

Vera Doroshenko's Grandfather Sergey Dubov



This is my grandfather Sergey Mikhailovich Dubov. Photograph made in Zvenigorodka around 1915. They lived in the village of Stetsovka Zvenigorod province. My grandfather's father died when my grandfather was still a child and his mother married a Russian man. He served 25 years in the tsarist army. He treated my grandfather well. My grandfather learned farming from his stepfather. Before the revolution my grandfather was manager of baron Vrangels' estate (baron Vrangels was an aristocrat, a general in the tsarist army and a very influential man in Russia), and later - of Prince Kuragin's estate (Prince Kuragin also came from an ancient aristocratic family). These families had estates all over Russia and they used to sell them, exchange or put at stake

along with all servants. When a landlord was visiting his estate he demanded that all people living around served him. They, for example, had to hunt for pigeons, cook them and serve them as his meal. He would have brought his girls with him, and they were feasting, gambling, etc. My grandfather's landlord would have asked my grandfather to lend him some money to buy his lover a present. My grandfather was a great specialist in sugar beet growing. However, he was paid a miserable salary. I have bright memories about my childhood. I remember our house and Zvenigorodka. I loved my grandfather Serei Dubov, my mother's father. He was living with us and my family called me my grandfather's "little tail". My grandfather often went to the synagogue and sometimes he took me with him. I was interested in everything and my grandfather used to tell me stories about the Jewish people and religion. there was a rabbi in Zvenigorodka. I even remember the Jewish wedding of my father's friend Brodianskiy. I was so excited when the ride and bridegroom went beneath the huppah. In 1926 the synagogue was closed. Our grandfather Sergei Dubov lived in Zvenigorodka. He was 91. He said "I will die when my son is back, when I see my son". Efim returned home, and my grandfather lived for another month and a half and died. He was 92 yeas old. This happened in 1939.