

Moses Chubat



This is a photo of me. This picture was taken in Kishinev in 1934 on my birthday. This was my first picture.

I was born on 25th February 1932. I was named after my recently deceased paternal grandfather. My mother insisted that my name should be written as Moishe, my grandfather's actual name. I spent my happy childhood in our small apartment on Chasovenniy Lane. We weren't very well off. I remember that we had good wooden furniture. There was a nice carpet on the floor. We had sterling silverware. My father took credit for all our well-being. He worked very hard. He worked at the plant of carbonated beverages. The plant belonged to two widowed sisters. They inherited it from their deceased husbands. Those women weren't knowledgeable about the production and my father did most of the work. He loaded siphons and took them in special wagons to the customers: cafes, restaurants, houses of the rich. My father also worked as a mechanic. He repaired the installations and made sure they functioned properly. He was also a collector and accountant. Apart from my father's salary, we also generated income from our poultry. There was a shed in our yard where we kept the chicken which we raised for sale, and our family was also provided with meat.

I went to the group of the Froebel governess. Every morning she took children from the neighboring houses. I put my lunch bag, containing a sandwich and beverage, over the shoulder. Bonna usually took us to the park, but I didn't enjoy it as much as I did with my mother. Bonna was a German, and children taken to her were mostly Jews. She read us children's books, and taught us etiquette. I looked forward to going home to my parents, especially to my father who came home late from work and still found time to play with me. He was always kind and gentle. My mother was very strict and this made her different from the other Jewish mothers. Maybe her intentions were good, but I still remember how she beat me for minor misbehavior.