

Egon Lovith With His Mother And Sister



It was Marszo 27 de 1932 [March 27], the year of my sister's birth, when this photo was taken. You can see me, my mother, Berta Lovith and my little sister Irenke on this picture. On the back it says, 'La familia Lovith'. We had already been living in the suburb of Mexico City by the time the photo was taken. My father became ill and it led to the complete financial break down of my family. He couldn't keep up with his work and in 1932, we moved out from downtown to past the suburbs. An Indian rented his brick house to us while he lived near us in a wattle house. He did a lot of work around our house for us. By that time we had our own yard, just as if we were living in the countryside. We had a lockable gate and door, but anyone could easily jump the fence. On Saturdays, our Indian neighbor performed the so-called goy jobs, which meant the kind of work that Jews weren't allowed to perform. For instance, she would kill the chicken or the turkey and cook lunch if there was no cholent, and she would stay until she finished making lunch. My mother didn't do any of this. Even during weekdays it was the Indian woman who slaughtered the chickens and she also did our shopping. My mother would also shop once in a while but generally she wouldn't do it on Saturdays. One time our Indian neighbor came to check on my sister because she was still very young. My parents were resting in the room when suddenly there was a big noise. It happened that there was a scorpion close to my sister's neck - with its tail sticking up. My mother came out of the room at the same time as the Indian woman arrived but my mother didn't know what to do because she was scared to touch the scorpion. My mum told me, when I came in the room in a little later, that the Indian woman had grabbed the scorpion, threw it to the ground and stepped on it with her bare feet. That's how my dear little sister survived. We had about 20 red feathered hens and I was the main expert of determining whether the hens would be going to lay eggs or not and I also had to keep track of the number of eggs they had already laid. We fattened the hens with corn and at times their meat was so fatty that we could get close to a liter of fat off it. We ate hen meat night and day.