

# Egon Lovith With His Mother Berta Lovith



The photo was taken in Mexico in Tlalpan on February 18th, 1929. On the back of the photos it says: 'With love to my little Edith, Berta and Egon'. They sent this picture to Kolozsvár to my mother's sister, my aunt. The photo was taken during one of our hiking trips and we are on a hill. You can tell my father Max Lovith took the photo because his hat and jacket are next to my mother, Berta Lovith. The car also must have been near by. My mother is holding a cigarette. She was a noble woman and she looked like one as well: she had a beautiful skirt, silk stockings and high-heeled shoes. Everybody knew she was Senora Max for the local Mexican Indians. While we were living in Mexico we used to explore nature all the time, especially on Sunday because it was a holiday and sometimes even Saturday was a holiday. My father bought an old Ford under the counter. When the three of us sat in the car we looked like the people in Stan and Bran films. My dad was very good at keeping the Ford in good condition, he even had to crank its handle. If I'm correct the tires of the car weren't even inflatable, they were still the solid tires. While my dad was still well he would take my mother and I for car rides and we drove around Mexico. We would drive as far as 70, 80 or 100 kilometers. We mostly explored the Aztec land. My father wanted to show us where and what he had done besides watch making in his first two years while he was waiting for my mother and I. Besides his passion for watches, my dad had a passion for archeology. We had two dogs while we were in Mexico. I don't remember the name of this one, but our other dog's name was Lobo. I was a peculiar child and my imagination far exceeded my actual knowledge. According to the family chronicle, as a young kid, I was already able to make a moveable donkey out of paper. I always drew and invented all kinds of things. My father thought I was an ordinary child, and he bought me tin soldiers and airplanes, but I got bored of them within a very short time. I wanted to play but not like most of the other kids did. I always just wanted to play whatever game I invented. I had a great imagination. Out of wax I made a diver. I always took more interest in my wax diver than in planes even if they could fly. I wasn't particularly into reading but then my father brought home Jules Verne books in Spanish. My father bought Spanish books but we still spoke Hungarian at home. I finished elementary school in Spanish, and I had five years at Saint Louis de Palestrina, the best Spanish Catholic middle school, where we only learned about the Middle Ages in our history classes.