

Otto Lowi



This is a photo of my brother Otto Lowi, taken when he was 19 years old, in 1942, in Covasna. I think he needed it for an ID or something like that. He was a boy like you can't imagine, he was so handsome...and what a fate, he didn't have the luck to make it far.

Otto had barely finished high school when he was deported with us. He was with us in the ghetto in Sfântu Gheorghe, then in Reghin, and then in the camp, in Auschwitz. He was the one helping my father carry the food along. When we arrived to Auschwitz, Oswiecim it was called, at some time, they told us we had to get off the train and leave everything there, although there was nothing to leave behind. I kissed everybody and I didn't know it was for the last time, and we got off. Mengele and all his curs were there, may they still be cursed, and they lined us up. And there they separated us, they separated us immediately, from mother, father and my little brother Otto. I think Otto went with my father, I don't know for sure to this day, because I never heard of him again after that. I reckon he died that year, in 1944, in Auschwitz. I never heard of him again and I never met somebody who knew anything about him.