

Egon Lovith



This is me on a rocking-horse here in Kolozsvar in 1926. You can tell that the picture was taken by a professional photographer who had props such as this horse. I remember I used to wear shorts all the time. These must have been my best clothes. ?For my birthday, please keep this photo for memories, kisses, your little son Egon? - this is written on the back. My mother sent this photo to my father and it is dated May 22nd, 1926. My father was waiting for us in Mexico and my mother sent it to his address. They wrote to each other a lot. My father had been there for a year and a

half then. We left Kolozsvár for Mexico in the same year. In Kolozsvár my maternal grandfather opened a watch shop for my father already in 1920 in the Malom [Miller's] street (today Baritiu Street, in the city center). In Romania, by 1922, the fascist movement established itself among the students and there were already fascist protests. There was a terrible incident in 1923. It was a student protest, they were walking from the Hungarian theater to Malom Street. That part of Kolozsvár was already built up and there were lots of Jewish shops and Jewish signs. When the marching students, who were delighted to have won Transylvania back - this also belonged to the way of fascist thinking and extreme nationalists - saw the Jewish name on my father's sign they broke the shop window, got into the store and destroyed, plundered everything. They beat up my father so badly that he was brought to hospital. Once my father recovered, he decided that he wouldn't stay here but leave the country. So he took whatever money was left, arranged to get his passport and a ship ticket for himself and then he left. I suspect that in his eyes, after living in Switzerland and Russia, Mexico wasn't the most attractive place and I think he probably wanted to go to New York, to America. Most likely he ran out of money and that's why he only got as far as Mexico. But I could be wrong and he could have talked to someone on the ship who might have spoken to him about the possible prospect of being a watchmaker in Mexico. I was born in 1923 when my father was already in Mexico. Two or three years later my father collected enough money so that he could send us ship tickets. I went to Mexico with my mother in 1926.