

Mico Alvo And The Family Of His Uncle Daniel Alvo



This is a picture of uncle Daniel (first from right, seated), aunt Roula (first from left, seated), their son Nico Alvo (second from left), their daughter Rachel or Mary (first from right standing), and myself.

Daniel had gone to school at the Lycée. He spoke French very well and also Greek, which he knew better than all his other brothers. He got married with a girl from Volos.

I think she was Romaniote Jew, because she didn't know any Ladino. She spoke only Greek and she learned Ladino later. Her name was Esther Matathia.

We called her Roula. She was a great woman and a very beautiful one. When she lived in Volos, everyone knew her. Their marriage was an arranged match. Roula had an uncle here who was a notary, Samouilidis. He arranged the match.

Daniel and Roula had one girl and one boy. The girl's name was Rachel. She was called Mary though, because when they went to the mountains during the Nazi occupation, she changed it to Mary.

The son was called Nikos. He is my cousin. He still runs the business. Rachel was five years younger than me and Nikos was thirteen years younger than me.

Daniel and his family used to live in Vassilissis Olga's Street, at the 25th of March area, on the corner of Vassilissis Olgas and Marasli Street. They owned the house.

Daniel worked at the shop as an accountant. Before that, he worked at the Amar Bank. It was a well known bank, that mainly worked with businesses. I think that they had deliberately sent him to work there, in order to learn accounting.

Daniel was responsible for keeping all the books of the shop. He started working in the shop after I was born, around 1925-1930. He had a very good relationship with my father and brother Joseph.

They didn't have any problems. But he only participated on the earnings. He didn't have shares.

Daniel was always afraid of his health. He was slim and he ate little, because he was afraid of his cholesterol.

When they would serve him a plate of food to eat, he would lean the plate, so that the fat would go away. And all the time he was saying that he was not well.

Daniels' relationship with religion and tradition was very distant. I never saw him going to the synagogue. But maybe he went, and I wasn't aware of it.

During the war uncle Daniel lived in the ghetto. Nevertheless, he managed to get out of it with his wife and his two children, Nico and Mary. It seems that when the deportations started, a number of people escaped.

Only a few though. The mother of Roula who was from Volos, sent someone to take them and bring them to Volos on a boat. Then, when the Italians surrender, they went up the mountain to Karditsa.

Daniel died in July 1983. The poor guy died in the toilet alone. He was old. Neither his wife, nor his children were in the house. Only a woman that was looking after him was there.

It was Sunday and everyone had gone out to eat at a tavern. The woman called me up "Mr. Mico, come quickly, Mr. Daniel, I think he is dying!" I went around and found him sitting there.