

## Moses Chubat And His Friends



This is me and my friends. We are sitting in a plywood plane. I'm the first on the right and Grigoriy Rodimtsev is next to me. Victor Prohin is on the left. The photo 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. Our apartment was gone. My mother rented a room in the 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.

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.