

Moses Chubat, His Mother Roza Chubat And Neighbor's Children Near The House Where They Lived



This is the house where we lived upon our return from evacuation. My mother Roza Chubat is standing, I'm sitting on the ground, and the neighbor's children are nearby. The picture was taken in Kishinev in 1947.

In 1946 we went back to Kishinev. There are no miracles in life. In 1947 I was given my father's death certificate and was assigned a pension of 120 rubles. Our apartment was gone. My mother rented a room in a basement from a Jew, Tsipa, and paid for the bunk we shared. We stayed in the basement for a year. I was tiny. I wasn't growing because of constant hunger. Shortly after we came back I was given a voucher to go to the pioneer's camp. I stayed there for a month. I was well fed and grew by ten centimeters. My mother worked in a bakery as a janitor. I went to her workplace a couple of times a day and she gave me the flawed pieces of bread which was either under baked or over baked. It helped to survive because we didn't get enough bread with the card. Uncle Monya came back from Tashkent and assisted us. He took me for half a year and fed me very well. After the war my mother became persistent and in a year we were given a room which was the premise of the housing office. We didn't have a kitchen. My mother put a stove in the corridor.

I studied at a secondary school. I was overage and it was hard for me to study. I took an initiative and soon became one of the best students. There were a lot of Jewish students in our class, as well as in the whole school. We got along very well in spite of the exacerbated all-state anti-Semitism. I became a Komsomol member. I took an active part in the wall paper. I was rather 'righteous,' I didn't drink or smoke, so the guys didn't take me to be good company. Being a teenager I was interested in chess and music. I joined a chess circle and choir. Music appealed to me, especially accordion. I was eager to learn how to play the accordion, but my mother couldn't afford it. At times I asked my friend for an accordion, but he only let me hold it and not play.