THE CUBA FAMILY ARCHIVES FOR SOUTHERN JEWISH HISTORY AT THE BREMAN MUSEUM

MSS 250, CECIL ALEXANDER PAPERS

BOX 1, FILE 29

REBECCA E. ALEXANDER, 1929 - 1930

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Today I celebrate my seventy-fifth birthday - I shall try to comply with an often expressed wish of my two dear, devoted sons to put down in writing some memories of my life - an uneventful one, one best to be desired, where events mean love from every angle. For instance, the day began with visits from my dear children and grand-children bringing me loving greetings and lovely gifts - a visit too, from Mable Loebb who is a busy woman - then came her mother and Lucile and then my good friend Mrs. Montag. The day is to be celebrated by a dinner at beautiful "Mimosa Hall" in Roswell - given by Cecil, Harry, Julia and Marian. Besides their families, our party will include my old and only living school friend Bessie Waller - Warren Alexander, Mattie Slaton, Miss Cook and Isaiah, Jr., who is here on Business for the day - by him my Savannah family will be represented. We will go out occupying Harry's, Cecil's, Warren's and Rae Neely's (she is one of our guests) cars. We leave at five so that we can enjoy the beautiful gardens before dinner and will return in time for Isaiah's train which leaves at 9:40. We will take out with us the beautiful birthday cake made for me by my dear Sarah. Sallie Alexander was to have gone with us, but was not feeling well enough - so Julia took me to see her and my dear "Miss Issie" (Mrs. W. K. Boyd), who also will be kept away by sickness. As my dear children are bringing sunshine into this day, so they have brought it to me all their lives. No woman was ever more blessed. The clouds rest on me too, for my dear and only brother left me this year Mch. the 14th and always I miss and long for my sister but I try to make my clouds show forth bright too. I try not to sadden the lives I should make to rejoice. God has blessed me with
the strength to wear the smile always. Sorrows have touched me often but
never the tragedies of so many other lives and so I am grateful with a great
love for my Heavenly Father and belief in His wisdom and goodness.

I was born in Charleston, S. C., in the same house and bed on St.
Phillips Street in which my mother was born, where her parents lived.
At that time my parents lived in Savannah, Georgia. 1854 was the year
of the terrible yellow fever epidemic in Savannah and Charleston and my
father, because of his calling as the leading druggist in Savannah and his
connection with the Savannah Benevolent Association could not leave
Savannah. When I was four months old, the greatest sorrow of their lives
came to my parents in the death of their eldest son Israel from yellow
fever - a loving, charming, beautiful boy of seven - the first child they
had reared beyond infancy, having lost their eldest at birth (a daughter)
and another daughter Gertrude and a son Abraham A. Jr., when infants. It
is like a benediction to me to recall, even at my advanced age, how my
mother so often told me I had been a comfort to her from my infancy up.
Those were the days of slow travel and only by boat from Savannah to
Charleston, so that my father reached his boy, who he idolized to find
him dead! In all my life I never heard my father call his name and my
mother said that even to her he could not speak of his loss which would
have comforted her very much. So when my younger sisters (Israelia and
Louise) and my brother Isaiah grew to an early age she spoke so constantly
and so brightly (never with tears for us) of our "brother Israel" that he
always seemed part of our living circle and to read his books and play
with his marbles and shot-gun (the kind with a cork) was a delightful
privilege when we were "real good". I still have those quaint books and
toys.

My father was Abraham Alexander Solomons, son of Eleanor Joseph and
Israel Solomons, born in Georgetown, S. C., May 2nd 1816 - died in Savannah, Georgia August 8th 1899. My mother was Cecilia Moses, daughter of Isaiah Moses and Rebekah Phillips Moses born in Charleston, S.C. July 18th 1815 (making her a few months older than my father) died in Savannah Georgia April 27th 1882.

They were married in Charleston S. C., Dec. 6th, 18 by the Rev. Jacob Rosenfeld, who also performed the marriage ceremony for my marriage to Julius Mortimer Alexander (the son of Sarah Moses - my mother's sister) and Aaron Alexander the son of Abraham and Hannah Aarons Alexander on Oct 8th 1873. My mother's father went to Cheraw, S. C. to live, after their marriage, where he was associated with his brother Mordecai Solomons in the cotton business - not being successful - my father having an opportunity to enter the drug business for which he had been educated, moved to Savannah and entered business with Mr. William Mackey and Dr. Phillip Mimms - the first two with drawing and then my father established his own business A. A. Solomons & Co. in 1845, which business is now carried on by his three grand-sons, Abraham A., Isaiah A., and Joseph M., they having succeeded their father Isaiah A. Solomons.

When my father established his business, he sent for his younger brother Joseph M., who succeeded my father on his death as head of the business and upon his death, my brother became head. My earliest recollections go back to when we lived in the house where my brother was born on Gordon St. between Bull & Drayton and which is still a very nice looking house. It faced the Synagogue we all attended - but built long after we left that house. And the Square in which is the beautiful Pulaski Monument. Well do I recall squeezing in between the iron fence rods and playing around that monument just at the base. Now there is a wire to keep out intruders.
up, we walked down Broadway and being around Xmas time we had much to entertain us. When it began to grow dark and she was nearing her street she told me she must go home to her own house and right then and there she left me on Broadway. I walked a while and when I saw the shipping from a side street, I knew I was lost. The gentleman I spoke to attracted me because he looked like Mr. Isaac D________, of whom all children were fond, Mr. Davega had married the widow of my mother's brother, Mr. Jacob I. Moses, the grandfather of Albert, Moultrie Mont (Capt.) Stanford and Lionel Moses. I stopped this kind looking person and told him I was lost. He asked my father's name, took me with him into a drug store, looked in what I afterward told my family was a "dictionary" and then took me by the hand and carried me to my father's office on Dye Street, which happened to be just around the corner and on the same street from which I had seen the shipping. It was up a long flight of stairs and as my father opened the door he handed me in saying "your little girl was long on Broadway" and turned and left before my grateful father could even thank him. I recall so well how hurriedly my father gathered up and put away papers and hurried to get the Fifth Ave. Stage, for he realized the distress of my mother. When we reached home everybody was out hunting for me with the aid of the police. The only one left at our house was a dear old lady who always petted me and had my dinner on her heater keeping it warm for me. I recall how as each one returned I was petted and welcomed and how important I felt telling how the gentleman "looked in the "Dictionary" and found where Papa's office is". I recall so well a young lad who always petted me and made wax figures for me gave me an extra supply that day. When we went to New York after the Civil War that same lad, a grown young man then came to see me, how embarrassed (I was then thirteen) I was when he asked me if I still used the "Dictionary" to find my friends.
This has been a long story of a lost little girl of about five in big New York. At that time War was on everyone's mind and even as a little child I recall how it alarmed me. Then came the Blockade of vessels going South and coming North. We left for Savannah on the last boat before the final Blockade. I think it was the memory of that voyage, so full of sea-sickness and one I made later, to Charleston by water, which has filled me with dread of mal-de-mer. I see my dear father now, he was always so gentle and patient with all children; as he went from one to the other - for my mother was as sick as we and helped and comforted us. The trip was a long one then. I recall going to our home on Charlton St. which my father had built and in which we had never lived before - everything in it was so beautiful and fine (the bed I occupy now was in our nursery) and to cap the climax when we opened the drawers to the beautiful bureau in my mother's room and which my brother inherited there were loads and loads of all kinds of lovely small cakes and a great large one with "Welcome" on it - all made and put there by a devoted old servant who had nursed my brother but who could not go North when we did because of the slave question - her name was Hettie Gary and she had established herself as a leading cateress. I recall her giving us a lovely party on one of my brother's birthdays at her (what we call now) tea room on Broughton Street. All talk was of War and as if it were yesterday I remember being told the war had started - 12 April when Anderson was fired upon at Fort Sumter. It was Saturday and my nurse was putting the finishing touches to my toilet for Synagogue and I was waiting for my cousin Nellie, Uncle Joe's daughter and my boon companion who always came for me and we went to services together (even such little girls in those days) as she came in eight I called to her "Nellie the war has begun" upon which she
called up to me "then I am going straight back home", and she flew and
I felt as if war must be just around the corner. I did not want to run
into danger either, but my gentle mother reassured me, and together
she and I went to pray "that the South would win" and that I added to
my childish prayers every night. The next thing I recall was the fall
of Fort Pulaski which we felt meant the fall of Savannah. So all who
could, left the city, our family amongst the refugees. I recall the
rush and confusion and also the delight of going away, all children
feel, especially as my mother was taking with her my little friend Caro
Palin, whose mother was a close friend of our family and who all of us
children called "Aunt Lucy". She was of an old French family from
Martinique and was a first cousin of the Empress Josephine and as long
as the Bonapartes were in power she received an amenity from the French
government. She was an ardent Catholic, but that meant nothing to us.
We refugeeed to Columbus, Georgia, where my mother's sister, Sarah
Alexander lived with her family - also she had two brothers there,
Isaac Moses who lived across the river and Ezra Moses her youngest and
dearly loved brother. My Aunt Sarah Alexander, after, became my mother-in-law and no mother could have been more loving and devoted. My Uncle
Isaac had married Hannah Moses, the eldest daughter of Major Raphael J.
Moses. She had met a most tragic death from burns and left two children,
Rebecca Hannah and Isaiah who were then living with my Aunt Sarah. My
Uncle Ezra married Sarah Levy, the daughter of David C. Levy of
Philadelphia and they had one child- Isaiah E. Moses. After the war
they lived in Savannah and to the last of their residence there lived
in our house and our relations were always the closest and most
affectionate. My father and my uncle were most devoted friends, too, and
my aunt always devoted to us all and Isaiah was like one of us.

We remained in Columbus for about six months, spending some of the time we were away from Savannah in Montgomery with my mother's brothers (Abram Moses) family and then we visited LaGrange where my mother's brother Mr. Aaron Moses lived. We also visited Atlanta, where my mother's sister Adeline Brady lived in the fine old house which was torn down to make way for "The Grand Theatre". We also visited my father's sister, Mrs. L____ Cohen in Dalton or rather on a farm near Dalton, where I think I had the best time of all. The summer we were away from Savannah we spent at Warm Springs near Columbus, going there is a carriage. Somehow, we children did not like Columbus and were homesick for Savannah, but we liked Atlanta where there were plenty children.

The best memories to me of Columbus were connected with Miss Minnie Dessau, after Mrs. Adolph Leins and all my life I loved her. Our friendship grew as I grew and when she died at 80 and I was the grandmother of two children our love had never wavered. She was one of the grandest characters I ever knew. During the time we were in Columbus, everyone was making for the confederate cause and Miss Minnie, like all the young ladies, did her share - amongst the things she did was having "Tableaux" and one representing the Secession of the State, in which I took the part of Alabama. The red dress I wore trimmed with cotton for the occasion, I wore in one of the daguerreotypes taken with my sister. It has black velvet bands on it.

On my Aunt's farm we had the best time for it was so novel - we dug potatoes, peanuts - would help our aunt gather vegetables - we hunted for maypops - we rode on the wagons piled high with hay, we watched the press
bring forth syrup from sugar cane - we went to a corn shucking the Negroes had and enjoyed it as much as they for most of my Aunt's negro hands were old family servants who had belonged to my Grandmother Solomons and they made great pets of us. We had a play house under a beautiful oak tree. Another joy we had there was the presence of my Aunt & Uncle - Mr. & Mrs. Mordecai Solomons, who had come South when the war began and her sister Rose Emanuel. All devoted to us, specially cousin Rose, who was really no relation except that love made her so. She was always doing something for our pleasure and all our lives we loved her. She it was who bored my ears for earrings, a thing which was regularly done in those days.

In spite of the good times we were all glad to go home, which we did when all danger of Savannah being taken had passed. I have some very vivid recollections of the war, that is of events at home. Of the burial of Gen. Bartow whose home was across the Square from ours, of the funeral of the two Habershams who were killed in the same battle. Of going with my mother to take such delicacies as could be had to the sick soldiers at the Wayside Home, the old Chatham Academy, which had been turned into the hospital for wounded Confed. Soldiers. My mother had brought with her from New York many things which could not be had, after the blockade, such as loaf sugar, gelatine, etc., all such was kept for the sick soldiers - for not only we would not eat anything which we felt would help them, but during the war my mother never wore the handsome silk dresses she had brought with her from New York. Calicoes and homespun dresses we all wore. I recall that my father went to Wilmington, N. C. where it was known that a steamer had run the blockade and he brought back pieces of dress goods and shoes of all sizes so that the whole family, aunts and cousins were dressed alike.
I recall when a shoe maker came to Savannah and my father paid $75.00 a pair to have shoes made for us. I recall my father taking us to Isle of Hope to see the Water Witch, a boat captured from the Northern Navy and how we went aboard and the sailors gave us some hard tack, and too, how we went into the fortifications, earthworks which had been constructed there. I recall a big exchange of prisoners, and everyone went out to the Park Extension and carried food to the men, so many sick and hungry. The officers were entertained in private homes and I recall two being in our home, tho I can only recall the name of one, Major Scales of N. C. I recall my father taking us down to see the pontoon bridge across the Savannah river and how he let my brother walk across it, much to our discomfort - my sister's and mine. It was about that time I might say, I had my first real acquaintance with my cousin Julius, who after became my husband. tho I recall some things about him in Columbus.

With his brother, Jacob Clarence, he was stationed a few miles from Savannah and they would have leave occasionally to come to Savannah and would be at our house. He often told me he fell in love with me then and I was such a little girl!

I might say the first dreadful experience of my life came the night before Savannah was taken by Sherman. When the Confederate troops vacated Savannah they set fire to the arsenal and all night that horrible noise of explosions and the screams of women were heard. No one went to bed and I was filled with terror as were all. Towards morning everything quieted down, then the housewoman came screaming with fear to tell us the "Yankees are here and will kill us all". She was a new servant my father had bought from a family whose home in Florida had been burned by the Yankees and she could not forget. She used to tell how they had hidden in the...
woods for nights. But the Army came in so quietly we would not have known it if we had not seen the blue uniforms. Soon demands were made for homes for U. S. Officers - by that time the Square in front of our home was filled with tents and we had two officers and a war correspondent. "Doesticks" was his nom-de-plum in our top floor rooms and except for "Doesticks" all were very gentlemanly and he became such a nuisance I recall that my father requested his removal. I recall one day how the soldiers poured into our basement taking what food they could find, even that which was cooking, for they were a hungry crown of men and how my mother went down and ordered them out. When she reported it to headquarters a special guard was sent for our home.

We children regarded with awe that "Yankee" marching around our house. Another time, when my Mother had made ginger cake to sell to the soldiers, as every house keeper was doing for we had no money except our worthless confed. money and all were glad enough to get the "Yankee green-backs". Everything went on quietly until a few soldiers started looting places of business and they were soon joined by an Irish mob. I recall my father telling so bitterly how strychnine had been emptied into sugar and seeing him printing the fact and having these signs posted over the city. He told how the mob would run their arms behind 28 jars and bottles on shelves dashing them to the ground thus wasting precious drugs. All know what a mob is, but no one can realize one ____________. I recall seeing drunken women and men passing through the street by our home bent double with their loads of stolen goods. Everyone was alarmed but before long Sherman had put a stop to it by putting the leaders in prison.

My father, whose credit was good with the men of the North, with whom he had business, soon began his business all over and I've been told...
by so many how as soon as he was able, he paid all his pre-war debts.

Mr. Riley, our old __________ neighbor, who knew my father then, used to tell me about it with great admiration. My father's calling kept him exempt from active service in the field but he was a captain of the Home Guard - which meant a lot in many nights without sleep, in those troublous times and with no regular police.

Soon after the war, my sister, brother and I went to a small private school kept by a Mrs. Fudge, the attraction being that it was very near, just around the corner on Jones St. Like a pert child, I recall when I was asked if I liked my school, I'd say "Oh Fudge" and someone telling my mother as being smart caused my removal to a small school kept by Miss Kate McKleskey, whose niece was the mother of Hollins Randolf. After that school I went to Mr. Crosby's school, in the building which is now the Louisa Porter Home and health centre. Mrs. Burrough (nee Law) taught me. I recall some of the children who went there - Mr. George Baldwin, the Ferst children, Ida Bell, Susie Wade, Sarah DeWitt and many of the nicest children. We played in the vacant lot where the YMCA now stands and incredible as it seems now, I was one of the fast runners and was always chosen when we played base.

A tragic incident came to me then over which I've had many a laugh. My mother who always encouraged independence, had allowed me to select for myself what I considered a very beautiful hat and so enraptured was I with my choice that I had my likeness taken in it and it is still extant and then I must wear it to school to "show off". That recess, when the running began I put my hat on the branch of a tree and forgot it when recess was over. So someone, who liked the hat as well as I, walked off with it. I went home broken hearted and all that I had left of my beautiful hat was
the likeness. But it taught me a lesson, for my mother had advised me not to wear it.

Then I went a big girl's school kept by a Mr. Lancaster. I recall some of the girls besides my friend Maria Mims—Sarah Mills, after Mrs. ______; Caro Laneur, after Mrs. DuBignon; Loulie Gilmer, after Mrs. ______ Mimms; and some others, very vaguely. My mother had not been very well, so my father bought a home at the Isle of Hope for a summer residence a most unfortunate thing for we all became victims of malaria and then we went north by our dear old Dr. Read's advice. As long as we were well, we had a happy time at the Isle of Hope. We had our Governess, Mrs. Freel and with us and I fear we did not make her time very happy my cousin Nellie Solomons was with us and a veritable mischief she was and a true leader of such and we all obeyed her. My music teacher, Mr. Lessing, came twice a week to give me lessons. There was no way of getting to Isle of Hope then except by horse and carriage - my father had two horses and buggies and used them alternately. All supplies, even ice were brought out that way. Our regular family numbered 13, for my Uncle Ezra's family, Nellie and our cousin Edmund Abrahams were with us (Oh, those days of family hospitality) and a constant stream of City visitors at any time and all times. No wonder my mother did not get well, tho' she had plenty good servants.

It was then we went to New York and lived with my mother's brother's (Mr. Levy Moses) family at 108 W 47th Street. My father sharing the expenses. We had a Governess, Miss Louise Gerard for French, German and music but my sister and I went the 24th St. public school for girls and my brothers to the 13th st. school for boys. We went to New York in November and the following summer, we went to Schooley's, Mt. N. J., and had a very happy time. My Uncle Ezra's family and his wife's sister Mrs.
Collis formed our party. It was at Schooley's Mt. my sister and I learned to crochet, our Aunt Sarah teaching us and oh! the wonderful "Tidies" and other useless things we made! But were then considered very beautiful. It was during that summer that I had my first real training in letter writing under my father who knew the art so well. He encouraged us to keep in touch that way with our home friends and cousins. He never allowed us to write copies for letters, just off hand and as he said write as if you were speaking.

When we returned to New York we boarded with a Mrs. Elliot from S.C. The house was on 24th St. between 6th and 5th Avenues, so again we were neighbors of the old Fifth Avenue Hotel. In the house with us were Mr. & Mrs. Jefferson Moise and their two children Dulce and Carrie, Mr. Warby Moses, a brother of Mrs. Moise, my cousins Moultrie and Nina Moses and their first child Albert, who was born in Switzerland and cousins Mont & Rosa Moses. I had met cousin Rosa (Jonas) when we were in Montgomery at my Uncle Abraham Moses' during the war she was his wife's sister, where I fell in love with her and she with me. Though I was a little girl and all our lives we were devoted to each other. Her daughters are Belle and Eva Moses. My sister and I went to the 24th St. school again, going to our former teacher who had married, and lived on Tenth Street for French, German and Music.

Every day we passed the old St. Mark church and too Dean's candy store, which we seldom just passed. Our brother went again to the 13th St. school. It was then his dear chum and cousin Abraham came to visit them and the quaint likeness of them together was taken.

It was during that period of my life I first knew my dear old friend Mr. Dan Ottolengrin who introduced to the charms of Dickens & Thackery.
Tho' his love was Dickens it was then I began to read Shakespear for I had the wonderful opportunity of seeing Edwin Booth in his best roles. I first saw him at the _____ Theatre cor. Sixth Ave. - 23rd St. Mr. Ottolengrin took me to the opening night to see Booth, Miss McVickers in "Romeo & Juliet" and thence after that, all my pocket money went to seeing Booth in no matter what he played - he was my idol and even my little sister Loulie not yet ten, had the fever and could recite whole scenes from such plays as she saw - what child of ten, now a days, would waste time (?) on Shakespeare! The summer of that year we went to Saratoga Springs and with us the Moise family, cousin Mont's and we had a most happy time. My Uncle Mordecai and his wife were old habitues of the Springs and their presence gave us pleasure, too. I saw my first horse race then my father taking us.

I recall that one of the pleasant episodes was our getting to know a sister-in-law of Caleb Cushings and how much we all liked her. I've always had a romantic wish to go back to Saratoga, but as everyone connected with our stay there has passed away, I fear to go.

We went to a Ball given to the children at the Union Hotel, to meet Gen. Grant and I recall how my little sister refused to shake hands with "that Yankee". Having been born in New York was a great distress to her and she was uncompromising in her attitude as a "Southern little girl" as she always called herself.

Our family returned to Mrs. Eliots for the time before we were to return to Savannah. The Moise family went to another boarding house, where soon Mr. M. died. It was a great sorrow to my father for he & Mr. Moise had been friends from boyhood. Cousin Mont & Rosa went to housekeeper and not very long after, they lost their poor little afflicted son,
Montrose, after whom their second son was called.

We returned to our old home on Charlton Street in Nov. and it was in the following April 1870 that my precious little Sister Loulie died of typhoid fever - the first tragic grief of my life. I used to mother her always and one of my sweetest memories was the gift of a gold jewelry set from my mother and father "in appreciation, not a reward", they said, of my taking such good care of Loulie in Saratoga, looking after her clothes, curling her beautiful hair (a joy to me it was) etc. You can imagine the comfort it was to me to look back upon when she was taken.

So into each one of the families who were together in Saratoga death came. Soon after her return to Sumter, S.C., Mrs. Moise lost her little Carrie.

My sister and brother and I had private teachers. Mme. Chastanet for French and first a Mr. Rosignol for English, etc. He had a school and was the brother of our old friend Mrs. Pal.... and Mr. Lessing again taught me music. Mr. R. could not teach German, which we had begun in N.Y. so another teacher, Mr. Baugi...... a Lutheran minister taught us, or tried to, but neither pupils nor teacher made any head way and we had decided we did not care to keep up the German, we were fortunate in having Mr. Mallon, then principal of the Girls High School, to give us private lesson.

My brother went to a private school Mr. Tallieferro and when his school closed, he went to the Boys High School. Everything was progressing beautifully for us, for not only we liked our teacher but as outsiders there were Maria Mims, Tillie Josephs from Montreal, Can., and Nellie Solomon's giving jest to it all. Tillie was the niece of Mrs. Solomon Cohen (nee Gratz, nee Moses) and in Savannah for her health and was a dear friend until her death, after she married and had a daughter. Maria Mims is still...
my dear faithful friend. Nellie died at the birth of her first child just two days before Harry was born. She married Edward S. Abrahams, who after Nellie's death, married Fannie Josephs.

It was just about that period of my life that I met and had the honor of shaking hands with Gen. Robert E. Lee. He was visiting Savannah for his health and was walking in the Park with Maria M and she called me up and introduced me to the great man. General Lee and my father resembled so much, they have been taken for each other.

When everything seemed working beautifully Mr. Mallon's health failed and he had to give up his private classes. Thus to still be under Mr. Mallon's tuition he persuaded my parents to send us to the Girls High School where he was Superintendent and taught the graduating class. It was in the old Chatham Academy which has since been rebuilt. The trouble we met was not having studied Latin, so we had to go into the class next to the graduating class, taught by Miss Fanny Dorsett, who taught there until just a few years ago, when she was pensioned and later died. Before we entered the Grad. class, Mr. Mallon was called to Atlanta to become Superintendent of the then new system of Public Schools in Atlanta - his leaving was a great disappointment but we were well compensated in having Mr. W. L. Bogart for a teacher and we graduated under him. Mr. B. was an old and well __________ teacher and besides his Public School work, he had a large class of Boys as private pupils, among them being Judge Alex King and General James B. Er____ and others who became prominent in different walks of life. That last was the happiest year of my school life. Mr. Bogart was so delightful and sympathetic and in the class were so many girls I know and who all my life were friends. My sister and Bessie Austin Waller were the two
brightest tho the youngest in our class. My sister and I had always been in the same class, tho she was younger - her mind excelled mine and too, she had the gift of application but that fact she never would admit she was so modest and too she always treated me as "the god of her idolatry". I remained that unworthy god until death parted us.

We had such good times with the girls and then the wonderful pic-nics, to which Mr. Bogart would invite his "Boys". My favorite places were "Lovers Lane" (now a built-up street where Noff's green houses are) and the Hermitage now almost a wreck. We would pile into a large wagon and the more pumps we had the more fun! Another pic-nic I recall was to Beaulieu and my escort was Robert Bullock, a correlation of the Bullocks of Roswell, Georgia. Another wonderful pic-nic was given by the Johnston Light Infantry, a company of " iss----" commanded by Capt. Yates Levy himself, a member of one of our best families. My escort was Randolf Phillips an Uncle of Mrs. Isaac Mims. We went in a boat as far as the "Hermatage", dancing going and coming.

We graduated at the old Chatham Artillery Hall (now torn down) and I recall we wore white organdie dresses, my sister having wide and I blue velvet "streamers" they were called - they went around the throat and fell in long bows and ends down the back and were thought very beautiful. I read a paper on Dickens, which I loved because I loved his books and my heart was very full, for it was soon after his death. Mine was the only paper except the Salutatory and the Valedictory - I am sure I do not know why.

During the time we went to school, we had private lessons from Mme. Chastanet, and I had music from Mr. Lessing and attended a class in Literature conducted by Mrs Louis Young - a sister-in-law of Bessie Waller - she was a Waller. We became great friends and always loved each other.
It was during our last year at school my sister and I visited Charleston and Atlanta and in Atlanta I had my first young lady fun tho I broke my mother's rule as to my going out with young men, I was so over grown and was always taken for much older than I was. One of my most attentive Beaux was Ben Hill and I had several of his age. It was at that time I first met Judge Newman, then a single, struggling young lawyer and after I came to Atlanta to live, his wife was one of my first friends and remained one as long as she lived.

After we graduated my sister went to the Mary Baldwin School in Staunton, Va. - my parents thinking that being away among strangers would help her to overcome her timidity - which never left her. I elected to remain at home because I was afraid of being homesick, a trouble I had up to the time my father's home was broken up. Human nature is so inconsistent that I proceeded to become engaged the following March and was married the following October, thus insuring a long spell of homesickness, which I had to the fullest, tho my marriage was most happy. I had the good sense never to let my good husband know what a very homesick wife he had. Every year I paid two visits home in December and then in May for my father's birthday. I sometimes think my husband guessed more than I thought for the visits extending from one to two months were always his suggestion and very often he would come to Savannah while we were there.

Just one year after my marriage, my first son Henry Aaron was born in the old Alexander home on Peachtree Street. In November of that year my brother-in-law, Joseph Albert, married Sallie Solomons and they came to live in the old home where their three eldest children, Lucile, Hortense and Warren were born. They after moved to the corner of Peachtree and Linden where Alan and May Belle were born. My children - Harry, Cecil and Julius -
were born in the old home, where we continued to live until two years
after the death of my Mother-in-law, when we built our first real home
on Forest Avenue and never was a prouder, happier woman than I. I spent
my days visiting myself and realizing as I went from room to room that
that was all really my own.

We moved in on Saturday - I went to services as usual and then came
back to tell my good neighbors good-bye, among them the Hammonds, the
Hugh Inmans, the Lanske's, the Bridges, and dearest of all, the Hills.

Then I hurried to my new home to meet my dear Aunt Adeline Brady
who was our first guest. When I reached the home there stood my poor
cook, Isabel in despair: I had not given her the keys of the house! But
she being one of the quick, smart kind soon had the dinner on the way
and not very late. That was June 2nd 1894. That summer my happiness
was complete with my father and sister as my guests and occasional visits
from others I loved. Harry was in Va. at the University taking a law
course, Cecil at the Tech. Tho in that I may be mistaken, it may have
been the year before.

That was a precious happy home, tho there, the great sorrow of my
life was with me - the long ill health of my husband and his death. Too,
I lost my father and others near and dear. No sorrows come but that
God sends healing for them.

It was after my father's death that my sister made her home with us,
a veritable spirit of love and peace she always was, dearly beloved by
my children and their wives and the grandchildren. She lived for us and
never life gave greater blessing. Cecil and his family lived with me for
six years and what he was to me and his father only my Heavenly Father
knows - God bless him! Harry lived with me just one year after his
marriage, when surrounding conditions forced me to give up the home so dearly associated with my life. When he and Marian went to living in an apt. on Ponce de Leon Ave. and my sister and I came to this home. We were loath to leave the dear old home, made so very sacred in our memories, not by any means all sad, but we realized impossible conditions in surroundings. We were indeed fortunate in securing this home, so well adapted to our needs and so pleasantly situated and here we lived for happy years, for even when her health failed she was such a bright spirit. That she would not admit dark forbodings tho they filled my heart daily. But one cannot meet such courage and brightness as hers with gloom and so I was sustained and I've tried to be as she would have me and even when this year, another great blow struck me, I was upheld by her spirit and example.

And so we live on, whether for good or evil depends upon ourselves backed by faith in God. After my sister's death Miss M. Pearl Cook came to live with me. She had been Harry's stenographer for several years. When Harry entered the Army in the World War she entered the Red Cross service in France. Upon her return, looking for a home and Harry, bearing her fine qualities in mind, advised me to write her here to occupy the vacant room, which she has ever since, paying me $25.00 pr. month and I think we both feel that we have done well for ourselves tho she can be very independent with her ability.

And now I must retrace my steps. My advent to my new home was very happy for I did not have to strive to ..... the love of my husband's family - it was already mine. Even my new sister-in-law, brother Jake's wife (she was Rebecca E. Levy of New York) gave me her warmest love all her life and even after she moved from Atlanta. She had two children at
the time - Arthur & Joe, and later two more born in Atlanta, Louise and Aaron, both dying very young. Their youngest child George was born in N. Y. The Alexanders had many friends who called and welcomed me and some I hold even now, tho conditions and circumstances, with the passing away of many, have reduced the number greatly. Among my first and dearest friends was Mrs. Robert Atkinson - she was Cordelia Dessau - a sister of my dear Mrs. Louis and of a great friend of my husbands - Amelia Dessau. Their mother was a friend of my mother, Mrs. Dessau of Macon and all her life I loved and admired her.

The family has remained very dear to me and as I believe I am to them to the third generation.

Another of my dearest and closest friends was Mrs. Rhode Hill; she was a Miss Nance and had known the Alexanders in Columbus, Ga. She took and kept me to her heart and now I have as my friends her dear child Mrs. Payne and her children.

I've just lost a friend of the long ago - Mrs. Henry Peeples who was a bright little girl Lillie Walker, whose parents were friends of the Alexanders and who passed her love on to my children and grandchildren.

Another among my very first friends was Mrs. Black (Nellie Peters) and her mother, Mrs. Richard Peters, both I loved and they loved me all their lives and I still have the interest of the children of Mrs. Black and the daughter (Mrs. H. M. Atkinson) of Mrs. Peters.

Another two friends of the long ago are Mrs. Edward S. Gay and Mrs. Samuel Stocking. I have many inherited friends among the younger generation even unto their children. Mrs. Lillie Orme Blocks, her daughter Mrs. Marx and Mrs. Gosmerfield, the daughters of Mrs. Rosenfeld, Mrs. Ed Werner, the daughter of Mrs. Belle Cook and the daughters of Mrs. DeGraffenried -
Mrs. Kate Culberson and others who have kept the youth in my heart. I hope never to leave it.

After Harry's birth nothing seemed wanting to complete my happiness especially then, when my mother, father, sister and brother were with me. It was surely a case where Sorrow stood around the corner from Joy, for as soon as it was thought wise, I was told of the death of my dearest friend and cousin Nellie Abrahams, Uncle Joe's daughter, just two days before Harry was born. She died at the birth of her first child. I've often thought of the agony of mind my dear mother suffered, as well as her great grief and of how nobly she hid it all from me! She was a woman of wonderful character and poise and all my life the lessons of life she taught me have stayed by me under all conditions. Her physical charm equaled her spiritual.

Harry had for his nurse a good old time Nanny, Susan Wilkins. She nursed me through my confinement and then stayed on and nursed Cecil until he was three years old. My children were most fortunate in having such a good nurse of unusually fine character. She had been a slave of the Talmadge family and after the war nursed in the Peeple's family and came to me from them and after nursing for me, she retired to her little home in Griffin bought through her own thrift. When she died Harry went to pay her the last honor he could and saw that she had a "beautiful funeral". After she went to Griffin we saw her on our regular trips to Savannah and she would come regularly to see her boys who always kissed her until she told them they had grown to big for that. When Harry was studying law at the U. of Va. she would send him messages "to be sure to stay at the head of his class" never doubting that he was there. Harry has an excellent likeness of her.
Harry was always an earnest, good child and Mama Susie used to call him "as solid (solemn) as a Judge". He had a very bright mind and by the God-given gift of patient application - so he did wonderful well at school. He was first given a fine foundation by his Grandmother Alexander who was devoted to him. His Grandfather Alexander adored him, tho Harry was only eighteen months old when he died. He would sit for the longest with Harry in his arms and sing all the old-time tunes and had a most entertained audience, tho so young. In our visits to Savannah Harry had another devoted person in his Grandfather Solomons and "Uncle". Harry never gave his father or me any trouble. He graduated at the age of 14 from the high school - 2nd honor - studied at home for a year under his own guidance and then entered the sophomore class at the U. of Ga. and there sustained his high standing in every way. He won a fellowship in French and German and stayed on for a post graduate course and then went to the U. of Va. Law School taking lectures under Mr. Minor - a 2 year course in one!!!. And again graduated with high honors. He came home to practice and was very successful. Ran for and was elected to the Legislature. Ran a second time and was defeated on a question of principle with him, which made his father and me very proud of him. He wrote a book on the Lien Laws of the Southern States which is considered very fine. When the U. S. entered the World War he volunteered, tho much past the required age. He met with a very serious accident while in training, which prevented his going to the front but he served his country well at home, as the Gov. has shown. At the age of forty-eight he married Marian Kleinert - has two lovely children and if it were not for the delicate health of his
wife would be very happy, but as love makes happiness, he has it anyhow.

Three years after Harry came, here came my second joy, Cecil Abraham, sweet and lovely from the minute he was born, rejoicing the hearts of all, especially his big brother Harry, who would sit and look and look at this new treasure, finding something wonderful every minute. Where Harry was as "solid as a Judge", Cecil was as lively as a cricket, into all manner of mischief, making hair-breadth escapes and keeping everyone, especially Harry, on the jump all the time. Studying with his grandmother did not give him "time to breath" so he started school without Harry's advantages, as to the previous instructions and too, he had terrible luck with teachers, but for all that he made good progress and graduated at 15 from the high school with second honor - his father used to say his brain is as good as Harry's - he lacks Harry's application. He would not go to the U. of Ga. because he did not want to leave his father and me alone. So he went to the Tech for a year finding no calling in that direction. So he went to work with his father and was a help and blessing to him always and I rejoiced that one of his sons was with him.

When the Spanish-American war began Cecil wanted very much to go, but yielded to his father's wishes not to enter the ranks and if he wished to serve to go into training as an officer. The war ended before there was a need. He nearly broke his heart over not going into the World War. He was beyond the age and Harry begged him to let him represent the family as he (Cecil) had a wife and children and he had neither and then too, I needed him as his father was gone. "He serves who stands and waits" and so the government thought for he has a beautiful testimonial for services at home from the government. He married Julia Moses his third cousin, and has a
lovely daughter and son and is as happy in his marriage as Harry is in his, so I am a wonderfully blessed mother.

My third son, Julius M. Alexander Jr., was born in the old Alexander home on Peachtree Street June 17, 1882. After I had lost my beautiful mother in April he came, a veritable comforter to us all, especially to my sister and me. He was one of the brightest and most loving little creatures I ever knew. When he was sixteen months he left us and all seemed black again.

Just then my brother became engaged to the choice of all our hearts, Sarah ......, his third cousin, the granddaughter of my mother's sister Hannah and never was a union more truly "made in Heaven". The thoughts and interest following that event lifted us out of the deep sorrow for my lovely baby for even to my ...... sons "Uncle's" marriage was an all important event, especially as "Uncle" had invited them to be his groomsmen. My sister and I were naturally busy having our dresses made (white Albatross) and then I had Mr. Eisinau, who is still in business here, order beautiful broadcloth suits for Harry and Cecil and when I went to New York I bought all the finishing touches from Bests. My father bought each a jersey suit, then something very new and had never been seen here. So they went to New York looking quite "New Yorkish". My husband could not go so the two little boys and I met my father and sister in Washington, where we had a most wonderful visit and what the boys saw there prepared them for the wonders of New York.

My father, Harry, Cecil and I were the guests of my Aunt and Uncle Brady and I look back now with at the noble hospitality of those days. My sister was Sarah's guest. The wedding was one of the red letter events in our family - such lavish, wonderful entertainment I had never dreamed of.
The whole event, the wedding, entertaining and the sights of New York, made an event in our lives never to be forgotten. Harry had for his bridesmaid Ray Jordan who afterwards married Eddie Brady and Cecil's bridesmaid was Gussie Moses who married Mr. Rust Wray. I went home to Savannah with my sister and father to make ready for the bride and groom and remained about three weeks. Sarah's perfect happiness was soon clouded over by the death of her beloved mother - a sorrow for us all, for we all loved "Cousin Henrietta".

Abraham was born soon after and brought "healing on his wings" and all his life he has been a dear comfort and joy to us all.

My brother and Sarah's family came rapidly - six in all - and when their second boy Henri Cecil was 17 and a student at home from the VMI for his holiday he was stricken and died at the Isle of Hope in a few minutes almost - a terrible blow to his adoring parents and us all. Their remaining children, Abraham, Cecilia, Isaiah, Joseph M. and Sarah Jr., have blessed the lives of their parents and now that my dear brother is gone, after years of brave fighting against ill health, Sarah's children are a blessed comfort to her. She also lost her only sister, her father and three brothers all under most trying conditions, but she has been like a brave soldier, all because of her unselfishness and perfect faith in God.

My fourth child, a little girl, died at birth, in fact even before, and so a great disappointment came to my good husband who adored little girls. As for my feelings: nothing could be better, sweeter or more satisfying than my sons. I love boys and no girls could have been better.

When my cousin Nellie married, it was in the old synagogue on Whitaker and Liberty Streets. I was her first bridesmaid and Sallie Solomon her
second. My future husband stood with me and I think, a Mr. Ezekiel (a cousin of the sculptor) with Sallie.

It was then we became engaged, with the full approval of the parents of both. Tho I think all had some feeling about first cousins marrying. We certainly proved that the theory against it is wrong for we were happy, because tho cousins, our natures and tastes were different, which is good for the married pair and their children.

My mother had lost her mother that year, so my wedding was very quiet, only the family and a few close friends being present. But I was dressed like a real bride, orange blossoms, veil, white silk and all. We went to New York on our bridal trip, dropping in Philadelphia where my friend Maria Mims was visiting and we had a lovely time together in spite of there being a groom.

In New York we went first to the Fifth Avenue Hotel, tho later we boarded with a Mrs. O'Neill whom my husband had boarded with. It was one of those elegant private boarding houses kept by a South Carolina lady.

My first experience in New York enough to have made my good Julius fall out of love with me was losing my three diamond rings - my engagement ring being one of them. I discovered my loss after we were in the hotel and immediately Julie announced he would search for them somewhere on or near the Jersey Ferry - the last place safe for a stranger after midnight, but go he would, in spite of my pleadings and after three hours returned with them - he and a dock hand finding them on the gangway over which hundreds had passed. They were not together either - it was like a miracle. New Yorkers were frank in doubting, but there was no doubt when told by Julie who never played with the truth. I wonder he did not divorce me then and there, he not only did not, but never reproached me in any way.
Our honeymoon, begun so inauspiciously, passed most happily, being entertained by friends, going to the theatres, shopping, etc. I recall that we stayed over two days specially to see Lester Wallack in his own theatre in "The School for Scandal". My husband was a devotee to the old English plays and never missed one.

A great joy to me was having my brother with me. On account of his examinations at Poughkeepsie Business School, he was not at my wedding, which was heart breaking to me, but I believe I had more real pleasure having him in New York.

He returned to Atlanta with me and remained quite a while seeking a place here to work, but finally went home and found it. His being here kept me from being quite so homesick. He was such a dear companion, going with me, even to return first calls when Julie could not go. I had such a gay time that first Winter - Julie was one of the Society Beaux and belonged to all the social clubs, and too, the Alexanders had many friends among the Army people and we were always invited everywhere. We both loved to dance and were young. Even after Harry was born we went out a great deal until the death of my dear father-in-law. After that Julie never seemed to care so much, but in due time I went out principally to women's parties, which was not so very nice to me, tho every now and then Julie would go to people he thought worthwhile and cared for.

After my mother and father's death, I never cared so much again, so gradually I slipped out of what folks call society and am very content with the few dear friends I have. I could not live without the love of friends.

During the world war, like all women who loved their country, I felt that every effort must be for the men who were serving for us, so I did what
ever I could which came to my hand in connection with Red Cross work. My sister and I did all our work at home in order to release machines at Headquarters. We knitted sweaters, scarfs, etc., buying the wool ourselves for two reasons, first to help the cause, second not to be hurried as was the case where government material was used. I worked Canteen work until I became sick and had to take to my bed for a while. Then my sister and I went to Signal Mountain for a change and to be near Harry who was at Chicamauga in training. He could come to the hotel each weekend.

While we were there Cecil and Charlotte surprised us with a delightful weekend visit. She was such a beautiful child and so deeply interested in everything. I felt very proud as I walked into the dining room with my fine sons and granddaughter.

I returned to Chattanooga later on a trying mission when Harry was so badly hurt. Cecil and I went to him and later my sister and I went together.

I recall the work I did during the Spanish-American war as so many did, making pajamas for the sick and convalescent at Fort McPherson. That was hard work as I recall the material used. I felt sorry for the poor men who had to use them - so hard and hot.

My dear sister and I had some lovely trips together: first to North Carolina, then to Oden, Michigan to visit our dear Magnus cousins. Then we made a wonderful three months California trip. Then we spent a month in Philadelphia, Baltimore and Washington. It was during December and November and we thoroughly enjoyed it. We visited Canada, going up the Sageray River, the Thousand Islands, Lakes George and Champlain. We visited, too, Niagra Falls. We also spent six weeks in Atlantic City. There were many places we visited in our many trips and the memory of it all is a benediction.
to me now that I have not her with me.

I’ve made a wonderful trip to the Canadian Rockies with my dear Ida DeLeon and I’ve had some delightful ones with Cecil and Charlotte, with Cecil and Julia and one visit to the White Mountains (Bethlehem) with Sarah, Jr. Together we visited New York, Washington and Philadelphia. I’ve always enjoyed my trips, because I catch all the good and let the unpleasant slip away, as I am a good traveler.

Now, the 25th of July, 1929, I am getting ready to go on an auto trip with Cecil & Julia to the camp where Cecil, Jr., is. No blessing I have is greater than my dear grandchildren's love. Harry's little Henry loves me so that it is almost pathetic, but I would not have it less and I hope I'll always merit it in his eyes. The good opinion of a little child is almost like a blessing from God - so sacred.

In spite of the sorrow of this year, the death of my brother, this has been one of the happiest years of my life, made so by my dear sons and they know how it was made so - God bless them!

Of the many blessings which have crowned my life, none have excelled my four fine grandchildren. First came Charlotte, not only bringing joy to her grandfather who was in poor health, but to each and all of us she was truly my blessing when I most needed comfort and now she gives promise of a fine womanhood and as a scholar is a source of pride to us all. Then Cecil, Jr., who first was Henry Jr., and as fine a boy as one could wish, with a heart of gold and by no means behind when it comes to brains. Cecil was first called for his Uncle "Harry" but when Harry was blessed with a son of his own, Cecil thought it only right that his own son should carry on a name so worthy and so the change was made.

Then came Henry, my adoring lover, who promises to be a worthy son
of his father. Then came my baby granddaughter - my namesake - so attractive and dear, and she and her brother promise much for the future and I am sure my grandsons will be worthy of their fathers, as my granddaughters will be of their mothers, two fine women.

Rebecca Ella Solomons Alexander

June 24th, 1930

Much has happened since I started this paper - June 24, 1929 - and mostly events of so gentle and sweet a nature, that they have scarcely left an impression, only those of content. There have been shadows with the sunshine, but only such as one needs to keep worthwhile. The outstanding event to us all has been the confirmation of our precious Charlotte, who has stood so well during the years of her religious training, that she was given one of the outstanding honors - the recitation of the "Flower Prayer" which she did with such dearest sweetness. I am sure the influence of the event will ever stay by her as a Jewess - God bless and keep her in his tender care!

This day began with telegraphic greetings from my dear friends in California (Mrs. Pettigrew, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Webb), followed by much all day from loved ones near and far. I've had the great happiness of having my dear Sarah with me. She stands for so very much to me. To the beautiful dinner given me at the Biltmore, served out on the charming Terrace, a loving tribute from Harry, Cecil, Marian and Julia. I had the great joy of Cecilia's and Sarah, Jr.'s dear presence. They came over from Athens in the morning and remained overnight, kind Miss Cook giving up her room to them. We adjourned to my home for ice cream and cake, etc., to which other members of the family and my dear friends Irene and David
Lopez came. Such a happy time for us all and to none more than my dear, lovely grandchildren, who with my dear children paid me an early call, bringing their love offerings, all their own work and purchased with their own money, making them dear beyond words to me. Such a shower of lovely, useful gifts are mine—all I know freighted with true love.

Another year faces me. May God bless those I love and keep me as worthy as they, in their dear loving prejudice, think I am.

P. S. This year sees Charlotte entering her senior year, Cecil, Jr., the Marist College, Henry, his third year in the grammar school—all so fine and promising.

R. E. A.

June 25th, 1931

Yesterday I completed my 77th year—blessed as few are with mental and physical health and a heart still young to enjoy the best pleasures one can have as years increase. The devotion of two good sons and their families, of friends by the score. Friends by close ties of blood and faithful friendship of many years. Much of happiness and sorrow have come my way, during the year. The great happiness of another daughter to Harry & Marian, called Esther for her maternal grandmother. She is a lovely baby both physically and in disposition, a joy to all.

Deep sorrows have been mine in the deaths of Charley Atkinson, Warren Alexander and Bessie Waller. The two first fine men, grown to manhood and dear to me all their lives. The last, the only contemporary of my girlhood living here—friends almost all our lives. She, my sister Israelia and I graduated at the same time. The tie was very close and dear.
Life always holds compensations for a sorrow, I find as I grow older. My precious granddaughter Charlotte graduated with highest honors "Cum Laude", and is now preparing to enter college in the fall. Cecil, Jr., has done well in his new school - the Marist College, and made us quite proud of him. Henry and Rebecca have done well too and all five are as fine and lovable as children can be, so while I may miss compensations of youth, I find those of old age equally good. My year's course has been serene enough with the joys in my own home and those I found in the two visits to my dear brother's family in my dear old home, not the same without him, but very dear anyhow. Cecilia's son Max, Jr., has done so well too and we all feel very proud of him.

My birthday opened as it always does with loving greetings from children, kin and friends here and from afar, even as far as California from my dear friends Mrs. Pettigrew, Mrs. Harrison and Mrs. Webb.

All day messages, letters and gifts poured in upon me, making me very happy for I believe all were backed by love, lasting through many years. After much persuasion my good sons consented to my giving myself my own party, which I did, by having all my immediate family, except Charlotte who is spending the week in camp - a most needed relaxation after the severe mental strain of examinations for entrance to college and my dear sister Sarah who came from Athens, where she is visiting, and my dear nieces Sarah Jr. and Cecilia, Sallie Alexander and Clara Solomons. During the afternoon other relatives and friends called and I had light refreshments. It was a gala day for me and I tried not to let any time of sorrow mar it for me and mine.

My dear Cecilia and Sarah, Jr., left this morning in their car for Athens and Sarah will remain with me a few days longer.
Henry made us very proud by winning a gold medal for music. He is my devoted Cavalier. I hope he will continue as such. And now my 78th year begins with all the future hidden. I pray it brings happiness to all I hold dear.

Rebecca E. Alexander

June, 1932

Another year longer than I am entitled to according to "Holy Writ", for I have celebrated my 78th birthday - a day made most happy by the loving devotion of my children, relatives and friends. My dear sister Sarah came from Savannah to celebrate with me. My dear Cecilia came from Athens and stayed over Friday night. Sarah came on the 23rd and early in the morning of the 24th she and I went to my sacred spot in Oakland and placed flowers upon the resting places of my dear husband and little son. Soon after we returned home, came my dear children bringing loving greetings and gifts. Soon Cecilia arrived and such a pleasant time we had. At Twelve O'clock Sarah, Cecilia and I went to have lunch with my dear old friend Mrs. W. R. Boyd. She is too feeble now to go about and not to have had lunch with her would have made my day incomplete. For years, she, Isarella, Miss Mary Jones, Bessie Waller and I spent our birthdays together and now she and I are the only ones left. My dear Bessie passed away this year.

After Cecilia, Sarah and I left Mrs. Boyd's we went to the Fox Theatre where Sarah had never been: it is one of our largest, handsomest places of amusement and was to close the next day because of the financial conditions of the day, a condition which is affecting individuals in every walk of life.
We are all feeling it - I am more fortunate thus far than many, tho my income is greatly reduced and I must be careful, but as long as I have health and strength for my years and my dear children are spared to me, I feel that God's blessings rest upon me daily and I am content.

I had a six o'clock dinner, to which all my children, except Marian, came and was unexpectedly detained by a sudden spell of illness for little Esther, who soon recovered and is her bright sweet self again. Sallie Alexander was here too, and the only cloud to mar our sunshine was the absence of dear Cousin Lottie who has been ill since May and is still quite sick, but we hope is recovering.

After dinner I had calls from Sarah Ella, Thomas Tobias, Stella and her daughters who were here earlier in the day when I was out. Rachel Neeley - her mother and father were away, Irene and Mr. Lopez, Mr. and Mrs. Boehner.

Right here, tho my gifts were many and with many loving stitches in some, I must pour out my heart in appreciation of the beautiful work, a silk gown, made for me by my dear daughter Julia - that, too, when her heart, mind and time were so filled with care and anxiety for her mother. I never had a gift to touch me more and it is so beautiful as if it were for a young girl instead of this old lady of 78. I hope my wearing it will do it full honor and justice, but I am not worthy.

I had ice cream and cake for my guests and we passed some happy hours. The day closed, finding me ok! So grateful to our Heavenly Father for His goodness to me and mine. Mattie Slaton, Lillie Block and Carrie Nicolson came in the morning. Mattie was laden with a great birthday cake and lovely roses from her brother's, our dear former Governor John M. Slaton's garden. The last year has held heart aches as well as much

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happiness for me and the big events are the birth of my fourth grand-
dughter, Harry's third daughter - named Judith, and the going to college
of my precious oldest granddaughter Charlotte. She is home for her
summer vacation after a happy year at Wellesley, as beautiful as ever and
I know doing much to brighten the home where her grandmother is ill.
Another event, important to me - Henry, Harry's boy has gone to camp,
his first venture from home and I feel it will benefit him very much.
Cecil, Jr., has gone too, but he is a veteran camper, this being his
fourth year. They both are such fine boys - my two lovely grandsons.
My faithful friend, Miss Cook, still lives with me. Too, I still have
my good and faithful friends and servants Rosa and Cash. So many have
had to give up just such, I hope I can retain them, but no one knows.
This I do know, I am a very happy contented old lady and am busy on a
piece of tapestry for my youngest granddaughter and have finished an
afghan for my good friend Mr. Lopez.

So I close this P.S. with grateful love and thanks for the
thousands of blessings I have from God.

Rebecca E. Alexander

August 18th, 1935

It is almost two months since I celebrated my 81st birthday most
happily, with all my children, grandchildren, Sarahs Sr. & Jr., Cecilia,
Max and their children and Abraham who came to specially to honor me. My
good friends Dr. & Mrs. Marx, Mattie Slaton, Carrie and Carolyn Nicolson
having dinner with me, and too Stella and Sarah Ella.

Friends and kin came during the day to wish me joy, all bringing
tokens of love, the tokens so unnecessary, for I feel so sure of their
love. I am indeed blessed in my friends and each day I realize how precious they are to me and how much they mean in my life. The greatest thing for us all is seeing Julia regaining her health. The big events the graduation of Charlotte from Wellesley College and the graduation of Cecil, Jr., from the Boys High School and the graduation of Max Michael Jr., from the Georgia University where he won many honors and will go to Harvard Medical School, and Cecil will enter Georgia Tech. I've had visits from my dear Sarahs and every now and then from Cecilia. I am now anticipating a visit from Mont's wife Lilian and daughter Adele. Henry is preparing for his Bar Mitzvah in the old Portuguese Synagogue in New York which one of our Ancestors was one of the Founders. It is the wish of his father, who loves the old traditions. That old ceremony is not observed in our Synagogue here.

My life goes on so calmly, so happily, there is not much to record and so it should be in old age. I am blessed with excellent health and so many dear friends, old and young, who come to me and keep my days bright and happy.

I love to read too, and have my good eyesight, so what more could I wish and I am very grateful to God for his blessings.

Rebecca E. Alexander