

Moses Chubat And His Mother Roza Chubat



This is me and my mother Roza Chubat. The photo was taken when I came to Kishinev for my army leave in 1957. I'm wearing my marine uniform.

I can say that I was lucky with my military service. I was allocated to the replacement depot of Sevastopol [today Ukraine, Crimea, 900 km from Kiev]. The competition was tough but I did well in my mathematics exam. I was noticed by one military dignitary, a Jew and he suggested that I should go to the intendants school. I went to Poti in Georgia. It was hard to get used to the army: getting up early in the morning, marching, singing combat songs, no matter what mood you were in. I was a quiet guy, so I wasn't bullied. I had studied at the school for a year and acquired a specialty of a military clerk. Our class got an assignment to the cruiser Novorossiysk. Shortly before my graduation, more than half of the squad suffered from dysentery. We had stayed in the hospital for more than a month and I together with some guys were sent to the shore. I was very lucky to work at the torpedo base in Poti. The Novorossiysk was blown up. Our cadets had been among the three thousand people on board

In December 1957 I was given a ten-day leave and flew to Kishinev. Lyalia insisted that we get married immediately, and I couldn't break my promise. I wasn't ready to get married, but I couldn't go back on my word. On the frosty day of 4th December, we went to the state marriage registration office. I wasn't in winter uniform and Lyalia wasn't in a warm coat. We didn't have a wedding party. I was demobilized in February 1958. I came back to Kishinev.