

Roza Chubat



This is my mother Roza Chubat in Kishinev next to our house in the 1960s.

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.