure you don't attempt to eat them.

When I returned home, my niece began to talk excitedly about how she had seen the boy hanging, his tongue protruding, and how saliva was dripping down his chest . . .

I realized that the family was already a goner, and therefore did not notify the Council. To what avail? It would not change anything. I called my brother over and together we dug a grave. Then

I called the neighbors (they consisted of 5 women), and we buried the boys. Since we had no coffins, we just evened out the walls of this improvised grave, put straw on the bottom, laid out the corpses on it, put a board over them, and then shoveled in the earth. Their father just walked around in silence, watching what we were doing.

About 2 or 3 days later his wife, Sanka, returned home with the daughter. Coming over to me she angrily asked:

"By what right did you bury my sons in such a fashion? Who allowed you to do that?"

I became alarmed. After all, she used to be an activist, and could cause trouble. So I replied soothingly:

"I was afraid that Vasyl would eat them. We buried them very properly and the people were witnesses to it. And if you want to see them, I'll open up the grave."

I did not tell her, however, that Vasyl had hung the boys. That was his business to tell her, not mine.

Sanka sorrowed deeply for her sons, and then gradually she calmed down.

Two or three weeks passed by. Warm May days arrived. One morning, before dawn, together with Hrytsko Luchka we started out for Reshetilivka. We had in mind going to Kharkiv, in order to buy bread there. None was to be had in Poltava anymore, while in Kharkiv they were selling at staggeringly high prices the so-called "commercial bread."

We had gone some 5 kilometres toward the railway station when all of a sudden we heard a desperate cry:

"Help! Help!"

We listened intently. It sounded like the wife of Tupkalo whose house stood about a kilometre and half from the station.

We started to run in that direction, shouting so that she would know that help was on the way.

We arrived there. It appeared that there were two women and some small children there. In the stable, built alongside the house, there was a cow. Thieves evidently had been trying to get away with it. The woman, hearing the noise they were making, had run into the hallway, climbed inside an old chimney that stood there, climbed up through it to the very top and emerging out on the roof began to cry for help.

Her cries and our shouts had evidently scared the robbers away, for they were no longer around.

That incident held us up for awhile, so that we missed the train, and had to return home. By this time it was already dawn, and by the time we had reached Vasyl Luchko's place the sun was shining.

Since Vasyl had not been seen for quite some time, we decided to step in. We knocked on the door, but no one answered. We looked through the window and saw nothing. We then decided to go around the house and look through a small window over the oven. As usual, the oven window was high, so I leaned over and told Hryts Luchko to climb up on my back and take a look. He clambered up and pushed his face against the window pane. Lying on the oventop he saw Vasyl and his little daughter. Sanka was not at home. She had gone out foraging. Hrytsko knocked on the window and shouted but got no response. Evidently both were dead.

Both of us then went over to the collective farm activist Peter Lukashenko. Returning with him we forced a window open and climbed inside. Both father and daughter had been dead for quite some time as the odor about them evidenced.

Peter Lukashenko and Hrytsko Luchko proposed that we dig a hole and bury them. Remembering the unpleasantness I had with Sanka about the boys, I refused. We closed the window and went home.

Four or five days later Vasyl's wife returned. Where she had gone to, where she had been, what she had brought back . . . I do not know. She came hurrying over to me sobbing:

"Come and bury them, Vasyl and my daughter have died."

To which I replied:

"This time bury them yourself, for there is such a stink there that I could not possibly return there!"

Nonetheless I went to dig a grave. All the neighbors were around. They gave Sanka a blanket, and with it she went inside. I don't know how she managed to drag the bodies off the oventop and put them on the blanket, but she did it. Then we, tying cloths around our noses and mouths, dashed inside and grabbing the corners of the blanket dashed outside and threw the corpses into the hole. We quickly filled in the hole, for the stench was unendurable.

Soon after Sanka came over to me and asked whether I would mind if she could remove the iron roof of her half of the house, for she wanted to sell it in order to buy bread (I have already mentioned that when in 1931 I was about to flee to the Donbas, I had sold half of my house to Vasyl Luchko, and that, upon my return, I did not go back to either my parent's house or my half of my own, but had

rented out a house from Hnat Lukashenko. This I did in order not to make myself too conspicuous to the local activists and the authorities.)

So, after a moment's consideration, I replied:

"Do what you want. But after what has happened in that house, neither my wife nor I will go over to live there anymore."

I journeyed somewhere then. Sanka ripped the iron roof from her half, with it she bought bread, ate it, and died from it... When I had returned there was no one of the Vasyl Luchko family left. The famine had wiped them all out.

2. HNAT LUKASHENKO, a private trader, and a relative of mine. I have already mentioned how he had been expropriated in the Spring of 1932. After that he had become a hired hand in the Radhosp, while his wife with their three children lived at their home. From time to time Hnat would come home, bringing some miserable earnings, but they were not sufficient to save his family in 1933. On our side, we tried to help his children a bit, giving them from time to time a glass of milk (I had two sheep), but that was just a trifle; yet we could not do anymore, as we were having a most difficult time existing ourselves. And so, Hnat's children began to die, one after the other. It was indeed strange. One night the child would be walking around, and then go to bed, and the next morning it would lie lifeless. The first to go into eternal sleep was the oldest, Oleksiy, then the younger Mytko, and then the youngest, Antin. Not long after that their mother Palahna joined them.

Oh yes, I remember now. She had gone with Sanka to Poltava tc try to get some food, but neither of them got anything. As they were returning from the Umanivtsi railway station in a heavy rain storm, Palazhka, already worn out from fatigue and hunger, and although not carrying anything, simply collapsed and lay down on the road. Sanka managed to get home and cried out to me:

"If you want to, go get Palazhka back there on the road. She just lay down and cannot go any further!"

I hurried to her, about a kilometre and a half. When I reached her she not only could not move but was powerless to speak as well. I picked her up, soaking wet as she was, and carried her home. She was breathing yet. My wife made a fire and we put Palazhka on the oventop in order to warm her up. We poured into her throat some warm goat's milk. And we left her that way for the night, nerveless and motionless. What's to be is to be, we thought.

It was late then. We went to bed. In the morning I shouted out:

"Aunt Palazhka, are you alive? (She was a cousin of my father).

She answered something. She did not live long after that, perhaps some three weeks. Hnat was now alone. But he was lucky that he was doing a hired hand's work in the Radhosp, where he always managed to get something to eat.

3. ILKO LUKASHENKO was also an "odno-osibnyk". His family consisted of seven persons, not including two of his married daughters. In the Spring of 1933 this famished family was hit by typhus. During their illness Ilko Lukashenko allowed his son-in-law to take off the iron roof and sell it to some factory in Poltava. And this was during the rainy season. The sick lay in a roofless house and soon the ceiling of their room began to fall apart on them. The floor was full of puddles of rainwater, dripping down through the ceiling. The whole house was permeated with dread and sorrow.

Somehow, however, they survived the typhus. But eventually they too perished from starvation.

Often, upon returning from foraging, Ilko Lukashenko would come out of the house, and call out to me:

"Have you got anything to eat for us?"

Whenever I was able to, I would give them something, but usually that was not sufficient.

One of his daughters, Maria, was taken to a dispensary, and then over to one of her married sisters. But that sister soon died, victim of typhus, while Maria remained alive. The same with one of the sons, Prokip, who eventually found himself with his grandmother, Stepanyda Mordyk, and he too survived her. The rest of that family, father, mother, sons Pavlo, Serhiy and Michael starved to death.

4. PETRO LUKASHENKO, a kolhospnik, was a cooperative storekeeper. His family consisted of five, two of them old, the father and the mother.

One time, during the famine, when it was already completely dark outside, Petro came to me and said.

"Come, Ivan, and help me find my father. This afternoon he left to go to the railway, by Polukazarmi, to see if he could get some milk there, and he hasn't returned as yet."

So we went, threading our way along a pathway through a grainfield. Suddenly we saw old Paul Lukashenko, lying by the path. The stalks of grain around him were all trampled and beaten down. It was evident that when he fell he tried with all his remaining strength to rise or to crawl home. He was still alive. We carried him home. That night he died. Within a week his wife, Pavlova, died also.

5. HRYTSKO LUCHKO, kolhospnik. They were a family of three. He often traveled to Kharkiv for the "commercial bread, and managed to last for a while. He left behind him his wife and child.

6. MICHAEL KLYMKO, "odno-osibnyk," had a wife and child. In the early summer of 1933 his wife caught a hunger typhus from her sister, Maria Lukashenko, and died, leaving husband and child.

7. HNAT ZHADAN, kolhospnik, head of a family of five, including three young sons. During the winter of 1932-1933 we noticed that his children all had disappeared. At the same time we did not see him burying them. So we began to suspect that he had eaten them. Nastia Klymko, a neighbor of the Zhadans, told us that, "I am afraid to let my child out of my sight. Who knows but that someone may seize it and eat it."

This fear grew when Nastia noticed how Motrya, wife of Hnat, tried to invite one evening a passing woman neighbor to spend the night with her, although that woman lived but a scant kilometre from her own home.

Sometime in Spring in 1933, I together with my brother Michael traveled to Myrhorod, to try to get some seeds for potato sowing. When we returned home, we were met by our wives who told us that just a short while ago Motrya had led into her house some strange boy of about 15 years of age. The Zhadans at that time had no cattle or any other stock at all. And they had nothing else to eat. This immediately made us suspect the reason as to why she had invited the boy into her home. We decided to investigate.

When it got dark outside and a light appeared inside the Zhadan house, our wives went over to peek inside through the window to see what was going on there. They saw that the boy was sitting calmly on the bench and that something had been put before him to eat. Well, everything looked all right, so our wives decided to return homeward. Suddenly, before their eyes, something incredible and savage took place. In a flash a hair noose was cast from the back over the boy's neck and pulled into a stranglehold. Simultaneously he was hit a heavy blow over the head. Our wives nearly fainted at this horrible sight. They came running back and shook us but because of their shocked, incoherent babbling, we could not understand what they were attempting to tell us. From their pallid faces and their incoherence we could understand only that the Zhadans were either killing the boy or had already killed him.

"Run immediately to the kolhosp and tell anyone in charge there at this moment what has happened," — we ordered our spouses. As they hurried to obey our instructions, my brother and I stood watch

over the Zhadan house, not too close so as not to be noticed. We wanted to see if anybody would come out.

No one did. Soon the women returned.

"Someone will be here right away," — my wife panted.

Sure enough, in about ten minutes three of them came hurrying up, Rodion Demianko, director of the RIC, the new school teacher (whose name I do not remember), and an unbeknownst to me district representative. They were just then attending a kolhosp meeting, but had managed to slip away without attracting notice.

When I saw the three of them going directly toward the Zhadan home, I made haste to join them. But we had barely approached it, when suddenly the door opened and Hnat appeared carrying a bucket in his hand. Espying us, he froze in his tracks. One of the new arrivals called out:

"Oh, that's you. Let's go inside."

We entered. The oven was burning full blast. On it were two iron kettles. Beneath the bed several wooden buckets were sticking out. Some one pulled them out. In one lay the trunk of a boy's body. The legs, arms and head had been already chopped off. A quick look in the oven showed that the arms and legs were already boiling in the iron kettle. In a corner near the oven there was a little pile of floor sweepings. Someone touched it with his foot, and out rolled a boy's head.

My wife and my sister-in-law came running to the house, but we refused to let them in. The shock might have been too much for them. That night my brother managed to sleep, because he had got himself drunk.

Both Zhadans, Hnat and Motrya, were tied up and led away to the Council quarters. There they were put into a hut and Demian and I were stationed outside as guards. When on the next day an investigating committee examined the Zhadan home they discovered that the Zhadans had slaughtered in this fashion many persons, both young and old.

Here was the evidence: (1) In the cellar they found many human bones, enough to fill a wagon; (2) in the chest they found much clothing, which had been worn by persons of all sizes and shapes; (3) near the hair noose with which they had strangled their victims a lot of long loose hair was found.

Several days later when I was on my way to Kharkiv, I saw the Zhadans and about ten other persons being herded into a car. A policeman told me that they were cannibals and that they were

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being taken away to Kharkiv. What happened to them later, I do not know.

8. IVAN ZHADAN (brother of Hnat), a kolhospnik, had a family of four. Upon the death of his father, he inherited some 5 hectares of land. This land he divided up between himself and his brother Hnat.

During the winter of 1932-1933 the horses were perishing in the same manner as the people, for there was nothing to feed them with. The grain had been taken away by the government.

The people were becoming more and more listless. Disorder reigned in the kolhosp. Some came to work and loaf around, others fled from it, while still others were being thrown out. Maybe there were other reasons for this condition, but I do not recall them as I returned home too late to see. In addition my head was too filled up with my own troubles. At any rate, I saw that because of the lack of fodder the horses were dying all around. Among them were some of the healtiest and finest horses. Perhaps that was because of their natural good condition they were being overworked and therefore needed to be fed most.

Carcasses of the dead horses were carted away, lime was poured over them, and they were buried about 2 metres deep. But the famished people, especially the women, stole out during the night, dug the horses up, cut meat from these dead horses and ate it . . . With my own eyes I saw a number of persons doing this. Among them Alexandra Zhadan (Ivan's wife), Olena Luchko, from the Luchko Grange, sisters-in-law, and others as well.

Sometime during the Spring of 1933, at about the time of Ivan's cannibalism, one of the mares emerged from her stable during the night and went over to the pond to drink. Because she was exhausted she got stuck in the mud and could not get out. When the next morning the people discovered her plight, they pulled her out. She soon died. Because of his dereliction in not taking good care of the horse, Ivan was arrested and put in a Reshetilivtsi jail. He was kept there 2 or 3 weeks. He was given hardly any food at all, and those at home had nothing to bring to him. And so though they let him out quite soon, he died shortly after getting back home. Another victim of the famine was his daughter, Maria, who was going to school then.

9. PHILIP KRUTKO, kolhospnik, whose family numbered 7 persons. To save himself and his family, he killed his spotted dog — Spotty. His daughters and son used to go up to dig dead horses for their meat. Four of them died: Philip himself, two daughters and

a son, as well as Demian's son. Demian went somewhere in search of food, and never returned. Of the whole family, only 3 survived.

On our Grange there was also a Vasyl Podolny, who came from Yankivka, Kukobivska Village Council. About 1920 he married the daughter of Samiylo Ovsiy. The father of Vasyl had lived in Yankivka up to the revolution in 1917 and was a well-to-do man. He had 18 desiatyns of land, a thresher, the latter in partnership with someone else. Vasyl's father-in-law, the people said, had 7 desiatyns of inherited land, and people gossiped that he had money too. So in 1920 bandits appeared, robbed him of his money and killed him.

Having inherited his father-in-law's land, Vasyl became an activist, took an active part in the establishment of a kolhosp, became its brigadier, and directed the kolhosp transportation system. But one morning in 1932, a brigade arrived at his door and proceeded to expropriate him, just as they were doing to others. They cleaned out his house, and then threw him out of the kolhosp.

Why? That we never learned. Perhaps it was because he came from the well-to-do, and the order had accordingly come from the higher-ups to expropriate him. Thereupon Vasyl hired himself out as worker in the Radhosp and took there his entire family. Thus in 1933 he did not live on our grange.

Similar cases occured in nearby parts.

During the famine in 1933 the railway workers at the Reshetilivka Station, directed by agents of the GPU-NKVD, daily kept a watch over the Reshetilivka district, scoured the tracks and picked up the dead bodies. They carted the bodies to the Reshetilivka Station, and about some 600 metres away from Poltava, opposite a railway signal light, where there were a number of deep ditches, about 2 metres wide and 10-12 metres long. They laid out the corpses in these ditches, crosswise, until they were filled well enough. Then they shoveled earth over them. This mass burial continued constantly. How many ditches were thus filled and with how many bodies, I do not know. But I did see two of the ditches thus filled.

One day as I was walking near the station, I noticed a crowd of people gathered near the semaphore. I approached and looked. There I saw lying alongside one of the ditches on a stretcher made from couple of boards Ivan Hayduk, who used to be a wealthy farmer. He lived about three kilometres from this spot, in Bardokiv. I knew him personally. Around him stood a number of workers, including Ivan Luchko, Sanko Luchko, Hrytsko Chamara, all from

Kolomaka. Weakened completely from hunger, Hayduk was unable even to move, but he was still alive, and he was pleading with those about him:

"Please don't throw me into the ditch."

He had been lying somewhere near the railroad tracks. They had brought him here to the ditches, because GPU-NKVD had given strict orders not to allow any bodies to be lying around the rail line, and that no one on the passing trains was to be allowed to see any such sight. So they had to pick Hayduk up and bring him to the ditches.

I heard Ivan Luchko say:

"Throw him into the ditch. He will come to a quick end there. It's the same for him where he dies."

But others, feeling sorry for him, prevailed and he was allowed to lie near the ditch. When I passed by the ditches about 2 hours later, there was no one around, not even Ivan Hayduk.

I recall still another incident which took place in those times. Late in September of 1933 my wife happened to be passing by the Reshetilivka Station. She reached the Luchok-Kolomaka junction. That is about one and half kilometres from my house. There she was stopped by two agents of the NKVD, who apparently had been waiting for her. The agents summoned the watchman's wife from her hut, and without saying anything led both frightened women to the small bridge nearby. There lay a corpse of a woman who had died of hunger. My wife immediately recognized her as her sister-in-law, Paraska Ovsiy. My wife wanted to take the body home, but the agents would not permit it. They forced the two women to go to the ditches for shovels, dig a hole in the ground, and bury the body in it.

The husband of Paraska, Naum Ovsiy, was an odno-osibnyk. On March 2, 1932, he was arrested in connection with that revolt in which Fediy was involved too. The charge against him was based on Section 54 of the Criminal Code. He died in the prison on the Kobylianska street. In 1933 his entire family of four died from starvation. They had lived in the Kukobovsk Village Council near the Nimtsis farm in the Kozachenky.

On the whole many examples of such terrible happenings could be cited here. They were all the result of the famine of 1932-1933, in the course of which the people ate all the dogs, cats, while some of them even resorted to cannibalism. I regret that I have forgotten a lot of their names.

Thus for example, on the Tupkalo Grange there was a person whose first name was Antin. I cannot remember his second name. He was an odno-osibnyk. He spent time in prison on the same charges as Fediy, and was set free in 1932. In May of 1933 we went out into the fields to see if the hay was ready to be cut. Passing Antin's house, some one hundred metres away, we were assailed by a terrible odor, so we decided to investigate. We found Antin lying dead near the woodshed. Near him lay an ax and alongside it chopped up pieces of human flesh. We looked around and found the head. It was that of Antin's sister. We looked around for his wife, but could not find her. We looked further and found arms and legs, which were easily recognizable as hers. It was quite obvious that earlier he and his sister had eaten his wife.

Here is still another example. Over in Luchki there had lived a Vasyl Khutora, who had died back in 1920, leaving behind a widow and a son, the latter a cripple from childbirth. In 1933 during the famine the widow went over to the Reshetilivka Station, where famished people were hanging around. She picked a girl from among them and told her to come along with her to tend her cow. Bringing the girl home, she gave her something to eat and told her to go to sleep on the floor. Late that night she got up and taking an ax attempted to chop off the girl's head. But since it was dark and the girl had the cover over her head, the widow missed. The frightened girl jumped to her feet and began to defend herself. To the aid of the widow came her 20 year son, with a knife. The girl, quite strong, fought back furiously, fending off the blows of the ax and the knife with her bare hands. Finally she managed to break loose and run out. All cut up and bleeding badly she ran to Demianko, the director of the R.I.C. (Workers-Peasants Inspection).

The widow and her son were immediately arrested for cannibalism and then were taken to Kharkiv, together with Hnat Zhadan. Where they separated them — we never learned.

In conclusion, one more such incident. Over in Babychakh a kinsman of mine lived, Pavlo Ivanovich Babych. He was expropriated and on his property they set up a kolhosp. Paul and his wife died sometime in 1928, within one week of one another. They left behind their three children. Where the children lived afterward, I do not recall. The oldest of them was 13 and the youngest 9, both boys. During the famine in 1933 the middle one, a girl, went begging for bread. She was seized, and slain. The person who did it, was soon caught. I do not remember names, but I am sure that the wife of Fediy knows very well, for she lived near them.*

* Once I visited the wife of Fediy — Hanna Fediy. I asked her whether she remembered the names of those who had slain in 1933 the orphan child of Paul Babych. — "Of course I remember," she replied . . . "Why those children used to play with mine. This child was abducted by that Kocherzykha woman. I can't seem to remember what they called her, either Olga or Motrya. I was over in the market place when Kocherzykha arrived with sausages to sell. We all wondered how could she sell sausages when we knew all the time that she had no animals at home. Someone took one of the sausages and found protruding from inside — a girl's toenail. Kocherzykha was immediately arrested and confessed . . ." *D. S.*

END

AFFIDAVIT

All that is written here by Dmytro Solovey about what took place in 1929 through 1933 in the Fediyiv Silrada, Reshetilivski District, Poltavschyna (about collectivization, arrests, expropriation and the horrors of the famine) has been written as dictated by me, and is completely in accord with what took place. This I affirm and hereby affix my signature.

March 11, 1949. (*signed*) IVAN KLYMKO

The signature of Ivan Klymko was notarized by the director of the Lysenko Camp in Hannover (British Zone in Germany), W. Krawchuk, with his own signature and with the seal of the Governing Body of the Camp.

TESTIMONY OF W. KRIVETSKY ABOUT THE WEEDERS FROM KHARKIV WHO WORKED ON THE FARMS OF THE BLAHODATNA VILLAGE, KHARKIV DISTRICT

Upon order issued in the Spring of 1933 by Paul Postishev, especially dispatched to Ukraine by the Politburo, High School students in the Kharkiv district were sent out to weed the beet farms. The peasants by this time were too weak from hunger to do the job.

I was one of a number of students sent to the Blahodatna village. Others were sent elsewhere. As our group approached it, we were struck by the deathly stillnesss in the air and the deserted roads. We soon learned the reason. Two thirds of the village population had perished from lack of food.

A local schoolhouse was assigned to us for living quarters. Although we had taken loaves of bread with us, the village authorities had arranged a "sociable evening supper." The latter consisted of thin "soup" which the famished villagers prepared for us in the school playground.

When that evening we emerged for the supper, children and grownups swarmed around us, begging most piteously for a piece of bread and some of that "soup."

Shocked by their appearance, we began to dole out what we had. In the act, we began to converse with them. Immediately they were ordered not to do any talking with us, and we were ordered to cease giving food to them. The order, however, came too late. The children who had managed to eat some of the bread, started to scream in pain and fall to ground from the cramps which assailed them. At the sight the girl students began to cry out in hysteria. So all of us were ordered to get back into the school, while the writhing children were carried away.

On the following day we went into the village. The first sight to strike us was that of a wagon loaded with corpses wending its way from house to house. At each it would pause and its inmates would be asked if anyone had just died there. If the answer was yes, several men would carry out the corpse or corpses and place them in the wagon, and it would proceed on its way. Since the peasants

were too weak to dig any kind of a grave, the bodies were dumped in the nearest underground storage place, and then earth would be shoveled over the bodies.

No one wept or cried out. Apathy prevailed among the peasants. But the effect on us, the students, was simply awful. So our leaders forbade us to venture out into the village anymore or to converse with any outsiders.

Soon we began weeding in the fields. Being from the city we were unaccustomed to such labor, and soon all of us were fatigued. But that was the least of it. What really knocked us out took place that very first day. To assist us the kolhosp assigned to us a peasant whose job was to sharpen our weeding hoes. This he did painstakingly and in silence. During lunchtime some of us took pity on him, and, without realizing the danger, we gave him some bread to eat. He fell upon the bread like a ravenous beast. In less than an hour and a half he died before our very eyes.

Returning to the village, we encountered a group of girls who had also been hoeing. Some of the students surreptitiously passed some bread to them. They hid it in their blouses. One of them said: "Why did you have to come here to hoe. It would have been better if you had sent us some bread, and left the hoeing to us. We're much better at it than you."

Deep depression assailed me. I decided I could not stay any longer and returned to Kharkiv. I managed to do this only because I was an intellectual worker and also because I had some friends who helped me to get out, semi-legally.

Leaving the village and approaching the railway station, I saw before me a group of starving people. Their emaciated appearance and that terrible look in their glazed eyes caused me to shrink from passing to them close.

Once I reached Kharkiv I immediately left for Tiberdi in the Caucasus. Arriving at Batalnashynsk, the last railway stop, I had to wait there for a bus to Tiberdi. Wandering about the station I came to a luncheonette. I was staggered by what I saw. There on the tables were clean napkins, menus, and plenty of food, mostly meat. We had not seen this in Ukraine for a long, long time! Then it occurred to me that this had been prepared for some visiting delegation. So I went outside again and walked around for about an hour. Returning to the luncheonette I found that everything was the same as earlier. Summoning my courage, I approached the counterman and asked whether I could order some warm soup. Imagine how surprised I was when he gave me a menu and told me to order anything I wanted.

So there you are! At a time when in Ukraine it was impossible to get anything without a ration card, where luncheonettes and restaurants were closed, here in the Caucasus I could purchase all the food — and good food at that — and at a very low price.

Later, as I traveled through the Caucasus I discovered that there was not only a plentitude of food there but more than enough to take care of the needs of populace.

AN EXCERPT FROM THE MEMOIRS OF KH. RIABOKIN

Outside such large cities as Kharkiv, Kiev and Odessa, which received some food supplies, all of Ukraine was famine stricken in 1933, its produce being deliberately expropriated by the Soviet occupation authorities.

That year I was teaching at the University of Kharkiv. In comparison with those dwelling in the country, I had little to complain about, for, as an intellectual worker, I received 800 grams of bread each week. To be sure, I received naught else outside this black bread, but in those times, this was like manna from heaven.

Every Wednesday I would have a visitor, my father, a farmer from the Lysychiy village, Karl district in the Poltava region. I would then go out to the market place and purchase for him, at an incredibly exhorbitant price, about 16 kilos of rye meal. This served to feed him back in the village, together with my brother, an agronomist by profession, a daughter-in-law, and two nephews. He would bring news from home. What worried me most was that week by week he was becoming thinner and thinner. The rye meal I provided for him was not sufficient.

Some time in March, however, before Easter, my father failed to arrive on that particular Wednesday, or on the following one as well. "What could have happened to him? Unless . . . But that can't be. He looked so well the last time." Such somber thoughts coursed through my mind. I found it difficult to sleep at night or to work during daytime. In desperation I was ready to make a quick dash back home. But suppose I did? What then? According to regulations, a tardiness of some twenty minutes itself entailed a penalty of six months in jail. And a trip back to Lysychiv would require at least two days of my time.

Tired and worried I managed to make my way to my dwelling place from the university one afternoon. Just as I was about to enter it, someone informed me that my father had arrived, and that "I hope he does not die tonight." I entered my room, greeted him, and

perceived that he was on death's doorstep. His cheeks were deeply sunken in, his eyes barely able to see and his feet swollen.

"What's the trouble, father? Why were you so long in coming here? And what's new in Lysychiv?" I inquired anxiously.

"Nothing new in Lysychiv," he replied, haltingly. "Except that last week when I went to visit Oryna (my sister) I found her lying in bed — dead. Her two children were lying alongside her. Also dead. And he (son-in-law) was lying on the bench. Also dead. I staggered out and shouted to the neighbors to help me bury the family. But there was no one to come to my aid. They were already dead themselves, or were on the verge of dying and feared to hasten their doom by any exertion. So I had to do it myself. In the orchard I managed to dig a grave, just about a metre deep, as I did not have enough strength to dig deeper. I laid out the father, mother and their children together in the grave, and covered them up with earth. Then I nearly died there myself. I was too weak to even crawl home."

"But I can't understand why they died!" I exclaimed. "Why just last spring I heard from Oryna that they were getting along fine, that they had a good crop and enough bread and potatoes. How could this happen to them?"

"It just happened, that's all," my father replied. "Since he (son-in-law) was an odno-osibnyk and did not work for the kolhosp, they levied a pre-tax upon him last autumn of 200 puds of grain. He paid it. Then, just before Christmas, they levied another tax of equal amount. By then he not only did not have any 200 puds of grain, but he barely had 20 puds. For failing to pay the new government tax he was threatened with imprisonment. Faced with this prospect, he sold his cow, horse, and some clothing, for which he received enough to buy 200 puds of grain. To cap it all, in February the local authorities sent him a notice that he would be required to pay a tax of 300 puds of grain. My son-in-law refused to pay, for the simple reason he did not have it, could not raise it in any manner whatsoever, and because he himself was walking around all swollen up from hunger. A committee thereupon paid him a visit. Naturally it found no grain to confiscate, but it did manage to uncover a sack of millet and a pot of beans which they found in the loft of the house. All that they allowed him to retain was a sack of potatoes. This was consumed in short order. So there's the story of it all. Oh, before I forget, here's a letter from Zina," my father added.

Zina — she was the older daughter of my sister. Both of them had starved to death. Their bodies were found lying on the floor of

their dwelling. She had written this letter to me two or three weeks before her death. This is what she wrote:

"We have neither bread nor anything else to eat. Dad is completely exhausted from hunger and is lying on the bench, unable to get on his feet. Mother is blind from the hunger and cannot see in the least. So I have to guide her when she has to go outside. Please, Uncle do take me to Kharkiv, because I, too, will die from hunger. Please do take me, please. I'm still young and I want so much to live awhile. Here I will surely die, for everyone else is dying..."

Finishing this letter, I stood in the middle of the room as one petrified. I did not know what to say or what to do. My head just pounded with my niece's pathetic plea: "I'm still young and want to live . . . Please do take me to you . . ."

LIST OF PEASANTS OF THE VILLAGE OF BODIONIVKY, POLTAVA REGION, WHO DIED OF STARVATION DURING THE SOVIET PLANNED FAMINE IN UKRAINE DURING 1932-33

Upon our request, E. Husar and a number of his neighbors in the village of Bodionivky (used to be known as Myronasyvka), Vilshansky district, Poltava region, prepared a list of close and distant relatives as well as neighbors who had perished during the famine in Ukraine in 1932-33 which the Soviet authorities deliberately instigated and fostered.

The 92 names listed are those of adults. No attempt was made to list the many child victims of the famine, as their names could not be remembered. These 92 persons belonged to 49 different families.

Before the collectivization in 1928 the village consisted of 150 families in all. Thus it is evident that the list is not complete, but that could not be helped as it was drawn solely from memory. Moreover the list is only of those who died in the Bodionivky village. Many of its inhabitants died outside its limits, some in the Russian populated villages of Kursk and Voronezh, others at railway sidings, still others on the streets of Kharkiv, drawn there in search of food.

Upon our request the compilers of the list also gave us a description of the social status of each family, enabling one to know whether before the 1917 Revolution they were of the poor, rich or middle class, and whether during the famine they belonged to the kolhosp, whether they farmed as "independents," or whether they were of the "foreign element," that is those who had been cast out of the kolhosp.

The survey showed that of 49 families who perished during famine, 18 of them (36.7%) were before 1917 of the poor class, 28 (57.2%) middle class, and 3 (6.1%) of the rich class.

During the famine, 32 (65.3%) of the listed families belonged to the kolhosp, 16 (32.7%) families refused to join it and farmed on their own, and one family (2%), was expelled from the kolhosp.

About the same percentage applied to individuals, except that the percentage diminishes in the case of the poor class and increases in the well-to-do class, which shows that most of the families belonged to the latter.

SOCIAL STATUS OF THE VILLAGERS OF BODIONIVKY WHO PERISHED DURING THE FAMINE

Financial status up to the 1917 Revolution	Kolhospniks	odno-osibnyks	Expelled from kolhosps	Totals	Percentages	Sold-out
Indigent	24	7	—	31	33,7	—
Middle Class	33	20	—	53	57,6	—
Well Off	—	6	2	8	8,7	8
Totals of	57	33	2	8	—	
Percentage	61,9	35,9	2,2	—	100	

LIST OF VICTIMS

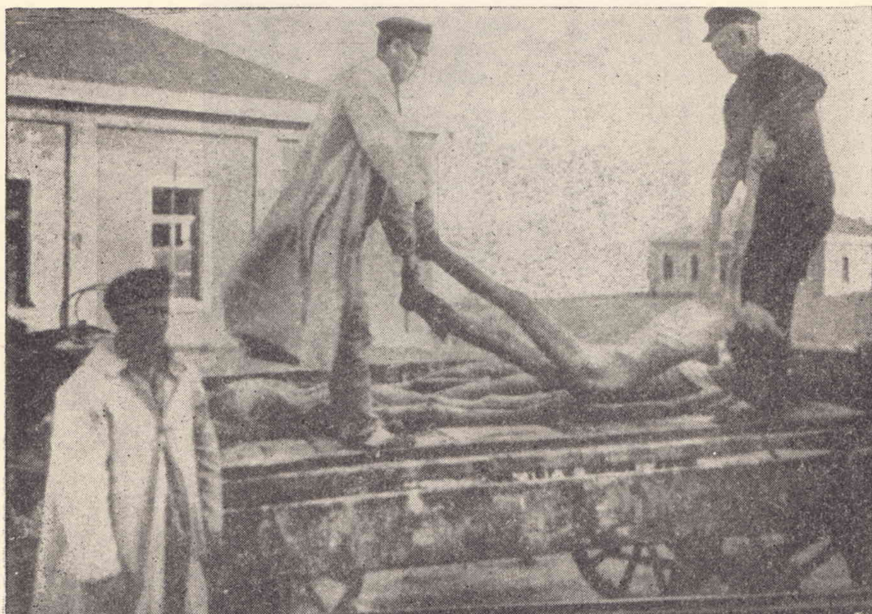
Farm No.

1. Motrya and Gregory Zhuk, poor, odno-osibnyk;
2. Fedir and Evfimiya Talday, middle class, odno-osibnyk;
3. Martin, Semen and Yavdokym Talday, middle-class, odno-osibnyk;
4. Evhen, Paraska and Timofiy Shevchenko, poor, odno-osibnyk;
5. Andriy and Anton Bakay, well-to-do, expelled from kolhosp and sold-out;
6. Pylip and Anna Mazur, middle-class, odno-osibnyk;
7. Obram Novyk, poor, kolhospnik;
8. Uliana, L. Maryna, Yakiv, Petro Shkvarchenko, well-to-do, odno-osibnyk, sold-out;
9. Pavlo and Palazhka Hussar, middle-class, kolhospnik;
10. Natalka, Petro, Motrya Hussar, middle-class, odno-osibnyk;
11. Pylip Shkvarchenko and his three children, middle-class, kolhospnik;

12. Oleksiy and Yavdokha Hussar with their three children, middle-class, kolhospnik;
13. Yakiv and Anna Riznyk, middle-class, kolhospnik;
14. Yavdokha H. and Mikola Shkvarchenko, middle-class, kolhospnik;
15. Michael and Zinka Nesterenko, poor, kolhospnik;
16. Mikita and Nastia Novyk, middle-class, odno-osibnyk;
17. Semen and Anilka Shkvarchenko, middle-class, odno-osibnyk;
18. Anton and Varka Zuyiv, middle-class, kolhospnik;
19. Semen and Paraska Hussar, middle-class, kolhospnik;
20. Marva and Hryhoriy Skrypnik;
21. Ivan and Maryna M. Shkvarchenko, middle-class, kolhospnik;
22. Ihor Hussar, middle-class, kolhospnik;
23. Andriy and Marfa Shkvarchenko, poor, kolhospnik;
24. Yakim, Paraska and Makar Suza, middle-class, kolhospnik;
25. Ivan and Maria Basko, middle-class;
26. Mikola and Oleksandra Rudyk, poor, odno-osibnyk;
27. Saveliy Makhtula, poor, kolhospnik, had a son, Kindrat, in the Red Army;
28. Polikarp, Ivan, Lubov, Mikola Makhtula, poor, kolhospnik;
29. Ivan and Chekar Kuzma, well-to-do, odno-osibnyk, sold-out;
30. Yivha Kuznets, poor, kolhospnik;
31. Arsentiy Serdiuk, poor, kolhospnik;
32. Kuzma Suma, middle-class, kolhospnik;
33. Maksim and Horpyna Hapon, poor, kolhospnik;
34. Oleksiy and Motrya Hapon, poor, kolhospnik;
35. Kuprian Chekar, middle-class, odno-osibnyk;
36. Omelko and Anna Rebrun, middle-class, kolhospnik;
37. Fedir and Tatiana Velichko, middle-class, kolhospnik;
38. Khariton and Oksana Nowyk, poor, kolhospnik;
39. Lukeria Shtepa, poor, kolhospnik;
40. Semen and Motrya Niushko, middle-class, kolhospnik;
41. Kalistrat and Yevfimia Chekar, middle-class, kolhospnik;
42. Anilka, Arsentiy and Paraska Velichko, middle-class, kolhospnik;
43. Khariton and Maria Velichko, middle-class, kolhospnik;
44. Myron Makhtula, poor, kolhospnik;
45. Fedir Makhtula, poor, kolhospnik;
46. Okhrym Suma, middle-class, odno-osibnyk;
47. Andriy Suma, middle-class, odno-osibnyk;
48. Khariton Serdiuk, middle-class, kolhospnik;
49. Prokip Khopersky, poor, kolhospnik.

Terrible hunger pangs drove some victims of the Soviet conducted famine in Ukraine in 1931-1932 to the eating of human flesh. Pictured above is a product of that famine, who had been caught in the act — a cannibal. Account of him and others like him is in preceding pages.

Corpse of a victim of the famine.
During the night someone had stripped him of his clothing.



Bodies of famine victims being dumped off the death carts in the mass burial grounds.

Any sort of a decent burial of the millions of victims throughout Ukraine who died of the famine Kremlin deliberately brought about and kept it going for two years, in 1931-1932, was impossible. The corpses were gathered up from the homes, roads and streets, and carted off to mass graves. Shown above is a pile of famine corpses, covered with snow. They had to lie there until Spring for burial. The ground was too frozen for the digging of mass graves.

Подарунок з бібліотеки
пок. Д-ра В. І. ЖІНЧИШИНА

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