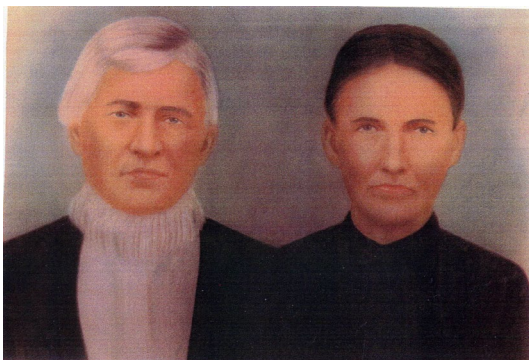


## THE POTTS-EADS-ROBINSON-REID-SUDERRY-HARRIS-JACKSON CLANS AND ASSOCIATED FAMILIES FROM EARL N. AND HENRIETTA EADS POTTS

If you don't know your family's history, then you don't know anything. You are a leaf that doesn't know it is part of a tree ([Michael Crichton](#))

Following is some genealogical material regarding our **Potts, Eads, Robinson, Reid, Sudberry, Harris, Jackson** and associated lines and information that I, Joe Mode, gathered through conversation with Uncle Charles Potts, mother-in-law Florabel Potts Poore, wife's cousins Elwyn Reid Flurry, Gerald Reid and Margaret Flurry Manneschmidt and other family members, from family bibles, and published sources. Regarding sources, the bulk of records found herein related to census data, marriages, and death certificates were gathered at <https://familysearch.org/> or <http://home.ancestry.com/>. Many obituaries were gathered from family members over time and did not have the name of the newspaper or page. Some obituaries or newspaper articles came from <http://www.theancestorhunt.com/blog/tennessee-online-historical-newspapers-summary#.VIhrNzHF98F>. A great deal of information pertaining to birth and death dates and place of burial were found at <http://www.findagrave.com/>. When known, information from individual websites or via emails will be noted.



**Abner Cartwright Potts & Mary Franklin Jackson**

I'll begin this brief of the Potts Clan and associated families where Ivan Potts, Jr. left off in his book, *The Potts Family, Descendants of Oswald Potts in Bedford County, Tenn.* This brief, far from being comprehensive, will only cover the children of Earl Nelson Potts and Henrietta Eads and their respective family lines, beginning first though with a brief on Abner Cartwright Potts and Mary Franklin Jackson, parents of Elisha Haggard Potts who married Flora Elizabeth Marbury.

**Abner Cartwright Potts** was born on 30 December 1811 in South Carolina or Montgomery, Tennessee and died on 30 March 1897 in Bedford County, Tennessee. One source (<http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/r/i/t/Aleanna-L-Ritchey/WEBSITE-0001/UHP-0606.htm>) states that he married (1) **Malinda Halstad** on 10 June 1833 in Williamson City, Tennessee and they had one daughter, **Jaine Potts**, born circa 1836. He married 2<sup>nd</sup> **Mary Francis/Franklin Jackson** on 10 March 1838 in Williamson or Rutherford County, Tennessee. She was born on 6 December 1815 in Tennessee (?) and died on 2 May 1898 in Bedford County. A note on Findagrave.com says that Mary was previously married to Hawkins Simmons on August 11, 1831, with whom she had two children: William Simmons born 1832 and Thomas Simmons born 1834 and died March 15, 1905. She is the daughter of **Thomas Jackson IV** and **Ruth Hendricks**. Thomas was born on 15 December 1789 and died on 7 March 1866. Thomas Jackson and Ruth Hendricks were married on 10 August 1813. In 1817 **Abner B. Potts**, s/o **William Potts**, is appointed guardian of his 1st cousin **Abner Cartwright Potts**, s/o **Abner**, s/o **Oswald Potts**. Apparently Abner C. Pott's father, Abner, died or left circa 1817 (*Familysearch.org often lists Potts as Patts*)

### **OBITUARY FOR: Abner Cartwright Potts** (Great Grandfather to Florabel Potts Poore)



Abner Cartwright was born December 30 1811, and departed this life March 30, 1897. One of our true and tried members at Zion's Hill has fallen at his post, and gone home to his reward. Brother Potts embraced religion at an early age, and the same faith that appropriated the promises of God in the forgiveness of his sins drew from the great storehouse of God's promises sufficient strength to overcome all temptation in life and triumph in death. He was one of the first to join the M.E. Church at Zion's Hill, at the reorganization of the old church at that place about thirty years ago, and was one of the main supporters of the church in the days of the great struggles of the grand old church while striving to re-establish her self in

this country. His last request to his children was, "Keep up the church." Brother Potts was happy all day on Monday before he died on Tuesday night, and said it was the brightest day he ever saw, and was talking about his sister and others that had been gone to the other world for a long time, but who seemed to be present with him that day; and I have no doubt but what God drew back the curtain and opened his spiritual vision so that he looked out into the realms of eternal bliss and happiness and saw his friends and loved ones who had gone before. He leaves a dear blind companion and ten children to mourn their loss. Weep not, dear companion, for it will not be long until you shall see him face to face, and there will be no blindness, nor sorrow there. May the Lord bless and keep all of the bereaved family in the way that their father trod, so that they may reunite again around God's throne above. (W.H. Stricklin, P.C.)

Known children for Abner Cartwright Potts and Mary F. Jackson were William, Thomas, Jane, Abner, Newton, John Houston, Raleigh Morgan, Robert A., Ruthie Elizabeth, Jefferson L., James William, Cloe Tennessee, Marcus Lafayette, Elisha Haggard, and Abner J. Potts.

### CHILDREN OF ABNER CARTWRIGHT POTTS AND MARY FRANKLIN JACKSON

1. **William Potts** was born circa 1833. He is 18 and still living at home in Bedford County in 1850. Do not know any more about him at this time.
2. **Thomas Potts** was born circa 1834. He is 16 and still living at home in Bedford County in 1850. Do not know any more about him at this time.
3. **Jane Potts** was born circa 1836. She is 14 and still living at home in Bedford County in 1850. Do not know any more about her at this time.
4. **Abner Potts** was born circa 1841 and is listed living at home in 1850 at 12 years old and 1860 at 19 in Bedford County.
5. **Newton Jasper Potts** was born 4 September 1842, likely Bedford County, and died on 18 October 1908 in Henderson County. He is living at home in 1850, 8 years old, and in 1860 at 18. He is buried at Antioch Cemetery. He married Francis Jane Orr 14 September 1863 in Bedford County. She was born in April 1841. The **1880 Bedford County census, district 11, page 302B** lists Nuton Potts 37, Fannie 36, Nannie 15, William 16, Joseph 6, Mollie 13, Abner C. 9, and Potts son 5 months. The **1900 Henderson Tennessee census, district 10, page 11B, family #182** shows Newton J. Potts 58 (farmer) Francis J. 59, and Joseph D. 25. A death certificate (#23822) shows Mary Isabelle Pirtle was born 27 March 1867 in Bedford County and died on 18 November 1944 in Henderson, Chester Tennessee. She was a widow, wife of Andrew Franklin Pirtle, and daughter of Newton Jasper Potts. Her mother was not listed. She was buried at Antioch Cemetery.
6. **John Houston Potts** was born 5 April 1844 and died in Unionville, Bedford County on 6 July 1915 at the age of 71 from "Stomach and Bowel trouble." Informant lists his parents as Abner Cartwright Potts and Mary Francis Jackson. John Houston Potts was "single" and was buried at Pleasant Valley. John married 1<sup>st</sup> Elizabeth/Issabella Crowell on 24 July 1865 in Bedford County; 2<sup>nd</sup> Martha Elizabeth Orr on 5 February 1880 in Bedford County; and 3<sup>rd</sup> Martha Tabitha Smith on 20 February 1886 in Bedford County. He is living at home in 1850, 6 years old, and 1860 at 16 years (*Death Certificate #412*)
7. **Raleigh Morgan Potts** was born 13 September 1845 in Bedford County and died at the age of 82 on 20 April 1928 in Bedford County. He was a farmer and is buried at Zion's Hill. Informant, N.A. Potts, lists Raleigh's parents as A.C. Potts and Mary Jackson and their place of birth as Rutherford County. Raleigh married Mary Ellie Maxwell on 4 October 1871 in Bedford County. She was born 30 October 1849 and died on 7 March 1909. Raleigh is living at home in 1850, 5 years old and 1860 at 15 (*Death Certificate #7713*) A note at Findagrave.com states that Raleigh Morgan Potts was a Confederate soldier, blacksmith, cabinet maker, and a farmer. He was a member of the Zions Hill Methodist Church and was a Trustee at the time of the re-location of the Church to its present location in 1902 (*Picture of Raleigh Morgan Potts and grand-daughter Elenor Kathryn Potts*-Findagrave.com)



8. **Ruthie Elizabeth Potts** was born 17 April 1849 in Bedford County and died on 11 March 1905 in Bedford County. She is buried at the Jones Cemetery at Poplin's Crossroads in Bedford County. She married James Bailey Jones on 5 September 1866 in Bedford County. She is living at home in 1850, 1 year old, and 1860 at 11.

9. **Jefferson L. Potts** was born 21 February 1851 in Bedford County and died at the age of 73 of "Gastroenteritis – Stroke" on 9 March 1926 in Murfreesboro, Rutherford County Tennessee. He is buried at Press Grove Cemetery. Informant, W.S. Potts, lists Jefferson's father as Abner Potts and mother's maiden name as Jackson. Jefferson married Mary Parthena Maxwell on 28 September 1871 in Bedford County. He is living at home in 1860, 10 years old (*Death Certificate #96*)

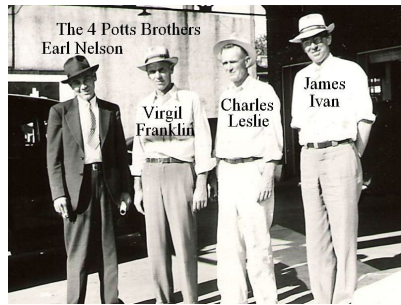
10. **James William (Jamerson) Potts** was born 8 April 1853 in Bedford County and died at the age of 86 from "Coronary Thrombosis" or heart disease on 16 May 1939 in Rover, Bedford County. He was married, a farmer, and was buried at Press Grove Cemetery. Informant, Mrs. J.N. Potts, lists James's parents as Cartwright Potts and Mary Jackson. James married 1<sup>st</sup> Louise Robinson; 2<sup>nd</sup> Sarah Jane Maxwell 19 April 1871 in Bedford County. He is living at home in 1860, 8 years old (*Death Certificate #11803. Some census lists him simply as Jamerson*)

11. **Cloe Tennessee Potts** was born in Bedford County on 30 December 1855 and died at the age of 60 from "Gastro and Intestinal Neurosis-Uterine Trouble" on 21 June 1916 in Rutherford County. She was moved and buried in Bedford County. Her parents are listed as Cartwright Potts and Mary Hendrix. Tennessee married Darling Wheeler on 30 November 1871 in Bedford County. She is living at home in 1860, 4 years old (*Death Certificate #184*)

12. **Marcus D. Lafayette Potts** was born on 2 January 1857 in Bedford County and died at the age of 70 years from "Flux" or dysentery on 26 June 1927 in Unionville, Bedford County. He is buried at Press Grove Cemetery. Informant, R.M. Potts, lists Marcus's parents as A.C. Potts and Mary Jackson. He states that A.C. Potts was born in Montgomery and Mary was born in Rutherford County. Marcus married 1<sup>st</sup> Mary Caldonia Wheeler on 30 January 1879; 2<sup>nd</sup> Isabella Dammond on 21 December 1887; and 3<sup>rd</sup> Sarah "Sallie" Magdalene Wheeler on 8 February 1893. All marriages were in Bedford County. He is living at home in 1860, 3 years old. (*Death Certificate #11868*)

13. **Elisha Haggard Potts** was born on 10 June 1859 and died at 5:30 P.M. of "dysentery" on 11 August 1926 in Shelbyville, Tennessee according to his (*Death Certificate #18590*) He is living at home in 1860, 1 year old. He was a farmer and a widower and his father was listed as Cartwright Potts and his mother listed as "Jackson." She is listed as being born in Bedford County, but his father's place of birth was "unknown." He was buried at Zion's Hill by undertaker, Caleb M. Thompson. The informant appears to be J. I. Potts. **Elisha** married **Flora Elizabeth Marbury** on 22 December 1881 in Bedford County. She was born on 8 January 1861 in Rutherford County, Tennessee and died on 26 July 1921 in Shelbyville, Bedford County. Flora E. Marbury's parents were **James Knox Polk Marbury** and **Harriet Harris**. James Knox Polk Marbury was in Co. F, 18<sup>TH</sup> Tennessee Confederate Infantry. **Notes on Elisha and Flora Marbury Potts** are from Aunt Ruby Potts, wife of Willy Potts. Ruby's sister Mandy married Willy's brother Charles Potts, both uncles to Florabel, Ernest, and Charles Potts. Joe & Patsy Mode and Florabel Potts Poore gleaned these notes during a visit with Aunt Ruby on 17 May 1997. According to Ruby her Grandmaw Flora Potts, used to raise turkeys, which prompted Ruby to raise them. Aunt Ruby used to wring the chicken's neck to have chicken for breakfast. Grandmaw Potts became paralyzed to the point she couldn't walk. She fell out of her chair once and said if didn't even hurt. Grandmaw Potts was kind of heavy, weighed about 160 pounds and had blue eyes. Grandpaw Elisha Potts had brown eyes. Aunt Ruby said most of the Potts had brown eyes. Florabel said her dad, Earl Nelson, had brown eyes, too. Grandpaw Elisha Potts was a farmer and raised corn. Aunt Ruby said that both her grandparents had black hair, were Methodists, Northern Methodists, and Christians. She said all of the Potts were. The children born to Elisha and Flora Marbury Potts were **Earl Nelson, Charles Leslie, Virgil Franklin, James Ivan, and Willie Eugene Potts** (*Someone lists an Ernest B. Potts as being a child as well*)

14. **Abner Jessie "J. B." Potts** was born 13 September 1862 in Bedford County and died at the age of 77 on 14 June 1940 from "Paresis of Left arm and Leg-Hypertension" in Unionville, Bedford County. He was a farmer and widower and was buried at Zion's Hill. He married A. Jennie O'Neal on 12 January 1888 in Bedford County. Informant, J.E. Potts of Shelbyville, lists Abner's parents as Cartwright Potts and Martha Jackson. The 1900 and 1910 Bedford censuses list J.B. Potts, Jennie C. Potts, Marian Potts, and George Harris, but the 1920 lists J.B. Potts and Marion D. Potts, but not Jennie (*Death Certificate #13244. This may be Jessie Abner, but am not sure at the moment because someone has given his death dates close to the same as J.B.'s and lists him marrying Jennie O'Neal. I have found no more references to Abner J. Potts. Findagrave.com says he was named Abner after an older brother (Abner H. Potts) who was born 1839 in Bedford County, Tennessee. Abner H. was a Union soldier who died September 1861 at the battle of Murfreesboro when thrown from his horse*)



1st. Lt J. Ivan Potts, Jr. Clovis, NM, 1944

### CHILDREN OF ELISHA HAGGARD POTTS AND FLORA ELIZABETH MARBURY

1. Ernest B. Potts was the first child of Elisha Haggard Potts and Flora Elizabeth Marbury (daughter of James Polk and Harriet Harris Marbury). Ernest died very young and was first buried in the Potts family cemetery near Poplins Cross Roads. He was later moved to Zion's Hill Cemetery ([Findagrave.com](http://Findagrave.com))

2. **Earl Nelson Potts** was born on 4 October 1886 in Bedford County, Tenn. and died at the age of 78 on 18 March 1965 at the Bedford Gen. Hospital in Shelbyville, Tennessee (**Patsy Poore Mode's grandfather and father to Ernest & Charles Potts and Florabel Potts Poore. See more below**)



3. Charles Leslie Potts was born on 18 December 1889 at Poplin's Crossroads, Bedford County and died on 17 March 1961. He married Amanda Mai Walls on 11 May 1929 in Bedford County. Amanda was born 15 December 1907 and died on 10 May 1997. They are buried at Willow Mount Cemetery in Shelbyville. Prior to WWI, Charles lists on his WWI Draft Card that he was single, lived at Poplin's Crossroads, and worked on the farm of his father, E.H. Potts. He is listed as having a medium build and height with light brown eyes and auburn hair. Charley was in the infantry during WWI and I have a picture of him in his uniform. The 1930 Bedford County census lists Charley Potts 40, Maudie 22, and Mary Rogers 3 (Step daughter-Vicky Poore Dove's mother) The **1940 Bedford County, Tennessee census, sheet 10A, household #179** lists Charles Leslie Potts 50, Mae Amanda 32, Leonard Royce (Ross) 5, James Leslie (Lester) 3 and Mary Rebecca Rodgers 13 (step-daughter) Charles worked as a painter, owned a home worth \$2500 on the Unionville Highway. Mae worked as a "Grader" at a graphite plant. Leonard Ross Potts was born 26 July 1934, James Lester Potts was born 12 August 1936, and Martha Potts was born 27 September 1941.



4. Virgil Franklin Potts was born 25 July 1892 in Bedford County and died 25 June 1949 in Indianapolis, Indiana. I believe he moved to Parke Indiana as he is found in the 1920 census as Frank Potts 27 TN, TN, TN, Agnes 25 IND, IND, IND, and Rosemary 8 IND. Frank married Agnes Fisher. I recall Florabel Potts Poore mentioning her Uncle Frank and Agnes, as well as their adopted daughter Rosemary. We have a picture of all three with this information written on the back. Virgil is with his parents in 1900 and 1910 and the **1940 Indianapolis, Marion Indian census, sheet 2A, household #25** lists V. Frank Potts 47 (machinist-rents home) Agnes 45, Rosemary Potts 28, and Katherine Lyons 29. Rosemary Potts was born on 6 October 1911 in Ohio and married John Logan on 11 February 1932 in Indianapolis, Boone Indiana. John Logan's parents are listed as Ralph Logan and Carrie Jackson. Rosemary's parents are listed as Frank Potts and Agnes Fisher.



5. James Ivan Potts was born 19 April 1895 in Bedford County and died on 10 January 1979 in Pompano Beach, Broward County Florida and is buried at Hillcrest Memorial Gardens in Shelbyville, Tennessee. He married Alice Virginia McMahan Hall (1896-1960) The 1930 Bedford census lists James I. Potts 34, Alice H. 33, James Ivan 10, Harold 0, Alice M. Hall 70 (mother-in-law) and Lillian Hall 30 (sister-in-law) Son James Ivan was born 10 September 1919 and died 26 July 2010 in Bedford County. James, Sr. was in the Navy during WWI and James, Jr. was a pilot in the Pacific during WWII. He wrote a lengthy history of the Potts family. The **1930 Shelbyville, Bedford County census, family 84, sheet 4A, page 25** lists James I. Potts 34, Alice H. 33, James I. 10, Harold H. 0, Alice Hall 70, and Lillian H. Hall 30. James is listed as an automobile salesman. They are in Shelbyville in 1940 as well.



6. William "Willie" Eugene Potts was born on 21 October 1898 in Shelbyville and was D.O.A. at the Methodist Hospital in Dallas County, Dallas Texas on 18 May 1967 of "Coronary Insufficiency." He was a retired grocery store manager with Krogers. His parents were listed as Elisha H. Potts and Flora Belle Marbury. Dudley M. Hughes Funeral Home handled the burial. He married Ruby Walls on 26 January 1919 in Bedford County (**Death Certificate #29691**) In the 1920 Bedford County census Willie (21) and Ruby (18) are living with his parents. The 1940 Shelbyville, Bedford County census lists Willie Potts 41, Ruby 39, Gordon 19, Edward 15, Jean 9, and Shirley 4. Willie is listed as a truck driver.

#### **Ruby B. Walls Potts Obituary-April 5, 1901 - Nov. 23, 2001**

Ruby B. Walls Potts, 100, of Shelbyville, TN, passed away Nov. 23, 2001. Funeral services were conducted Nov. 25 at First United Methodist Church in Shelbyville, with burial in Willow Mount Cemetery. The Rev. Randall Ganues and the Rev. Jon Bell officiated. Mrs. Potts was born April 5, 1901, in Marshall County, TN, the daughter of James Redmond and Sulie Italia Farris Walls. She was a homemaker. Survivors include her daughters, Jean Fox of Crossville and Shirley Grobe of Farmersville, TX; son, Thomas Eugene Potts of Crossville; sister, Virginia Calahan of Shelbyville; brother, Frank Walls of Shelbyville; nine grandchildren; 11 great-grandchildren; and one great-great-grandchild. She was preceded in death by her husband, Willie Eugene Potts; and son, Gordon Eugene Potts. Information provided by Gowen-Smith Chapel in Shelbyville.

### **THE EARL NELSON POTTS AND HENRIETTA EADS FAMILY**

**Earl Nelson Potts** was born on 4 October 1886 in Bedford County, Tenn. and died at the age of 78 on 18 March 1965 at the Bedford Gen. Hospital in Shelbyville, Tenn. He died, according to his death certificate, at 9 a.m. Thursday of a cerebral hemorrhage and secondarily of hypertension or high blood pressure. According to family members, he had had several small strokes before dying. He was buried at Unionville Cemetery. Lawrence Funeral Home of Chapel Hill was in charge. He married first Henrietta **Eads**, daughter of **William Winston Eads** and **Dora Bell Robinson**, on 18 May 1910 at Unionville, Tenn. She was born on 2 April 1886 in Unionville, Bedford County, Tenn. and died at the age of 56 of cancer on 24 October 1945 at 145 Hillcrest in Knoxville, Tennessee. She is buried at Unionville as well. According to Charles Potts, Henrietta died of breast cancer, or her health began to decline with breast cancer (**Her death certificate, #23495, states that she died from "Generalized Carcinomatosis-Breast Cancer"**) He also said that she thought that she had T.B. and had heard or read that if she avoided sunlight she would get better. Charles said that she went to her bedroom and stayed for months. On 10 April 2011 while at the Norris Rehab center Charley said, "It seems like she was sick my whole life, not bad sick, but didn't feel well. All I was told was it was female problems." Patsy said Florabel told her that she started helping or doing the cooking for her mother and family when she was about fourteen. Henrietta Eads Potts seemed to be well known for her gardening and floral skills. One newspaper article, describing a meeting at the home of Mrs. Earl Potts, said, "A pleasant hour was enjoyed in the lovely gardens of Mrs. Potts, who is the local florist. Another, when describing the house of Mrs. Potts during a reunion, said "the rooms were beautifully decorated with garden flowers; a beautiful picnic lunch was served on the lawn." Henrietta worked part-time for a florist in Fountain City. This gift of gardening seems to have been passed down to Mrs. Pott's daughter, **Florabel Potts Poore**, who certainly has a green thumb. Uncle Charley said his mom played the harmonica and stated that, "She played the guitar, too, and would put the harmonica on this wire support that rested on her shoulders and she would play the guitar at the same time. She didn't like to do it, but she would every now and then." Cousin Gerald Reid said, "Aunt Henrietta was the only person in the family who took guitar lessons and she taught my momma (Maggie Eads Reid) and Uncle Will Eads how to play Spanish tunes or the Spanish guitar. They had to pay for lessons and could only pay for her." Henrietta was a very good seamstress, according to Charles, and made much of what they wore when they were little. She made many of Florabel's dresses. Uncle Charles laughed and said that his mother and Florabel often

fought, fifteen years worth, over how the dresses were done. Mr. Potts secondly married **Mrs. Elizabeth Arnold Puckett** on 28 November 1953. She was known as Mrs. Lizzie to many who knew her; was born on 17 April 1888 and died at the age of 98 at the Bedford County Nursing Home in April of 1987. She was one of the first people to welcome me, Joe Mode, to the family.

**Obituary: Henrietta Eads Potts**

POTTS-Mrs. Henrietta, 56, 145 Hillcrest Avenue, Fountain City, died at her home at 8:50 p.m. Tuesday. She was a member of Fountain City Methodist Church. She is survived by her husband, E.N. Potts; two sons, Ernest and Charles Potts; two brothers, Will and Emmitt Eads, Unionville, Tenn., and three sisters, Mrs. R.C. Reid, Mrs. T.H. Wortham and Mrs. Manor Sudberry, Unionville. The body is at Mynatt Funeral Home.

**Obituary: Mrs. Elizabeth Puckett Potts**

Mrs. Elizabeth Puckett Potts of Rover died Sunday at Bedford County Nursing Home. She was 98. Services will be held today at 2 p.m. at Lawrence Funeral Home in Chapel Hill with the Revs. David R. Wall and Richard Lee officiating. Burial was in Simpson Cemetery. A native of Bedford County, she was the daughter of the late Joseph Henry and Susan Jane Elrod Arnold. She was a member of Rover Baptist Church, a charter member of Women's Missionary Society and former member of Chapel Hill Order of the Eastern Star. Survivors include three sons, Russell Puckett of Eagleville and Arnold and Nat Puckett, both of Rover, a stepdaughter, Mrs. Flora Belle Poore of Knoxville; a stepson, Charles Potts of Knoxville; a sister, Mrs. Alma McLendon of Houston, Texas; a brother, E.B. Arnold of Shelbyville; seven grandchildren and nine great-grandchildren.



**Henrietta Eads Potts 1904**



**Henrietta & Ernest Potts**



**Earl Nelson and Henrietta Eads Potts**

Mr. Potts was employed by the Old Hickory Powder Plant during WWI and retired from the U.S. Postal Service after 50 years of service. He took his first postal exam at Unionville on 30 January 1904 and scored a perfect 100. His father, Elisha, was appointed as his substitute. His beginning annual salary was \$576.00 and his first job was with the Nashville Post Office from 1915 until 1924. In 1940 and 1941 he was a rural mail carrier in Chapel Hill, Tennessee. During a conversation in August of 2013 Gerald Reid, Mr. Pott's nephew, said he remembered his Uncle Earl driving a green bubby to deliver mail and it was kind of enclosed and had "U.S. Mail" written on it. "He would stop at Uncle Wills (Eads) to see him. Uncle Earl had a dog named Berk and he would tell him, "Go get my

shoes” and that dog would go upstairs and get a shoe and Uncle Earl would tell the dog to go and get the other shoe, but it wouldn’t go get the other one. He had already gotten one shoe. Uncle Earl tried to teach me how to plow, but I didn’t do too well. Charles was new how, but I was smaller. The fiddle that Uncle Will Eads played belonged to Uncle Earl After Uncle Will died the fiddle was given back to Uncle Earl’s family.” Mr. Potts and family moved to 402 Garden Avenue in Knoxville on 1 September 1940 and was a carrier in Fountain City and was later the night clerk at Knoxville’s main office from 1941 until his retirement in 1954, whereupon he returned to Chapel Hill. Mr. Potts built a house on Hillcrest where son Bill Potts now lives. After the war Charlie, Louise, and Bill Potts lived on the first floor of the house, Florabel and Raymond moved to the second floor, and Mr. Potts in the basement. He was also a member of Fountain City Methodist Church while in Knoxville and a member of Zion Hill Methodist Church in Unionville. Records show that he was school superintendent in 1918 for church school. Mr. Potts was a Mason and Mrs. Potts was in the Eastern Star. Records show Mr. Potts being a member of the East Nashville Lodge, No. 560, F. & A.M. Uncle Charley said that his dad always voted Republican and that his mom voted Democrat (**Florabel’s diary said, “Sunday, September 1, 1940 moved to Knoxville. Came with Ernest, Sara, and Uncle Frank (Potts) Sun night wrote to Amos” (Bond)**)

Newspaper clipping says, “Mrs. Earl Potts, formerly of Chapel Hill, but now of Hillcrest, Knoxville, Tennessee, says she enjoys her new home and new made friends. She is a member of the “Fountain City Garden Club,” “The Postal Clerks Auxillary,” “The Loyal Helpers,” “S.S. Class” and the “W.S.C.S.” of the Methodist Church. While she resided here Mrs. Potts’ flower garden was one of the show places of town and she very generously shared them with the sick, the churches and school.

The **1920 Davidson County, Tennessee census**, sheet 3 lists this family as Earl Patts 27, F. Patts 27, Earl Patts 6, and Flora B. Patts 2 (This is Earl and Henrietta, an obvious transcription error)

The **1930 Marshall County, Tennessee census**, district 1, family 223, Sheet 11B lists EN. Potts 43, Henrietta 41, Earnest 17, Florabell 12, and Charles W. 8.

The **first** born child of Earl N. and Henrietta Eads Potts was **Ernest Nelson Potts**. He was born on 6 August 1912 in Bedford County and died on 7 June 1984 in Knoxville at Saint Mary’s Hospital. According to his brother Charles, Ernest died of cancer around the heart. Barbara and Patsy recall that Ernest had gone to Saint Mary’s Hospital for a blood clot in his leg on two separate occasions. On the first occasion, I believe, they found that he had lung cancer. At some point they opened him up and saw that the cancer had enveloped the lining of his heart, closed him up and began doing some radiation treatments. Barbara said the doctors never told Ernest what was wrong with him, leaving him wondering why he had no appetite and losing weight, etc. Later on Ernest went back in to treat the blood clot in his leg. Patsy recalled that they wheeled Ernest out on a gurney, perhaps for more tests, and left him out in the hall for nearly two hours with nothing more than a thin sheet on him, leaving him cold. Sarah or Florabel found him in the hall and they believe that he had a stroke while waiting in the hall. I, Joe Mode, vaguely remember Ernest as Patsy and I had only been dating about two years when he died. We went to the hospital to see him a few times as I recall and I vividly remember how upset Florabel was after the funeral because I had the TV on too loud at her house. Ernest married **Sarah Emma Morris** on either 14 or 24 November 1938 in Shelbyville, Tennessee by C.S. Wilson. They received a blue and pink blanket from Mr. & Mrs. Earl Potts and a check for \$25.00 from Mr. and Mrs. Ivan Potts. Sarah was born in Springfield, Robertson County Tennessee on 11 September 1916 and died on 15 October 1997 in Charlottesville, Virginia at a hospice. She had gone to Charlottesville so Barbara could help look after her, but only lived about two weeks after arriving. Barbara said that her mother had Chrome’s Disease or Diverticulitis and had on two separate occasions had part of her large intestines removed. She thinks she may have also had Colon cancer as well. Patsy played a large part in getting Sarah’s estate in order, the estate sale and the cleaning of the house for sale. Sarah was the daughter of **James Otis Morris** and **Lillian Clinard**. J.O. Morris and Lillian Clinard were married in Robertson County on 25 December 1910. **James Otis Morris** was born 14 February 1883 (***From Draft Card***) and died in 1971 according to information at Findagrave.com. He is buried at the Elmwood Cemetery in Springfield, Robertson County Tennessee. **Lilian Clinard Morris** was born in 1886 and died in 1954 and is also buried at the Elmwood Cemetery. **Lillian Clinard Morris** was the daughter of **Archibald “Archie” Wilson Clinard** and **Susan Emma Crawford**. The 1920 and 1930 census records show the James O. Morris family in Robertson County and Sarah is shown to have a brother **James R. (Ralph) Morris**, age 8, in 1930 and her mother, **Susan E. Clinard** 70, is living with them in 1930 as well. The parents of James Otis Morris may be **Hardy Washington Morris and Sallie Robertson Felts** who were married on 11 December 1878 in Robertson County, Tennessee (***FamilySearch.org***) Sallie Robertson Felts was the daughter of Amos Green Felts and Mary Lee Coleman who were married 16 December 1849 in Robertson County (Findagrave.com/FamilySearch.org) Susan **Emma Crawford Clinard’s** parents were **James Howard Crawford** and **Mary J. Culbertson** according to her death certificate (**#50-06401**)

and informant Mrs. Otis Morris of Pleasant View. **Susan Emma Crawford Clinard** was born 15 June 1859 in Tennessee and died of pneumonia at the age of 90 in Springfield, Robertson County Tennessee on 12 March 1950. She was buried at Mount Sharon Cemetery in Robertson County. Cousin Barbara Potts Kittel said that her Morris grandparents farmed and that her grandmother Morris died when she was only two years old, circa 1954. Her grandfather Otis Morris, whom she called “Paw” lived she and her parents in Halls for a while before being put in a nursing home where he died. Barbara said Paw had Parkinson’s disease and was in a wheelchair. He would get up at 5:00 a.m. and go to the kitchen to get him some coffee. She recalled that her Paw would run his wheelchair back and forth over a squeaky board. (*See notes below on the Morris, Crawford, Clinard, and Culbertson lines*)



Ernest Nelson Potts in school



Ernest at home



Sarah E. Morris and Ernest N. Potts

Ernest Potts attended Forrest Elementary and Forrest High School in Chapel Hill and later attended Vanderbilt University for two years in engineering. Ernest is listed as a Sophomore from Chapel Hill, Tennessee, in Engineering, at Vanderbilt in 1933. This chapter was cut short due to The Depression and the subsequent shortage of funds. He worked for the Stewart Potts Ford dealership in Shelbyville as a parts manager and later worked for the Spires Motor Company in Knoxville before going into the military. He served from 27 November 1943 to 30 July 1946 and was honorably discharged from the Army, having served in Europe during WWII with the 351<sup>st</sup> Harbor Craft Company as a harbor craft operator (Serial #34920012) Ernest enlisted at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia and he had completed two years of college and worked as a salesman at the time in Knoxville. His marital status at the time said, “*Separated-with dependents.*” He was stationed at Camp Gordon Johnston. He went to England from Camp Kilmer in August 1944 on board the Queen Elizabeth, which had been converted to a Troop Carrier. While in England Ernest was stationed at Southampton. He traveled to Paris and Manila before being discharged on 20 June 1946; perhaps from Camp Patrick Henry where he was Supply Officer. Uncle Charley said that the Army was in charge of the placement of large ships in the harbor and that Ernest piloted one of the harbor crafts, like a tugboat. He retired as a manager of the Office of Unemployment Security in Knoxville. Sarah Morris Potts graduated from Coopertown High School in Springfield in 1934 and graduated from the State Teacher’s School in Murfreesboro in 1937 or 1938. Her first teaching job was as an English teacher at Wartrace High School. She later worked at T.V.A. as a statistician. Ernest roomed with Marion Hill. Marion dated a gal named Mitchell who worked with Sarah as a Physical Education teacher. Marion introduced Sarah to Ernest. Sarah was a gifted seamstress, making clothes for both Barbara and her dolls. They always had a wonderful garden and were always ready to share with others the fruits, or rather, the vegetables of their labor. Sarah was a sweet soul with a wonderful laugh and a smile to match. One fond memory of her giving nature was when Patsy and I moved away from Florabel’s rental house to our very first home at 1519 Fair Drive. We were moving in, exhausted and hungry when out of the blue Sarah came over with the most wonderful pot roast and vegetables. This was surely a welcome site for two hungry souls. We had yet to move our table in as I recall and sat in the kitchen floor to eat. Ernest and Sarah Morris Potts had one daughter, **Barbara Ann Potts**.

#### **SHELBYVILLE BRIDE**

**Wartrace, Tenn., Nov. 25 (Spl)** The wedding of Miss Sara Morris of Wartrace to Ernest Potts of Shelbyville took place Thursday night at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Marion Hill at Shelbyville. The Rev. C.S. Wilson of Wartrace officiated in the presence of intimate friends of the couple. Miss Katherine Gray Cortner of Wartrace and Robert Taylor of Nashville were the only attendants. Mrs. Potts is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J.O. Morris of Springfield, and was graduated from State Teachers College at Murfreesboro. For the past two years she had been on the faculty of the Wartrace High School. Mr. Potts, son of Mr. and Mrs. Earl Potts of Chapel Hill, formerly attended Vanderbilt University, and now is connected with a motor company at Shelbyville, where the couple will reside.

### **THE BARBARA ANN POTTS AND MICHAEL ALLEN KITTEL FAMILY**



1. **Barbara Ann Potts** was born on 21 January 1951 in Knoxville and attended the private schools Gateway and Thaxtons 1-2-3, Lincoln Park, Christenberry, and graduated from Halls High School in 1968. She attended University of Tennessee and majored in Accounting. Barbara worked for South Central Bell in Knoxville as an operator. Barbara is certainly gifted in crafts, enjoys making paper crafts, flower arrangements and loves gardening and shopping. She married **Michael Allen Kittel** on 26 September 1980. Barbara Potts Kittel currently works for the University of Virginia Pathology Lab. The family moved a while back and currently resides, more or less, in Charlottesville, Virginia. Two this union was born two daughters, **Lisa Diane Kittle** and **Julie Ann Kittle**.



1. **Lisa Diane Kittel** was born 30 October 1986 in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. She attended the Renaissance School in Charlottesville, the Savannah School of Art and Design, the Atlanta College of Art, and accepted an internship to the Art Institute of Chicago. She studied print making at the Pacific Northwest College of Art. She is certainly gifted in the arts; specifically drawing and printmaking and is a very talented swimmer as well. Lisa worked on a farm in Oregon a while, was in Charlottesville working on a horse farm, shoeing horses, etc., but is now in Kadoka, South Dakota working at Dakota Performance Horses as a trainer.

2. **Julie Ann Kittel** was born 7 June 1988 in Murfreesboro, Tennessee, attended high school at Albemarle High, college at Virginia Common Wealth, the College of William & Mary and lived in Williamsburg, Virginia and was a teaching assistant at The College of William and Mary. She also worked at Temple University. Julie is very musically inclined and a very talented clarinet player and swimmer, too. In addition to the clarinet Julie also plays the flute, saxophone, piano, and guitar. She knows German, French, and Irish. Julie is now working near Waco, Texas in Hewitt at the Central Texas VA Health Care System.



**James Howard Crawford** (son of **Charles Henry Crawford** and **Lucy Margaret McNeill**) was born 29 December 1830 in Robertson County, Tennessee, and died 11 March 1891 in Robertson County, Tennessee. He married **Mary J. Culbertson** on 7 November 1855 in Robertson County, Tennessee. He was licensed to preach on August 7, 1858.

Notes for **James Howard Crawford**:

Wife: **Mary Culbertson**

Children:

1. Mary Elizabeth Crawford was born 8 March 1858 in [city], Robertson, Tennessee
2. **Susan Emma Crawford** was born 15 June 1859 in [city], Robertson, Tennessee. She married **Archibald W. Clinard** on 25 December 1910 ("Tennessee, Marriages, 1796-1950," index, *FamilySearch* (<https://familysearch.org/pal:/MM9.1.1/X818-JHC> : accessed 24 Nov 2014), J. O. Morris and Lillian Clinard, 25 Dec 1910; citing Robertson County, Tennessee, reference p 547; FHL microfilm 425220)
3. Thomas W Crawford was born 5 March 1862 in [city], Robertson, Tennessee
4. Joseph William Crawford was born 23 March 1864 in [city], Robertson, Tennessee
5. Margaret C Crawford was born 15 August 1866 in [city], Robertson, Tennessee

Wife: **Fannie C Anderson**

Children:

1. Geneva Ophelia Crawford was born 18 June 1869 in [city], Robertson, Tennessee
  2. Eddie Howard Crawford was born 14 September 1869 in [city], Robertson, Tennessee
  3. James Robert Crawford was born 19 April 1876 in [city], Robertson, Tennessee
  4. George Pierce Crawford was born 29 July 1880 in [city], Robertson, Tennessee
- (From the website: <http://familytreemaker.genealogy.com/users/c/h/a/Gary-Chandler-1/WEBSITE-0001/UHP-1619.html>)

The second child born to Earl N. and Henrietta Eads Potts was ***Florabel Potts***, who was born on 4 July 1917 in Unionville, Civil District #11, Bedford County, Tennessee and died at the age of 91 at her home of either a stroke or heart attack on Thursday, 2 October 2008 at her residence in Fountain City, Tennessee. She had been fine all day, other than having high blood pressure, and had talked to her daughter Patsy several times that day and had made plans to see her dentist. She was to meet her yardman Eddie Collier at 5:00 or so that day to show the garage apartment, but would not come to the door when Eddie knocked. Eddie called Patsy and she and Eddie found Florabel sitting in her living room. She apparently had passed away between 3:30 and 5:00 p.m. This is the way she would have wanted to go, except for not getting to say goodbye to those she loved. She was afraid of breaking a hip or lingering in a nursing home. Patsy called me in tears (Joe Mode) around 7:30 p.m. while I was leaving from Jacob's soccer practice at Lakeshore to tell me that her mom had died. She called and said "Moms' dead." I was completely in shock and had to pull over in order to tell the boys. Jacob, Joshua, and I went straight to Saint Mary's, waited with Patsy and Eddie until about 9:00 p.m. and then saw her mother. I didn't want the boys to see Florabel, but they insisted. We gathered up the clothes she had on in to a little bag and then went to her mother's house to pick up Patsy's car. I washed some dishes; Patsy got her mom's purse and a few other things. Jacob went to the back bedroom where he had always watched T.V. when visiting and broke down a bit saying, "This is where mamaw always let us watch T.V." We went on home after a little while and got home around 10:45. Florabel's, or mawmaw's, funeral was held at Gentry-Griffey Funeral Home on Monday, 6 October 2008 and graveside services were held at Sherwood Memorial Gardens on Alcoa highway on 7 October 2008. She was laid to rest beside Raymond. The day she died was a beautiful fall day, clear and warm, and the day she was buried was nice as well. It rained the next day, Wednesday; something it hadn't done in quite a while.

Florabel once told me that she was born in "Doo-Little" or Unionville and that she attended the East End Methodist Church when they lived in Nashville. Her family lived in Nashville until she was about six and started school there as well. She attended Forrest Elementary and Forrest High School in Chapel Hill, Marshall County, was a member of the Lowell Society, and also completed a correspondence course in Business. She was married to **Raymond Foster Poore** on 22 May 1948 on the outskirts of Atlanta, Georgia in Fulton County by Frank H. Prince, minister of Saudis Methodist Church. Raymond was born on 14 September 1921 in Tazewell, Tennessee and was shot to death on 10 August 1971 in Knoxville, Tennessee by an eighty one year old WWI veteran (Mr. Buchanan) Mr. Poore knew and frequently assisted. He went to the man's house on Central Ave. Pike to take him somewhere and the man came out shooting. Raymond was the son of William Thurmond and Katherine Isabell Drummonds Poore of Claiborne County, Tennessee. He worked for the Palace Theatre in Fountain City taking up tickets. Here he met Florabel, who was a cashier at the theatre. He worked for Thompson's Photo briefly and owned an AMOCO station on the corner of Merchant's Drive and Clinton Highway. Florabel worked for W.T. Grants, Georges and Riches Department Store in downtown Knoxville on a bookkeeping machine. After marrying she had the great task of being a full time mom.

*This little biography was originally written by me, Joe Mode, with the help of Patsy and Vicky, for use by those who preached Florabel's funeral. It's a shame that a whole lifetime, 91 years, is condensed down to just a few paragraphs and then awkwardly repeated by someone who didn't really even know the deceased. So, there is much more to be added and that is what I have attempted to do. I knew Florabel from the time we met at the L & N Fish Market in 1982 up until she passed away on October 2nd of 2008; that's 26 years by my count. So there is much to be said, many memories and thoughts that need to be preserved (Joe Mode-Knoxville, Tennessee)*

**Florabel Potts Poore** (Mawmaw) was born on the fourth of July, 1917 in Unionville, Bedford County, Tennessee and passed away to be with our Lord and her loving husband on October 2, 2008.

Florabel was the second oldest member of Fountain City United Methodist Church, having joined on November 17, 1940. She was very active at Fountain City in her younger days, spending much time working in Backyard Missions and visiting shut-ins. She had a strong and resolute love for the Lord and loved old time gospel music and gospel quartets. Although she could not get to church as often as she would have liked, you could be sure that Sunday wasn't the only time that she tuned in to one of her favorite T.V. preachers. She had a deep respect for the elderly and passed along this respect to her children and grandchildren. She loved her family dearly, especially her grandsons. She loved going "back home" to Shelbyville and Unionville for Decoration Day.

She certainly was blessed with a green thumb like her momma, Henrietta Eads Potts, and could poke a broom stick into the ground and make something sprout. She had such a great knowledge of flowers and plants and gardening and was still growing her garden of tomatoes, cucumbers, and herbs at 91. She passed this green thumb and love of gardening on to her daughter Vicky and niece Barbara Potts Kittel. Simple things such as riding on the Dogwood Trail, giving away cuttings to others, or admiring her flower beds made her day. She took great joy in just seeing the weeds pulled from her flower beds, having her carpet vacuumed, a light bulb changed, a freshly mowed yard, her garbage taken out, gutters cleaned, or running to The Dollar General Store and Big Lots.

Mawmaw, as she was known by her grandsons Jacob and Joshua, was an excellent cook and always looked forward to the family gatherings at Thanksgiving and Christmas. Her turkey dressing could not be beaten and it was always made with her own homemade sage. Jacob and Joshua loved for her to make them bacon and eggs, whether at home or at the lake and she loved doing this too. She loved cooking for nephew Bill Potts at the lake and often provided him with breakfast or his first cup of coffee “*of the morning.*” She was one of the oldest ladies that still actually camped at the lake at her own campsite (Fountain City Sportsman’s Club).

Renting her house out to Tina Wesson, before she had won survivor, she said “Tina is going to take me for a ride on her motor cycle....and I’m going.”

She was a strong encourager in school and sports, instilling in her boys, Jacob and Joshua, the need to give it their all and to do their best.

She was a strong-willed woman and raised two strong-willed daughters (Amen and amen)

She was a very hard worker, and was a great roll model for her daughters. She taught Patsy and Vicky to be hard workers, to put all that they had into everything they did, to do the best job they could, and to do it right “the first time.” She taught them to do for others and not expect something in return, to do it because someone needed your help and because God commanded us to help others.

Florabel lived during The Depression and knew what it meant to be frugal and to save. She lived a simple life and was thankful for all that she had; nor did she need material things to make her happy. She passed along these traits to her daughters as well. In everything she did she put others first, it was never about her, but on her birthday we made sure it was all about her.....and she let you know it on THAT DAY.

She was not content with letting time or current events pass her by. She kept up with the news and the world and was very smart, loved to read and learn about many subjects. She scribbled notes in magazines such as Southern Living for future reference. When she would be out shopping with Patsy or Vicky she could calculate in her head percentages and price reductions while Patsy and Vicky would be left stumbling around lost.....wishing for a calculator.

She even commented to her daughter Vicky that she wanted to get a computer and to learn what it meant to get “online.”

She loved family pictures and she shared that often with her nephew Bill Potts, who scanned many of these pictures.

Florabel started when the children were very young teaching them about God and reading them bible stories. She had a great faith in God, and strength and courage in time of need.

Now, in regards to the first time I, Joe Mode, met Mrs. Poore, or Mawmaw Poore. As I stated earlier I was working at the L & N Fish Market the summer of 1982 during the World’s Fair when I first met mawmaw. One evening momma decided to come to the restaurant to introduce her mother to me. I didn’t know they were coming to see me and can’t recall how long we had been dating at that point, but I don’t think it had been very long. So momma came strolling in with this older woman and I had no idea who she was. We were standing there toe to toe just looking at each other and, right before I was about to say “***Is this your grandmother?***” momma piped in and said, “*Joe, I want you to meet my mother.*” Arrgggh! I just about blew it right then and there, and quickly cut short that thought on the tip of my tongue, and said, “*Hello, nice to meet you*” or something like that. Her mother said, or barley mumbled a weak “Hi.” She did not look very impressed with me and I don’t recall what we did after this monumental meeting (***From “How Your Momma and I Met” document***)

Regarding food, mawmaw often asked me, Joe, to go to the store for her, which was often Krogers in Fountain City or The Dollar Store on Emory Road. She would call me at work and ask if I could pick up a few things for her. I always tried to find a few extra things for her, but learned a long time ago that she didn’t want large quantities of anything because she didn’t want them to go to waste or to spoil. I also learned that she didn’t want just any old brand. She only wanted certain brands and that’s what you bought. Patsy often either went to Pratt’s Country Store, or took her mother there for fresh produce. She loved liver and onions and onions in general. I would most often buy her Oreo Cookies, a pint or the small cups of Mayfield Vanilla ice cream, a tomato or two, Lay’s Potato Chips, and bananas, which could not be brown, but had to be just a little green. And you were to only buy maybe two or three at the most, not a whole bunch. She tried to find low salt potato chips, or baked ones, but loved the Lays brand the best. She loved a certain brand of sausage biscuit that was frozen, and little packets of either chicken or tuna with crackers, which came from The Dollar Store. I was to buy a certain type of bacon and a certain type of eggs; the small ones, not the large ones. Milk wasn’t bought by the gallon, only half-gallon and a certain type as well. When she ate desert she liked to have something else with it, like an onion or piece of meat. If memory serves me correct, she loved pecan pie, chocolate pie, and lemon or custard pie. Two of her favorite restaurants were the S & W Cafeteria and Cracker Barrel, and occasionally Golden Girls near Clinton. She really ate

healthy and could really put the food away, too, but was tiny or “tee-niney” as she would often say. When we took her to the beach it was a ritual that we had to eat at a nice seafood restaurant at least one night and on the way back home we would always try to stop at a little mom and pop restaurant in Pamplico, South Carolina called Jack’s Place. If we ever missed going by, the owners told us that they missed us, or wondered what had happened to us.

She was the epitome of the Depression Era generation, saved everything and kept a close account of every penny spent. When I cleaned out her house after she died I came to the conclusion that she had kept every Christmas card, birthday card, and letter she had ever received. She said things like “It’s as tight as Dick’s hatband,” “Tee-niney,” “smidgen,” “I reckon,” “warsh,” and “warsh rag.” She had many admirers such as Amos Bond, Marshall Eldridge, Charles Ralph Yokley, Marion Spence, Harry Goodman and several others. She was somewhat superstitious; would eat Black Eyed Peas on New Year’s Day for good luck, or say “Bread and Butter” if one person went to the right side of a pole and another to the left. It was bad luck to say “Thank you” if someone gave you potted flowers. If you went in the front door, you had to go back out the same door and you never opened an umbrella inside. Her life was full. Conversation with Florabel on Tuesday, 29 May 2007: Florabel said that she wanted Patsy to have her Ruby ring and her mother’s diamond ring. She wanted Vicky to have the diamond ring and band that Raymond gave to her.

On 11 September 2011 Gerald Reid, cousin to Florabel, called and mentioned coming to the 1982 World’s Fair, and of all the thousands of people there, ran into Florabel sitting on a bench. He said, “I just walked by her and saw her sitting on a bench waiting for some of her people.” Gerald moved to Knoxville in 1953-43 and worked at the old Knoxville Airport. He stayed with Florabel and Raymond, probably on Hillcrest because he mentioned his Uncle Earl Potts building a house, until they found a house in E agleton Village in Maryville. In August of 2013 Gerald said that Florabel and his sister Dorothy were “good buddies” because they were closer in age.



July 4, 1918 - Nashville



Florabel ca. 1933

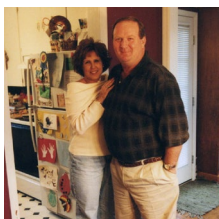


Raymond F. & Florabel Potts Poore

To this union was born two children, *Vicky Lynn Poore* and *Patsy Ann Poore*.

## THE VICKY LYNN POORE AND STEVE DOVE FAMILY

1. **Vicky Lynn Poore** was born 5 January 1960. She attended Shannodale Elementary, Gresham Middle, and graduated from Central High School in 1977. She swam for the Ft. City Lions Club. Vicky attended Draughton’s Business College and U.T. for eight months. She married **Steven Foster Dove** on 3 April 1999 in Gatlinburg, Tenn. at Cupid’s Chapel of Love. Steve was born on 28 November 1954 in Birmingham, Alabama and is the son of Foster and Ellis Gray Dove. He attended Smith Elementary and graduated from Huffman High School in 1973. He loves to fish and is a Mr. fix it for sure. He and Vicky are in sales and raise and sell Yorkshire Terriers. They have lived in Birmingham, Alabama, Dayton, Tennessee, but currently live in Rainbow City, Alabama.



Vicky Lynn Poore and Steven Foster Dove

## THE PATSY ANN POORE AND WILLIAM JOSEPH MODE FAMILY

**2. Patsy Ann Poore** was born on 6 June 1961 at Saint Mary's Hospital in Knoxville, Tennessee. She lived at 4508 Fulton Drive and attended Shannodale Elementary School, Gresham Middle School, and graduated from Central High School in 1979. Patsy was an avid swimmer, horseback rider, clarinet player, and flag girl. She attended the University of Tennessee and graduated in 1984 with a B.S. in Business Administration, was a flag girl and wrestling cheerleader while there. Enjoys camping at the lake, looking for antiques, traveling, making beeswax candles, doing craft shows, staying in cabins, and being a mom.

Patsy married **William Joseph Mode**, son of William Franklin and Bettye Jean Davis Mode, on 17 August 1985 at Fountain City United Methodist Church. Uncle Charley Potts gave her away. Joe attended Alice Bell Elementary, Whittle Springs Junior High, Harrison Chilhowee Baptist Academy, and graduated from Holston High School in 1980. I graduated from the University of Tennessee in 1985 with a B.A. in Anthropology and in 1989 with a B.S. in Education/History, graduating with Honors and High Honors. Joe has done archaeology work, taught school at several privately-owned schools, Job Corp. He whittles and belongs to the Southern Highland Craft guild, does reenacting and film work, likes to hike and backpack, metal detecting, genealogy work, and reading. Joe has worked for R.I.S. Corp since 1997. Patsy has worked for DeRoyal Industries, Regal Corporation and currently works for Braxton Bragg as a purchasing manager. Joe and Patsy currently attend Beaver Dam Baptist Church in Halls, where they moved on Thanksgiving Day of 2003.

To this union was born two children, **William Jacob Mode** and **William Joshua Mode**.



**Jacob, Patsy, Joe & Joshua Mode-2014**

**1. William Jacob Mode** was born at Saint Mary's Hospital on 19 April 1994. He attended Fountain City Elementary before moving to Halls Crossroads. Attended Halls Elementary School and currently attends Halls High School. Jacob has played soccer since he was four, plays basketball, football, swam a little, played the trumpet in middle school, loves to camp, hike, go to the lake, and attends church at Beaver Dam. He played soccer for Halls High and I.F.A. Club team and graduated, thank God, from Halls High in 2012. Jacob is now attending the University of Tennessee-Chattanooga and is majoring in Accounting, but recently (Fall 2014) changed majors to Marketing.

**2. William Joshua Mode** was born at Fort Sanders Hospital on 21 April 1998. He attended Halls Elementary School K-5, Halls Middle school and now attends Halls High school. He has played soccer since he was four also, but has not the last several seasons. He has been on the swim team, loves to draw, color and wants to major in Graphic Design/Advertising. He played percussion in middle school band, likes to be in plays, and now plays Marimba in the high school band.

The **third** child born to Earl N. and Henrietta Eads Potts was **Charles William Potts**, who was born on 5 July 1921 in Nashville, Tennessee and passed away at around 1:30 A.M. on 13 June 2014 at the Tennova Residential Hospice on Andersonville Pike in Halls Crossroads, Knoxville. The family gathered together on Tuesday evening at Uncle Charley's house and ate supper provided by Julie and Mike Hueser. The house was just as it was when Uncle Charley and Aunt Louise lived there. His wood shop still had projects waiting to be made. Receiving of friends was held at Gentry-Griffey mortuary from 6:00 to 8:00 on Wednesday. A goodly number of people

attended. Afterwards the family gathered again at Uncle Charley's house for more good food. Uncle Charley was laid to rest beside Louise, with full military honors, on Thursday at 12:00. Two Air Force representatives were there to honor Charley, to fold the flag, and to play taps. The day was partly cloudy, dry and hot, but a nice breeze made the day fairly comfortable. After the funeral we gathered again at Uncle Charley's house to eat and fellowship and what good fellowship it was. It certainly was a blessing, I believe, for all of us to be back at the old home-place. The only thing missing were the two people who made the home so special. Thunder storms rolled through later in the day. Those in attendance at various times were Jack, Donna (Whitehead) and Bryan Potts, Bill, Vicki, and Daniel Potts, David, Shannon (Potts) Alibell and Declan McMahon, Barbara Potts Kittel, Joe, Patsy, Jacob, and Joshua Mode, Ken and Martha Whitehead, Rick and Page Ciordia, Mike and Julie Hueser, Benji Hammonds, and Deb White.

Charley went to Forrest Grade School and graduated from Forrest High School in May of 1939 and then attended the University of Tennessee Junior College at Martin for a year before moving to Knoxville in August of 1940. This year of college was paid for with points earned from buying so much furniture from Montgomery Wards. He quit school after the fall quarter of 1941 in order to work at the Alcoa Aluminum Company on a Layout Machinist crew. While working at Alcoa his Forman Jack Franklin introduced Charlie to **Mary Louise Pearson** on a blind date. She was born on 1 February 1919 in White Pine, Tennessee. Louise was the daughter of Margaret and Kester Pearson. Louise attended E.T.S.U and received a Permanent Teaching Certificate and also attended U.T. Knoxville for one year. Charles and Louise were married on 12 February 1944 at the Fountain City Methodist Church parsonage. Aunt Louise passed away at 5:00 a.m. Saturday morning, 17 March 2007 at the Hillcrest North Nursing Home. Jack Potts was with her at the time. The Friday before Aunt Louise died Barbara Potts Kittel and Lisa Kittel was visiting with us and we had planned a little get together with the family. I believe Bill and Vicky Potts and Donna Potts were at our house at the time when we received a call that Aunt Louise wasn't doing too good. They all left and I stayed with Lisa and the boys. She was buried at Greenwood Cemetery on 20 March 2007. It had rained the night before and the ground was wet and muddy, but the day was warm and partly cloudy. After the funeral everyone went to Charlie's house for lunch. Aunt Louise was a wonderful woman, kind, and as someone said at the receiving of friends, you could always hear her coming before you ever saw her. She loved going to the lake and family get-togethers. Aunt Louise always seemed to be smiling and had a distinctive laugh and voice that will never be forgotten. She and Charlie seemed to be made for each other. Rev. Melissa Smith, Mr. John Needy, and Dr. Dan Kelly led the service at Gentry-Griffey Funeral Home.

Mary Lou Horner, long-time county commissioner from Halls had this to say about Louise in the Halls Shopper: ***“Louise Potts is a person you will never forget. She never forgot you, and no one was a stranger to her. Louise was a friend to all, always smiling with a great sense of humor. If you needed her, Louise was there. Agape House as well as others will miss Louise.”***

Regarding his service history Charlie said “Since I didn't want to be drafted and have to walk all over Europe, I volunteered for the Army Air Force on 6 July 1942.” He continued working at Alcoa and dating Louise until he was called to report for duty 18 January 1943 at the Classification Center in Nashville, Tennessee. Charlie was granted a ten-day delay in route to his next post, Plant Field, Tampa Florida, during which time he asked Louise to marry him. She said yes and they were married on 12 February 1944 at the Fountain City Methodist Church parsonage. The church was unavailable due to a Valentines Party. After completing training Charlie was stationed at Thorpe Abbots base in England and was assigned to the 418<sup>th</sup> Squadron, 100<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group, (aka the “Bloody Hundredth) 8<sup>th</sup> U.S. Army Air Force. Charlie's crew was assigned to a B-17G bomber and they agreed upon the name “Baby Sweet.” Charlie's position on board was the Radio/Gunner; he recorded all radio transmissions, threw out chaff, and fired the right waist gun when fighters came into range. His tour of thirty-five missions began on 26 August 1944 and ended on 6 January 1945. Later he returned to U.T. Knoxville and majored in Agriculture. According to Charley he majored in Agriculture before the war and business after the war. He said he changed his mind because he had to walk or hitchhike to the Agriculture Campus. On 11 April 2011 at the Norris Rehab Center he said Louise didn't want him to major in Agriculture because she “didn't want to live on a farm.” He said he didn't really intend on farming, but hoped to be an Agricultural Extension Agent. He received his degree in Accounting after the war. He worked 32 years and 6 months for the I.R.S., the last 5 being with the Department of Energy where he retired. Charlie went to the Norris Health and Rehabilitation Center on Tuesday, April 5, 2011 for therapy to regain strength in his legs. He had been admitted to Saint Mary's Hospital due to fainting spells a few days earlier. **(See more detailed transcript of Charlie's war experiences and stories from Charlie below)**

#### **Charles William Potts Obituary:** July 5, 1921 – June 13, 2014

Charles William Potts, age 92, passed away in Knoxville on June 13, 2014. A WWII veteran and Radio-Gunner on a B-17 with the Bloody 100th Bomb Group, he retired from government service after 36 years of faithful service. Charles was a member of Fountain City United Methodist Church for over 71 years. He also enjoyed his membership at Fountain City Sportsmen's Club for many years. He was preceded in death by his beloved wife, Louise; his parents, Earl and Henrietta Potts; and his brother and sister, Earnest Potts and Florabel Poore. He is

survived and will be greatly missed by his sons, Bill (Vicki) Potts, and Jack (Donna) Potts; grandchildren, Daniel Potts, Shannon (David) McMahon, Bryan Potts; and great-grandchildren Alibelle and Declan. The family will receive friends at Gentry Griffey Funeral Chapel on Wednesday, June 18<sup>th</sup> from 6-8 pm. A Graveside Service will be held on Thursday, June 19<sup>th</sup> at 12 pm at Greenwood Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, donations may be made to either Fountain City United Methodist Church or Fountain City Sportsmen's Club. Gentry Griffey Funeral Chapel is honored to serve the Potts family, and invites you to view and sign the guestbook below.

## **Comments from the Gentry-Griffey Guest Book for Charlie Potts**

### **Pennie Hansard Owen and family says:**

June 16, 2014 at 4:45 pm

Oh my goodness, you enjoyed each other a long time ...I have just a few memories of Fair Avenue, but you all are in the pictures...and growing up on Parkdale was the best ...good neighbors, nice families, your parents let us play in your basement, and backyard .. you had a level spot on the side of that ridge and we wore it out...your dad was in the basement and had that woodworking shop... he made a candlestick for a wedding present. Our lives were like a storybook and your parents were a big part of that!! I'll be unable to attend the service but I'm sending you hugs...

### **Cynthia McKnight says:**

June 16, 2014 at 5:36 pm

Memories of my uncle Charlie are etched in my heart. He made sure I camped, crabbed, fished & water skied just like the boys, Bill, Jack & Rick. He was a humble man with so many talents. I cherish the many woodwork creations he made for me...especially a doll bed that my grandson slept in as an infant. Growing up & after I married & had my girls, going to see "Babe" & Charlie's home was anticipated as much as Christmas...lots of food, games, laughter & love! I am blessed to be Charlie's niece.

### **Kristin McKnight says:**

June 16, 2014 at 6:25 pm

My Great Uncle Charlie was one of the kindest men I knew and he made some amazing things for my sister and I with his woodworking. I loved visiting Babe and Charlie when I was growing up and have such great memories of being with them. I love you all and hope you are in good spirits and enjoying the wonderful memories, Kristin McKnight.

### **Rick and Page Ciordia says:**

June 16, 2014 at 6:54 pm

Uncle Charlie was an inspiration to us all. He had such an incredible WWII career, but, as modest as he was, never told of his bravery! Charlie and Babe were second parents to my sister and me. Their marriage was a template upon which we hoped to build our families. He loved his wife, sons, daughters-in-laws, grandkids and great-grand kids. The world was a better place with his presence. Our prayers are with Charlie and the whole family. All our love, R+P

### **Steve and Susie Jones says:**

June 16, 2014 at 9:37 pm

How blessed we were to have Charlie and Louise as our neighbors on Parkdale! They were like second parents to us and grandparents to our son. What a wonderful caring, loving couple, devoted to each other and their family. I'm sure Louise was waiting for Charlie with open arms. Our thoughts and prayers are with the family.

### **Elizabeth Zeigler (Johnson) says:**

June 16, 2014 at 9:45 pm

The older I get and the more people I meet, I realize just how special Charlie Potts was. May he rest in peace with his beloved wife, family, and lifelong friends. The world was a better place when he was in it.

### **Mark and Suzanne Robbins says:**

June 17, 2014 at 7:23 am

Your father was a kind and gentle man that will truly be missed... I can also see and hear Louise welcoming him home! May all your families enjoy his memories and celebrate his life. With love to all the Robbins family

**Robert Godwin says:**

June 17, 2014 at 9:27 am

Jack, Bill,

I always was pleased to have contact with your dad; a gentleman, understated, friendly. I will miss him too.  
Bob

**Gary and Patty McMahon says:**

June 17, 2014 at 10:26 am

We are privileged to have known Charlie. We are so sorry for your deep loss.

**Joe, Patsy, Jacob & Joshua Mode says:**

June 17, 2014 at 11:59 am

Uncle Charlie was Patsy's uncle, but he felt like my own having known him since 1982. He and Louise brought a lot of joy to our lives and we are much richer having known them. We fondly remember all of the Christmas parties and fun at the lake. Uncle Charlie was a quiet, unassuming gentleman and you would have never known that he endured the horrors of flying thirty-five missions in a B-17 during WWII. He was never one to boast or brag about his service, but would often say that the real heroes were the ones who never came home. Nonetheless, he is a hero to us, the last of those known as the Greatest Generation, those who gave of themselves to rid this world of evil. We will miss his warm smile, the way he laughed, his good humor, and his many talents, especially the woodworking. The things he made for us will always be treasured as will the memories. When entering the Pearl Harbor I'm sure Uncle Charlie heard Louise before he ever saw her, saying, "Charlie, where have you been?" We will see you again, Uncle Charlie, when the roll is called up yonder.

**Frank/Susan Jennings says:**

June 17, 2014 at 12:01 pm

We are so sorry for your loss. He was a great man and will be sadly missed. Our prayers to the family during this difficult and sad time, Love to you all.

**Patsy Poore Mode says:**

June 17, 2014

My Uncle Charlie... Where can I start? I loved this man. He walked me down the aisle as my husband and I were married, and he has been a treasure in my life since I can remember. A humble, quiet, loving man with a great sense of humor; A man of few words, with a depth of meaning, one of my mother's closest friends growing up, one of our country's assets during WWII, and one that blessed our family. See you again!

**Elizabeth Winegar Hardin says:**

June 18, 2014 at 10:50 am

So many good memories of Charlie and Louise. They really complemented each other. He was a fine man and a real gentleman. Condolences to the Potts and Poore families. He will be missed.

**Steve and Brenda Ellis says:**

June 18, 2014 at 3:27 pm

We are sorry for your loss. Our thoughts and prayers are with your family.

**Ken and Martha Whitehead says:**

June 20, 2014 at 5:51 pm



Charlie Potts was as fine a person as we have ever known. We loved both him and Louise very much. Charlie and Ken fished together several times — not saying we caught many fish but we just had a wonderful time together on Norris Lake. We will certainly miss him.

*Andy Ciordia says:*

June 25, 2014 at 11:35 am

Great Uncle Charlie and his wife Babe cared for me and my sister on many, many occasions. From camping to woodworking, skiing to slipping down a snow covered street we had a lot of fun together and my life has been greatly enriched for it. His passing will be missed but his memories will always be cherished. XXOO

## **A few stories gathered by Joe Mode from Uncle Charley Potts**

Uncle Charlie's memory had been failing for some time and he eventually had trouble taking care of his home and being left along by himself. Grandson Bryan Potts would often mow his yard and Bill, Jack, Donna, and Vicki Potts were always good to go by to check on him and bring him food or to take him out to eat. He was moved to an assisted living home for a while and did well, his health generally good, but his short term memory was deteriorating as was his health and he had an occasional bout of confusion which led to arguments with the staff. Jack and Bill eventually had to place him at the Tennova Residential Hospice on Andersonville Pike in Halls on Tuesday, June 10th. He wasn't there but a few days before he passed away. When we would get together with the family Uncle Charley would often come up to me, or someone else, and say, "I know you," to which I would reply, "Yeah, it's old Joe," and he would usually respond with a big smile saying, "Yeah, old Joe, I know old Joe." Patsy and the boys went to see Uncle Charley on 11 June and I went later after work, but he was on medication, which had him so lethargic that he slept and was barely able to respond. Patsy said the boys cried during their visit, knowing Charley was about to die. Charley did hear us, and did respond when we asked him things. Patsy and I went to see him again on 12 June and he was a little more awake, but still under the influence of the medication. Patsy asked him if he was cold and he said, "Yes." She pulled the sheet and blanket up over him and he said, "Thank you." He could hear us and did respond to the nurse who gave him water on a sponge. Patsy tried to give him some Ensure as well. I asked the nurse if Uncle Charley could listen to music, he loved Big Band music, and the nurse said that would be nice, their hearing was the last thing to go. Patsy and I left, we had driven separately, but I went straight home, got our CD player and some Big Band CD's and returned to the hospice around 8:30 or so. I set the CD player up and put in a CD, Best of the War Years, and set the CD player to play the CD repeatedly. Uncle Charley was lying on his left side, curled up slightly and barely awake. I was the last of the family to see Uncle Charley that night and left him around 9:00 p.m. listening to the Andrew Sister's Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company B. Jack Potts said the CD was still playing when he arrived early the next morning after getting a call from the hospice staff. Patsy related later that seeing Charley, so near death, was like seeing someone famous, someone who was about to meet Jesus. She said, "He's going to see Jesus and my mom and dad" (*Joe Mode-12 June 2014*)

On 30 June 2005 me, Patsy, Jacob and Joshua Mode and Cousin Barbara Potts Kittel went to visit Uncle Charley and Aunt Louise Potts, a Thursday. Uncle Charley said that his first job, for about a month during the summer, was helping to gather and stack hay for neighbors. He was paid .75 cents a day and had to provide two horses. He had a horse and a mule and said that he had to ride six miles or so from Chapel Hill to Unionville, where he would then hitch the mule and horse to a hay wagon. Charley said the hay would be cut with a hay cutting machine and then left to dry or cure. The hay would then be gathered into windrows and two or three men would pitch the cured hay up into the hay wagon. Uncle Charley's horse and mule would pull the wagon. He said his job was to spread the hay out on top of the wagon and once it was put into the hayloft; spread it out into the corners. The wagon would be pulled to the front of the barn and a cradle-type gadget would be lowered into the hay on the wagon. The hay would be stacked on top of the cradle and then hauled back up into the hayloft. The cradle could travel on rollers across the gables, from one end of the barn to the other, where Charley would unload it. He got so hot once that he nearly passed out, he said. Uncle Will (Potts or Eads?) said he came out of the barn looking "white as a ghost."

On 15 July 2012 during a visit with Uncle Charley he said that he used to ride the hay cutting machine and would take a pitch fork and clear out the hay from the cutting blades when it got clogged up, or to keep it from clogging up. They would use a two team tandem to pull the hay cutter, a mare whose name he could not remember, and a mule named "Butch." He said he liked helping his dad do things he had a hard time doing himself, especially during hay cutting season. He said, "Of course when it was growing all you had to do was watch it grow." Charlie would rake up piles of hay for the men to load on to the wagon. He wasn't strong enough to throw it up there, he said. He was helping with the hay when he was 6, 7, 8, years old.

Uncle Charley Potts told me that the whole family used to travel to Nashville in order to buy cases of Morgan Park Sulphur Water for his mother, Henrietta Eads Potts. Morgan Park was located in Nashville where Charley was born. One could take their own gallon jugs and fill them up at the spring. Florabel said she remembered these trips because they would always buy a sack full of bananas and popcorn. She said you could eat all of the bananas that you wanted. She also said that she liked the sulphur water and drank it all of the time. Charley said he didn't get to drink it much because his momma would drink it all. Once, during the winter of 1929, they were traveling home from their spring water/tonic trip and their car, a Model T perhaps, skidded off of a bridge and turned over into a creek, landing upside down. Uncle Charley said he woke up or came to and was standing up in the creek. He said Ernest, his brother, suffered a deep cut on his leg. A doctor said that Ernest would have bled to death had it not been for the extreme cold at the time, which caused the blood to clot faster I suppose. Their mother, Henrietta Eads Potts broke her collar bone, which didn't heal right causing her shoulder to droop. Florabel Potts told me that they called their cousins, Ernest and Mamie Woosley, I believe, who came and got them. They stayed at their house. Charley could not recall what became of the car. (*See two newspaper clippings on story below*)

They used to own a two-man crosscut saw, Uncle Charley said. He said his dad, Earl Nelson Potts, used to get on to him for "riding the saw." Charley said he used to bear down on his end of the saw so it would cut quicker or faster. Said his dad would holler "Don't ride the saw." "It was hard for dad to pull both me and the saw," Charley said. On 2 December 2008 he told me that they lived in Chapel Hill, Marshall County and went to school there because that's where his dad's mail route was. His route, he said, was about sixty miles or so and went all over Marshall County and Bedford County. He said they rarely did anything in Marshall County because all of his relatives were in Bedford County.

On their farm Charley said that they used to grow pears, plums, peaches, and apples. He trapped critters and sold the furs. Over Thanksgiving 2008 Uncle Charley said that he used to have a goat that he would ride. When asked who shod the horses and mules he said his father did his own shoeing. He said that V.E. Day came while he was in Cambridge, England waiting on a boat home. Said he never went to Germany, on foot, but did go to France to pick up American and English P.O.W.'s. He said that he didn't like the French and said that the French that he learned didn't do him much good there, they would point, but he did remember what "yes" was in French.

An Uncle Charley-ism: "Hollerin like a bawlin calf in a hail storm." He said they used to walk the fence row to check on breaks in the fence and all. He said "And when we got bored we would grab a grub hoe and go along the fence and dig up buckeye bushes." Charley said that his dad was a Republican and because he worked for the government he would never tell anyone, outside of family, how he voted. It could cost him his job, and if there was a party change he could lose his jobs due to new political appointments. He also said that he had heard that the Potts had come from Germany and the name Potts had originally been spelled "Pautz."

During a discussion on 21 December 2008 at the Clayton Christmas Concert and IHOP restaurant Uncle Charley told me a few things. I asked him if he had ever owned a BB gun and he said that he hadn't, but that his first gun was a .22, and then he said that he remembered that his dad had bought him a .20 gauge shot gun for \$5.00. He said that he probably received the shotgun for Christmas. I asked him several questions about growing up in Chapel Hill. He said that they took baths in the creek on their farm and in the wintertime would use a pitcher and bowl and take a bath, using a washrag. He said "We took a bath once a week on Saturdays whether we needed it or not." "We didn't get a telephone in our house until I was six or seven." I asked Charley what his favorite TV Show was when he was growing up and he said, "We didn't have a TV, we didn't own a T.V. until about two years after we were married." Joshua Mode was shocked. I asked Charley if he had a favorite radio show and he said, "Yes, Amos and Andy." Charley said that they didn't have indoor plumbing and had to use an outhouse or a slop jar. He recalled being at the lake and said "Mossy Taylor kept a slop jar under her bed and one night she got up and stepped in it, we could hear her laughing all over the campsite." He didn't have to take a drivers test for a license, but was "grandfathered" in. He learned to drive using a Model-T and mentioned having a "Hoover car." He said "We used to take the front wheels off of an old car, weld the wheels in place so they would stay straight, and then put a seat, a wagon seat across the axle base." He said that they would use a horse or mules to pull their Hoover car.

We were laughing at Joshua for being so clumsy and were wondering whom he got this trait from. Uncle Charley said "He probably got it from Bill" (Potts) He said Bill was always bumping into something or falling down. He said "Bill's lip was always swollen from falling down, anytime he fell he always fell this way (face first) and hit his lip."

Regarding his war experiences, he said that he still liked to fly and often did because of his work. He said that he didn't have to fire his machine guns too often, maybe a couple of times and once for a while, because of the placement of his plane within the bomber formation. He said they were often put on the inside of the formation where fighter planes could not get to them. He described the formation and how many fighter squadrons, maybe ten or twelve, would be placed around and within the bomber formation for protection. The most dangerous positions on the plane were "the tail-gunner and the ball-turret gunner, they had it bad," he said. He said he manned the tail

gunner position when needed. They learned all of the positions. I asked him if the missions ever became routine and he said "Oh no, they were never routine." He said, regarding thoughts of not making it back, "We tried not to think about it, we just didn't think about it," but recalled seeing enemy fighter planes blow up. "They must have been hit in the fuel tanks," he said and said he will also always remember seeing a plane within in his own group, "one of our planes," blow up and not seeing any parachutes. I think Charley met brother Ernest in London and said "Then Ernest came up to see me, but I had to go on a mission and he (Ernest) had to stand around and wait for me with the ground crew." I asked Charley if the mission was a memorable one and he said, "No, it was pretty easy, but I remember showing Ernest the holes in our plane." During a visit to see Charley at Saint Mary's Hospital on Sunday, April 3, 2011 he said that he had seen the whites of the enemy's eyes once while on a mission. He said he saw the German pilot coming towards them and saw his eyes and knew that they were going to get hit, but the German pilot went buy and slammed into the wing of a ship next to his. He said, "Both of them went down." Donna Potts was there and asked him if he knew the men in the other ship and he said, "Just by site, but not personally." He recalled seeing a bomber beside him blow up, said they must have taken a direct hit and that he knew the guys on board and knew that they didn't make it.

I (Joe Mode) talked to Levin Beasely and he told me to read the story of Margo's Cargo, a B-17 that had a near fatal incident with incendiary bomb clusters. He said the same incident that happened to Margo's Cargo occurred with his crew on Baby Sweet. Levin said he knew "Sam" of Margo's Cargo. He said, "Sam's brother used to show movies on the sides of buildings around the cotton grounds where I lived. Sam's brother brought me once to see the movies and Sam and I became friends and we both ended up in the 100<sup>th</sup> Bomb Group." Levin said he was the armorer. During one mission he had to stop the propellers of incendiary bombs cluster bombs from spinning. After so many turns the propeller would come off and set off or blow a fuse charge, which would blow the cluster apart in the air while dropping towards the target. I don't recall if the bomb bay doors were stuck open, but the air rushing through the bomb bay area caused the propellers to spin. Levin said he came home before Samuel L. Foushee, the tail gunner.

During a visit with Charley on 10 April 2009 Uncle Charley said "I only made the traveling basketball team once, and that was because I had a car and could drive. The coach asked my dad if I could drive the team and he let me. I drove two or three other boys to the games out of town." He was speaking of playing basketball at Forrest High.

During a visit to Cracker Barrel and to his house on 27 May 2009 Charley and I were talking about our poor hearing and he said that his dad kept bees, relating that on one occasion Ernest had been stung many times all over the side of his face and nearly lost his eye. I asked Charley if he gathered the honey and he said, "No, I didn't touch it, my dad always did. He would get stung a dozen times. Wouldn't hurt him at all, and you know he never had a bit of arthritis. He said that his dad didn't really raise hawgs all of the time, but they did occasionally kill a hawg, several families would get together for a hawg slaughtering. They didn't keep beef cows, but did have one milk cow, which Charley milked. I asked Charley if his mother made butter with the milk and he said, "No, I did." He said that one cow provided enough milk for the family, but they couldn't keep much around because they didn't have a way to keep it for long. He said that they did have an icebox. He said, "You know my dad was a mail carrier in Chapel Hill and he went through town everyday, would go to the store and get ice and things that we needed." He mentioned that when he was in the lower grades they would watch a silent movie or maybe a movie with captions at the bottom of the screen every Friday. He said, "You know, the kids lived on farms back then. The kids would have to wait for the bus to pick them up from school and they could only take a load and come back and pick up another load." I asked him how many horses were needed to pull the bus and he said, "About sixty horses, sixty horse power." He said he hadn't heard the name Harold Lloyd since first grade, a silent movie star. He later mentioned that his dad would drive him to school, but the bus would take him home because he got off from school before his dad got off from work.

On 6 June 2009, Patsy's birthday, at the Olive Garden Restaurant I asked Charlie if his mom or dad played a harmonica, Florabel had an old one, and he said that his mom did play. He said, "She played the guitar, too, and would put the harmonica on this wire support that rested on her shoulders and she would play the guitar at the same time. She didn't like to do it, but she would every now and then." He said that Uncle Ernest played the violin and that his Uncle Emmett and Uncle Will Eads both played the fiddle. I asked Charlie if Emmett and Will were farmers and he said Uncle Will was, but Uncle Emmett was the postmaster. Charlie said, "I remember the first radio that we got, it only got one station, WLAC in Nashville, and you had to wear headphones to hear it, we could only listen to it one person at a time. Ernest made a radio once, he bought a crystal and got some copper wire from an old motor that didn't work and wound that copper wire around a piece of wood and put them together and made a radio."

He told me of getting married in the church parsonage, but added that he remembered that when he went to pick up Aunt Louise to get married, he parked on a hill at her house, and when he came back outside the car was gone, it had rolled nearly a block a way and stopped right by the curb. Charlie told me he remembered the first meal that Louise had fixed him, said that instead of putting flour in the skillet she somehow put soap powder in instead. He

said "I didn't eat it, whatever it was." I had told him about the first fried chicken that Patsy had fried for me when she stayed on campus at U.T. It was nice and golden brown, had a good scald on it, but it was still kinda frozen in the middle. She had forgotten to thaw it out. I ate it though. (J.M)

We had a Russian waitress at Olive Garden and Charlie said, "I've been there, we were shipping supplies to Warsaw, Poland and we spent the night in Russia, stayed in a girls dormitory. The girls weren't there though." Jacob (Mode) asked him if he got any phone numbers. I asked him what he thought of the Russians. He said, "They didn't have a boom or lift to hoist the bombs into the airplane and one man would get on one side and another man on the other side of the bomb and throw it up to two other men in the airplane. The bombs weighed 500 pounds." He said "I didn't like them because of that." He said he also went to Foggia, Italy and that he liked the Russian food alright. He said the English food was good and that the bread was almost black.

During a visit with Charley on 9 September 2009 Charley said that he and his dad had to hitch up the wagon and go to the Southern Railroad Depot to go get the furniture that they ordered from Montgomery Ward. Montgomery Ward and Sears Roebuck was where everyone bought everything from back then he said, but his family bought everything from Montgomery Ward catalogs. He said they lived about a half-mile or mile from Chapel Hill, but two miles from the depot. I asked him if he ever learned to plow and he said "Oh yeah!" He said, "We hooked a mule and a filly together to plow, a filly is what you call a female horse." I asked him what commands he used and he said, "Yay" for right, "Gee" for left and "Whoa" for stop. He said that he had a horse named Jess when he was in the second or third grade and that he talked about that horse so much people started calling him Jess, said, "Some people called me Jess and thought that was my name." During this visit I brought Charley a little Winchester .22 that Barbara had given me from her mother's estate. Charley said that he would like to have it so I gave it to him. He told me how it came to be busted. He said, "It belonged to Ernest, but I guess I was the one who got the wadding stuck down in it. I couldn't get it out and dad said, "I can get it out." So he took it and put a cartridge in it and stood behind a tree with the gun in front of the tree and fired it. After he fired it the only thing left in his hand was the trigger." He laughed and said, "He got it (the wadding) out." Charley said the whole family went to Chapel Hill once to see a presidential candidate come through town on the train. He said the candidate, I believe running against Roosevelt, stood on the back of a train car and waved at everybody as it went sailing through town at about fifty miles per hour.

During a visit to our house on 8 June 2011 with cousin Donna Potts, Uncle Charley said he used to trap Muskrat for their pelts. He said he ate em too and they tasted "gamey" because they were wild. He said he would skin them and cut a piece off and fry it. He also said the creek running through their property at Chapel Hill was called Potts Creek by the local kids. This is where he went swimming.

During a visit to see Uncle Charley on 27 December 2010 he said that he had a mule, he raised the mule and used it to plow corn. I asked him if his daddy taught him how to plow and he said, "No, when you walk behind your daddy while he's plowing from the time you're old enough to walk you learn on your own." He said he taught his mule how to plow and used the lines to steer the mule. When I asked him if he said "Gee" and "Haw" he said, "Yes, I guess, but I don't think it knew what I was telling him, he learned fast." He said their farm was 30 acres, but most of it was in woods and they had ten acres beside the house that went down to the creek. He said with a laugh, "In the summer time I used to go to the creek and take my clothes off and go swimming or take a bath and then walk back to the house, no spectators." Charley said they grew wheat in the winter and corn in the summer; they turned the ground and got it ready in the winter. They grew vegetables, too. He said, "Ernest was the leader and we would grow vegetables and sell em in the summer. We had a route and would go around and sell em to people."

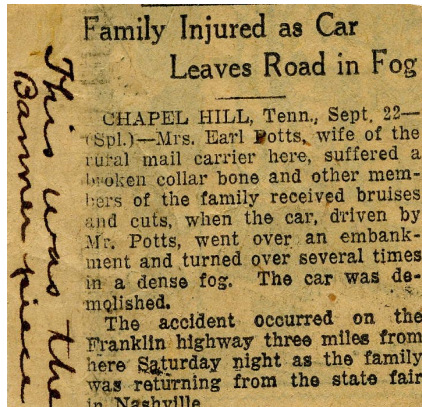
When asked if his mother had a garden he said, "Oh yeah, but she grew all kinds of flowers. After I went in to the service she started a business selling flowers. I didn't know about that until I came back." He said they had maybe four or five milk cows, said, "We sold some (milk), but mostly drunk it ourselves. We didn't have any way to keep it (the milk) cold so we would put the milk in a 5 gallon jug and set it down in the water in the spring. Then we would pour us some out when we wanted a drink." When asked if they had indoor water he said, "Only in the kitchen. Daddy ran a pipe to the kitchen from the spring, from the pump house to pump it to the kitchen." I asked how they took baths and he laughed and said, "With a rag and soap and wash pan." The house had electricity Charley said, each room had a cord hanging down from the ceiling with a light bulb on it that you had to turn on. When asked if his momma used a wood stove or electric stove he said, "An electric stove, she had one of the very first ones to come out. I remember that old stove." Charley said he used to go to Mrs. Lizzie's house every summer for a week or several days and just piddle around. He said he may have helped them with the work. Uncle Charley told the boys, "If you follow your momma and daddy around and watch them do things you'll learn how."

Charley said they had an orchard with apple, peach, and plum trees. He recalled his mother's love of flowers and how he and Ernest would always have to bring them in, all of them, to keep them from being killed by the frost. He said Ernest probably had to do this more than he did. His first car, he thought, was a 1939 Ford. He wanted to be an Agricultural Extension Agent, not a farmer, but Louise didn't want to live on a farm.

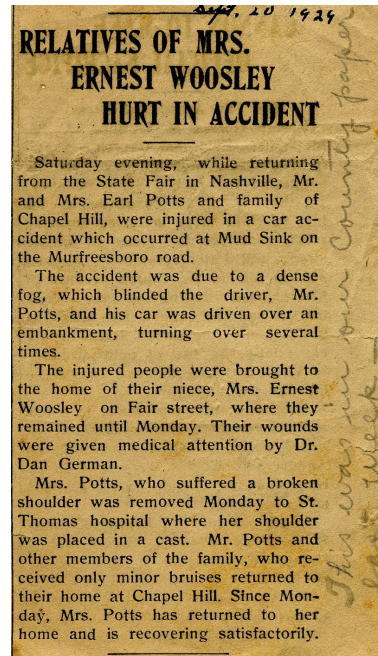
Cousin Gerald Reid called me today, 15 September 2011, and related that he remembered a trip to Chapel Hill with his parents and siblings to see his Uncle Earl Potts. This was circa 1928 and in August of 2013 he recalled this trip was for a reunion. He said he and his Uncle Earl and Uncle Will took off to the barn and stayed a while. His mother and dad didn't go, and didn't miss him either when they took off back to Unionville. They took off down the road without him and when he realized it, of course, he swelled up about to cry and Uncle Will (Eads) told him he could come home with him. He hopped in with his Uncle Will, who owned a 1926 T Model Ford Coupe, and met his parents coming back the other way for him, but let him go on home with his Uncle Will. He said he used to like to visit with his Uncle Earl because Charles had a bicycle and he would let him ride it.

Patsy, Joshua, and I (Joe Mode) went to see Uncle Charley today, 1 April 2012, at the Norris Rehab place. I asked him if his family had a radio growing up and he said, "Oh yeah, we had the first radio in Chapel Hill, an Atlas radio, that was this wide and this thick. We set it on a table and had to run a wire from the back of the radio and out the door or window for an antenna. The wire came from an old, burnt out motor. We used to listen to Amos and Andy." Before they bought an electric stove, again one of the first in the neighborhood, his mother used a wood burning stove to cook on, as well as to warm the house. They also had a wood stove in the hallway. He said they would put a fan in the kitchen to blow warm air back into the house. Charley said he would go out in the woods to cut wood for the stoves. When I asked Charley if his mom was a good cook he said, "I think my mother was sick my whole life, she never felt good. I think I made her sick when I was born. Ernest learned how to cook, and Florabel would cook. Dad did a lot of cooking too." He also mentioned that he and his brother Ernest used to pick a sack load of roasting ears, load up the car, and sell the corn to neighbors. Charley said, "Ernest would have me go up to the door and knock and ask if they wanted any roasting ears. I would go back and tell Ernest and he would get what they wanted." Charley said he played football, played halfback. He said, "I blocked for the tailback, I ran interference for Herbert Lane or Lowe. I ran the ball some, but not much." He also said he played basketball, but didn't get to play much, would sub in when they were way ahead. "Florabel played basketball, too. She was an excellent basketball player, she was short and fast." When I asked him about hunting he said he had a coon dog, or an old blood hound. He used to trap opossum and pole cats for their fur. "When I trapped the opossum I would take a pole or metal rod or something and kill them with it. We didn't have a lot of raccoons in Middle Tennessee. I wish I still had my old hunting knife. I would use it to skin the opossum. I only caught one pole cat. I trapped two or three minks. We had a wild cat, it stayed outside. We kept it to kill rats, it was a mouser." He said the cat's name was Tinker."

During a visit with Uncle Charley on 15 July 2012 he told us that he used to help his dad deliver mail. He recalled that his dad delivered mail on a horse initially, but later used a horse and buggy, and then a car. Charley would ride along side his dad on the buggy or in the car and put the mail in the mail boxes, or hand the mail to his dad. The mail would be put in the order it was delivered in a big leather satchel or box. He recalled his dad putting mail in a big, leather satchel that was worn around the neck. Charlie said there was a short route around town that was maybe four or five miles long. He would ride a horse and deliver mail on this route from a satchel that he wore around his neck. When he learned to read, he would put the mail in order. The longer route was about sixty five miles long. His dad would bring their own personal mail when he came home and Charlie said he would always be out there waiting at the box for his dad to see if he got a magazine. Magazines were the only thing he would usually get.



Car Wreck Story 20 Sept. 1929



Charles W. and Louise Pearson Potts ca. 14 Feb. 1944



Charles Potts-WWII

To this union was born two sons, *Charles William Potts, Jr.* and *Jack Miller Potts.*

## THE CHARLES WILLIAM POTTS, JR AND VICKI ELLEN ROBINS FAMILY

**1. Charles William Potts, Jr.** was born on 18 April 1947 at Saint Mary's Hospital in Knoxville, Tenn. and attended Fountain City Elem. 1-2-3, Inskip Elem. 4-5-6 and Sterchi Elem. 7-8 and graduated from Central High School in June of 1965, The University of Tennessee on 17 March 1977 with a B.S. in Education and on 10 May 1991 with a M.S in Education Administration & Supervision. After graduating from high school Bill joined the United States Air Force on 26 January 1967, was in the Air National Guard from 26 January 1971 until 15 March 1981 and then went on active duty with the Air National Guard (AGR) until retirement on 31 July 1998.

Bill was a drum major at Central, played the Number 1 position and was captain on the Central tennis team, played the coronet, swam at Central and for The Boys Club, was an Eagle Scout and a leader with the Boy Scouts of America. Currently works with the Knox County School System and enjoys boating, tennis, and supporting his high school alma mater.

Bill married **Vicki Ellen Robins** on 31 May 1980 in Clinton, Tenn. at Memorial Methodist Church. She was born on 4 February 1954 in Richlands, Virginia and is the daughter of Clarence Howard Robins, Jr. and Betty Mutter Robins Hollingsworth. Vicki attended Clinton Elem., Clinton Middle School and graduated from Clinton High School in 1972. She graduated from East Tennessee State University with a B.S. in Health Education and from The University of Tennessee on 11 May 2001 with a Masters in Special Education. Vicki has worked for the State Dept. of Public Health, Knox County Schools and currently works for the Loudon County School System. Vicki enjoys snow skiing, reading, camping at Fountain City Sportsman Club and boating. She's a terrific mom, craftswoman, and entertainer. Vicki has two brothers, Richard and Mark Robbins. Richard is currently single and works for a concrete company. Mark is married to Suzanne Simpson Robbins whose family hails from the Athens and Niota, Tennessee area. She and Mark met after she transferred to E.T.S.U. Mark works at Oak Ridge as a Graphic Artist/Designer I believe. They have three boys, Joseph, Jason, and Justin. Joseph married Natasha on 12 October 2014. They have a son, Zachary. Joseph works for SES Construction & Fuel Services. Jason is currently single and works for the Athens City Police Department. Justin married in 2011 I believe and I can't recall her name.



**Vicki, Daniel Reed, Shannon Robin, and Bill Potts**

To this union was born two children, ***Daniel Reed Potts*** and ***Shannon Robin Potts***.

**1. Daniel Reed Potts** was born on 16 November 1985 in Knoxville, Tenn. and attended Sterchi Elem., Gresham Middle, and graduated from Central High School in 2004. Daniel played the baritone, is an excellent swimmer and swam for the Y.M.C.A., member of The Boy Scouts, and the Choral Company Group. He recently graduated from E.T.S.U, was a member of the E.T.S.U. Debate Team, co-opted in Florida and was working in theatre production in North Carolina. He currently (2014) works for a call center, is living at Uncle Charley Pott's house and dating a gal named Rebecca (Becky)

**2. Shannon Robins Potts** was born on 11 September 1988 in Knoxville, Tenn. and attended Sterchi Elementary, Gresham Middle, and graduated from Central High School in 3 ½ years. She graduated in June of 2006. Shannon is an excellent swimmer as well and swam for the Y.M.C.A., was a member of the Choral Company Group and was a on the flag team. She also attended E.T.S.U. and majored in Accounting. Shannon married **David Shawn McMahon** on 20 December 2008 at Fountain City United Methodist in Knoxville and held their reception at Holston Hills Country Club. David was born on 20 September 1978 and is the son of Gary Lenny and Patricia Oliver McMahon. His family is from Fort Wayne, Indiana. David is a teacher and coaches baseball.



Two children have been born to this union:

**2. A Alibelle Shea McMahon** was born to this union at Saint Mary's Hospital on 2 November 2010 at 4:26 P.M. weighing in at 7 pounds, 12 oz. She has black hair and blue eyes and is a cutie. She was named in part for Allison Bryant, Disney's Bell in the Beauty and the Beast, Ali from the movie "Notebook," and Shea from Shea Stadium. Shannon was under the care of Dr. Joe Black and Dr. Lowell McCauley. Dave and Shannon currently live on Carbine Road off of Rifle Range. Alibell was baptized on 22 May 2011 at Fountain City United Methodist Church and we sang hymn #141 Children of the Heavenly Father in her honor. Afterword we went to the McMahon's for hamburgers. We celebrated Alibell's first birthday at Ft. City United Methodist with family and friends on 29 October 2011.

**2. B Declan Shawn McMahon** was born 11 October 2013 at 5:18 p.m. in Knoxville, Tennessee at St. Mary's/Tennova downtown and weighed 8lbs 9oz and was 21.5 inches long.

## **THE JACK MILLER POTTS AND DONNA LYNN WHITEHEAD FAMILY**

**2. Jack Miller Potts** was born on 9 September 1952 at Saint Mary's Hospital in Knoxville, Tenn. He attended Sterchi Elementary and graduated from Central High School in 1970. He attended The University of Tennessee and graduated in 1974 with a B.S. in Business, started working with Valley Bank in 1974 and has currently worked with Home Federal now for fourteen years. While in school Jack played the clarinet and was on the tennis and bowling team. He was very active in Cub Scouts and currently very active in the Boy Scouts. Hobbies include boating, skiing, camping, backpacking, caving, metal detecting, and fishing; generally anything to do with the outdoors and owns all known outdoor gadgets, gizmos, and gizmos. Jack married Amy first and they lived beside Florabel in her rental house for a while and later divorced. Jack married second to **Donna Lynn Whitehead** on 2 February 1985 at Fountain City United Methodist Church. She was born on 27 April 1956 in Knoxville, Tennessee at Baptist Hospital. She is the daughter of Kenneth Joe and Martha Lois Harrington Whitehead. Ken is a great guy, quick with a joke and has a great sense of humor. Martha is quiet and a sweet gentle spirit. Donna attended Pond Gap Elementary 1-3, Cedar Bluff Elementary/Intermediate 4-8, and graduated from Farragut High School in 1974. She graduated from The University of Tennessee in 1979 with a B.S. in Elementary Education and earned a Masters in Continuing Education in 1981. Donna worked for Sears while in school and has worked for The University of Tennessee College of Business's M.B.A. Program for twenty years now. Donna plays the piano, enjoys reading, boating, camping, and hiking, cycling, scuba diving, working out, caving, travel, and travel in addition to being a dedicated mom.



**Jack Miller Potts, Donna Lynn Whitehead and Bryan Davis Potts**

To this union was born one son, ***Bryan Davis Potts***.

**1. Bryan Davis Potts** was born at St. Mary's Hospital in Knoxville, Tenn. on 16 July 1993. Bryan attended Brickey Elementary Halls Middle School, and now attends Halls High School. Bryan swims for the North Side Y.M.C.A., plays basketball, tennis, likes to camp, boating, history, backpacking, very active with the Boy Scouts and Eagle Scout recipient, plays in the high school band, and was drum major at Halls High School and graduated in 2010. He currently, 2010-2014, attends the University of Tennessee, majoring in Marketing, and plays clarinet in the Pride of the Southland Band. He is doing some work for the Vol Network as well.





Louise and Charlie Potts and Florabel Potts Poore-Mode home

### SOME POTTS CENSUS RECORDS

**The 1850 Bedford County, Tennessee census** lists Abner C. Potts 39, Nancy 36, William 18, Thomas 16, Jane 14, Abner 12, Newton 8, Houston 6, Rauligh 4, and Ruth 1. (*Not sure why wife is listed as Nancy. Some genealogies list Abner marrying Malinda Halsted first*)

**The 1860 Bedford County, Tennessee census, Unionville** lists A.C. Patts 47, Mary 44, Abner 19, Newton 18, Houston 16, Rolley 15, Ruth 11, Jefferson 10, Jamerson 8, Cloe 4, M. (Marcus) 3, and Elisha 1. (*This family is listed under the name "Patts" on Ancestry.com. I have corrected all of the misspelled census entries. Rolley should be Raleigh Morgan. M. should be Marcus Lafayette*)

**The 1870 Bedford County, Tennessee census** lists Abner C. Potts 58, Mary F. 54, Robert A. 24, Jefferson 19, James 17, Cloe 14, Marcus 13, Elijah 11, Abner J. 8, and Rebecca Potts 70 (*Not sure if this is a transcription error unless this is Raleigh, but Robert A. does not show up in the 1850 or 1860. Do not know if Rebecca is sister to Abner. A source states Rebecca Potts, born 1800 and died 1870–1880. She was buried in the yard at the Abner Cartwright Potts home place at Poplins Cross Roads, Bedford County Tennessee. She may be Abner's aunt, daughter of Abner Cartwright Potts, Sr.*)

**The 1880 Bedford County, Tennessee census, District 11** lists Abner Potts 68, Mary 64, Elisha 20, Abner 19, Margaret Anderson (Black Servant) 25, Mona Anderson 6, and Alice Anderson 1. (*This family is listed as "Potter" at Ancestry.com*)

**The 1900 Bedford County, Tennessee census, District 11, E.D. 0014** lists Elisha H. Potts 40, Flora E. 39, Earl N. 13, Charlie L. 10, Virgil F. 7, James I. 5, and Willie E. 1.

**The 1910 Bedford County, Tennessee census, District 11, page 4** lists Lisha H. Potts 50, Flora E. 49, Earl 23, Charlie 20, Frank 17, Ivan 15, and Willie 11.

**The 1920 Bedford County, Tennessee census** lists Elisha H. Potts 60, Flora E. 59, Charley L. 30, Willie E. 21, and Ruby C. Potts 18 (*Daughter-in-law, wife of Willie I believe, who married Ruby Walls in Bedford County on 26 January 1919*)

**The 1920 Davidson County, Tennessee census** lists Earl Patts 37, F. Patts 27, Earl Patts 6, and Flora B. Patts 2 years, 4 months. This is the Earl N. and Henrietta Eads Potts family (Transcribed wrong, again)

**The 1930 Marshall County, Tennessee census, District 1, family 223, line 11B,** lists E.N. Patte/Potts 43, Henrietta 41, Earnest 17, Florabell 12, and Charles W. 8. (Again, transcribed wrong)

**The 1940 Marshall County, Tennessee census, sheet 5A, ED 592** lists E.N. Potts 53, Henrietta 51, Flora Belle 22, and Charles 18 (Census taken 18 April 1940. E.N. working as a mail carrier for the post office)

The **1940 Bedford County, Tennessee census, family #573, sheet 14A** lists Ernest Potts 27 and Sara 23. Ernest and Sara rented a house on Highland Court and he worked 60 hours a week and made \$1000 per month (?) as a parts clerk for a retail auto parts store. Sara was a teacher and was living in Murfreesboro, Rutherford County as of 1 April 1935 and Ernest was living in Shelbyville.

### **The Potts line goes something like this:**

**Oswald Potts and Elizabeth unknown.**

**Abner Potts and Elizabeth Harris.** Elisabeth was the d/o Alsea and Susanah Harris? (Will of Alsea Harris dated 25 March 1846 in Bedford County, Book 14, pages 196-197 states the following: *“I give to Elizabeth (West) Potts, widow of Abner Potts, dec’d, one Negro girl named Dealy Ann.”* A codicil to this will dated 20 January 1847 says, *“Thirdly, I give three hundred dollars to Elizabeth Potts in lieu of negro girl that I gave her in the above will.”* This is **Abner B. Potts**, first cousin to **Abner Potts**, father of **Abner Cartwrithe Potts**. **Alsea Harris** died circa November 1847. The father of **Alsea Harris** was **Beverly Harris, Sr.** Court Book 2, pages 380-381 of Rutherford County, Tenn. states the following: “He (Beverly) also had a son named **Alsia Harris** who died before he did, leaving your petitioner **Alsia Harris** his only child and heir at law, having been made such by virtue of act of Assembly of the State of Tennessee (not having been born in lawful wedlock) and who as such claims to be an heir of the said Beverly Harris, deceased, in right of his said father.”

**Abner Cartwright Potts and Mary Franklin Jackson, d/o of Thomas Jackson/Ruth Hendricks.**

**Elisha Haggard Potts and Flora Elizabeth Marbury, d/o James Knox Polk Marbury and Harriet L. Harris.** *James K. Polk Marbury was with Co. F., 18th Tenn. Confederate Infantry, which was later consolidated with the 26th Tennessee. He married Harriet Harris. Polk, as he was called, applied for stay at Confederate Veterans Hospital in Nashville. He may have died there ca. 1914 He applied for a pension in 1910. A death record shows a J.B. Marbury born circa 1836 and died at the age of 74 on 7 September 1910 in Hermitage, Davidson County Tennessee. Occupation is listed as “Soldier.” This may be a transcription error and may be J.P. Neither he nor his family owned slaves.*

**The 1880 Census for Bedford County, Tennessee** lists James P. Marbury-sign painter 43, Harriet L. 41, **Flora E.** 18, William H. 14, James N. 13, Lenard 9, Charles H. 7, and Ida J. (*Ida Mae Marbury Blackburn lists her parents as James P. Marbury and Harriet Harris on death certificate. Born 1 July 1876 and died 26 Feb. 1943 in Chattanooga. Buried at Zion Hill*) (*L.E. Marbury lists his parents as J.P. Marbury and Harriet Harris on his death certificate. He was born circa 1870 and died of Angina 8 November 1917, 57, in Lincoln County, Tennessee; buried in Fayetteville*)

**Earl Nelson Potts and Henrietta Eads, d/o of William Winston Eads/ Dora Bell Robinson. (William Winston Eads was in Neal’s 16<sup>th</sup> Battalion, Co. A, Ruckers Battalion, Confederate Infantry)**

**Children of Earl Nelson and Henrietta Eads, who we come from:**

Ernest Nelson Potts = Barbara Ann Potts

Florabel Potts Poore = Vicky Lynn Poore Dove and Patsy Ann Poore Mode

Charles W. Potts = Charles William Potts and Jack Miller Pott

### **The Eads line goes something like this:**

**Isaac Eads** and first marriage, second marriage to **Sarah Bibie/Bybee/Bible** in 1799.

**Bartlett Eads and Martha Bruer.**

**William Henry Eads and Sarah Hatcher, d/o Arche Hatcher.**

**William Winston Eads and 1st Ellen Ladd, 2<sup>nd</sup> Dora Bell Robinson, d/o of William Girth Robinson and Louisa A. Cherry (Believe her parents were William Cherry and Rebecca Bell)**

**Henrietta Eads and Earl Nelson Potts, s/o Elisha H. Potts and Flora Elizabeth Marbury.**

The Potts line came out of South Carolina to the Bedford County area of Middle Tennessee and the Eads line came out of the Stokes County, North Carolina area to Roane County, Tennessee and then Bedford County area of Middle Tennessee.

The Cherry, Robinson, Marbury, Jackson, Bell, and Hendricks lines are in Middle Tennessee and found in the areas of Bedford, Williamson, and Davidson Counties.

## Some Eads and Robinson Information

I, Joe Mode, am not sure of the author of all of this information in red, but one page mentions an address for someone named Ada, Mrs. Albert Sidney Thompson of Frankfort, Kentucky. Most of the material comes from my work as well, and some of this work comes from Evelyn Atteberry Eads of Cerro Gordo, Illinois, June and Betty Sudberry, and Mary Agnes Ferguson Debernardi. In her work, Evelyn Atteberry Eads says, "*Issac Eads, born ca. 1755 in Virginia, is believed to be the earliest ancestor of the families in this volume. From information and research from William A. Eads of Salt Lake City, Utah and the will of Isaac, probated in Stokes County, North Carolina the will lists his children. Using census records to follow where they moved, it is thought to be fact that Isaac is a common ancestor of the people listed in this (her) volume. The record of Isaac's first marriage has not yet been found.*"

At this point it appears that the Eads family was living in the Township of Snow Creek and the small community of Sandy Ridge of Stokes County, North Carolina since at least 1811, perhaps earlier. Geographically, Snow Creek Township occupies 55.87 square miles in northeastern Stokes County. The township's eastern border is with Rockingham County and the northern border is **Patrick County** in the state of Virginia. There are no incorporated municipalities in Snow Creek Township but there are several unincorporated communities, including Delta, Oak Ridge, and Sandy Ridge. **Sandy Ridge** is an unincorporated community in Stokes County, North Carolina, United States, approximately eight miles northeast of county seat Danbury. There were strong ties to Patrick County as several in the Eads clan married there. Emmett Eads, William Winston Eads's brother married and lived there and enlisted there during the Civil War.

**1. Isaac Eads** was born circa 1755 in Amherst County, Virginia and died circa 1816-17 in Stokes County, North Carolina. His first marriage is not known, but his second marriage was to Sarah Bibie/Bybee/Bible on 23 September 1799 in Amherst County, Virginia. The will of Isaac Eads (Wills of Stokes County, N.C., Book #3, page 13, FHL film #546241) was made on 21 July 1816 and signed in the presence of James Griffin and Henry Campbell. Executor of the will was Charles Griffin. In a later will he bequeaths to his wife, Sarah, "my house, land where I now live and containing one hundred and one acres joining Charles Griffin." The will mentions the following children: Robert, William, **Bartlet**, James, Isaac, Sharlot, Elizabeth, and Polly. A post at Ancestry.com mentions another son, David. "He (David) is the son of Isaac Eads of Stokes North Carolina and Sarah Bibie (Bybee). David Eads is listed in the 1850 census of Smyth County, Virginia as a tanner and the other children of David are listed." *Isaac Eads would be Florabel Potts Poore's 3<sup>rd</sup> great grandfather.*

**2. Bartlett Eads** was born circa 1785 and married Martha Brewer/Bruer. "Our great grandfather **Bartlett Eads** married **Martha Brewer/Bruer** on 2 March 1811 in Stokes County, North Carolina. The marriage bond was signed by Bartlett Eads. According to Cousin Gerald Reid, "Bartlett Eads got into trouble with a man named Thomas around 1819 over a land deal and left the country and never was heard of after that. Bartlett may have married twice and Martha was listed as head of household in the 1830 Stokes County, North Carolina census. Their children were William Henry, who was born 16 June 1813 in Stokes County, North Carolina, Winston Eads and Matilda Eads."

**Winston Eads**, 65, farmer, is found in 1880 living at Snow Creek, Stokes County, North Carolina with his wife Ellen 58, and their children Henretta 25, William 20, Harriet 17, and Emmet 13. Winston appears to have married Ellender Martin on 2 July 1839 in Stokes County. There is a marriage record in Patrick, Virginia on 27 December 1883 between George William Eads, born 1860 Stokes, and Martha Rhodes, born 1861 Stokes. His parents are listed as Winston and Ellen Eads and her parents are Richard and Joan Rhodes.

**Harriet Eads** married John Ashworth Hodges, son of Jeremiah B. Hodges and Caroline Matilda Joyce. John Ashworth Hodges was born circa 1867 in North Carolina and died after 1920 in Martinsville, Henry County Virginia. Harriet Anne Eades was born circa 1863 in North Carolina and died circa 1893 in Stokes County, North Carolina (*From Mike Hodges work*)

**Mary A. Edes** (18 years old and born in Stokes County, NC in 1841) married John P. Ferguson (28 years old) on 22 December 1859 in Patrick County, Virginia. John's parents were J.P. Ferguson and S. Ferguson. Mary's parents were listed as W. Edes and E. Edes (*ID: 3-31*)

**George W. Eads** (23 years old) married Martha Rhodes (22 years old and born in 1861 in Stokes County, NC) on 27 December 1883 in Patrick County, Virginia. George's parents were Winston Eads and Ellen Eads and Martha's parents were Richard Rhodes and Joan (*ID: 3-119*)

North Carolina Death Certificate for **Emmit Eades** records his parents as Winse Eades and Ellen Eades both born in Stokes Co., NC (which is not correct) Emmet is listed as born in 1866 and died April 8, 1945 at Martin Memorial Hospital in Mt. Airy, Surry Co., NC although his home was in Walnut Cove in Stokes Co., NC. Emmet is single, a farmer, and is to be buried at the Cemetery at the County Home (*From Mike Hodges work*)

The **1870 Stokes County, North Carolina** census lists Winston Eades 55 (b. NC) Ellender 48 (b. NC) Susan C. 16, Herietta 15, George W. 9, Harriet 7, and Emmet 2.

The **1880 Stokes County, Snow Creek North Carolina** census lists Winston Eades 65, Ellen 58, Henretta 25, William 20, Harriet 17, and Emmet 13.

**3. William Henry Eads** was born on 16 June 1813 in Stokes County, North Carolina and died circa 1899, possibly in Warren County, Tennessee. He and his family are in Stokes County, North Carolina in 1850, in Roane County, Tennessee in 1860, Bedford County, Tennessee in 1870, and in Warren County, Tennessee in 1880. Henry first married **Sarah "Sallie" Hatcher** on 7 November 1835 in Stokes County. To this marriage six children were born:

**A.** Columbus Eads was born circa 1837 in Stokes County, North Carolina and died circa 1883. He married Sarah Floyd on 7 October 1871 in Bedford County. She was the daughter of William W. and Martha Floyd and was born on 24 August 1851 and died on 11 March 1882. I do not know if they had children. There is a Columbus **Eeds**, 21, listed in the 1860 Census in the Indian Lands of Arkansas, Skullyville P.O. along with a Charles Rickett. He is with his parents, listed as Columbus "**Edes**," 33, in the 1870 Bedford County, Tennessee Census. In the 1880 Bedford County Census Columbus is listed as Columbus "**Eder**" on Ancestry.com. I have corrected this. Sarah is listed as Sallie and it lists no children. Sallie lists herself and parents being born in Tennessee. It appears that Columbus "**Edes**" also enlisted at Post Oak Springs, Tennessee in Co. A, 16<sup>th</sup> (Neal's) Tennessee Cavalry Battalion, Rucker's Battalion. This is the same cavalry regiment as his brother, William Winston Eads, but William does not mention his brother Columbus in the list of soldiers in his company. They are listed as Roane County Confederate soldiers.

**B.** Emmett Eads was born circa 1838 in Stokes County, North Carolina and was killed circa 1863. He is listed with his family at Snow Creek, Stokes County, North Carolina, age 11 in 1850, but he is not with the rest of the family in Roane County, Tennessee in 1860. If this is our Emmett, he may have enlisted at Penn's Store, Patrick County, Virginia as a private in Co. H, 42<sup>nd</sup> Virginia Confederate Infantry, Patrick Henry Volunteers at the age of 24 on 10 March 1862. He was in the hospital on sick leave on 14 June 1862 when declared AWOL. Was absent through 31 December 1862. Some records list his name as "Emmet Edes." He married Nancy Brown who was born in Rockingham Co., NC, d/o John and Frankie Brown, on 2 December 1860 in Patrick County, Virginia. They had one girl who married a Ferguson. It appears that Nancy "Edes" 34 (widow born 1838 in Rockingham, NC. Parents John and Frances Brown) married James H. Clark, 34, in Patrick County, Virginia on 28 February 1865. His parents are listed as William and Mary Clark (**Gerald Reid recalled hearing of the death of Emmet Eads from his uncle Will Eads, son of William Winston Eads, recalling that W.W. Eads had to bury Emmett after he was killed in battle. It appears that Emmett may have eventually moved to Virginia after the family moved to Sullivan County, Tennessee in 1852. I'm not positive this is correct military information for our Emmett, but the Eads did have strong ties to Patrick County, Virginia, which was just over the state line from Stokes County, North Carolina**)

**C.** Mary Jane Eads was born circa 1840 and married on 19 October 1867 to T. J. McDonald in Roane County, Tennessee. They had two girls, Sally and Annie. Sallie married W.B. Cannon on 4 March 1891 in Johnson, Texas (*See letter from Sallie McDonald Cannon to her uncle, Wm. W. Eads below*)

**D. William Winston Eads** was born 31 October 1841 at Snow Creek, Stokes County, North Carolina and died 8 June 1925 in Bedford County, Tennessee. He first married **Ellen A./H. Ladd** on 3 September 1878 and two children were born to this union. According to Cousin Gerald Reid, Winston had contracted pneumonia while delivering tobacco and was taken care of by Ellen Ladd at her house. Ellen's parents may have been William H.

Ladd and Susan T. Brown who were married in Williamson County, Tennessee on 20 November 1855. Ellen is listed with them in the 1870 Williamson County census (See additional info below)

1. Lena Pearl
2. Sue Ellen died in infancy.

He married second to **Dora Bell Robinson** on 26 January 1886. She born on 23 September 1860, maybe in Williamson County, Tennessee, and died on 13 January 1907 in Bedford County. She was the daughter of **William Girth/Garth Robinson** and **Louisa A. Cherry**.

- E. Martha Eads was born circa 1843 and died in infancy.  
F. John Eads was born ca. 1845 and died in infancy.

**William Henry Eads** second marriage was to Mary Jane Satterfield of Henry County, Tennessee.

In the **1880 Warren County, Tennessee Census, District 10**, Henry Eads is a farmer, 66 years old, Mary J. 64, Annie E. 26, and James H. 20. Henry and his parents were born in Virginia and Mary Jane lists her and her parent's birthplace as Virginia. To this union **five** children were born. Annie E. Eads is living in Bedford County, Tennessee in 1930, single, age 76, and states that she was born in Tennessee, her father in North Carolina, and mother in Virginia. Annie E. Eads was born in Tennessee circa 1853, apparently did not marry and died single in Shelbyville, Bedford County on 15 October 1930. Informant states that she was buried at Bethlehem Cemetery and lists her parents as William Eads and Jane Satterfield (**Death Certificate #22199**)

G. Sally M. Eads was born circa 1848 and married M.A. Tucker on 21 October 1873 in Bedford County. He was killed in 1880 and their children were Maurice, Hattie who married Walter A. Wiley, and Edna who married Lee Parks. Sallie Eads Tucker married second to a Mr. England and had no children.

H. Ruth S. Eads was born circa 1849 and died circa 1908. She married Oscar McLean/McLain on 15 November 1866 in Roane County, Tennessee. The **1880 Warren County, Tennessee census**, district 10, page 383 lists E.O. McLean 32, Ruth S. 30, William H. 12, Mary N. 11, E.O. 10 (male) E.R. 5 (male) and L.C. 2 (male) The children of Ruth and Oscar were:

*William Henry McLean* was born circa 1867 and died circa 1888.

*Mary Naomi McLean* was born circa 1869 and died circa 1928 and married Charles Wilson: Their children were William Lester Wilson and Chestie McLean Wilson who married Dewey Crews Ashley. Their son John T. Ashley married Peggy Anne Hightower.

*Iris Myrtle McLean* was born circa 1870 and married F.O. Covington on 30 April 1906 in Franklin County, Tennessee. They had no children.

*Edgar Oscar McLean* was born circa 1871 and died circa 1956 He married Stella Gant on 31 December 1908 in Bedford County and their children were **Mary Ruth McLean** ca. 1913 (who married Edward Maupin. The Maupins had seven children) **Vedora McLean** ca. 1915 married on Tuesday at noon on 31 October 1939 (?) to Charles Lester Andrews at First Christian Church in Nashville by Rev. E.J. Barnett. The Andrews had two sons Eugene Ditton Andrews circa 1946 and Donald McLean Andrews circa 1949. **Edgar McLean** was born circa 1917 and died circa 1944.

*Ida McLean* was born and married Sidney Thompson.

I. Annie E. Eads was born circa 1853 and may have died 15 October 1930. A death certificate, **#22199**, states that she was 77, lived in Shelbyville, was single, buried at Bethlehem Cemetery at Poplin's Crossroads in Bedford County, and her parents were William Eads, NC, and Jane Satterfield, VA. The informant was E.O. McLean of Wartrace, Tennessee. She did not marry. In the **1920 Bedford County census**, sheet 18, Annie 65, appears to be living with her brother-in-law Volney S. Parson and his second wife Mary E. Williams Parsons. Volney married second to Mary Elizabeth Williams on 19 May 1891 in Bedford County. She was born on 14 September 1857 and died on 13 October 1933 in Bedford County. Informant, Jim Parsons, lists her parents as M.M. Williams and Sarah June. Mary was buried at Willow Mount Cemetery (**Death Certificate #20003**)

J. Hattie N. Eads (seen as Edes) was born circa 1855 and appears to have died between 1880 and 1891. She married Volney Strickland Parsons on 25 January 1876 in Bedford County, Tennessee. Volney was born in Bedford County on 23 February 1852 and died at the age of 74 in Shelbyville on 15 November 1926. He was a "Banker and Farmer" and according to informant, J.B. Parsons, was the son of George W. Parsons and Betsy

Allison (**Death Certificate #25309**) Hattie and Volney had a son, H.A. Parsons, who was born 27 August 1886 and died at the age of 52 of a "Hemorrhage from aneurysm of aorta" on 9 June 1939 in Shelbyville, Bedford County. He was a miller at a flour mill, married to Ella, and was buried at Willow Mount in Shelbyville (**Death Certificate #11791**) The 1880 Bedford County census shows Volney and Hattie with daughter Minnie M. 1. The **1910 Bedford County census**, page 11, family 247 lists Volney S. Parsons 57, Mary E. 51, James B. 14, Sam B. 12, and cousin Ann Landers 70. Volney remarried to Mary Elizabeth Williams (*see Annie E. Eads above*)

**K.** James Henry Eads was born on 23 October 1859 in Roane County, Tennessee and died at the age of 75 at 503 Tremont in Chattanooga, Tennessee. He was buried at Forest Hill and the informant, son Edgar W. Eads, did not know the parentage of James. Sallie is listed as his wife. James appears to have married Sallie Ann Prater on 20 April 1882 in Rutherford County. In **1930** James is living with his son Edgar Warren, wife Ethel, and son Edgar W. Eads, Jr. in Chattanooga (**Death Certificate #17591**). Edgar Warren Eads, Sr. was born in Coffee County on 3 September 1884 and died of lung cancer at the age of 69 on 28 September 1953. He was a foreman with Southern Railroad and was buried at Forest Hill Cemetery (**Death Certificate #53-20443**)

**4. William Winston Eads** was born 31 October 1841 and died 8 June 1925 in Bedford County, Tennessee and buried at Bethlehem Cemetery. He first married **Ellen A./H. Ladd** on 3 September 1878 in Williamson County, Tennessee. Ellen died between 1878 and 1885. Two children were born to this union (See additional information on W.W. Eads below)

1. **Lena Pearl Eads** born in August 1879 and died circa October 1959. She married Thomas Hall Wortham, Jr. Pearl may have had four children born to this union: Mamie Wortham was born on 17 September 1899 and died June 1986 in Williamson County, Tennessee. She married Ernest T. Woosley on 24 February 1917 in Bedford County. Alice Wortham was born unknown. Polly Wortham was born unknown. Iris D. Wortham was born on 5 November 1915 in Unionville, Tennessee and died on 1 September 2008 at Woodland Hills Healthcare in Jacksonville, Arkansas. She married Alden Richardson who was born on 27 April 1909 and died June 1967. They had two children, one being James W. Richardson. Iris was a long time and dear friend to Florabel Potts Poore.

2. **Sue Ellen Eads** died in infancy.

William Winston Eads married second to **Dora Bell Robinson** on 26 January 1886. She was born on 23 September 1860 and died on 13 January 1907. She was the daughter of **William Girth/Garth Robinson** and **Louisa A. Cherry**. To this union were born **six** children. (See Robinson-Cherry information below)



**Ernest & Mayme Wortham Woosley**



**Iris Wortham Richardson & Charles Potts**

**OBITUARY FOR:** IRIS WORTHAM RICHARDSON, 92, of Jacksonville passed away Monday, September 1, 2008, at Woodland Hills Healthcare. She was born November 5, 1915, at Unionville, Tennessee, to the late Thomas and Pearl Wortham. She was preceded in death by her husband, Alden Richardson; sister, Mayme Woosley. She is survived by one son, James W. Richardson and his wife, Janet Howell Richardson of Cabot, and cousins in Tennessee and many hundreds of friends from everywhere. She worked at many military base exchanges and retired from LRAFB Exchange in 1976. She volunteered at Rebsamen Hospital for many years. Funeral services will be 11 a. m., Saturday, September 6, 2008 at First United Methodist Church of Jacksonville.

### Children of William Winston Eads

**1. William Oscar Eads** was the first child born to William Winston Eads and Dora Bell Robinson on 5 November 1886 and died at the age of 81 on 22 Set 1968. Cousin Gerald Reid stated in August of 2013 that he thought that his Uncle Will was named Oscar after Oscar McLain who married Ruth S. Eads. According to his obituary he was a retired farmer in Unionville, and died at the Medi-Center in Lewisburg, Tennessee. Services were held at the Unionville United Methodist Church and he was buried at the Unionville Cemetery. He was a native of Bedford County and was a Methodist. Survivors include his widow, Mrs. Alta Reid Eads, two sisters, Mrs. Margaret Eads Reid of Tracy City, and Mrs. Annie Eads Sudberry of Shelbyville, Tenn. He married Alta Rebecca (Bex) Reid who was born on 19 April 1886 and died on 1 December 1977 in Shelbyville. They had one child who died in infancy, perhaps in 1911 according to a post on Findagrave.com. Florabel often talked about "Aunt Bex." Oscar played the fiddle according to Uncle Charlie Potts. Cousin Gerald Reid said that he asked his Aunt Bex where she was born and she stated that she was born around Long View near Rover, an area called Fruit Valley at one time. The 1940 Unionville, Bedford County Tennessee census shows William O. Eads (53) farmer, and Alta B. Eads (54) *(I remember as a child hearing Uncle Will and Uncle Emmett playing fiddles, and I remember playing on the farm (Uncle Will's) which would have been the home where William Winston Eads was living when he died. Uncle Will had a cow or two and would put milk in a milk can by the road to be picked up by the milk truck to be taken in for processing. That was shortly before the farm was sold at auction and Aunt Bex and Uncle Will had to go to the nursing home, sometime in the early to mid-1960s. Memories from Margaret Ann Reid Mannes Schmidt 12 October 2009)*

### 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary-Thursday afternoon, December 29, 1960. Unionville newspaper story

Several members of the bridal party at the wedding of W.O. Eads and his bride, the former Alta Rebecca Reid, on December 25, 1910, were present Sunday for a celebration of the 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary of this memorable occasion. Nephews and nieces of the honored couple complimented Mr. and Mrs. Eads at an open house on Christmas Day at their lovely country home at Unionville with friends and relatives calling from two to four o'clock in the afternoon. Receiving the guests with Mr. and Mrs. Eads in their reception hall in front of a large Christmas tree were Mr. and Mrs. J.L. Dickens, Mrs. R.C. Reid, Mrs. B.A. Green, Mrs. Ernest Woosley and Leslie R. Olsteen. This group was a part of the wedding personnel 50 years ago. Register for the guests was kept by Mrs. George L. Wortham of Nashville. Arrangements of gold and silver were interspersed with the traditional Christmas red and green in the decorations throughout the home. Featuring the dining room table was a tiered wedding cake and an arrangement of gold with gold candles and sparkling malines. Serving cake at the table was Mrs. Leslie R. Olsteen and pouring punch were Mrs. John L. Connelly and Mrs. Curtis Tittsworth. Others assisting with the serving were Mrs. Marshall L. Bailey, Mrs. Sam Flury, Mrs. Harlan Nelson and Miss Beatrice Dickens. Mrs. James Edd Shearin assisted Mr. and Mrs. Eads with their many lovely gifts received at the party occasion. The nephews and nieces presented Mrs. Eads with an electric mixer and Mr. Eads with an electric shaver. Appropriate music at the piano and on the violin was presented by Francis Osteen, George L. Wortham, Miss Alicia Green, Emmett Eads and Winston Reid. Others assisting with the entertainment were George L. Wortham, W.C. Green, Robert Reid, Billy Reid, Richard Osteen, Glenn Edward Grissom, Herman Osteen, Mrs. Betty Johson, Mrs. June Robertson, Mrs. Herman Wingo, Ernest Garrett and Herbert Wortham. The honored couple has made their home at Unionville all of their married life. They were married at the home of the bride's parents, the late Elisha Reid and Mary Catherine Reid, at Unionville. The officiating minister was the Rev. Mr. Jones, a Presbyterian minister. Mr. and Mrs. Eads are both active members of the Methodist Church at Unionville. Mrs. Eads is a member of the Woman's Society of Christian Service of the church and is also a member of the Unionville Home Demonstration Club. While Mr. Eads is more or less considered a retired farmer, he continues to attend to the farm chores and operates their farm in the Unionville community. **(On the list of attendees was Glenn Edward Grissom. This is Aunt Dorthy's (Reid) son, and I thought the name was Grisham, or Gresham, but I will check with mother on what the correct spelling of that is supposed to be. Margaret Ann Reid Mannes Schmidt 12 Oct. 2009)**



William Oscar Eads & Alta Rebecca Reid

**2. Henrietta Eads** was born 2 April 1889 in Unionville, Bedford County, Tennessee and died on 23 October 1945 in Knoxville. She married Earl Nelson Potts on 18 May 1910 in Unionville, Tenn. To this Union were born three children: Ernest Nelson Potts, Florabell Potts Poore, and Charles W. Potts. She played the harmonica and guitar. (*See notes above*)



Henrietta Eads & Earl Nelson Potts

**3. Margaret (Maggie) Eads** was born 15 June 1891 and died in August 1984 in Tracy City. Gerald Reid said his mother was ninety three, had Alzheimer's and died before she hit the floor from a stroke I believe. She had brown eyes. She married Robert Crawford Reid on 18 June 1911 in Bedford County, Tennessee. He was a Methodist preacher and was born on 1 February 1888 and died of a "Cerebral Hemorrhage-Hypertension" in Franklin County at the Emerald-Hodgson Hospital on 4 January 1954. Crawford was buried in Unionville, Bedford County. His parents were Elisha Reid and Mary Catherine Ralston. His usual residence was in Tracy City, Grundy County (*Death Certificate #54-02632-See Reid material further down*)

**Mrs. R.C. Reid Honored With Surprise Birthday Party-1959 Or 1960**

Mrs. R.C. Reid (Maggie Eads) of Tracy City was the honored guest at a surprise birthday party and picnic dinner Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. James E. Shearin in Nashville. A lovely cake was inscribed with "Happy Birthday Mamma," and gifts for Mrs. Reid were piled high on the table. Others present were Mr. and Mrs. W.E. Reid, and Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Reid and children, Gary, Sandra, and Donna, of Nashville; Mrs. R.C. Tittsworth and Mr. and Mrs. Harlan Nelson and children, Karen and Carol of Shelbyville; Robert Reid, Atlanta, Georgia; Mrs. Sammy L. Flury and daughter Margaret Ann, Tracy City; Mr. and Mrs. W.O. Eads and Mr. and Mrs. E.M. Eads, Unionville; and Mrs. Manor Sudberry, Wartrace.

**Obituary-Rev. Robert Crawford Reid-1954**

**Retired Methodist Pastor Dies at Sewanee: Tracy City, February 5-(Special)** *Funeral services for the Rev. Robert Crawford Reid, 66, retired Methodist Minister, were to be held this morning at Foster and Son Funeral Home here with the Rev. Wallace E. Newman officiating. Services were also to be held this afternoon at the Unionville Methodist Church with the Rev. William Moss of Winchester officiating. Burial was to be in the Unionville Cemetery. Mr. Reid, a native of Unionville, died Thursday in Emerald-Hodgson Hospital, Sewanee. He was a member of the Murfreesboro district of the Murfreesboro district of the Holston conference from 1949 to 1953. Survivors include his wife, Mrs. Margaret Reid; four daughters, Miss Elwyn Reid, Tracy City, Mrs. Dorothy Gresham and Mrs. Imogene Schearin, Nashville, and Mrs. Clara Nelson, Shelbyville; four sons, Lewis W. Reid, Nashville, Gerald Reid, Palmer, Robert Reid,*



*U.S. Army, Fort Jackson, S.C., and Billy Reid, Martin College, Pulaski.*

*After PaPa (Crawford Reid) had died in the 50s, Mama (Maggie Eads Reid) had lived with my mother and daddy in Tracy City as her permanent residence and ventured out regularly to visit her other children and grandchildren and her sister Annie Eads Sudberry and sisters-in-law Lizzie Moon Eads, Bex and (brother) Will Eads, and Maggie Reid Green and Emma Reid Dickens (her husband's sisters), most of whom lived in the Unionville area. I have memories of all of these folks. She used to get a Bedford County newspaper and always read the obituaries first because she said that was where she found most of the news about people she knew. MaMa said they always got shoes for fall to go to school which lasted through the school year till they had outgrown them, then they went barefooted all summer. (Memories from Margaret Ann Reid Manneschmidt on 12 October 2009 as related to her by her grandmother Maggie Eads Reid)*

**In Memory of Mrs. R.C. Reid:** “Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him” (1Corinthians 2:9)

We share with Elwyn and her family the loneliness and sorrow that they experience as a result of their dear mother's and our dear friend's departure from this earthly scene. As our pastor has said, we know that we should rejoice because we know that Mrs. Reid has gone to that home that Jesus promised when He said, “I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.” We rejoice that she is beyond the realm of tears, pain, and sorrow-But how we miss her. Mrs. Reid lived a long, joyous, Christian life. She loved people and enjoyed being with them and being recognized by them. Can't we recall that broad smile on her face and feel that friendly handclasp, when friends gathered around her to bid her welcome? And we knew that her interest in others was sincere. Mrs. Reid had an enthusiasm for life. She enjoyed flowers, orderliness, and beauty wherever it was to be found. We thank God for the privilege of having known her. We pray that her good Christian life among us will inspire us to live joyously and with enthusiasm; trusting God every step of the way, until we, too, hear the Savior say, “Well done they good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord” (**The Women's Sunday School Class-First United Methodist Church-12 August 1984**)



**Crawford & Maggie Eads Reid**

**Eight** children were born to this union:

**1. Lewis Winston Reid** was born 15 November 1915 and died 17 January 1976. He married Rebecca Evelyn Thompson on 11 October 1942. Rebecca was born 23 April 1921. **Three** children were born to this union:  
A. *Gary Wayne Reid* was born 22 Feb. 1947 and married Sherry Alice Hazelgrove on 10 July 1976. Sherry was born on 6 December 1946. Two children were born to this union:  
1. Jeffrey Wayne Reid was born 31 May 1977 and married Laurie Jo Connor on 4 Oct. 2008.  
2. Richard Garrison Reid was born 22 July 1978.

B. *Sandra Joyce Reid* was born on 20 February 1950 and married Rade Winford Young on 26 Sept. 1970. Rade was born on 17 August 1945. **Three** children were born to this union:

1. Brett Christian Young was born 3 April 1973 and married Amy Jill Harris on 21 June 1997. Their children are Aldan Reid Young (20 Nov. 2001) and Avery Harris Young (20 May 2004)
2. Lindsey Michelle Young was born 21 December 1976 and married Joshua Kessley Colbert on 1 September 2001. Joshua was born on 29 November 1975. Their children are Luke Kessley Colbert (17 Oct. 2005), Hayden Blair Colbert (12 May 2009), and Hannah Drew Colbert (12 May 2009)
3. Drew Thomas Young was born 27 June 1980 and married Marissa Jill Jackson on 4 June 2005. Marissa was born on 19 May 1980.

C. *Donna Rebecca Reid* was born on 21 September 1951 and married Joseph Howard Kuhl on 22 April 1972. Joseph was born on 19 August 1940. **Three** children were born to this union:

1. Corey Ann Kuhl was born on 12 March 1977 and married Scott Curtis Morgan on 28 September 2002. Scott was born on 18 February 1980. Their child, Ellis Kathryn Morgan was born 19 June 2007.
2. Kevin Reid Kuhl was born on 18 November 1978.
3. Shelly Jo Kuhl was born on 15 October 1981.

**2. Dorothy Rebecca Reid** was born circa 1917. She married Cecil Gresham 1<sup>st</sup>. Curtis Tittsworth 2<sup>nd</sup>.

**One** child was born to this union:

1. Glenn Edward Gresham married Rose and had two children, Stephen and Sandra.

#### **Obituary-Mrs. Robert Tittsworth-5 August 1973**

**Shelbyville**-Mrs. Robert Curtis Tittsworth, 55, of Shelbyville, died yesterday in Bedford County General Hospital. Services will be at 10:30 a.m. tomorrow at Gowen-Smith Chapel. Burial will be in Willow Mount Cemetery. Survivors include her husband' her mother, Mrs. R.C. Reid, Tracy City, Tenn., four brothers, Winston and Bill, Nashville, Gerald, Jacksonville, and Robert Reid, Titusville, Florida; three sisters, Mrs. Elwyn Flury, Tracy City, Mrs. Clarice Nelson, Murfreesboro, and Mrs. Jean Shearin, Brentwood, and two grandchildren.

**3. Mary Elwyn Reid** was born on 1 December 1919 in Cauthron, Arkansas and married Sammy Louis Flury on 1 August 1956. Sammy was born on 1 August 1915 in Tracy City, Tennessee and died on 6 June 1978 and is buried in Tracy City. Sammy appears to be the son of Henry and Elizabeth (Lizzie) Stoker who were married in Grundy County, Tennessee on 21 July 1907 (Familysearch.org lists her name as **Stocker**) Henry was born, according to his WWI Draft Card (**#A-485**) on 28 May 1878 in Grundy County. He was forty years old when he registered on 12 September 1918, was a merchant, married to Lizzie Flury, of medium height and build, and had brown hair and brown eyes. A notation stated Henry had a, "**Shot gun wound in left leg.**"

Henry Flury's parents appear to be **Henry Flury** and **Elisabeth Von Rohr**. Henry was born in Switzerland on 15 October 1844 and died in Grundy County, Tennessee on 29 March 1907. Elisabeth was born in Switzerland on 14 August 1841 and died in Grundy County on 17 March 1907. They are buried in Grundy County at the Swiss Colony Cemetery (**Findagrave.com**) I have not found a marriage for them, but suspect from Victore's birth that they were married circa 1865-9 in Switzerland.

The **1880 Grundy County, Tennessee census, district 2, page 281D** lists Henry Flury 37 (b. Switzerland) Elisa 39 (b. Switzerland) Victore 15 (b. Switzerland) Anna 13 (b. Switzerland) Erhard 11 (b. Switzerland) Joseph 9 (b. Tennessee) Emilie 4 (b. Tennessee-daughter) Elizabeth 4 (b. Tennessee) Henry 2 (b. Tennessee) and Franz 1 (b. Tennessee) A death certificate for Victor Flury (**#29282**) states that he was born in Switzerland in 1865, was a merchant, and died from Endocarditis at the age of 64 in Tracy City on 6 December 1929. His parents are listed as **Henry Flury** and **Elizabeth Von Roy**.

The **1900 Grundy County, Tennessee census, sheet 4B, family #70** lists Henry Flury 57 (*Born in Switzerland October 1843-farmer-married 29 years-came to America in 1867 and had been here thirty three years*) Elizabeth 59 (*Born in Switzerland August 1841, came to America in 1869 and had been here thirty one years*) Elizabeth 24 (*born in Tennessee July 1876*) Henry 18 (*born in Tennessee March 1882*) and Adolf Clenin 61 (*Inmate, born in Switzerland December 1836, widowed, could read and write English, but could not speak English*) Everyone but

Adolf could read, write, and speak English. Victore and Joseph may be in the household of Mary Jassi as “boarders” in Grundy County in 1900. Victor is listed as being born in Switzerland in November of 1869 and immigrating to the U.S. in 1872. Joseph is listed as being born in Tennessee in August of 1871. A marriage record for Victor shows that he married Agnes Jossi, daughter of Mary Jassi, on 11 February 1904 in Grundy County.

The **1910 Grundy County, Tennessee census, District 4, sheet 1B, family #16** lists Henry Flury 31 (b. circa 1879-parents born in Switzerland) and Lizzie 28. A death certificate (**#32046**) shows that Henry and Lizzie may have had a female child that died at or near birth. Female Flury was born in 1909 in Tracy City and died 22 February 1909. The father is listed as Henry Flury.

The **1920 Tracy City, Grundy County census, sheet 16B** lists Henry Flury 39, Lizzie 30, Rosil Lee 9, Henry Stoker 7, Sammie 4, Baby Flury 1, Charlie Garland 48 (brother-in-law) Rosa Garland 36, and Carl Garland 15.

The **1930 Grundy County, Tennessee census, District 5, sheet 7B, family #157** lists Henry Flury 51, Elizabeth 46, Rosa L. 19, Henry S. 17, Sammie L. 14, Fritz L. 11, Joe E. 7, and Charlie L. Garland 53 (brother-in-law)

The **1940 Grundy County, Tennessee census, sheet 7B, family #125** lists Henry Flury 61, Elizabeth 56, Henry 27, Fritz L. 21, Joe Ed 17, Rosa Garland 58 (sister-in-law) and Carl Garland 36 (nephew)

**MARY ELWYN REID SPEAKS HER VOWS:** Tracy City Girl Married to Sammy Louis Flury.

*Tracy City, Tennessee, September 8. The marriage of Miss Mary Elwyn Reid, daughter of Mrs. Margaret Eads Reid of Tracy City and the late Rev. Robert Crawford Reid, and Sammy Louis Flury, son of Henry Flury, Sr. of Tracy City and the late Mrs. Elizabeth Stoker Flury, was solemnized August 1 at the Broadway Methodist Church in Maryville, Tennessee. The Rev. W.L. Pickering was the officiating minister. The bride, who is a graduate of Dickson County High School, attended Martin College in Pulaski and received a B.S. degree in education from Middle Tennessee State Teacher's College in Murfreesboro. She is a member of the faculty of the Shook Grammar School in Tracy City. Mr. Flury was graduated from Grundy High School, attended Middle Tennessee State College and received an A.B. degree in commercial education from Bowling Green College of Commerce, Bowling Green, Kentucky. He later did graduate work at the University of California, Berkeley, California. He is a partner of the Henry Flury & Sons Store in Tracy City and local agent for the State Farm Mutual Automobile Insurance Company. The bride and groom flew to California for a two-week visit, and returned home by plane, stopping at the Grand Canyon in Colorado and at New Orleans. They will make their home with the bride's mother in Tracy City.*

**Two** children were born to this union:

A. Margaret Ann Flury was born on 16 January 1959 in Sewanee, Tennessee and married Eric Thomas Manneschmidt on 26 June 1983 in Tracy City, Tennessee. Eric was born on 5 March 1958 in Oak Ridge, Tennessee. **Six** children were born to this union:

1. Noah Samuel Manneschmidt was born on 15 October 1987 in Knoxville, Tennessee.
2. Ellen Michelle Manneschmidt was born on 14 December 1989 in Knoxville, Tennessee.
3. Mary Beatrice Manneschmidt was born on 4 October 1991 in Knoxville, Tennessee.
4. Amos Frederick Manneschmidt was born 23 November 1993 in Knoxville, Tennessee.
5. Ward Henry Manneschmidt was born on 10 September 1997 in Knoxville, Tennessee.
6. John Louis Manneschmidt was born on 17 April 2002 in Knoxville, Tennessee.

B. Louis Reid Flury was born on 5 June 1961 in Sewanee, Tennessee and died in February of 1992 in Greenville, Tennessee. Louis is buried in Tracy City, Tennessee.

**4. Gerald Crawford Reid** was born circa 1922 and married Mai Howell. He went to Martin Methodist College for two years to become a teacher. Later attended and graduated from Peabody in 1950. He lives in Niceville, Florida at this time. **Four** daughters were born to this union:

A. Susan Reid married Paul Johanson and is a teacher. They live in Fort Walton Beach, Florida. **Two** children were born to this union: Rebecca and James Johanson.

B. Gloria Reid married Douglas Hall and they live in Niceville, Florida. **Two** children were born to this union: Matthew and Emily Hall.

C. Margaret (Peggy) Reid married Larry Palmer and they live in Atlanta, Georgia. **Three** children were born to this union: Katherine, Amanda (twins) and Benjamin Palmer.

D. Malinda Reid married Michael Spearman. She is a retired RN and they live in Hammon, Florida. **One** child was born to this union: Jennifer Spearman.

*(Gerald mentioned to me in a conversation in August of 2013 that the first car he ever drove was his Uncle Will Ead's 1926 T Model Ford Coupe-Joe Mode)*

**5. Clarice Pauline Reid** was born circa 1924 and married Harlen Nelson. Clarice lives in Murfreesboro. **Two** daughters were born to this union:

A. Karen Nelson married Bill Adcock and they had two children, Rachel and Nelson.

B. Carol Nelson married Chuck Lewis and they had one daughter, Claire.

(I believe Elwyn Reid Flury told me that Clarice adopted a daughter first)

**6. Emma Jean Reid** was born 15 December 1927 and married James Edmund Shearin on 25 December 1943-44 in Rover, Tennessee by Crawford Reid. Edmund was on 17 December 1925 and died on 11 November 1978. She married a submarine captain, Capt. Daniel C. Clements in July of 2002. They live in Nashville. Jean and Ed had **two** children.

A. David Reid Shearin was born on 2 May 1958 and married 1<sup>st</sup> to Stephanie McKinney. They had a daughter, Megan Elizabeth Shearin born 24 May 1988. David married 2<sup>nd</sup> to Elaine (?) They had a daughter, Laura Grace Shearin born 24 November (?)

B. Diane Marie Shearin was born on 2 May 1961 and married Eric Scott Kantorik on 2 May 1987. Eric was born on 1 July 1962. **Two** children were born to this union:

1. Seth James Kantorik was born on 8 August 1995.

2. Hope Noelle Kantorik was born on 25 November 1997.

**7. Robert Marion Reid** was born circa 1930 and never married.

**8. William Elisha Reid** was born circa 1933 and married Eddie Jo Fults (1936-2008) Bill lives in Nashville. **One** child was born to this union: Arthur William Reid.



Maggie Eads Reid-Winston & Dorothy-15 Oct. 1915



Maggie Eads Reid- Winston & Dorothy-16 Nov. 1919



Gerald & Maggie Eads Reid



Maggie Eads & Crawford Reid-Dorothy & Winston Reid



**Eads Family-1933**



**Front:** Winston Reid, Gary Reid, Jean Reid Shearin.  
**Back:** Dorothy Reid, Titsworth, Evelyn Thompson Reid,  
 Elwyn Reid Flury, Bill Reid, James Ed Shearin, Maggie  
 Eads Reid, Crawford Reid, Mai Howell Reid, Gerald Reid

**4. Annie Ella Eads** was born on 7 January 1895 and died on 12 May 1973 in Shelbyville, Tennessee and is buried at Pressgrove Cemetery. She married Manor S. Sudberry on 23 December 1917 in Bedford County. He was born on 23 October 1897 and died on 2 September 1975. Eight children were born to this union. **(MaMa and Aunt Annie Eads Sudbury were especially close, I guess more so because they lost their mother at a young age. I remember them hugging and kissing and telling each other what a good sister you are. Very sweet to see two old ladies so happy to see each other and just be together! (Memories from Margaret Ann Reid Manneschmidt-12 October 2009)**



**Manor & Annie Eads Sudberry**

#### **8 Children at 50<sup>th</sup> Anniversary**

*An early celebration of the 50<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. Manor Sudberry on Regent Drive took place Sunday afternoon at the Bedford County Bank community room, where for the first time in many years all eight of the couple's children were present. Mr. and Mrs. Sudberry were married December 23, 1917, in a buggy with the Rev. Mr. Whitson (deceased) officiating. Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Woosley of Franklin were their attendants 50 years ago, and Mrs. Woosley was among 75 friends and relatives calling between two and four o'clock. As Mrs. Sudberry viewed her children, she remarked seeing them was better than Christmas, their pretty clothes made her think of beautiful ornaments on a Christmas tree, and their eyes sparkled like stars shining from above. The children are Mrs. James (Ruth) Davis of Memphis; Mrs. John (Tinker) Rutledge, Shelbyville, Mrs. John L. (June) Robertson, Nashville; William (Bill) Sudberry, Shelbyville; Mrs. James (Rena) Engle of Nashville; Mrs. Richard (Betty) Johnson, Meridian, Mississippi, Elmer Sudberry, Arkoma, Oklahoma; and Rayburn Sudberry, Shelbyville. There are 18 grandchildren and 10 great grandchildren in the family. Gold was pronounced throughout the decorations. Burning candles illuminated the serving table where granddaughters and daughters-in-law assisted in serving and in displaying gifts. Miss Reta Johnson kept the guest register. For the occasion, Mrs. Sudberry wore a navy suit with black accessories accented by a baby yellow orchid.*

### **Obituary for Annie Eads Sudberry**

Mrs. Manor Sudberry, 78 of Regent Drive died Saturday in Bedford County General Hospital after an extended illness. Services will be at 10:30 a.m. Tuesday in Gowen-Smith Chapel with burial at Pressgrove Cemetery, Rev. Stanley Henley will officiate. Mrs. Sudberry, the former Annie Eads, was a native of Bedford County and daughter of the late Wm. Winston and Dora Robinson Eads. She was a member of the Unionville Methodist Church. She and her husband were married December 23, 1917 and celebrated their golden anniversary in 1967. Survivors include her husband; three sons, Elmer of Arkoma, Oklahoma, Bill and Rayburn Sudberry, both of Shelbyville; five daughters, Mrs. James (Ruth) Davis, Abbeville, Mississippi, Mrs. Richard (Betty) Johnson, Meridian, Mississippi, Mrs. John (June) Robertson and Mrs. James (Rena) Engel, both of Nashville, and Mrs. John (Tinker) Rutledge of Shelbyville; a sister, Mrs. Crawford Reid of Tracy City; 18 grandchildren, 16 great grandchildren and several nieces and nephews.

1. Margaret Ruth Sudberry was born ca. February 1919 and died March 2002. She married Jimmie Davis, son of N.R. Davis, and was “quietly married Saturday at Rover at the home of the officiating minister, Rev. Bill Gentry.” Jimmie died in March 2002. They had three children: Jessie B., Martha, and Richard.

2. Dora Ethelyn (Tinker) Sudberry was born 23 February 1921 and died February 2005. She married John Clay Rutledge. Her 2<sup>nd</sup> marriage was to Ralph Molder. They had three children: William, Barbara, and Dorris June.

3. Mildred June Sudberry was born 16 June 1923 and married John L. Robertson on 2 December 1944. He died 6 August 1997. June 2<sup>nd</sup> marriage to Clarence Rutledge and he died ten months later. June and John had one child: Donald Forrest Robertson born 18 June 1950. *“I can tell you a story about myself. I don't remember my age at that time but I was chosen to go home with Aunt Henerietta and Florabel to stay a few days. I got homesick in a day or two and I cried and they had to take me home. We just were not with them enough to get to know them very well.”*

4. William (Bill) Henry Sudberry was born 13 September 1924 and died on 6 March 2007. He married Marie Faulk. They had three children: Lisa, Lori, and Kim.

5. Rena Murrel Sudberry was born 8 March 1927 and married Jimmy Engel. Rena married 2<sup>nd</sup> to Claude Talley. They had 2 children: Claudia and Cheryl.

6. Betty Carol Sudberry was born 12 June 1929 and married Richard Johnson. He died on 4 May 2008. They had three children: Terry, who died June 2007, Paul and Rita.

7. Elmer Fay Sudberry was born 8 January 1932 and married Joy Howard. They had two children: Wayne and David. Elmer passed away in May of 2010 I believe.

8. Rayburn Sudberry was born 13 December 1935 and married Nelda Crowell. They had one child: Tina.

*Here's some more from Aunt Annie Sudberry, two poems. We think the “one missing” in the first poem refers to the recent loss of Henrietta, leaving sister Margaret (Maggie) and half-sister Pearl (Transcribed by Margaret Flury Mannes Schmidt)*

#### *“To My Sisters”*

I have no mother to whom I can say “Happy Greetings” on this Mothers’ Day, But I have two sisters that I love very dearly, And my thoughts turn to them as I commemorate yearly.

There is one missing from our number today Who left this world of sorrow when God called her away.

I cherish her memory and breathe with a sigh And in the dark hours brush a tear from my eye.

Which will be next? We do not know, If it should be me I’m ready to go. Anne E. Sudberry

*Manor and Anne Sudberry share cropped and were living on the Ed O’Steen farm. Paul refers to Paul O’Steen, son of Ed O’Steen and Susanna Reid O’Steen (sister of Robert Crawford Reid), making Paul a first cousin to our parents (Margaret Flury Mannes Schmidt)*

### ***“A Boy Who Did Not Come Back”***

As I sit here this morning I see a picture on the wall, Of a boy who was brave and handsome, Who answered his Country's call.

He left his friends and parents, his wife and little girl And was sent across to Germany To free this sin cursed world. The boy was reared on this farm And he worked so long and hard To gain his education, The future to protect and guard.

I remember you Paul as just a boy. How you sat by your mother in church Or played in the yard with a toy. But you grew to be a man one day And your face we did not see. You went to live in a distant state, And married a girl, (Marie) And to bless your home a baby came Which made a happy band Until the awful war was spread Into almost every land.

You went to battle and bravely fought That our Country might stay free But never came back like so many boys The fruit of their toil to see. So we honor the soldiers who sleep in Their graves at home and beyond the sea

And extend to the ones who are left to mourn, our love and sympathy.

Written by a friend, Annie Sudberry

**5. Emmett Marion Eads** was born circa August 1896 and died circa 1963. He married Emma Elizabeth Moon on 24 February 1917 in Bedford County. She was born on 18 March 1888 and died in April of 1978. In the 1920 Bedford County census, Emmett and Elizabeth are living with his father, William W. Eads 78. He and Elizabeth had no children. The 1940 Unionville, Bedford County Tennessee census shows Emmet M Eads (42) Post Master, and Emma E. Eads (49) (Emmet may have been named for father's brother) Cousin Gerald Reid said of his Uncle Emmett in August of 2013 that, ***“Uncle Emmett (Eads) could play the fiddle better than Uncle Will and he could have played at the Grand Ole Opry, and did a couple of times. He was almost too good to play the Grand Ole Opry. Uncle Emmett would play at churches with Willie T. Thompson who married Rack Hall. Willie's sister Evelyn Thompson married my brother Winston Reid.”***

### **Obituary for Emmet M. Eads**

Emmet M. Eads, 65, retired postmaster of Unionville, died Tuesday night at the Bedford County General Hospital after a short illness. Funeral services will be at 2 p.m., Thursday, at the Unionville United Methodist Church of which he was a member. Rev. Gordon G. Meadors will officiate, and the burial will be in the Unionville Cemetery. Mr. Eads, who was named postmaster in 1934, retired Aug. 20, 1962, after serving 28 years and 5 months. His wife, the former Elizabeth Moon, had worked as his assistant before retirement. During this period of government work Mr. Eads had missed only one day's work. He was born in Bedford County, the son of the late William Winston Eads and Dora Belle Robinson Eads. He was a member of the Shelbyville Masonic Lodge. Surviving are his wife, Mrs. Emmet Eads of Unionville; two sisters, Mrs. Margaret Eads Reid of Tracy City and Mrs. Annie Eads Sudberry of Wartrace, and a brother, W.O. Eads of Unionville. The body is at Gowen-Smith Chapel. Emmett played the fiddle and was Post Master.



**Emmet M. Eads**



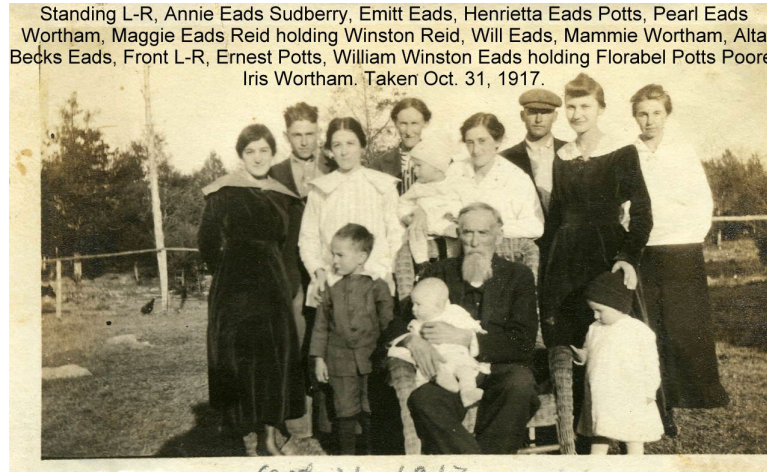
**Henrietta Eads & Elizabeth Moon**

**6. Infant son** of William Winston Eads & Dora B. Eads. Born and died June 1900-Buried at Bethlehem Cemetery, Poplin's Crossroads, Bedford County Tennessee. There is a stone marker for this child. Findagrave.com has this stone transcribed showing the child belonging to W.O. and Atta Eads, which is wrong. The same person lists another infant child having died in 1911 and belonging to W.O. & Dora Eads, which is wrong as well.

**5. Henrietta Eads Potts**-The last of our Eads line. (See notes above)



Annie Eads Sudberry-Grandmother  
Dora Bell Robinson Eads



Picture taken 31 Oct. 1917. William Winston Eads-Center

### CIVIL WAR QUESTIONNAIRE FOR: William Winston Eads

This questionnaires chief purpose, it says, "is to bring out facts that will be of service in writing a true history of the Old South. Such a history has not yet been written." Some of the questions seem biased. Some of the questions will be edited due to their length and the dialect and spelling left as is, but punctuation has been added where needed. These are the words of Forable Potts Poore's grandfather.

**1. State your full name and present Post Office address.**

William Winston Eads, Unionville, Tenn.

**2. State your age now.**

80 years old.

**3. In what state and county were you born?**

Stokes County, N.C.

**4. In what state and county were living when you enlisted?**

Tenn., County of Roane, Loudon County now.

**5. What was your occupation before the war?**

Farmer

**6. What was the occupation of your father?**

Farmer

**7. If you owned land or other property at the opening of the war, state what kind of property you owned, and value.**

Did not own any. Was not of age.

**8. Did you or your parents own slaves? If so, how many?**

My parents was not able to own slaves.

**9. If your parents owned land, state about how many acres.**

They did not own any land.

**10. State the value of all the property owned by your parents when the war opened.**

\$1000. Mostly livestock.

**11. What kind of house did you parents occupy, log, frame, and number of rooms.**

Log house, two rooms and cichen. (kitchen)



**12. As a boy or young man, state what kind of work you did.**

The year 1862 I plowed 40 acres from Jan. 1<sup>st</sup> to April 2<sup>nd</sup>. Got the crop planted in April then father hired an old man to take my place and I then went to the army.

**13. What kind of work did your father do and what were the duties of your mother?**

My Father with the hired help finished up the crop. My step-mother and sisters attend to the house work such as cooking and washing and spinning. There wasn't any cooking stoves then at that time, cooked on fire with ovens and skillits.

**14. Did your parents keep any servants? If so, how many?**

None

**15. How was honest toil regarded in your community? Was it considered respectable and honorable?**

It certainly was by a large majority of the people.

**16. Did the white men in your community generally engage in such work?**

Most of them did.

**17. To what extent were white men in your community leading lives of idleness and having others do their work for them?**

There were no idlers, rich men sent their boys to college.

**18. Did the men who owned slaves mingle freely with those who did not, or did they show in any way that they felt themselves better than respectable, honorable men who did not own slaves?**

There was no more difference then than there is now. Slave holders had a better chance to educate there boys, rich men boys has the best chance now.

**19. Did slaveholders and non-slaveholders mingle on a footing of equality; at church, school, etc?**

Yes, they all went to the same place.

**20. Was there a friendly feeling between slaveholders and non-slaveholders in your community, or were they antagonistic to each other?**

No antagonism at all.

**21. In politics, did candidates who owned slaves versus those who did not, help him in winning the contest?**

It did not.

**22. Were the opportunities good in your community for a poor young man to save and buy a farm or business?**

That depended on circumstances, with no one to draw on his county but himself his chances were good.

**23. Were poor, honest, industrious young men, who were ambitious to make something of themselves encouraged or discouraged by slaveholders?**

They were not discouraged. Menny poor young men overseered for slave holders and married into the family and become slave holders themselves.

**24. What kind of school or schools did you attend?**

The old field school.

**25. About how long did you go to school altogether?**

About 16 months

**26. How far was it to the nearest school?**

2 ½ miles.

**27. What school or schools were in operation in your neighborhood?**

None but the one I went to.

**28. Was the school in your community private or public?**

Public.

**29. About how many months in the year did it run?**

About 4 months

**30. Did the kids in your community attend school pretty regularly?**

They did not.

**31. Was the teacher of the school you attended a man or a woman?**

Man.

**32. In what year and month and at what place did you enlist in the Confederate Army?**

Year 1862, May 5<sup>th</sup>. Place Post Oak Springs.

**33. State the name of your regiment and the names of as many members of your company as you remember.**

16<sup>TH</sup> battalion, Tenn Cavalry; Captain Elbin, Lt. Lenoir, Lt. Jake Work, Lt. Jim White, 1<sup>st</sup> Sgt. W.E. Pride, 2<sup>nd</sup> Sgt. George Montgomery, 3<sup>rd</sup> Sgt John Montgomery, Sgt. ? Yank Bacon, Corp. George Small, 2<sup>nd</sup> Corp. ? John Peters.

**34. After enlistment, where was your company first sent?**

On the Pegram raid into Kentucky.

**35. How long after your enlistment before your company engaged in battle?**

10 months.

**36. What was the first battle you engaged in?**

Routed the enemy from Danville Ky. Fought near Summerset coming out.

**37. State your experiences in the war, battles, results, camp life, clothing, what you ate, etc?**

The strategy of Gen. Pegram brought us out safe. The river was up. We kept camp fires burning all night. I was in the Battle of Chikemaorga (Chickamauga.) I was at Piedmont Jun 5, '64. I was with Early raid and \_\_\_\_\_ fight the battle of Mano\_ey? Gap (Monocacy) We was with Early when he drove Sheredan out of the valley July 24, 1864. I was at Berryville fight near Winchester and at Fisher's Hill and was in the fight at Morristown and got hurt, horse fell on me.

**38. When and where were you discharged?**

At Washington, Ga May 8, '65. I wish to enlarge on question 38. I want to state hear that I was at Abbyvill South Carolina on the 2<sup>nd</sup> day of May '65 and was in line of battle to protec president Davis and his cabinet and wagon train of specie. We move from there down to the Survanna river and there paid out to the soldiers what specie the Confederacy had. The most of the money was Va. And Louisana state money. I never knew what became of it. I got \$28.25, Duke's men got \$32.00. We never knew why the difference was made. Some thought it was Ky favoritism. I think Gen Breckenrige was Sec. At that time.

**39. Tell something of your trip home.**

When coming home we met one small scout of Yankees but they did not interfer with us. The terms that we surrendered give us our horses. Some got dismounted. Our Brigade was paid \$28.25 in silver. Duke's \$32.00. Diberal's \$26.00. This took place on the Survaner River a few days before discharge.

**40. What kind of work did you take up when you came back home?**

I went to school 5 months then went to Eagleville, Rutherford County and worked on farm at \$16.00 per month for the year '66. The next year I worked for part of the crop.

**41. Give a sketch of your life since the close of the Civil War, work, life, offices held, etc?**

Never held any office. Was engaged in the tobacco business for twelve or 15 years. Have been farming ever since 1890.

**42. Give the full name of your father, county and state where born.**

Henry Eads, Stokes County, N.C. near Sandy Ridge.

**43. Maiden name in full of your mother. Her parents and where they lived.**

Sally Hatcher, Arche Hatcher, don't know, near Sandy Ridge Stoke County, N.C.

**44. Remarks on ancestry, parents, grandparents, bible records, Rev. War ancestors, etc.**

Don't know any thing about or nationality or war records. Bartley Eads was my grand father. Martha Bruer my grand Mother who was left a widow with three small children: Henry, Winston, and Matilda. My father moved to Sullivan County Tenn in '52 and to Louden in '53. That was the terminus of the East Tenn & Georgia railroad. The East Tenn & Va was built shortly after that time.

**45. Give the names of all the members of your Company you can remember.**

**46. Give the names and P.O. address of living veterans of the Civil War.**

\* The **battle of Somerset** (or **Dutton's Hill**) was a battle fought on March 31, 1863 during the American Civil War. General John Pegram led a Confederate cavalry raid into central Kentucky which was defeated by Union forces under General Quincy A. Gillmore. The Battle of Mill Springs on January 8, 1862 is sometimes referred to as the Battle of Somerset.

\* The **Valley Campaigns of 1864** were American Civil War operations and battles that took place in the Shenandoah Valley of Virginia from May to October 1864. Military historians divide this period into three separate campaigns, but it is useful to consider the three together and how they interacted.

\* The **Battle of Monocacy** (also known as **Monocacy Junction**) was fought on July 9, 1864, just outside Frederick, Maryland, as part of the Valley Campaigns of 1864, in the American Civil War. Confederate forces under Lt. Gen. Jubal A. Early defeated Union forces under Maj. Gen. Lew Wallace. The battle was part of Early's raid through the Shenandoah Valley and into Maryland, attempting to divert Union forces away from Gen. Robert E. Lee's army under siege at Petersburg, Virginia.<sup>[1]</sup>

\* **The Battle of Berryville** was fought September 3 and September 4, 1864, in Clarke County, Virginia. It took place toward the end of the American Civil War. After taking control of Smithfield Summit on August 29, Union Maj. Gen. Philip H. Sheridan marched to Berryville with his 50,000 man Army of the Shenandoah. At the same time Confederate Lt. Gen. Jubal A. Early sent Maj. Gen. Joseph B. Kershaw's division east from Winchester to Berryville. At about 5:00 p.m., Kershaw attacked Colonel Joseph Thoburn's division of the VIII Corps while they were preparing to go into camp. Kershaw routed Thoburn's left flank before the rest of the corps came to the rescue. Darkness ended the fighting, with both sides bringing in heavy reinforcements. The next morning, Early, seeing the strength of the Union's entrenched line, retreated behind Opequon Creek.

\* **The Battle of Fisher's Hill** was fought September 21–22, 1864, as part of the Valley Campaigns of 1864 during the American Civil War. Fisher's Hill is located near Strasburg, Virginia. Union Maj. Gen. Philip Sheridan had

almost 30,000 men in the Shenandoah Valley opposing Confederate Lt. Gen. Jubal Early, with just under 10,000. Early, following the Third Battle of Winchester took a strong position. His right rested on the North Branch of the Shenandoah River. The left flank of his infantry was on Fisher's Hill. Confederate cavalry was expected to hold the ground from there to Little North Mountain.

\* Promoted to brigadier general in early 1865, Dibrell commanded a division under Wheeler during the Carolinas Campaign and its climatic Battle of Bentonville. He accompanied the flight of the Confederate government following the evacuation and fall of Richmond in April 1865, having charge of protecting the national archives of the Confederacy and escorting President Jefferson Davis from Greensboro, North Carolina into Georgia. He was finally captured and paroled near Washington, Georgia, on May 9, 1865.



**Home place of William Winston Eads**



**Wm. W. Eads**

MaMa (Magaret (Maggie) Eads Reid) said to me that her daddy (William Winston Eads) didn't talk much about the war (Civil War) She also said he was the finest man she had ever known (most gentlemanly is how I understood that), and also that he always voted Democrat. MaMa's sentiments ran so far as to mildly sympathize with the KKK as she mentioned her father's references to the chaos in the war's immediate aftermath and that he had felt that the KKK was a protection for whites from lawless blacks. She did not condone KKK violence in the 60s when she was telling me this, but just stated that the KKK had not started out so badly and had been a necessary thing. (I don't offer that as authoritative history, just the perspective of someone who lived through a lot of history.) She talked about her playmates when she was a child in Unionville, and she would tell me which ones were black and which ones were white. Certainly, in the 1890s, blacks and whites were playing together in their community. **(Memories from Margaret Ann Reid Manneschmidt on 12 October 2009 as related to her by her grandmother Maggie Eads Reid)**

### **William Winston Ead's Soldier's Application for Pension 30 March 1906**



**William Winston Eads**

Following is the information contained in William Winston Ead's pension application file for his service in the Confederate Army during the Civil War. His pension application number was **8034** and the application was filed from Unionville in Bedford County, Tennessee. It appears that his application was accepted initially and the proof is found herein, but then re-examined ca. 13 November 1918 to estimate if he was justified to stay on the rolls. The Board of Pension Examiners said, ***"The board finds the following conditions to exist in your case, and which it thinks does not justify your remaining on the roll: You have a farm in Bedford County. Please send us proof of the actual value of your property at this time and your total income from all sources."*** The last dated letter in this file is dated 8 February 1923. Apparently Mr.

Eads provided the needed documentation in order to remain on the pension rolls as is indicated by a letter from Mr. Eads son, William Oscar Eads, dated 20 August 1925 from Unionville, Tennessee. **(Archive records list W.W. Eads as William M. Eads. Contacted archives to correct)**

## Soldiers Application for Pension

*I, **William W. Eads** a native of the state of **North Carolina** and now a citizen of Tennessee, resident at Unionville in the county of **Bedford** in said state of Tennessee, and who was a soldier from the state of **Tennessee**, in the war between the United States and the Confederate States, do hereby apply for aid under the Act of the General Assembly of Tennessee, entitled "An Act for the benefit of the indigent of the late war between the States, and to fix the fees of attorneys or agents for procuring such pensions, and fixing a penalty for the violation of the same." And I do solemnly swear that I was a member of **Co. A 16<sup>th</sup> Battalion of Tenn. Cavalry**.*

In what County, State, and year you were born.

**Answer:** Stokes County, North Carolina in 1841.

When did you enlist and in what command? Give the names of the regimental and company officers under whom you served.

**Answer:** May 5, 1861. Co. A, 16<sup>th</sup> Battalion, Tenn. Cavalry under Capt. Elbin, Col. J.B. Neal.

In what battle or battles were you engaged, and, if not wounded, state what disabilities did you receive?

**Answer:** At Morristown my (horse) fell with me and fractured my left leg.

What was the precise nature of your wound or disability, if any?

**Answer:** My left leg was fractured.

Were you incapacitated for service be reason of said wound or disability incurred?

**Answer:** I was for some time.

Were you discharged from the army by reason of said wound or disability?

**Answer:** I was not.

If discharged from the army, where were you and what did you do until the close of the war?

**Answer:** I was discharged at the close of the war.

What was the name of the surgeon who attended you?

**Answer:** Dr. Hood.

How did you get out of the army, when and where?

**Answer:** I was surrendered with my command at Washington, Ga.

Did you take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government?

**Answer:** I did not. But was paroled when surrendered in May 1865.

Are you married, or have you been married?

**Answer:** I am.

If so, what is the size of your family living together?

**Answer:** Myself, wife, and five children.

What are the respective ages of your wife and the children living with you?

**Answer:** My wife 44 years, children from 8 to 19 years.

To what sex do your children belong?

**Answer:** Two boys and three girls.

Are your children able to support you?

**Answer:** No.

In what business are you now engaged, if any, and what do you earn?

**Answer:** Farming-a scant living by a close shave.

What estate have you in your own right, real and personal, and what is its value?

**Answer:** I have a small farm. I estimate the farm at \$1000. and personal at \$400.

What estate has your wife in her own right, real and personal, and what is its value?

**Answer:** None.

How have you derived support for yourself and family for the last five years?

**Answer:** By the labor of myself and family.

Do you use intoxicants to any extent.

**Answer:** I do not.

How long have you been an actual resident of the State of Tennessee?

**Answer:** 54 years.

Have you an attorney to look after this application?

**Answer:** I have not.

*Witnessed my hand, this 30<sup>th</sup> day of **March** 1906*

Witnesses: **G.C. Fisher M.D.** physician.

**J.R. Blanton** witness.

Winchester, Tenn. March 28<sup>th</sup>, 1906.

In the application of W.W. Eads before the Board of Pensions at Nashville, Tennessee, Mrs. Ruth S. McLean and Miss Annie Eads, after being duly sworn, deposes as says: They were acquainted with the services of W.W. Eads in the Confederate Army. He went in honorably and came out honorably and was honorably paroled, they having seen his parole and know it to be genuine.

**Ruth S. McLean**

**Annie E. Eades**

Sworn to and subscribed before me, this the 28<sup>th</sup> day of March 1906. *L. M. Jernigan, J.P.*

*To the Board of Pensioners, Nashville, Tenn.*

*Geo. B. Guild. The ladies names affixed to the above affidavit I am personally acquainted with and know them to be High-toned ladies of the first character & ask you to regard their testimony as such. I enquire if there is anything further needed, in regards the application of W.W. Eades, if so please mark and send to me at once. Now Geo., I hope to meet Jan (?) in New Orleans next month as I expect to go if my wife will let me. Answer by express mail.*

*I am as ever, your comrade L.M. Jernigan. (High-toned: adj. Intellectually, morally, or socially superior)*

**G.C. Fisher**, who is a physician of good standing, and being duly sworn says that he has carefully and thoroughly examined **William W. Eads**, the applicant, and finds him laboring under the following disabilities:

1<sup>st</sup>, Hypertrophy of the heart with failing compensation?

2<sup>nd</sup>, Enlarged prostate glands causing much cystitis.

3<sup>rd</sup>, General disability caused from above named conditions. I consider the applicant able to do not more than one tenth (1/10) of the work required of an ordinary farm laborer.

**G.C. Fisher M.D.** Witness my hand and seal of office this 2 day of **April** 1906. **A. Hatcher Notary.**

*W.W. Eads 8034*

**Nashville, Tenn. April 14, 1906**

*The Board of Pensioners have not considered your application but will say:*

*Service in the Army-Not proven*

*Wound received, injury sustained, or disease contracted while in service and in line of duty-blank*

*Extent of disability arising from such wound, injury, or disease-Proven.*

*Indigency-Not proven. Must have certificate of ?*

*How applicant got out of the Army-Not proven.*

*Character as a soldier and citizen-Proven.*

*The specifications not satisfactory to the Board may be corrected by proof, but no proof will be considered unless taken before an officer using a seal. Board meets first Tuesdays in February, May, August, and November. Respectfully, JNO. P. HICKMAN, Secretary.*

**HEADQUARTERS  
TENNESSEE BOARD OF PENSION EXAMINERS**

**No. 8034A**

**Nashville, Tenn. April 27, 1906**

**Gen. F.C. AINSWORTH, Military Secretary, Washington, D.C.**

**Dear Sir: *Wm. W. Eads* who is an applicant for Pension under the Tennessee Pension law, claims to have been a member of Company *A, Sixteenth Battalion Tenn. Cav* C.S.A., and to have been paroled at Washington, Ga. at the close of the war. Please give us the record of this soldier.**

**Respectfully, *George B. Guild* President.**

**OFFICE OF W.W. HORD  
Trustee of Bedford County**

**Shelbyville, Tenn. April 29, 1906**

*I W.W. Hord, Trustee Bedford County Tennessee, do hereby certify that W.W. Eads pays tax on only 100 acres of land valued at \$500.00 dollars. Personal property nothing. (No. 8034)*

*Respectfully,*

*W.W. Hord*

**WAR DEPARTMENT  
THE MILITARY SECRETARY'S OFFICE  
WASHINGTON May 1, 1906**

Respectfully returned to the President, Tennessee Board of Pension Examiners, Nashville.

It is shown by the records that W.W. Edes (not borne as William W. Eads), corporal, Company A, 16<sup>th</sup> Battalion, Tennessee Cavalry, C.S.A., was enlisted May 1, 1862. The roll of the company dated December 31, 1864 (last roll on file), shows him present. No later record has been found. (Rec. #1124746)

State of Tennessee  
County of Davidson

Personally appeared before me, P.A. Shelton, Clerk of the County Court of Davidson County, Tennessee, John M. Lincoln, with whom I am personally acquainted, and who, upon oath, makes the following statement: I served in the Confederate Cavalry with William Eads in East Tennessee and Virginia; we both served in the same command, Company A, 16<sup>th</sup> Tennessee Battalion, Rucker's Legion. I would state further that William Eads made a good soldier; never heard a word of complaint uttered against him during my entire service.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this the 3<sup>rd</sup> day of May 1906. P.A. Shelton.

*Nashville, Tenn., Nov. 13, 1918*

*Mr. W.W. Eads-Unionville*

*Under an act of the Tennessee Legislature, the Board of Pension Examiners are required to go over the applications of all pensioners now on the roll, to ascertain if the records and the property justified their remaining on the roll, under the laws as they now exist. In going over your case, No. 8034, the Board finds the following conditions to exist in you case, and which it thinks does not justify your remaining on the roll:*

***You have a farm in Bedford County. Please send in proof of the actual value of your property at this time and your total income from all sources.***

*You will please send in proof, correcting the Board's objections, **AND RETURN THIS STATEMENT WITH YOUR PROOF.** Please answer this at your earliest convenience, or you may be dropped from the roll.*

*Very Respectfully,*

*W.L. McKay-Special Examiner*

*Unionville, Tenn. Nov. 19, 1918*

*Mr. W.L. McKay,*

*Dear Sir, yours to hand and will say in regard to me remaining on the pension role you will notice in my application that I had 1000 dollars in real estate & 400 dollars in personal property. The \$1000 had been paid on the place. I now own their being yet \$500 to pay. It is now all paid and the deed is regersted at Shelbyville. My son & his wife live with me and as income it has always been equal to the out go. I don't owe any thing except what I have promised (?) on war work (?) & thrift stamps (?), which I expected to pay when my check came first of Dec. I have no Bank Account. Now if these Grand old men, Major McGuild, Capt. Hickman, Capt. Abatha, Dr. McMurray (?) & Mr. Moses made a mistake in allowing me the pension when I was only 66 years old there would be a greater mistake made now to drop me from the role as I am 77 years old and almost a burdon & don't think there is any one out side of my own people would be willing to take my farm and keep (?) me for the use of it.*

*Yours respectfully,*

*W.W. Eads*

Unionville, Tenn. Feb. 2, 1923

Mr. V.S. Parsons

Dear Sir,

I write you a few lines, as I could not hear you on phone. You wanted to know when & where I was paroled. My command was at Bristol when Lee surrendered. The order then was for us to join Johnson's Army in N.C. We went to Mount (?) N.C. There we got the news that we were going to be surrendered my command decided. About half turned back. I never knew what became of them that turned back. I staid, went on through South Carolina to Washington, GA and was there paroled 8<sup>th</sup> day of May 1865. There were three Brigades, Vaughns, Dukes, & Diberals . On the Survana River before we was paroled we was paid some silver. Vaughn's men got 28.25. Duke's got 32.00. Diberals 26.00. I have been told that my name was not on the role later than 31 Dec. (18) 64. I have no way of knowing why my name was not there. I never was absent a day. I enlisted May 5, 1862. Paroled May 8, 1865. Got home on May 12/65. The Federal Officer that paroled us name Lat (?) Abriham. I recd. A questionair from the historical association and filled it out. John H. Moore has charge of the archives at Nashville. His office is close to where the pension Board stays. If the Board could see what I wrote it might help to put me back on the role. It seems from what you say that my proff (proof) is faulty & thought they dropped me because I was to rich. I think by looking this leeter over you will find answers to all the questions they have asked. If not let me know. It will only be necessary to print the answers.

Yours truly,

W.W. Eads

**H.A. CAMPBELL  
TRUSTEE OF BEDFORD COUNTY**

**Shelbyville, Tenn. Feb. 3, 1923**

The records in my office show that W.W. Eads has no property real or personal assessed to him for year 1922 and he has no income whatever as shown by the records in this office.

H.A. Campbell Trustee

Subscribed & sworn to before me this Feb. 3, 1923 W.E. Gant Notary Public

**THE  
CITIZENS  
BANK  
SHELBYVILLE, TENN**

State of Tennessee  
Bedford County

Personally appeared before me *Harry T. Moore*, a Notary Public in and for said state and county, W.W. Eads, who makes oath that he enlisted in the Confederate Army on May 5<sup>th</sup> 1862 and was in said Army continuously, without being absent for a day until May 8<sup>th</sup> 1865 when he was paroled. And he got home on May 12<sup>th</sup> 1865. He was paroled at Washington, Georgia on May 8<sup>th</sup> by Lat (?) Abraham.

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this Feb. 8<sup>th</sup>, 1923. W.W. Eads     Harry T. Moore Notary Public.

Personally appeared before me, V.S. Parsons, Notary Public, in and for said State and County, Annie E. Eads, who deposes and says that her brother, W.W. Eads came home some time in May 1865 from the Civil War, and further says that she has seen and read his parole from the said army and that the same has been lost or mislaid in moving from East Tennessee to Bedford County.     *Annie E. Eads*

Subscribed and sworn to before me, this Feb. 8<sup>th</sup>, 1923. V.S. Parsons Notary Public.



Unionville, Tenn. Aug. 20, 1925  
Mr. Edgar J. Graham-Comptroller of Treasury

Dear Sir,

My father, W.W. Eads died June 8<sup>th</sup>. I should have notified you sooner but neglected it. I suppose he would be entitled to pay until the date of his death. He lived 24 days after receiving his last check. I am sure the matter will be adjusted correctly.

Yours,

W.O. Eads (Stamped at the bottom of the hand-written letter is the word "DEAD.")

**OBITUARY FOR: William Winston Eads.** (Grandfather of Florabel Potts Poore)

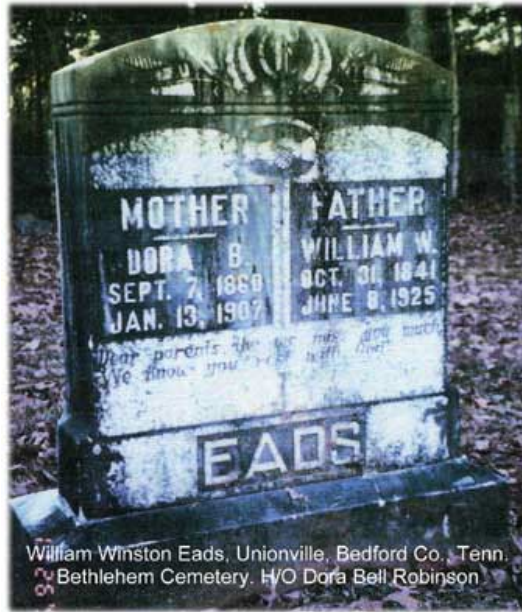
W.W. Eads, one of the few survivors among the Confederate veterans of Bedford County, died suddenly Monday evening at the home of his son, William O. Eads, near Unionville, aged 83. (Born 31 Oct. 1841 in Stokes County, NC and died 8 June 1925. Father and mother were William Henry Eads and Sallie Hatcher.) Though feeble from age and subject to attacks of heart trouble now and then he was able to be up and about the place and had walked out to where his son was plowing cotton near the house a few minutes before his death. Returning to the house he sat down and said he was very sick and died in a few minutes. Deceased was a worthy man and a good citizen and his death is a loss to the community in which he lived. Deceased was born in Stokes County, North Carolina, and moved here early in his childhood. After he grew to manhood he was a merchant in Millerburg, but after the death of his first wife (Ellen Ladd) he moved to Unionville, where he and his wife, who was Miss Dora Bell Robinson, reared a family of two sons and three daughters, all of whom are still living. (Had two children by first wife, one died in infancy, Ellen, and the other Lena Pearl, married Tom Wortham) Mr. Eads was a noble Christian character, bringing his children up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, teaching them to be God fearing men and women, thereby making good citizens of them. Deceased was 83 years old at the time of his death, and was one of the rapidly thinning ranks of those who so nobly wore the gray, and his comrade of the war, Mr. W.H. Osteen, was present to pay loving tribute to his departed comrade. Funeral services were conducted at his home by Rev. C.I. Kelley and Rev. W.F. Norman; followed by interment at Bethlehem Cemetery. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family (Death certificate says he died "suddenly," and the informant, W.O. Eads, lists W.W. Ead's parents as Henry Eads and Sallie Hatcher)

*NOTE: William Winston Eads belonged to Neal's 16th Battalion, Tenn. Cavalry, Co. A, Rucker's Battalion. He can also be found within the Tennessee Veterans Questionnaire. He received a pension for his services. His family did not own slaves. Note: On 18 February 2005 I, Joe Mode, talked to Betty Sudberry Johnson of Meridian, Mississippi, daughter of Annie Eads Sudberry. Betty remembers her mother saying that her father, William Winston Eads, said that he didn't know if he had ever killed anyone during the war, but related that he recalled shooting at someone at the same time they were shooting at him and the other soldier fell dead. He then took the boots off of the dead soldier because his were so bad.*



William Winston Eads of Bedford Co., Tenn. Member of Neal's 16th Battalion, Co. A, Rucker's Legion. Confederate Cavalry. With daughter Annie Eads Sudberry. Taken ca. Oct. 1917

**WM. W. Eads-Annie Eads Sudberry**



William Winston Eads, Unionville, Bedford Co., Tenn. Bethlehem Cemetery. W/O Dora Bell Robinson

**William Winston Eads and Dora Bell Robinson. Bethlehem Cemetery, Unionville, Bedford Co., TN.**

Gerald Crawford Reid related the following information on William Winston Eads on 16 February 2010. Gerald stated that he was practically brought up by his Uncle Will Eads and recalls stories that were handed down from his Grandfather Eads to his son Will Eads. He said they would sit out on the porch at night because it was so hot in the house and his Uncle Will would play tunes on the fiddle. He would often play Cotton Eyed Joe and other tunes and say, "Now that's a tune your grandfather brought home from the war." Gerald said, "Aunt Henrietta was the only person in the family who took guitar lessons and she taught my momma (Maggie Eads Reid) and Uncle Will (Eads) how to play Spanish tunes or the Spanish guitar. They had to pay for lessons and could only pay for her. Uncle Emmett (Eads) could play the fiddle better than Uncle Will and he could have played at the Grand Ole Opry, and did a couple of times. He was almost too good to play the Grand Ole Opry. Uncle Emmett would play at churches with Willie T. Thompson who married Rack Hall. Willie's sister Evelyn Thompson married my brother Winston Reid." Grandfather Eads said that one of the hardest things that he ever had to do was to leave his brother Emmett, who had been killed perhaps during the Pegram Raid into Kentucky. He couldn't take him with him, so he found a sinkhole of a place, wrapped his brother Emmett in a blanket and put him into the hole and covered him with rocks. They were in a hurry and had to bury him in a hurry so they wouldn't get caught by the Yankees. Gerald said he thinks his Grandpaw Eads named his son, Emmitt Marion Eads, after his brother Emmitt. They took off and rode three or four days straight, only stopping to let the horses rest. Grandpaw Eads said he fell asleep in the saddle and was woke up crossing a high stream, the water was up to the saddle, up to his seat. It was raining once and they didn't have any tents so he had to just back up to a tree, hunker down with his slicker pulled over his head (conversation with Gerald on 15 September 2011)

They were always hungry and Grandpaw Eads saw a young hawk in the woods and shot it, they all filled up on that hawk. Grandfather Eads went into the cavalry with a young, high stepping horse and an officer wanted that horse. Grandfather Eads told the officer that the horse was young, untested perhaps in battle and might be dangerous when the shooting started. The officer wanted the horse any way and acquired it somehow. When the fighting started he said the horse took off and he never did see that officer again. He also recollected a battle where they were pinned down in a sunken road by cannon fire. A young, longhaired rebel wanting to be brave got out of the sunken road and sat on top of a split rail fence. A rifle bullet was fired at him and went right by his ear and clipped off a lock of his hair, which went floating into the sunken road. He said the young rebel just rolled right off of that fence back down into the road. He didn't want any more to do with being brave. He was never hurt, except when his horse fell on him, broke his leg or something, but fought in 7 battles. He related that Grandpaw Eads went to Chattanooga and then took a train back to Wartrace and then had to walk the rest of the way home when the war was over. His sister saw him coming and started yelling, "It's Willy, its Willy." Gerald said that when his Grandfather Eads died, someone lifted him up to look into the coffin and said, "Take a good look, this will be the last time you see your grandfather." He mentioned that he fondly remembers sitting on the front porch listening to his Uncle Will play his fiddle, a fiddle which was given to him by his brother-in-law Uncle Earl Potts. After Uncle Earl died the fiddle was given back to Uncle Earl's family. This wasn't the fiddle that his daddy brought home with him from the war. William Winston Eads played the fiddle according to a letter written by his daughter Henrietta Eads Potts. After the war he put in a crop, but later went to work as a merchant selling, hauling, and taking orders for tobacco at

Eagleville. He had a route and delivered down close to Fayetteville or Petersburg, near Saidville. On one trip he got wet and caught pneumonia and had to stay at the house of a local merchant, I believe, named Ladd. One of the daughters had to tend to him and it was Ellen Ladd, who he later married.

Regarding the death of his Grandfather Eads, Gerald said his Uncle Will had told him that “they had been working down in the cotton, Grandpaw Eads was maybe working or was there with them and it came up a rain storm and they had to hurry back to the house, grandpaw had to hurry back with them. They were talking about the rain, how much they enjoyed the rain, how good it smelled and grandpaw was sitting in his rocking chair and just straightened up all of a sudden and was dead. Uncle Will picked him up and laid him down on the bed like a baby and he was dead, didn’t struggle.”

Joe, as I promised, here is a picture of my Grandfather’s (William Winston Ead) Civil War pistol. As far back as I can remember I have always been fascinated with this gun. As you know he was living with his son William Oscar Eads (Bedford Co., Unionville, Tenn.) when he died in 1925. The gun was passed to Uncle Will. When I first became aware of the pistol it had no rust but Aunt Alta (Bex) objected about it being in the house so he stored in the loft above the storm cellar where it rusted. I was not allowed to play with the gun but I was allowed to hold it. One day we went to examine it and it had rust. I remember Uncle Will saying, “A man ought to be horse whipped for letting that happen to a gun.” I asked Uncle Will if I could have the gun when he died. He said “YES, I don’t know of any one who I’d rather have it.” I was in possession of it for several years but when I was moving out of state I took it back to Uncle Will. When Uncle William Oscar Eads went to a nursing home in Lewisburg, TN my sister Dorothy Reid Titsworth retrieved the gun knowing it had been given to me and returned it to me.



**William W. Eads revolver-Manhattan Fire Arms Co., 1864 Model**

It is now locked in a 600 pound anchored Gun Safe. The revolver was manufactured by Manhattan Fire Arms Co., 1864 Model.

I first stayed with My Uncle and Aunt when I was 15 months old when my sister Clarice was born. He asked my mother to leave me with him saying, “You don’t need him, you got a bunch more.” “No Way!” My life and times with them is a whole different story.

I have limited remembrance of my Grand Father William Winston Eads. There being only two occasions. He put me on his walking stick and told me to ride the horse. I cannot see his face but I can still see the walking stick and a man sitting in a rocking chair and I can still see exactly where the chair was sitting. The other was when he was in his casket. I can see exactly where the casket was located, his bearded face and the suite of clothes he had on. I was not large enough to walk up and look into the casket but my cousin Edith Dickens lifted me and said, “Take a good look for this is the last time you will ever see your grandfather.” I know this is rambling on and on and my daughters have offered to edit my writings but they have not seen this and is as written **(From Gerald Crawford Reid on 18 February 2010)**

**Eads Reunion-** The children of the late W.W. Eads (William Winston) and Dora (Bell) Robinson Eads gathered in a family reunion at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E.N. Potts Sunday August 18. The rooms were beautifully decorated with garden flowers; a beautiful picnic lunch was served on the lawn. Those present were: Mrs. E.T. Franklin, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Potts of Shelbyville; Mr. and Mrs. Manor Sudberry, Billy Sudberry, Miss June Sudberry, Rena Murriel Sudberry, Betty Carol Sudberry, Elmer Sudberry and Rayburn Sudberry of Deason. Mr. and Mrs. J.L Dickens, Miss Karene Dickens, Mr. and Mrs. T.H. Worhtham, Mr. and Mrs. W.O. Eads, Mrs. Margaret Eads Reid, Mr. and Mrs. Emmett M. Eads, Mrs. Ruth Davis, Jessie Davis, Martha Davis, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Rutledge, Miss Elwyn Reid, Miss Clarice Reid, Emma Jean Reid, Robert Reid and Billy Reid of Unionville; Miss Florabel Potts and Charles Potts of Chapel Hill. **(I can only guess that this reunion took place prior to 1940, perhaps as early as 1939. Earl Nelson Potts and family moved to Knoxville in August of 1940. Ernest and Sarah married in November of 1938.)**

## Some Eads Census Records

### 1850 Stokes Co., N.C. Census

Henry Eades	37	N.C.
Jane (Satterfield)	31	VA
Columbus	13	
Emett	11	
Mary	10	
William Winston	8	(Florabel's Grandfather)
Sally	2	
Ruth	7/12	

### 1860 Roane Co., TN, Philadelphia P.O.

Henry Edes	47	Farmer \$1500.
Mary Jane	41	
Wm. W.	18	
Mary J.	20	
Ruth	10	
Ann E.	6	
Harriet	5	
James H.	1/12	

### 1870 Bedford Co., TN Census, p. 2

Henry Eades	57	Farm Laborer \$700.
Mary	50	
Columbus	33	
William W.	28	(William Winston Eads)
Sallie	21	
Ann	17	
Harriett	14	
James	11	

### 1880 Lincoln Co., TN, Oak Hill

Wm. Eads	33	(tobacco peddler)
Ellen (Ladd)	22	
Pearl	11	months

This appears to be our Wm. W. Eads, but he lists his parents birth place as Tenn., which is wrong, and his age is off five years. Could have mistaken the 3 for an 8.

### 1900 Bedford Co., TN Census, Dist. 11

William W. Eads	58	
Dora Bell (Robinson)	39	(2 <sup>nd</sup> wife)
Tennie Wilson	37	
William Eads	13	
Henrietta Eads (Potts)	11	
Maggie Eads (Reid)	8	
Annie Eads (Sudberry)	6	
Emmet Eads	2	
Wm. G. Robinson	69	(father-in-law, b. Feb. 1831 in TN. Father born in Kentucky, mother TN)
Ella Robinson	28	(sister-in-law)

### 1910 Bedford Co., TN Census, 11 Dist.

William W. Eades	68	NC, VA, NC
William	23	
Henrietta	21	
Maggie	18	
Annie E.	15	
Emmitt	12	

1920 Bedford Co., TN Census lists William W. Eads 78, with son Emmitt M. 22, and Elizabeth 30.

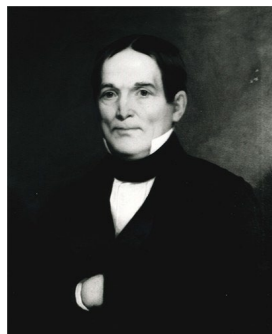


Eads Family 1907-Back Left-Henrietta Eads Potts, Elizabeth Moon, Alta Rebecca Reid Eads holding umbrella-Front row, far right-Maggie Eads Reid and Crawford Reid

## SOME ROBINSON AND CHERRY INFORMATION

The Robinson line, as mentioned above, begins with **Dora Bell Robinson** who was born on 23 September 1860 in or near Williamson County, Tennessee and died on 13 January 1907 in Bedford County, Tennessee. She married **William Winston Eads** on 26 January 1886. She was the daughter of **William Girth/Garth Robinson** and **Louisa A. Cherry**. **Louisa A. Cherry** is the daughter of William Cherry and Rebecca. I believe this is Rebecca Bell. Davidson County, Tennessee marriage records show that William Cherry married Rebecca Bell on 9 July 1814. Ancestry.com shows William Cherry was born 6 September 1785 in Charleston, Jefferson County Virginia and died circa 1860 in Williamson County. Records at Ancestry.com show a "Widow's Allotment" for **Rebecca Cherry**, wife of **William Cherry**, of Williamson County June 1860 term. Rebecca was born circa 1792 in North Carolina and died circa 1871 in Williamson County, Tennessee. William Cherry may have served during the War of 1812 as there is a record (ancestry.com) indicating that William Cherry served in Captain Williamson's Company, Tennessee Militia and his widow was Rebecca Cherry. He may have received a Land Bounty (31828) for his service (*Widow Original 7816*)

An email from Gary Robinson stated the following and may help expand the Robinson line: "*My Grandfather is Charles Francis Robinson, Senior, the son of John Leland Robinson and Emma J. Baker and grandson of William Girth Robinson and Louisa Ann Cherry. I can provide you with more detail on the family if you are interested. I list William Girth Robinson's parents as James Clark Robinson who was born in Virginia on 5 October 1795 and died in Tennessee on 13 October 1852. He married Susan Litton (6 February 1828-Davidson County, Tennessee) who was born circa 1802 and died in Tennessee on 23 July 1863. I have been unable to trace the Robinson family tree beyond James Clark Robinson. Any information you could provide will be most welcome.*" (Gary [Robinson-grobinson645@mac.com](mailto:Robinson-grobinson645@mac.com)) (I have not proven this information-J.M.)



Ancestry.com shows the parents of William G. Robinson as follows: James Clark Robinson was born 5 October 1795 in Christiansburg, Virginia and died 13 October 1852 in Blue Springs, 6th District Williamson County, Tennessee. Susan Litton was born 16 April 1802 in Dublin Ireland and died on 23 July 1863 in Blue Springs Williamson, Tennessee. Children for James and Susan are listed as Allison Robinson (1829) William Girth Robinson (1832) Joseph L. Robinson (1835) James (Jim) C. Robinson (1837) Elizabeth L. Robinson (1839) and Benjamin L. Robinson (1847) Susan Litton's parents are listed as Joseph L. Litton (Born 1 May 1778 Dublin Ireland and died 2 June 1846 in Nashville, Tennessee) and Catherine Warren (Born 1777 in

Dublin Ireland and died 26 December 1845 in Nashville) They were married circa 1798 in Dublin Ireland (**Joseph L. Litton picture above**)

**William G. Robinson** was born February 1831 in or near Williamson County, Tennessee and died after 1900. He was married to **Louisa A. Cherry** on 23 December 1857 in Williamson County, Tennessee by J.F.M. Christopher, J.P. Louisa was born circa 1837 and died circa 1899 according to notes at Ancestry.com. According to Mary Angnes DeBernardi William G. Robinson is buried on the old home place and has no stone. She said that he wanted to be buried out under an apple tree where the children could play around. On 4 November 2001 and 14 January 2005 she told me that William G. Robinson was a wagon master during the Civil War and that he married a Cherry. At this point in time I have not accounted for all of the children of William G and Louisa A. Cherry Robinson and will go by census records and the information from Mary Agnes Debernardi to fill in the gaps.

#### **Letter from Maggie Eads Reid to Mary Agnes Debernadi on 9 April 1979.**

*Well, hello there,*

*I started to write you over a week ago, but got to feeling so bad, I just put it away unfinished. First, Iris Wortham is not kin to the Robinsons. Her mother was Pearl Eads. My father's (Wm. W. Eads) first wife was Ellen Ladd, Pearl's mother. After Ellen died my father married Dora Bell Robinson. My grandfather Robinson (William G. Robinson-Joe Mode) lived with us until he died at age 83 years. I saw him take his last breath. He was buried on the farm. He selected the place for his grave. He said he wanted to be buried where the children could play around his grave. It was near a big apple tree. Before he died he called for water. My mother sent me to get the water for him. She held the glass, and grandpa said, "That's enough Dora." Then he never said another word, just did not move or say another thing. There was no struggle for breath. He was gone. We were living in or near Unionville, Tennessee; a small village. In the small family tree you drew, you left out Charlie (Robinson) Uncle John Robinson's children were John, Kate, Charles, Louis, and Edward. Uncle John's wife was named Emma (Baker-From Gary Robinson) I have forgotten her last name. Uncle Tom's wife was named Maggie Waddy. Uncle Tom was moma's youngest brother and he lived with us until he married (**This letter was in the possession of Elwyn Reid Flury I believe**)*

#### **Some of the Robinson children include, but are not limited to, the following:**

1. **John Leland Robinson** was born 22 December 1858 in Shelbyville, Tennessee and died on 15 September 1920 in Wasco, Oregon. He is buried at the Silverton Cemetery in Marion, Oregon. Mary Agnes at one time said that lightening killed him, but later said that Tom was killed by lightening. Maggie Eads Reid stated that John married Emma (Glass) however Gary Robinson stated that his grandfather John L. Robinson married Emma J. Baker. Marriage records at Familysearch.org show John L. Robinson (born 1859 in Williamson County, Tennessee) married Emma J. Baker (born 1864 in Nashville, Tennessee) on 20 September 1882. She was 18 and he was 23 when they were married. Their children were John, Kate, Charles Francis, Louis, and Edward. Emma Jo Baker Robinson was born on 14 February 1865 and died on 21 August 1944 in Silverton, Marion County Oregon. She is buried at the Silverton Cemetery. Katherine Robinson McCaskell Salinger was born on 16 October 1888 and died on 13 August 1964 in Portland, Multnomah Oregon. She married Author Salinger. Charles Francis Robinson was born, according to his birth certificate, on 26 August 1891 in Nashville, Davidson County Tennessee. His parents are listed as John Leland Robinson (b. Shelbyville, Tennessee) and Emma Joe Baker who was born in Nashville. Emma Jo Baker's parents were William and Elvina Baker. Gary Robinson, son of Charles Francis Robinson, sent a picture of the John Leland Robinson family band in the early 1900's and is labeled thusly:





John W (1885) is on banjo, John L. (1858) is on fiddle, Emma J. (1865) is on guitar, Kate (1888) is on mandolin, Charles (1891) seated on left, Lewis (1894) seated on right.

*(As pointed out by Margaret Ann Reid Manneschmidt, this must have been Tom who was struck by lightning because their Uncle John was living in Oklahoma and met momma (Margaret Eads) at the train as stated in her 1910 letter (see below)(11 October 2009)*

2. **Dora Bell Robinson** was born on 23 September 1860 in or near Williamson County, Tennessee and died on 13 January 1907 in Bedford County, Tennessee. She married **William Winston Eads** on 26 January 1886. (*See notes above*)

3. **William Robinson** was born circa 1863 in Williamson County, Tennessee.

4. **Margaret (Maggie) Robinson** was born circa 1865 in Williamson County, Tennessee. She is with her parents in Williamson County in 1870 and 1880.

5. **Mary (Mollie) Caroline Robinson** was born circa November 1866 in Williamson County, Tennessee. Mary Agnes said that Mollie Caroline Robinson married Robert V. Glass (7 October 1886 Rutherford Co.) and died of the flu. She was buried on the farm circa 1900 and her husband and her brother Tom watched over her grave for a week. They hung a lantern on a tree so they could shoot anyone who bothered the grave, grave robbers. Mary Agnes also said Mollie looked "Indian." Mollie had a daughter, Margaret (Maggie) Bell Glass, who was named after Rebecca Bell. The 1900 Williamson County census, district 17, page 1, sheet A lists Robert O (V) Glass 38 (Feb. 1862 tobacco roller) **Mollie** 33 (Nov. 1866) Maggie 12 (Feb. 1889) Robert 10 (Mar. 1890) Nina 8 (Mar. 1892) Lee 6 (May 1894) Edward 2 (June 1897) and Hattie 110 months (July 1899)

6. **Emma Belle Robinson** was born (?) She signed Dora Belle Robinson Ead's Memory Book on 22 March 1885 as "Lovingly, your sister Emma," but I have not found her in census records and am not sure if she is a sibling.

7. **Ella Pearl Robinson** was born circa 1873 in Williamson County, Tennessee. She married her sister Mollie's husband, Robert V. Glass, after Mollie died. She had two daughters by him, Mamie Pearl Glass and unnamed who died when she was two years old. The 1910 Grady, Oklahoma census, page 7 lists Robert V. Glass 47 (Missouri, VA, VA) **Ella P.** 37 (TN, TN, TN) Mamie F. 7 (OK) Robert W. 20 (TN) Nina M. 18 (TN) Thomas Lee 15 (TN) Edward M. 13 (TN) and Gertrude Avery 21. The 1930 Fort Worth, Tarrant Texas census lists Robert V. Glass 68, living with his son Robert W. Glass, wife Bertha C. and family. Robert V. Glass was born on 17 February 1862 in Missouri and died of "Chronic Tuberculosis" at 1800 Stella Street in Tarrant County, Texas at the age of 71 on 11 July 1933. Informant, son Robert W. Glass, lists Robert's father as "Glass-VA" and mother as "Wilson-TN) He was buried at Park Lawn Cemetery (**Death Certificate #34417**)

8. **Tom Robinson** was born circa December 1875. Mary Agnes said that her Uncle Tommy was struck and killed by lightning while watching a storm from his porch in Tennessee. Maggie Eads Reid said Tom's wife's name was Maggie Waddy and that he lived with them until he got married. Records at Familysearch.org show T. L. Robinson married Maggie V. Waddy on 25 May 1899 in Marshall County, Tennessee. They are listed in the 1900 Rutherford County, Tennessee census with child Gertrude.

Front row L-R, Charles Robinson, Robert Glass, Lee Glass, Annie Eads Sudberry & Lewis Robinson held by grandfather William Girth Robinson, Nina Glass, Margaret Eads Reid, Kate Robinson, Henrietta Eads Potts. Back row L-R, John Robinson, William Eads, Maggie Glass. Natives of Bedford County, Tenn. ca. 1896. Eads children belong to William Winston and Dora Bell Robinson Eads.



Robinson children belong to John Leland and Emma Jo Baker Robinson

Front row-L-R: Charles Robinson, Robert Glass, Lee Glass, Annie Eads Sudberry & Lewis Robinson held by grandfather William Girth Robinson, Nina Glass, Margaret Eads Reid, Kate Robinson, Henrietta Eads Potts. Back row-L-R: John Robinson, William Eads, Maggie Glass. Natives of Bedford and Williamson Counties. Circa 1896. Eads children belong to William Winston and Dora Bell Robinson Eads.

Notes: Mary Agnes said her cousin John Cherry was a bachelor and owned large farms. His father was Buck Cherry. Cousin John Cherry would say, "Mary, your great grandmother wore a blanket. Mother later wrote to her and said that her mother, Mary (Mollie) Caroline Robinson, was part Cherokee." William Cherry was born ca. 1789 in Virginia and Rebecca Bell was born ca. 1793 in North Carolina. They were married in Davidson County, Tennessee on 9 July 1814. Rebecca Bell Cherry was said to be Indian, perhaps Cherokee. Kate Robinson was a cousin and her father, Charley Robinson, went to the Indian Territory, Chickasha, Oklahoma.

**In a letter dated 13 January 2003 Mary Agnes Ferguson Debernardi wrote and said:** "When reading Maggie Ead's letter to Henrietta Eads from Chickasha, Oklahoma (where I was born) Charley Robinson is who my momma (Margaret/Maggie Bell Glass Ferguson) told me was why my Grandfather Robert Vincent Glass went to Indian Territory after my Grandmother Mollie Caroline Robinson Glass died. My mother was oldest of six children and she became their mother until Grandpa sent for them all to come from Arno, Tennessee to Oklahoma on the train (three years later.) Then later Grandpa sent for Ella Pearl Robinson (my grandmother Mollie's youngest sister) and they married in Chickasha, Oklahoma. They had one daughter, Mamie Pearl Glass. She is still alive, 92, in Oregon. Then Grandpa sold his furniture store in Chickasha and moved to Fort Worth, Texas and he and Ella had another daughter. She died when she was two years old. I have more papers on the Robinson family, but they must be packed." Mary Agnes said her Grandpa Robert V. Glass had a stove business and always wore a derby. She mentioned that there were Yorks in the line, twin boys, very dark, George and (?) Kate Robinson was married two or three times, the last being a Salinger who was in the service."



The John Robinson Family



The Maggie Glass family



No. 1 Papa & Mama-No. 2 John, Belle &  
 Marion-No. 3 Charles, Nell (?) & Baby  
 No. 4 Louis & wife Grace-No. 5 Sister Kate  
 For Uncle Bill.

## Some Robinson Census Records

### 1850 Williamson Co., TN Census, p. 590-463

W. Cherry	64 Virginia
R. (Rebecca)	57 NC
J.	26
S.	23
E.	22
J.	18
L. (Louisa?)	14
M.	10
R. (Stoke)	5
J.	3

### 1860 Williamson Co, TN Census, p. 109-235

Wm. Robinson	28
L.A. (Louisa A. Cherry)	24 (has "P")
John	1

The **1860 Williamson County census, page 126, family #840** lists a R. Cherry/Cleary 64, S.T. 32, E. 29, M.P. 20, and J. Stokes 13.

Records at Ancestry.com show a "Widow's Allotment" for **Rebecca Cherry**, wife of **William Cherry**, of Williamson County, June 1860 term.

### 1870 Williamson Co., TN Census, Dist. 18. Jorden's Store P.O., p. 293

W.G. Robinson	39 Farmer, TN
L.A. (Louisa A.)	34
J.L (John)	11
D.B. (Dora Bell)	9
William	7
Maggie	5
Mary	2
Balam	28 (Brother?)
Cherry, Rebecca	78 NC
Cherry, Mary A.	30 TN
Holland, Carlos	36 Farmer-Georgia-Mulatto
Holland, Moses	12 Georgia-Mulatto

### 1880 Williamson Co., TN Census, Dist. 18 (Ancestry.com lists family as *Robertson*)

William Robinson	48 TN
Louisa (Cherry)	43 TN
John	21
Dora Bell (Eads)	19
William	17
Margaret	15
Mollie	11
Ella Pearl	7
Thomas	5
Balam Robinson	36 (brother?)

### 1900 Bedford Co., TN Census, Dist. 11

Wm. G. Robinson	69 TN b. Feb 1831
Ella Robinson	28
(W.G.'s Father b. in Ky., mother TN)	
(Ella sister-in-law to William Winston Eads)	
<b><i>(Living with William Winston Eads in 1900)</i></b>	
(Wm. G. is a widower at this time)	

### 1900 Davidson Co., TN Census

John. L. Robinson	41 TN	b. Dec. 1858
Emma J.	35 TN	b. Sept. 1865
John W.	14 TN	b. Sept. 1885
Kate C.	11 TN	b. Oct. 1888
Charles F.	9 TN	b. Aug. 1890
Louis F.	5 TN	b. Oct. 1894

**1900 Rutherford County, Tennessee census, sheet 16B** lists Thomas L. Robinson 24 (b. Dec. 1875-Blacksmith) Maggie 19 (b. March 1881) and Gertrude 4/12. They both can read and write.

**1910 Grady, Oklahoma census, family 264, page 12** lists **Johan L. Robenson**, 51 TN, TN, TN, Ennie 45 TN, SC, VA, Charles F. 18, and Louis T. 15 (Transcription error on Ancestry.com/Familysearch.org)

**1910 Grady, Oklahoma census, family 151, page 7** lists Robert V. Glass 47 TN, Ella P. 37 TN, Mamie F. 7, Robert W. 20, Nina M. 18, Thomas Lee 15, Edward M. 12, and Gertrude Avery 21.

**1920 Marion, Oregon census** lists John Robinson 62 (b. 1858, TN, TN, TN) Emma 54 (b. 1866, TN, VA, VA) Kate McCaskell 31 (TN, TN, TN) and Hardy McCaskell 40 (TX,SC, TX)

**1930 Silverton, Marion Oregon census, sheet 10A, E.D.0023** lists Emma *Robison* 65, widow, TN, SC,VA.

**Obituary: Mary A. Ferguson DeBernardi** of Duncan died Sunday, Dec. 3, 2006, in her home. Graveside service will be held at 1 p.m. Monday, Dec. 11, in Fort Sill National Cemetery in Elgin with the Rev. Winston Curtis officiating. Interment is under direction of Don Grantham Funeral Home. The family will receive friends from 5 to 7 p.m. today at the funeral home. Mary was born in Chickasha to Mark and Margaret Glass Ferguson. She married Frank Dominick DeBernardi on Jan. 11, 1948, in Las Vegas, Nev. He preceded her in death Dec. 4, 2001. Mary was a homemaker and had a Baptist affiliation. She was a member of Daughters of the American Revolution, Holly Club, Duncan Antique Car Club and Stephens County Genealogical Society. Survivors include a son, Frank F. DeBernardi of Las Vegas; a granddaughter, Mary Christine Walker, and two great-granddaughters: Taylor Ann and Tessa Christine Walker, all of Rockwall, Texas. She was also preceded in death by her parents.

## Some Reid Family Information



The Reid family circa 1910. 1<sup>st</sup> row: Little boys on ground Ollie Cooper, Arthur Reid, Clayton Long  
2<sup>nd</sup> row: Albert Cooper, Octava Lassifine Reid Cooper holding May Lytle Cooper, Mary Catherine Ralston Reid, Elisha Crawford Reid, Emma Lee Reid. 3<sup>rd</sup> row: Robert Crawford Reid, Bob Long, Mary Tennessee "Tennie" Reid Long, Maggie Molena Reid, Edd Osteen (Susannah "Susie" Washington Reid Osteen holding Leslie Osteen) Dora Jane Reid, Alta Rebecca Reid (*Gerald Reid said this picture was taken about a mile west of Unionville in Bedford County. He said he was born in this house and thinks that his father bought the house circa 1884-1888. It was a log house originally. Gerald noted the practice of taking photos with family photos included as is evinced by those on the porch*)

Following is a brief of what has been gathered thus far on the Reid/Reed/Read family, late of Virginia, up to this point. A great portion of this information was given to me, Joe Mode, by Margaret Flury Manneschmidt on a CD. A portion of this material came from a document on the CD labeled "REID GENEALOGY." I do not know who the author of the Reid material is at this time, but have added to it through my own research. Gerald Reid has also contributed greatly to this material. According to Elwyn Reid Flury, her grandfather wanted his children by each of his marriages to be divided, so the spelling for the first set was "Reed" and the spelling for the second set was "Reid." She said she didn't know why he wanted them divided that way. I cannot vouch for the accuracy of said material as I do not know the author, and some information came without references.

The progenitor of the Reid family, until further notice, appears to be Robert Reed/Reid who was born in Virginia on 28 October 1796 and died circa 1883. He came to Tennessee in 1802. Robert most likely died in Rutherford County, Tennessee as he is listed there in 1880 at the age of 83. This census lists Virginia as his birthplace, and his parent's birthplace as well. During a conversation with Gerald Reid on 11 June 2014 he stated that the father of Robert Reed was Josiah Reed. Gerald went on to say that some feel that Robert and Elvira Carson were 2<sup>nd</sup> cousins as Robert's mother was Mary J. Carson. He thought that Elvira's mother may have been a Crawford and that her father was William Carson. This is conjecture at the moment.

**1. Robert Reed** was born in Virginia on 28 October 1796 and died in Rutherford County, Tennessee circa 1883. He married first to **Elizabeth Gentry** on 16 January 1817 in Williamson County, Tennessee. She was born circa 1802 and died circa 1841. To this union was born seven children. I am not certain of the names of these children, but the 1850 Rutherford County, Tennessee census lists Robert Reed 54, the name of his second wife, Elvina Carson 36, and the following children: Martha 20, Jane 10, James 8, **Elisha 6**, Henry 4, Jurusha 1, Mary Reed 76 VA, and William 45 TN (Idiotic) I believe Martha is from his first marriage, Mary is most likely Robert's mother and William a brother. Robert married second to **Elvina/Elvira Carson** on 27 March 1842 in Williamson County. Records show Robert Read and Alvira Carson were married on 27 March 1842 by John Landrum (Baptist Minister) and the bondsman and witness were Clement T. Read and C. Williams. To this union was born six children. Unfortunately the 1860 Rutherford County census only listed initials for many of the children, i.e. Robt. Reed 63, E. 46, E.J. 21, Jas 17, E. (**Elisha Crawford**) 15, H. 13, J. 11, M. 8, S. 6, Sam 4, J. 2, and Mary Reed (*See census listings below*)

Records indicate that Elvina/Elvira Carson was the daughter of James M. Carson and Ellender Taylor who were married on 18 June 1813 in Williamson County. Findagrave.com states that James was born on 8 May 1788 and died on 17 February 1863 and Ellen's birth is not listed, but she was born circa 1798-1800 and died on 13 November 1864. They both are buried in Eagleville, Rutherford County Tennessee at the Carson Cemetery. Williamson County Marriage records, 1800 to 1850, show **Little, Sanford H. (D?) was married to Adaline Birdwell on May 7, 1834 by James M. Carson, Justice of the Peace. The Bondsman was James C. Taylor.** This James C. Taylor could possibly be a brother, uncle or father of Ellender Taylor.

**2. Elisha Crawford Reid** was born in Rutherford County, Tennessee on 23 September 1844 and died in Unionville, Bedford County, Tennessee at the age of 76 years of heart problems on 24 April 1921. The Reid family bible states that, "***Elisha Crawford Reid departed this life April the 24<sup>th</sup> 1921 on Sunday night.***" He is buried at the Reid Graveyard according to his death certificate (#283) Not confirmed at this time, but I have found a reference to an Elisha C. Reed/Reid serving with Co. E, 10<sup>th</sup> Tennessee Infantry, U.S. and perhaps applying for an Invalid Pension on 13 April 1901 (***Application #1266117***) and Mary C. Reid applying for a Widow's Pension on 14 July 1921 (***Application #1176619***) Fold3.com's pension lists Elisha C. Reid, "DEAD," dying on 23 April 1921 in Unionville, Tennessee. Elisha married first to **Susanna Lovia/Lovage Ralston** on 25 January 1871 in Rutherford County (S.L. Ralston to E.C. Reid) She was born on 15 March 1854 and died on 11 August 1878 in Rutherford County, Tennessee. She is buried at the Reed Cemetery in Rutherford County. Her stone inscription reads "Wife of E.C. Reid." Her parents were **Robert Ralston** and **Minerva Manier**. He married second to **Mary Catherine "Kitty" Ralston** on 11 December 1887 in Rutherford County, Tennessee (*See information for Mary Ralston and the children of Elisha C. and Mary Ralston Reid below*)

**Co. "E". Mustered in July 7, 1862; men mostly from Bedford County; mustered out at Knoxville, June 25, 1865.**

NAME OF SOLDIER:		Reid, Elisha C.			(2-11-8)
NAME OF DEPENDENT:		Widow,	Reid, Mary C.		
SERVICE:		Co. 10. Tenn. Inf.			
DATE OF FILING.	CLASS.	APPLICATION NO.	CERTIFICATE NO.	STATE FROM WHICH FILED.	
1901 Apr. 13	Invalid.	1266.117	1069.647	Tenn.	
1902 Jul. 14	Widow,	1176689	921344	Tenn.	
	Minor,				
ATTORNEY:		Claimant.			
REMARKS:					

To this union was born **three children**:

A. Mary Tennessee "Tennie" Reid was born on 27 July 1872 and died at the age of 77 from a Cerebral Hemorrhage in Lewisburg, Marshall County on 8 December 1948. She is buried at McCurdy Cemetery and according to informant, Clayton Long, her parents are listed as Elisha C. Reid and Susanna Lovie Ralston (**Death Certificate #49-27846**) She married Robert "Bob" L. Long on 26 April 1891 in Bedford County, Tennessee. They had one adopted son, Clayton Long according to Gerald Reid (**Referred to as "Aunt Tennie" by Elwyn Reid Flury and Gerald Reid and a 1/2 sister to their father Robert Crawford Reid**)

B. Josephine E. Reid was born circa 1875. She is in the 1880 Bedford County census, district 10, sheet #275D with father Elisha C. Reid and step-mother Mary C. Reid. I have not found any further information on her (**Elwyn Reid Flury stated she did not recall a Josephine**)

I was looking at your post on [genforum.genealogy.com/](http://genforum.genealogy.com/) (good information - thanks). I had been researching the Ralston family. (I am descended from Robert Ralston's first son William.) I had known the two youngest daughters had married the same man and noted in the 1880 census that Mary T. and Josaphine E. must have come from Elisha's marriage with Susannah, due to the ages. I was able to trace Mary Tennessee, but, like you, could find no further reference to Josaphine. I was surprised to see a record of a third child (Lassifine) in your post. I looked at your references and confirmed that she existed, but could find no reference to her parents or birth.

It occurred to me that there was a great similarity in the names and ages of Lassifine and Josaphine. I looked again at the actual copy of the census record and my theory is that the two are one and the same. Due to the census-takers poor penmanship and the fading of the document, I think he may have been trying to write Lassifine. The "J" does not look like other "J"s in the record nor does the initial "E" look like other "E"s. I think the "E" is an "O" with an edge faded out. I just wondered what you thought of that theory.

Also, Susannah and Mary Catherine's aunt Catherine (Robert's sister) also married a Reid (lived in Eagleville). I'm not sure of the relationship between Elisha and Joe Catherine Ralston 18 May 1824-3 Dec 1893 m 17 Jan 1850, Joe G. Reid

- I. Martha Reid 21 Feb 1852-24 Oct 1895
- II. Elizabeth Reid 8 Dec 1855- 4 June 1858
- III. Mollie Reid 27 July 1858-6 June 1884
- IV. Elvira (Vide) Reid b.10 Aug 1860-m. R.O.(Dick) Morgan

- A. Martha Catherine Morgan 14 Nov 1896
- B. Erie Morgan 15 Jan 1898-11 May 1972
- C. Eura Morgan 30 March 1901 -November 1983
- D. Richard Carter Morgan 18 Oct 1903-19 Oct 1903
- E. Ollie Morgan 18 Oct 1903 -(twins)

I have recently been fine tuning the Family Tree of Andrew Ralston (my Great great great grandfather). I extracted a portion in the word document attached and added a few comments.

There were several Reids/Reads who married Andrew's descendants and I had not known their relationships. I found a couple of entries on Ancestry.com (one is attached) that shows a pretty thorough family tree for the Reid/Read family. I wanted to get your opinion on it. If it is true it fills in several gaps and makes a lot of sense.

The Reids are:

Josiah G. (married Catherine, Andrew's daughter)

Elisha C. (married Susannah and Mary Catherine, Andrew's grand-daughters)

Robert W. (married Nash, Andrew's great grand-daughter)

So - according to the attached - Josiah and Elisha were half-brothers, and Robert was the son of Elisha's brother Harvey (I think Harvey is listed as "Hary" in the 1850 census) I am well acquainted with the children of Nash and Bob Reid - my mother-in-law's second marriage was to Bill Reid, one of their sons (*emails from Ed Ralston 29 May 2014-edralston722@gmail.com*)

C. Octava Lassifine Reid was born circa 1876 and died after 1940. "Lassie" Garrett is living with her son-in-law Herman W. Wingo and daughter Modena in Nashville in 1940 (Ancestry.com lists Herman's last name as "Wings") Herman is listed as a machine operator at a shoe manufacturer in 1940 as is Modena. Lassifine married Albert Cooper on 8 February 1893 in Bedford County (listed as Albert Cooper and L.O. Read) Two this union was born three children: 1. **Oliver "Ollie" Stephenson Cooper** was born on 26 March 1894 and died from an explosion at an "industrial place" at the age of 50 in Lewisburg, Marshall County on 25 November 1944. He lingered at the Gordon Hospital for twenty hours before succumbing to "brain concussion and chest hemorrhage." He was buried at the Swanson Cemetery in Lewisburg, was a shoemaker, and was married to Lucy Forsythe. His parents are listed as Albert Cooper and Lassie Reed and the informant was Mrs. Ollie S. Cooper (*Death Certificate #24235*) 2. **Mary Lytle Cooper** was born on 17 February 1901 and died at the age of fourteen in Unionville of Typhus Malaria on 24 October 1915. Her parents are listed as Albert Cooper and Lassie Reid and she was buried in the Reid Cemetery. Ollie Cooper of Chapel Hill was the informant (*Death Certificate #480*) 3. **Cecil Cooper** (died in infancy) The 1900 Bedford County census, ED 13, page 5B, family #91 lists Albert Cooper 32, Lassaphene O. 26, and Ollie S. 6. **Octava Reid Cooper** married second to **Wilburn R. Garrett** on 2 April 1908 in Bedford County (listed as W.R Garrett & L.O. Cooper) Two children were born to this union, Ernest and Nonnie Modena Garrett (Gerald Reid stated that Modena married a Herman Wringo who worked at a Methodist publishing house in Nashville. Gerald thinks that Modena died while driving to work. The Garretts are listed in the 1920 Bedford County census as Wilburn R. and Lassie A. Garrette. Wilburn R. (Robert) Garrett was born in Tennessee on 3 May 1869 and died at the age of 64 from a cerebral hemorrhage in Nashville, Tennessee on 15 July 1933. He was a farmer, married to Lassie Reid Garrett, his parents were Jim Garrett and Mary Martin and he was buried at the Spring Hill Cemetery. The informant was Mrs. W.R. Garrett (*Death Certificate #13630*) Findagrave.com lists his parents as Jim Garrett and Mary Martin Garrett and husband of Lassie Reid Garrett (*Gerald Reid and Elwyn Reid Flury referred to Lassifine as Aunt Lassie. She was a 1/2 sister to Gerald's dad, Robert Crawford Reid*)

**From the Shelbyville Gazette-1933:** Wilbour Robert Garrett died in Nashville where he resided. He was buried at Mt. Olivet. His wife was Mrs. Lassie Reid Garrett. They had 3 sons; Elgin, Willie, and Ernest Garrett. They also had 3 daughters; Stella and Modena Garrett of Nashville and Mrs. R.C. Ursey of Monticello KY.

**Elisha Crawford Reid** married second to **Mary Catherine "Kitty" Ralston** on 11 December 1887 in Rutherford County, Tennessee. She was born in Tennessee on 6 January 1857 and died at the age of 68 of Myocarditis in Unionville, Bedford County on 26 June 1925(*Death Certificate #291*) Her parents were **Robert Ralston** and **Minerva Manier**. She is a sister to Susanna L. Ralston. To this union was born **eight children**:

D. Susanna Washington Reid was born in Bedford County on 24 September 1879 and died at the age of 67 at the Bedford County Hospital of "Malignant Hypertension/Chronic Myocarditis/Malignant Bladder on 8 March 1947. She is buried at Cedar Grove Cemetery (*Death Certificate #4136*) She married John Edward Osteen on 5 September 1901 in Bedford County. To this union was born seven children: Leslie Reid Osteen, Herman Osteen, Theodore Francis Osteen, John Richard Osteen, Paul Osteen (died about 1943 in the service) Margaret Osteen, and Neal Osteen.

E. Dora Jane Reid was born on 29 August 1881 and died at the age of 86 in May 1967 in Parsons, Decatur Tennessee. She married George Landes Wortham on 25 October 1903 in Bedford County and to this union was born three children: George Landis Wortham, Herbert Patterson Wortham, and Charles Brister Wortham. She is with George and sons in 1920 and 1930 in Parsons, Decatur Tennessee. They have a "negro" servant, Lola Menzies 17, in 1930.

F. Lillie Pearl Reid was born circa 1884 and departed this life on Sunday, 20 September 1885. The Reid family bible says, "*Lillie Pearl Reid departed this life September the 20<sup>th</sup> on Sunday 1885*"

G. Alta Rebecca Reid was born on 19 April 1886 and died on 1 December 1977 in Shelbyville. She married William Oscar Eads. They had an infant child who died at birth (*See biography on Wm. O. Eads above*)

H. **Robert Crawford Reid** was born on 1 February 1888 in Unionville, Bedford County and died of a "Cerebral Hemorrhage-Hypertension" in Franklin County at the Emerald-Hodgson Hospital on 4 January 1954 (*see notes below on Robert Crawford Reid*)

I. Emma Lee Reid was born on 14 February 1890 and died on 10 January 1981 and is buried at the Unionville Cemetery in Bedford County. She married Jason Landis Dickens on 28 April 1890 and to this union was born three children: Beatrice Dickens, Edith Dickens, and Karen Dickens.

J. Maggie Madena/Modena Reid was born on 14 December 1891 and died in Bedford County, Tennessee at the age of 99 in February 1990. She married Benjamin Amos Green who was born in Nance, Tennessee on 23 December 1898. Records show B.A. Green married Margaret M. Reid on 23 February 1918 in Bedford County. Amos registered for the WWI Draft at the age of 21 on 5 June 1917 and states that he was a farmer, was tall with a slender build and had brown eyes and black hair (*Card #19*) To this union was born three children: William Crawford Green, Benjamin Harold Green (d. December 1969) and Betty Ruth Green.

K. William Arthur Reid was born 2 May 1896 and died circa 1932. He was living with his parents in 1920 in Bedford County. He died at the age of 36. He registered for the WWI Draft at the age of 21 on 5 June 1917, states that he is single, a farmer, lived at Chapel Hill, born in Bedford County and that he was of medium height, had a slender build, with dark blue eyes and dark brown hair (*Card #35*)

**3. Robert Crawford Reid** was born on 1 February 1888 in Unionville, Bedford County Tennessee and died of a "Cerebral Hemorrhage-Hypertension" in Franklin County at the Emerald-Hodgson Hospital on 4 January 1954 (*Death Certificate 54-02632*) He married **Margaret "Maggie" Eads** on 18 June 1911 in Bedford County. He was a Methodist preacher. Crawford registered for the WWI Draft at the age of 29 in Idabel, McCurtain County Oklahoma on 5 June 1917. He states that he was in ministry, has a wife and child; is tall, slender, with blue eyes and dark hair. He further "claims that he has spinal trouble caused from a fall." To this union was born eight children: Lewis Winston Reid, Dorothy Rebecca Reid, Mary Elwyn Reid, Gerald Crawford Reid, Clarice Pauline Reid, Emma Jean Reid, Robert Marion Reid, and William Elisha Reid. Gerald Reid told me that they lost a lot of things in a fire that took the parsonage house. "A house across the street was on fire and the parsonage house caught on fire when the fire jumped the road and caught the house on fire." (*See biography of Maggie Eads and this family above. Picture to left of Crawford and Maggie Eads Reid circa 1930's*)



### Letter written by the Reverend Robert Crawford Reid describing his service years as a preacher

Dear Bother,

In answer to your letter received concerning my service years in the Methodist Presbyterian Church. I joined the Annual Conference of the Methodist Presbyterian Church in (the) fall of 1911. (I) served (the) Liberty Circuit in Rutherford County, Tennessee 2 years. In (the) fall of 1913 I went to Westminster, MD and attended grad school at Western, Maryland College. June 1914. Then in September (I) entered W.M. College, but did not stay the entire year as I became sick so (I) came back to Tennessee. In 1915 I was sent to the Backland Circuit in Kentucky, which belonged to (the) Tennessee Conference. At the end of that year I went under the direction of the Board of Home Missionary Methodist Presbyterian Church and was sent to Idabel, Oklahoma. It was there I was ordained Elder and sent to Mansfield, Arkansas in 1917-18; from there to Cauthron, Arkansas 1919. These appointments belong (the) Oklahoma Conference. In 1920 I served Bethlehem Church in Kansas; at that time near Pab (?) Kan. My father became ill. I returned to Tennessee and joined the M.E.S. (Methodist Episcopal Church South) in 1923. It appears he lists the number of years of service as follows: 2 years in Mansfield, Arkansas, 1 year in Cauthron, Arkansas, both which were in the Oklahoma Conference. 1 year at Bethlehem Church in the Kansas Conference.

## Some Reid/Reed Census Information

The **1850 Rutherford County, Tennessee census, family #165** shows Robert Reed 54, Martha 36, Jane 20, **Elisha** 6, Henry 4, and Jerusha 1. Next door, family #166, is Mary Reed 76, born in Virginia, and William Reed 45, born in Tennessee and is listed as “Idiotic.” This may be Robert’s mother and brother as she is living with him in 1860.

The **1850 Williamson County census, page 229-230, family #556** shows J. Carson (b. VA-farmer) E. 52 (b. VA-female) A. 26 (b. TN-female) T/F 24 (b. TN-male-farmer) S. 21 (b. TN-male-farmer) and M. 19 (b. TN-female) Value of real estate owned was \$1000.

The **1860 Eagleville, Williamson County census** shows James Carson 70, Ellen 60, Fan 33, and Mary 31.

The **1860 Rutherford County, Tennessee census, Versailles P.O.** shows Robt Reed 63, E. 46, E.J. 21, Jas/James 17. E. 15, H. 13, J. 11, M. 8, S. 6, Sam 4, J. 2, and Mary Reed 87.

The **1870 Rutherford County, Tennessee census, p. 382, family #168** shows Robert Reed 73 VA, Elvira 55 TN, James M. 27, **Elisha C.** 26, Harry P. 23, Minas C. 18, Syrena 15, Samuel C. 13, Jasper E. 11, and Mary J. Carson 32. Robert is listed as a farmer. His real estate is valued at \$15,000 and his personal estate is valued at \$6,000. I suppose that Mary J. Carson is Elvira’s sister.

The **1880 Bedford County, Tennessee census, district 10, p 275** shows Elisha C. Reed 35, Mary C. 23, Mary T. 7, Josephine E. 5, and Susanna W. 8. Elisha is listed as a farmer.

The **1890 Census** lists, for most states, were lost in a fire. An **1890 Veteran’s Census** was conducted to make up for the loss. On Ancestry.com there is a listing for an **Elisha C. Reed** from Bedford County, Tennessee. He may have served with Co. E, 10<sup>th</sup> Tennessee Infantry-U.S.

The **1900 Bedford County, Tennessee census, district 11, family #122** shows Elisha C. Reed 55, Mary C. 42, Susie W. 20, Dora J. 18, Alta B. 14, Robert C. 12, Emma L. 10, Maggie M. 8, and William A. 4. Both Elisha and Mary Catherine Ralston list their and their parent’s place of birth as Tennessee. Mary states that at this time she is the mother of 8 children, with 7 living.

The **1910 Bedford County, Tennessee census, district 11, p. 3, family #53** shows Elisha C. Reed 65, Mary C. 53, Altarduca 24, Robert C. 22, Emma L. 20, Maggie M. 18, and William A. 13.

The **1920 Bedford County, Tennessee census, sheet 8** shows Elisha C. Reid 75, Mary C. 62 and William A. 23. Neither Elisha nor Mary is in the 1930 census as they both have passed away by that time.

The **1930 Franklin, Tennessee, Huntland census, sheet 2B, family #54** shows Robert C. Reid 42, Marguerite E. 38, Lewis W. 14, Dorothy R. 12, Mary E. 10, Gerald C. 7, Clarice P. 6, and Emma J. 2.

The **1920 Scott County, Arkansas census, sheet 1** shows Robert C. Reid 31, Margaret 28, Lewis W. 4, Dorothy R. 2, and Mary E. 1

## LETTERS THROUGH TIME

Below you will find examples of letters that have been given to me over time, the bulk of which, though, belonged to Florabel Potts Poore. I believe she kept every letter and Christmas card that was ever written to her or those in her family. The tremendous amount of material was overwhelming and included not only letters from family and friends, but also old boy friends. When she passed away these items were collected from shoeboxes, coffee cans, garbage bags, drawers and baskets and files throughout her house, attic, basement, and garage. These were kept and sorted through and then distributed to relevant members of the family. An attempt is also being made to return the letters from old boy friends to surviving members of said boyfriends. It seems the right thing to do; throwing them away is not an option. A great deal of paper items, such as church bulletins, obituaries, wedding announcements, old newspaper articles, and related material has also been sorted and distributed to places such as the McClung Collection, Ft. City United Methodist Church, and various historical societies and libraries in Shelbyville and Lawrenceburg. I am thankful these letters still exist for they give a great insight into the life, times, events, and tragedies of those associated with the Potts, Eads, Reid, and Sudberry Clans. What a wealth of information for us to look back on. Just a note, there were plenty of letters, like Mrs. Lizzie Puckett Potts, that had very little punctuation

or capital letters, thus making it very hard to decipher where a sentence started or ended. I tried to correct this. If it seems that sentences were cut short or letters or words left out, they were, and I left them alone. However, I had to doctor the punctuation and other grammatical errors of many letters for the sake of clarity. I put last names in parentheses in order to identify individuals for future generations.

**Memory Book poems and well wishes to Dora Bell Robinson (Eads) from various relatives and friends. Not sure the occasion for these thoughts, but imagine that they were written on the near occasion of her marriage to William Winston Eads on 26 January 1886.**

Dear Dora,  
May your future long and prosperous,  
Happiness and sunshine ever shine over your path,  
And tinge all the clouds that over hang your future  
With golden huse. (Hues)  
Your devoted Aunt- **Janett Robinson**-16 March 1885.

To Dora,  
Remember me when far away,  
And there friends you meet  
Think of me when with the gay  
And social charms you greet.  
Think of me I only ask  
This simple boon of thee (**Boon: A benefit bestowed, especially one bestowed in response to a request**)  
And may it be an easy task  
Sometimes to think of me.  
Lovingly your sister, **Emma (Belle Robinson)** 22 March 1885.

There are few in this wide  
World whose Friendship and  
Love is True, but Dora when  
You count them out, Place me  
Among the few.  
**W.W.E. (William Winston Eads)**

To Dora Belle R.  
May your life ever be one of ----  
Is the sincere desire of your cousin.  
**Joe Stokes**-Eagleville, Tenn. 22 January 1885

**Letter from the Connecticut Indemnity Association, Waterbury, Connecticut, to William Winston Eads 28 December 1890.**

Wm. W. Eads, Esq, Belle Buckle, Bedford County Tennessee,

Dear Sir,

Preparatory to making our annual report, we are about to close books for 1890, and must know just what disposition to make of each of our policyholder's account. Our books show your policy to be unpaid for September, and we will esteem it a favor if you will kindly inform us by return mail if it is your intent to allow your policy to cease.

Very respectfully yours,

Wm. Moses-cashier

**Letter to Uncle Will (Eads) from Sallie Cannon, Wylie, Texas, on 5 February 1892 on stationary with a letterhead that reads: W.B. CANNON & CO. Dry Goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps and Trunks. Fairly certain this was written to William Winston Eads from his niece Sallie McDonald Cannon. Sallie McDonald married W.B. Cannon on 4 March 1891 in Johnson, Texas.**



Dear Uncle Will,

I'm going to write you again, have written you several times in the last few months, but don't think I have heard from you since I married, which was eleven months ago. Annie Married a Mr. Phillips the 2<sup>nd</sup> (?) of this month; he is a farmer and lives about one mile from ----. (Can't make this out-faded) He is a steady man, has a very pretty little place. The wedding was as quiet as it could be. Our store was burned the last of Nov. (?) Had but very little insurance, stock about \$10,000. I use (?) \$3,350 and will not get all of that, saved a few goods; are building a brick this time and will commence business again as soon as it is completed. Uncle Will, I suppose you have heard of Papa's death. He died the 9<sup>th</sup> of December, was only sick a short time, was so hard to give up. It seems like all our trouble comes at once. Papa and Grandpa and then Uncle Mc (?) wrote that they did not think Grandma could recover. We have not heard anything more. Mama will make her home with me, of course she will stay with Ann some, but Papa had some rooms built to my house as Mama could help me. My health has been so bad I haven't been able to do anything much till now. I'm getting a great deal better, could not get any help and I had to stay at Mama's or she here; so we thought it would be easier and better to be together. Oh, all expect a long letter from you. We all send love to Dora (Bell Robinson Eads) and the children. P.S. I'm so nervous, can't write very well. Wiley has gone on a visit to Eastern Texas, no one here but Mama, Myrtle, my husband's little girl, and myself. His partner Mr. Clayton boards here and stays with us at nights. **(Mary Jane Eads was born circa 1840 and married on 19 October 1867 to T. J. McDonald in Roane County, Tennessee. She had two girls, Sally and Annie. Elwyn Reid Flury stated, too, that this was written by Sallie McDonald Cannon)**

Lovingly,

Sallie Cannon.

**Letter from Dora Bell Robinson Eads to, I believe, her step-daughter (Lena) Pearl Eads Wortham from Rays Chapel, Tennessee, April the (?) 1894. (Rays Chapel was a post office in Bedford County as of 1894) Pearl married Tom Wortham.**

Dear Pearl,

I have delayed answering your letter on account of not having any envelopes. You know how it is here about getting anything. There is hardly ever any passing to the store now since Tom (Wortham) left. You have no idea how much we miss you and Tom. We had a letter from him not long since he -----in his letter to Josie that he was going to see you last Sunday. Josie was up here this morning. She says Mr. Sherren wants her to go with him to see you. She is expecting a letter from you every day. Emma (Belle Robinson) & the children came out last Friday, staid until Sunday eve. John helped Mr. Eads (William Winston) plant corn yesterday. (Not sure, may say Jim Lynch & Mary -----today. He is getting along very well with his crop, has got one more little piece to plant. My garden is looking very well, have got 35 little chickens & three hens sitting. I am not trying to raise many this year, my hens are dying with the cholera. T. W. & Melvin Crowell staid all night with us 2 weeks ago. Etta Lysh (?) & the school teacher staid at Dillas (?) last night.

We had a letter from Will since you left. He says he is coming home the 4<sup>th</sup> of July. You wanted me to send you the quilt pattern. Mine was a little larger than yours. You can rip one of your squares and get a pattern. (Illegible, faded line) Have been spinning and quilting, just got a quilt out yesterday. Partheny & Fanny spent the day with me yesterday. I will try to come down this summer. The children are all well. Maggie (Eads Reid) is just as sweet as she can be. We went fishing the other day, caught a nice mess of eats. I will close. (Illegible, faded line) Write soon and often. Give my love to all the family.

Dora Eads

**Letter from Maggie Eads Reid to Henrietta Eads Potts on 9 January 1910 from Chickasha, Oklahoma to Unionville, Tennessee.**

Dear folks at home,

I am now in Chickasha, got here alright. Uncle John (Robinson) grabbed me soon after I got off the train. I got awfully tired, but feel pretty good now, just ate dinner. We got here about nine this morning. Aunt Emma Belle (Robinson) and Louis and Kate (Robinson?) have all had the grippe, but are better. Kate and her man are here; have not seen Charley (Robinson) yet. I meant to send you a card at Nashville and forgot it there. Fixed one on the train; thought I would mail it at Little Rock. Gave it to Uncle John to mail, but he didn't have time as Uncle John was in a hurry to go to town. Will close. Will write again in a few days. **(Elywn Reid Flury stated that her mother, Maggie, told her of her trip to see her Uncle John Robinson and that she brought back a pair of beaded moccasins, which she kept for years, but lost them in a house fire)**

Margaret

**A letter from Henrietta Eads Potts to her sister Annie Eads Sudberry in Nashville, Tennessee on 29 April 1918.**

Dear little sister,

I have been wanting to write to you a long time, but have so much to do and it takes me a long time to write a letter. This is my third attempt to write to you. We are all well except Earl (Potts) has a real bad cold, had to stay at house Sat. We all went up town Sat. afternoon, didn't buy much. I have been trying to sew some, made me a light calico dress & white waist, Ernest a white sag waist and Florabel two dresses. I get along so slow. Florabel is crawling all over the place. I don't let her on floor much. When I do I put a pair of Ernest's pants or rompers on her and let her go. She sure enjoys crawling. She can stand alone and walk by us leading her by one hand and can say lots of words, waves her hand and says "dye dye." She attracts lots of attention, (even in Nashville) not afraid of anybody. Ernest has lots of little girls to play with. He doesn't ever get out on sidewalk with out asking me. I sure have some good neighbors. One especially who lives in the same yard with us. Tynr (Turner?) is their name. He is a parcel post mail carrier here. Mrs. Tynr is a very fine woman. She came over to see me last week or the week before and offered her telephone or to do anything for me any time. She gave me a nice mess of mustard. Mrs. Lyle came to see me and Mrs. Couch came to see me and brought her little grandbaby. Our hens are laying very well, get about two dozen eggs a day and get .40 cents per doz. for them in trade from grocery man and cash from neighbors. We have not sold any hens. I guess you still go home most every Sat. night or Sun. I have not heard from home except a post card from Lizzie (Moon Eads) I want us to go home in May if we can, but hate for Earl (Potts) to have to loose time from work. He is carpentering at the board, (cant make out this word) likes it fine; has not wanted to move back yet. I got a letter from Pearl (Eads Wortham) and one from Maggie (Eads Reid) the same day. I enjoyed the letters, you can tell Pearl I will write to her as soon as I can. I got the pictures, they cost about eight cents each. I will send Mag's (Maggie Eads Reid) letter too for you to read and you can carry it home when you go for papa (Wm. W. Eads) to read. Write to me real soon and tell all the news. How is Mrs. Sudberry & girls? Well I hope. I guess Manor (Sudberry) is putting in full time farming. Come to see me. You can let Emmitt (Eads) have one of these pictures.

Your sister Henrietta

**A letter to Grandpaw Eads, William Winston Eads, from his daughter Henrietta Eads Potts 24 December 1923 from Nashville, Tennessee.**

My dear papa,

As it is Xmas and I will not get to go to see you will write a few lines. I sure wish we could go down there and be there for the Christmas tree, but cannot. Earl has been working over time all week. He got in nine days in six. (That many hours) Santa has been right good to me. Friday Earl (Potts) had a kitchen cabinet, high stool, and linoleum for kitchen sent out as a complete surprise to me. They sure are nice. I don't know when we will get to move and have no idea where we can find a house. Earl is sorry the Neily place is rented. We may have to do worse than move to it. I sure wish we were able to send presents to all our folks, but there are so many that I could never get around. I hope no one is disappointed. Earl bought ten White legon (Leghorn?) Pullets and rooster. We already had five hens (Plymouth Rocks) Got one egg this morning, the first in a long time. Eggs are selling for .50 cts. a doz. Florabel has read through her reader. She learns right fast. Ernest has a cold, but has been better since his tonsils were taken out, hasn't had as many colds. Charles got his ankle sprained right bad a few weeks ago, could not walk a step for several days, but is about all right now. It hurts him some times. I feel much better and stronger than I did in the summer, but have a cold. I must close now and get this mailed. Do hope you keep well. All send love to you and all.

Lovingly,

Henrietta

**Letter from Henrietta Eads Potts to the manager of the Saturday Barn Dance Program at the W.S.M Broadcasting Station in Nashville, Tenn. on 15 July 1931. Written from Chapel Hill, Tenn.**

Dear Sir,

I enjoy old time fiddle and guitar music best of all. It some how thrills me as no other music can, as I used to pick the guitar, myself, in accompaniment with my father (Wm. W. Eads) on fiddle. It brings back those happy memories of twenty-five years ago. Now I am not a faultfinder, but I do wish you would make a change and put on a better grade of musicians than some you have. There is no music to me in Dr. Humphry Bates' gang, whooping, patting, beating & banging. We usually turn the dial and hunt elsewhere for the Barn Dance music when he comes on. And I consider Uncle Dave Macon in same class. The trio you had on last Sat. night, Doris Macon and the other two were not much better. Also D. Ford Bailey and his Negro blues gets very tiresome. They would do to listen to once a year perhaps. Now I know there are lots of good fiddlers in this state as I have heard them in old fiddler's contests and I'm sure your listeners would welcome a change, as all my friends fill just the same way about it as I do. I enjoy good guitar music very much. Fiddle with guitar & piano accompaniment is my favorite instrumental music if done smoothly without any cackling, crowing, or gobbling. Perhaps you will say if you don't like it you don't have to listen, just turn your dial and that is what we do, when I would like so much to listen. **(Dorris Macon, Dave's son, DeFord Bailey was known for his harmonica playing on the Grand Ole Opry)**

Yours for plain talk,

Mrs. E.N Potts

**Letter from a Mrs. C.F. Taylor to Ernest Potts on 27 August 1931 from Nashville, Tennessee.**

My dear Ernest,

Robert received your letter yesterday, so glad to hear from you. Ernest, I am sorry I asked you to stay with us and go to school without talking to Mr. Taylor first. He thinks we have too little room, and if Grandmother was to get sick we would have to take her for we are all she has. So you see it is best to not take anyone to stay with us. I am sorry for we all think a great deal of you and would like to have had you with us. We want to come next week if it is dry. Mary has been sick this week, she goes back to school the 14<sup>th</sup> of September and we'll let you know what day. Please do not go to a lot of trouble for me. Hoping to see you soon. Regards to all.

Mrs. C.F. Taylor

**Letter from Kathleen Stump to Mrs. Potts from Nashville, Tennessee on 11, 1932.**

Dear Mrs. Potts,

I surely did have a lovely time while I was in Chapel Hill. Thank you so much for all you did for me. Please tell Mr. Potts, Florabel, and Charles that I certainly appreciate everyone's being so nice to me. I surely enjoyed knowing all of you, and thank you again for such a pleasant weekend. **(Uncle Charlie Potts told me, looking back on it now, that it does seem rather odd that Ernest's girlfriend came and stayed with them. He said the Stumps were a pretty well to do family in Nashville, better off than them he said, seeing that Kathleen was going to Vanderbilt)**

Sincerely,

Kathleen Stump

**Letter from Ernest Potts and girl friend Kathleen Stump to his parents in Chapel Hill. Written from Nashville regarding his bout with appendicitis. Monday 13 Feburary 1933.**

Hello folks,

Well, I've got bad news this time. I have another attack of appendicitis I guess. I had to come home from lab this evening and went to bed. I've just called the Dr. and he'll be out after a while. I know he will say operate, but I can't make up my mind to let him do it. If I get any worse I'll call the Drug store for you. Don't worry about me though; I'll be alright. I got your package today, thanks for sending the gloves. Well, I'll have to rush since its time for the mail now. Write! Will write more later. (Notation on card: Operated on Tuesday 14<sup>th</sup>, 5:30 – 7:00)  
Yours, Ernest.

**Letter from Ernest Potts and girl friend Kathleen Stump to his parents in Chapel Hill. Written from Nashville regarding his bout with appendicitis. Friday, 17 Feburay 1933 P.M.**

Dear Mrs. Potts,

I've just come from the hospital and Ernest is doing fine. He said to tell you he feels lots better. I've been over every day and sometimes twice. Robert Taylor was there this afternoon. Thanks so much for the Marigold seed, I know we'll enjoy them. Please let me know if there's anything you want done for Ernest.

Kathleen

**Letter from Ernest Potts and girl friend Kathleen Stump to his parents in Chapel Hill. Written from Nashville regarding his bout with appendicitis. Saturday, 19 February 1933.**

Dear Mrs. Potts,

Ernest is still doing fine. He says he feels lots better since he's been having something to eat, chicken broth and oyster soup. Dr. Zerfass (?) said this afternoon that they would probably remove the stitches sometime tomorrow. Everybody at school simply swamps me with questions about how he is.

Yours,

Kathleen (Stump)

**From circa 14 April 1936 to circa 30 September 1937 Florabel apparently dated Marshall Metz Eldridge from Lewisburg, Tennessee. He addressed about eight letters, most on Serv-U-Station stationary with 3 cent stamps, to Miss. Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill. Many of the letters are poorly punctuated, rambling, and done in a hurry it seems. I have added some punctuation when needed. Florabel's diary mentions dates with Marshall quite a few times. The letters mention Lucille and Marion and Mr. and Mrs. Potts to name a few. The Serv-U-Station was owned by F.S. Ludington. Marshall Metz Eldridge was born ca. 1909 in or around Lewisburg, Tenn. and died on 6 March 1966. His obituary states that he died Sunday in a local Marshall County hospital at the age of 59 following surgery. He was the son of William B. and Carrie Kerr Eldridge. Native of Marshall Co. and attended Richland Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He is buried at Spring Place Cemetery. Survived by Mrs. William Petty, Mrs. William Whitsett, and Mrs. W.G. Wall of Lewisburg, Tennessee and Mrs. Clyde Sowell of Anaheim, California. The pallbearer was Foster Eldridge. I was contacted by Wanda West, a second cousin to Marshall, after putting a query at Genforum.com and will send his letters to her.**

**Letter from Marshall M. Eldridge to Miss Florabel Potts on 14 April 1936. From Lewisburg, TN.**

Dearest Florabel,

Here I am still living. Are you (?) What did you do for Easter (?) I drove around most of the day, Tenn. River sure was moving. Your mother did not get you Sat. nite for staying out late; I did not know it was that late. I have been expecting the call from you. Call me the next time you come to town. Phone 219 in day time, 3221 at night. Yours until I see you.

Marshall Eldridge of the Electric Service Shop-Lewisburg Tenn.

**Letter from Marshall M. Eldridge to Miss Florabel Potts on Monday 13 July 1936. From Lewisburg, TN.**

Dear Florabel,

How is my little woman this hot afternoon (?) I have almost melted. That couple said they could not go Sunday, the girl said she could not go that day. Well we will go this fall some time. Will see you about Sunday nite. Yours for ever.

M.M.E.

**Letter from Marshall M. Eldridge to Miss Florabel Potts on Thursday, 20 August 1936. Written from Lewisburg, Tennessee.**

How are you Florabel(?) I am away from home in the big city and have been since Monday. Saw my little --- Monday moon (?) as I was going to work. Have you been fishing this week (?) Saw Mary last night, will be in Chapel Hill today at school house and Tony's new place. When is the fair you were talking about, this week or next (?) Will see you Sunday if you don't here from me. Here I am all of the time.

M.M. Eldridge

**Letter from Marshall M. Eldridge to Miss Florabel Potts on Wednesday, 14 October 1936. Written from Lewisburg, Tennessee on plain, lined paper.**

How is the girl (?) Having a big time (?) I am working all of the time, ask Flora May. Bill is going on a wedding tripe Sunday. I wanted to go, but Bill had more practice with the wedding ma---- and I could not go. You have met the gal that is getting married. They are going to Florida on there honey moon. I would like to go with them, but they wouldn't let me. Will see you Sat. nite if you are not doing other things if it is OK with the little woman. If not O.K. call 54 at noon or 120 5:30 P.M. Bill will be using the car. If O.K. Sat. nite don't call. Marshall.

**Letter from Marshall M. Eldridge to Miss Florabel Potts on 6 July 1937. Written from Lewisburg or Belfast Tennessee on Serv-U-Station stationary.**

How is the gal! Did you live thru the 4<sup>th</sup> and 5<sup>th</sup> (?) Well I did. I had a big day though (it) did not look you were (having a big day) I saw you at Kuhns (?), you looked liked you did not a friend in the world, but you did say you answered my letter right off. Well I am not that fast, been rushed. Is Marbury going to stay all summer, ha. What did you do on the birthday, I wondered. Mother said she saw you. She does not know that I have not been at your house for over one month. Did you stay for the fire works (?) I did not see you any more. There were not much. So Lucille has beaten (?) your time (?) She should not do that. I will see her about that for that is not right. You were not expecting to see me the other evening in Chapel Hill neither was I expecting to see you. Are you going to town this week (?) If you do sound the horn. Well I ges I have answered everything you ask in the letter if not you ask again. Well I got to go home again, be good and write some more.

Marshall Metz Eldridge  
Belfast Tenn. R.1.

**Letter from Marshall M. Eldridge to Miss Florabel Potts on Thursday, 28 July 1937. Written from Lewisburg, Tennessee on Serv-U-Station stationary.**

Howdy Little Woman:

How are you now (?) Well I am working my self to death, no kidding though I am going to quit it. Have you been to town this week? Say why don't you Chapel Hill people have a party and say nothing about it. ha. Was in Chapel Hill school house Wed. afternoon. Are you still going places, I have been going places and doing things, but I am going to slow down. I am with A. Gant and Mary most every week. It has been so long sence I read your letter do know if I am answering any thing you ask or not. When I call Lucille (Jernigan)I want to see you a few minutes, but that is all right forget it, got to go. If you can't read this call me and just forget it. Yours a long time,

M.M. Eldridge

**Letter from Marshall M. Eldridge to Miss Florabel Potts on Thursday, 13 August 1937. Written from Lewisburg, Tennessee on un-lined paper.**

Dear Florabel,

How are you doing. O.K. I received your letter yesterday, glad to hear from you most any time. I know I have been writing ----- letters but I have been writing in such an hurry that most of the time I did not know what I was writing. Yes you still see Marion. Well that is O.K. I ges, ha. You had a Big Party you did, you went on an hay ride for I happened to be in Chapel Hill and see part of this around about 8:30. Well Lucille told me about it that morning. Yes I have been stepping out but I did know I was stepping out on you; why do you care, ha. You said not to come to see you, well I don't go places that they tell m e not to come back, when I have an Invitation and I have been look for that ha ha. Which girl are you taling about (?) They are all nice girls, most of them look good I think, don't know what you would think, thou I would n ot want to do any thing that would hurt you any way if I know, ha. Say you said something about hurting me. I ges I am hurt proof, what do you think (?) If I did not hurt you in any way I am glad to know it. Back to the girls, I am dating four, sometimes more. I have had two dates a day, one time had three. Talking about news, we have it. I mean we are gilling (?) T.V.A and there is plenty of caring on. They dug holes in our lot yesterday, it won't be long now. I will have to wire my home some nite. Do you want to help me (?) I went to meeting all last week. A woman was the preacher. I could not step out last week. I came through Chapel Hill Monday nite, and Sunday, had been to Nashville to see on Sara out on the Hillsboro Road about taking a trip. You know I told you I might go someplace. Well Sara Sonibody (?) is taking a trip 2200

miles, that's 2200 x 2 = 4400 miles on the road and two or three weeks; may not go, will if she calls. If I don't go (on) this one will go (on) some other one so listen for me. How did Lucille like my friend Sunday (?)

Tell Mr. and Mrs. Potts I said hello. I am going to stop and see them some time. Maby they won't tell me not to come back ha ha. That picture was fine of you, did not know who it was for a while. I think I will have it enlarged. When are you going to send it, I don't believe you are. Did you call for me (?) one Sat. nite, some one did. I could not find who it was. Ask every one but you an since it was not you, ha. When are you going to let the old man come back, never ha. When have you seen Sammy and June (?) Marion still treats you nice, it would greve me to know he did not. It is good to think of good old days when you Rated 75 of 100% with a girl, but when your so s--- -- that you can not even get a date that is bad. Do I get blue when I think of it (?) You don't ever get blue overt that do you (?) I have had lots of fun here of late, but not like we use to have, Ane (?) got married. Edner Culbertson told me she could not cook. Do I feel for that boy. I have not seen Mary and gant (?) for over a week but probly see them this week end. You won't be looking for this letter so soon, but this first time I have had time to wright-rite in a long time. Please try to read this if you can. Say girl you would k---ot me for I don't care for nothing now. I still keep my head. I would not give a dime to date the late Mrs. Simpson, ha ha.

With more love and may God Bless you. Write ofton,

Marshall Eldridge

**Letter from Reuben Logan to Miss Florabel Potts (Poor) on 1 September 1937. From Petersburg, Tennessee to Chapel Hill, Tennessee.**

Dearest Florabel,

Wonder if you're feeling as tired as I? But guess I could feel worse from getting in at almost midnight and working hard all day. Went to a birthday party in Lewisburg; had a rather nice time too. Consisted of mostly of schoolteacher friends my age or approaching the thirty mark. Do you go in for parties etc., etc? Parties for me in the last few years have been kind of slack, but I can remember one I gave and managed to have sixty or seventy in attendance; but it rained and kind of made a wet affair of it. Well, since it looks as if I'll have to be in Petersburg on Saturday night, we'll have to make it Friday night for our date. I don't know whether Jack will come with me or not; said this afternoon he'd let me know to-morrow; says he has to be in a concert at the horse show I believe Friday afternoon. He plays in the school's band you know. So if he can't come I have mentioned it to another friend, but don't know whether he'll come or not; but if he can't you'll know there has something awful happened to me if I do not come. Well, guess I'd better get a lot of sleep to-night. So good bye. Hoping to see you Friday night.

Sincerely yours,

Reuben Logan

**Letter from Marshall M. Eldridge to Miss Florabel Potts on Thursday, 30 September 1937. Written from Belfast, Tennessee on "Hotel Danky-A Swanky Place in Mexico City" stationary.**

Dear Little Woman,

How is the little woman (?) Happy I ges. Well she should be since she got a fellow I know out of the way. Where do you keep your self now (?) I don't never see you! Richard told me he saw you that Monday that you were in town, went in the next door, what were you doing in there (?) After this Monday nite I am no better or worse. I am glad to here of you having big times, for you never had them when I was when I was see you after. Well I never felt better nor had less. See Lucille or Charles in a few weeks. Expecting to see you in a year or two. Wright ofton. M.M. Eldridge (This was the last letter in the stack from him)

**Another bunch of letters, thirty two in all, was written by Harrison "Harry" Anderson Goodman from Cornersville and Knoxville, Tennessee (U.T.) to Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill from 27 December 1938 to 29 June 1939; all being written on un-lined paper in nice cursive script using a true ink pen. Twenty were written from Knoxville while Harry was attending U.T. from 16 June 1938 to 24 May 1939. His last letter was from Cornersville. One of the letters was written from Lewisburg. Florabel was living in Chapel Hill at the time, which is about 23 miles or so north east of Cornersville. Only one letter, fortunately, had a return address with the writer's last name on it, otherwise all of the letters ended simply with "Harry." I was able**

**to contact, through the obituary of Harry's brother Mark K. Goodman, Harry's niece Len Goodman Cavnar who lives in Lewisburg. She stated that Harry married and at some point moved to Loudon County, Tennessee. He was born 12 June 1913 and died on 29 November 2002. He had no children and was cared for by Len's cousin, Ginger Wilson. Harry had a brother Marlin and a sister Marie Goodman Beach. They were children of the late John Marlin, Sr. and Katherine Kennedy Goodman.**

**Nine letters from Charles Ellis Wallace in Knoxville, Tennessee to Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee began on 25 April 1938 and ended on 30 January 1939 from Knoxville as well. He was another love interest I suppose and was not only competing with Harry Goodman for Florabel's attention and time, but apparently ended up rooming with Harry while at U.T. I'm still not sure where he is from, but his birthday is 8 January according to Florabel's diary. He seems to be from somewhere other than Lewisburg.**

**Letter from Ellis Wallace while attending U.T. at 1408 West Clinch Avenue to Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 24 April 1938.**

Dear Florabel,

Well, here I am, and in order to carry out my promise here it goes. I am shooting into a clear sky and I hope it strikes right. So far I like (it) fine but I am afraid I will not like this boarding place as well as I liked the public (?) Hotel. I have found several up here that I know, and that helps a lot. I am rooming with a boy from Shelby County. I think he is head over heels in love with some girl. I wish that I could have talked to you longer but R.T. was on his toes to leave. If you see Harry (Goodman) before I do, which I am sure you will, tell him hello. That might go for all our friends. There only one thing I would like to ask of you and that is, not to love any one else too much, because you know how jealous I am. I want you to hear all you can and please write me so that I may know what the people think of me down there. You may wonder why I acted so funny last Thursday nite but for one reason I was worn out with the trip up here and back and another reason was I had a feeling that was the last date I would have with you in a good while. You may think that I don't care but I sure do. Maybe I had better stop and see how this much suits.

Love Always,

Ellis

**Letter from Ellis Wallace at 1408 West Clinch Avenue to Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on Sunday nite 2 May 1938(All of his letters where written while attending U.T.)**

Dearest Florabel,

I was about to top cotton when at last that letter did come and was it raining when it got here. I saw Jane one day last week and I saw Etta and Virginia last nite up town. So far that's about all the news except that I like fine, in fact much better than I thought I would. All it like being complete is having you and Harry up here, I think you should come this fall at least. I don't have much work to do up here, all I have to do tomorrow is make a 5 minute talk in English and Tuesday we have an exam in Economic. I have already made a 2 minute talk in English and have 3 more to make, 2-8 minutes and 1-10 minutes. When I get through with all that I think I will be qualified for Governor or at least Senator. Don't you? I think that your letters are all right, but I don't know how long this one a week rate will hold out with me. They may get to pressing me so strong in class that I will have (to) let go of the letters. I know that mine are worse than bad. If anyone asks you about my resignation you just say that you don't know or that you didn't hear me say. Mr. Nunly will tell when he thinks best. I feel sorry for any woman who tries to teach the 7<sup>th</sup> grade next year. Remember that I am looking for a letter this week and maybe a little sooner than the other one. You know I care.

Love,

Ellis

**Letter from Ellis Wallace at 1408 West Clinch Avenue to Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on Sunday nite 15 May 1938(All of his letters where written while attending U.T.)**

Dearest Florabel,

I did make out a week but I don't see how I did it, however, I have had a rather good time this week, saw Tom Sawyer Friday nite, and that helped a lot. I think our friend Harry has gone on a writing strike. I haven't heard from him since I have been up here. How many times has he been to see you? I suppose he is still planning on coming up here this summer. How are the Boy Scouts progressing since they got rid of me? You seem to be rather interested in going to school lately. It's all a matter of choice but I would go to a small college first, like T.P.S., or some other place. I don't know much about Maryville but I guess it's all right. But under no condition would I go to G.T.C. (?) Maybe it's just me, but you know me for advice. I feel that it has come to the place that the future demands more education. I made a C+ in English and an 83 in Economics-not so hot; must get to work and stop loafing. If you can't read this send it back and I will type it for you. I sure have been down in the dumps this week because I haven't got a single letter. I saw Billy Park this week. We just can't seem to hear from Chapel Hill. I will be home about June 2 unless something happens between now and then. We get out the 2 and start back the 13. I think maybe I am about ready for a rest. How are all the boys, Howard and Stanley and all the others, maybe Stem and Harry? All I ask is to remember me once in a while as being up here all alone and not acquainted.

Love,

Ellis

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 17 May 1938.**

Dear Florabel,

Please excuse my scribbling hand, but the farm has unnerved me. May I have the pleasure of taking you to Murfreesboro Saturday night to a banquet? If you will go with me, we will leave Chapel Hill about two o'clock and go up there for a club meeting. There will be plenty to do and I am certain you will have a good time, even without me. I may interfere with your good time, but I would like to have the pleasure of taking you. How is the world serving you? I am staying at home, and am trying to be a good boy. I must write to Ellis some time this week, but when night comes I never feel like doing anything except going to bed. Of course writing to you is different. I can always find time to do that and I always enjoy doing it. I certainly thank you for the nice time you have shown me. I always enjoy my time with you and look forward to seeing you again. If you can't go either answer as soon as possible or call me. My telephone number is 4-5 Cornersville Exchange. If you don't call or write I'll expect you to be ready to go. I hope you decide to go with me. Be sweet until I see you again. Until Saturday afternoon good-night and sweet dreams. I love you hon.

Lots of love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 25 May 1938.**

Dearest Florabel,

It seems that I do all the writing, but that is the only way I can get in touch with you, and I must get there before the other man does. The more I see you and am with you, the more I love you. The more I love you the more I want to be with you. That is natural, isn't it? Do you plan to do anything Saturday night? If not, I would like to be with you. If you have anything planned please call me and let me know and I will spend a quiet night at home. Did you have a big hail the other afternoon? All of our wheat was ruined and the corn was whipped all to shreds. Our wheat is a complete loss and some of our corn will have to be planted again. Have you heard from Ellis again? Just forget about him and love me only. I will be satisfied then. I must have all your love or none at all, Is that selfish? I may be a little late Saturday night, if you let me come, and I may be early. Something may prevent me from coming, but as far as I know now I will be there Johnny on the Spot. I hope to be with all my heart. Minnie Lee Shores was very much impressed with your personality and likes you fine. I agreed with her, because I love you more than you will



ever know. I believe you care for me just a little don't you? Not half as much as I would like for you to. Knowing you has certainly been a pleasure and I hope to see lots more of you. I hope I never get so far away and you get so disinterested that I can't come back to see you. You have my heart, so please treat it kindly. I must close as badly as I hate to. Be sweet darling, and think of me once in a while. Keep your chin up and take the world as it comes. I hope and trust that I may be with you Saturday night. If anything prevents you (I) will know that it was unavoidable. Good night and sweet dreams until I see you. I love you darling.

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Ellis Wallace at 1408 West Clinch Avenue to Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 13 June 1938(All of his letters where written while attending U.T.)**

Dear Florabel,

I guess you had a good night Saturday after all, in that Harry is up here now and your try was not all in vain. He didn't like but very little coming back today. I don't think it was the course, it must have been you. To say the least that is all I have heard since I have been up here and it has just about got me down. If it means anything to you I am sorry about last week but I don't see that it could be helped and may be that I could have answered your letter but it might have been very much like it was to brothers or some other member of the family. If did not care do you think I would have come at all? I still say that I can't see why things had to happen the way they did Friday nite. That was what got next to me. If I didn't love you do you think that I could have taken some of the things you said Saturday nite the way that I did? I may be too jealous but if you know how it feels when I think you are out with someone else you would be just the way that I am. I don't blame you but I didn't think that Harry would bite me in the back that way. I know as I have said before I am no angel but when I think that I have an interest I can't help but feel hurt. I will always believe just about all that you have told me but not all, but I can still not figure you and Harry out. I will appreciate a wee bit of explanation if you please. Harry will probably be to see you in 6 weeks but I will stay all thru summer.

Love,

Ellis

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 15 June 1938. This letter is on U.T. stationary, U.T. Station 4122.**

Dearest Florabel,

I believe I promised never to write to you again, if you had a date with Ellis, but I love you and can't tell you who to see and go with I don't suppose. If attention is what you want from Ellis I think I can keep him interested. Please forgive me for not writing sooner, but I have been busy trying to get straightened out. Do I love you? I tried to persuade you that I was and am in love with you, but you don't seem to want to believe me. Believe what you please, but I still love you just the same and am going to make you believe me, if possible. School work began this morning and I have plenty to do. They won't let me stay up here but six weeks so I'll probably be home before long. The Lord willing I expect to see and be with you before long. I don't know what Ellis has told you about me, but please don't believe anything he tells until I have a chance to defend myself. I'm not going to tell anything on him, unless you ask about it. I expect to spend Sat. afternoon and probably Sunday with Moon Crownover at the State Asylum. He is an old friend that I used to run around with at College. We like the cooperative dormitory fine and both had to wait on the table at dinner. I don't know what our next job will be. I thought I was going to have to come home last Monday, but they finally consented to let me stay a short while. Maybe they will let me stay all year from now on. "Do what you are told and shut up" is our motto. Are you working very hard? Take care of yourself and let me hear from you often. I will try to write once a week if you care to write that often. I haven't any news now, but maybe I will have as time goes on. This I do know, I love you. Give all of our friends my regards until I see them. Be sweet and stay as pure as you are. I love you, darling. It has certainly been a pleasure being with you. Sweet dreams while I pore over these lessons. **(Under the flap of the envelope the word "pure" was written)**

Loads of love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 22 June 1938. This letter is on U.T. stationary, U.T. Box 4122. The return address says U.T. Station 4122, Blount Hall Girls Dorm. Knoxville, Tennessee. (Maybe a joke?)**

Dearest Florabel,

I received your very sweet and interesting letter this morning. It is the first news I have had from anyone since I came up here. I was supposed to get a package from home last week, but it hasn't come yet. They have probably thought I was good riddance and the least they hear from me the better. If that is the way they feel about it, it is all right with me. I'll try to live without them. Ellis and I are about to get straightened out. It seems our classes, or mine at least, come rather regular. We get up at six o'clock, dress, set the table for breakfast; we are working our way through college; and then go three quarters of a mile to a 7:30 class. I stay out there until 12:30. All of my classes are in one building. We have lunch at 12:45. Our afternoons are free. I usually have to study all afternoon and until 11:00 o'clock at night on next day's lessons. It is a hard life, but I am beginning to get accustomed to it now. If I wasn't doing that I would probably be in some other trouble. I have been to the show once since I have been here and have had one date. I didn't have a date last week end while I was out at the asylum. I meant to, but it took most of the night getting my friend out of some girl troubles, he started when I was up here last Thanksgiving. I'll probably have better luck next time. I'm not going to be a bad little boy and whenever I have a date I'll remember my promise to you. You are the one I have to worry about stepping out on me. I'll bet you have three or four dates a week. There isn't anything I can do about it while I am up here. Be sweet and be careful. Don't let anybody get all you love and cut me entirely out. I only wish it were possible for me to be with you every night. That would be heaven on earth. Really! Please don't break my heart, because I really do love you and realize it more every day. I could run around up here if I wanted to. But it wouldn't do me any good. My heart isn't in it. I'll have to run around some, so I won't be like that Country boy I told you about. Remember? I see that Ellis is still trying to cut my throat and underhanded at that. I don't like that kind of competition. If I can't win your love without running his reputation, and I have told some things on him, but chiefly to help you out. I don't feel that I am worthy of your love. He didn't read that letter and didn't even open it to see who it was from. He's lied to you and expected you to believe him. He can't tell you a thing that was in it because he hasn't had his hand on it. Billy Parks did pick it up and wanted to know who was writing to me from Chapel Hill. I had it laying in a filing cabinet, where I put all my letters and other mail. No one has read it, but me because no one else cared about it at home. I burnt it before I left and will do the same here if you want me to. Ellis would enjoy reading them I imagine. You tell Mrs. (Lucille) Jernigan that she was mistaken and give her my regards. It is eighteen miles to Monterey as far as she is concerned. We could probably give her a demonstration if she cared for one though. I feel as though I could take a little loving just now. I wish you were here and then these lessons to go to-as far as I am concerned. Just forget about that letter, because they were both against me. I don't care about them, so long as I can keep your love. That is all that matters. That boy's name is Sanders McCord. I'll break his neck if he was hugging you. I don't blame him if you would let him, but I had my eye on him at the time.

Knoxville is all right and I like it. I only wish I could get more work off this summer. I will be in the last of July if nothing happens to change my plans. I'll try not to be as long coming to see you as Ellis was. We'll talk more about that as time nears. You may not even want to see me by that time. I hope this isn't true and I am going to do all in my power to keep it from happening. I mustn't get homesick before the term is up, so I will have to keep my mind off of home and those good times I could be having with you as much as possible. Darling don't think that I said these things because I don't love you, you should know what it feels like to be home sick and blue. I've never been that way, but I imagine it is terrible. I could write on indefinitely, but I must stop. Remember I love you lots. Please return it. Write to me soon and make it a great long one. I'll pay the extra postage if 3 cents won't bring it. Be sweet and think of me once in awhile. I think of you constantly. Tell those old boys to be careful that you are in love, if you are. To you my love, my life, my all.

I surrender dearest.

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 1 July 1938. Under the flap is written "read good."**

Dearest Florabel,

Time goes on and I get farther and farther behind. This life isn't agreeing with me, because I don't have time to catch up and don't have time to run around any. I haven't had a date, gone to the show, or gone on a spree any time since I wrote to you last time. Maybe I can turn loose before long and really celebrate. Maybe I had better wait until I go home and then we can celebrate together. I'm looking forward to that time. I won't have anything to worry about then. Are you coming up here the 4<sup>th</sup>? You said something about coming up here on your birthday (Florabel was born 4 July 1917) If you do just call me at Blount Hall and we'll take the town in. Ellis and I are taking our exercise swimming every afternoon. They really have a real pool here and it is a real sport. I'm sore all over this morning, because yesterday was my first day to go in. The Blackwells were here the other day, but I didn't get to see them. I was sorry I missed them, but it seemed that every time they came over here I was somewhere else. Do you know whether Embree is coming to school over here or not? It's a great life if you don't weaken, but that is hard to do up here. I'm glad that you are behaving yourself. Go ahead and have a big time, because I will trust you anywhere, with anybody. I couldn't say that about many girls I have ever gone with. Just be careful, that is all I ask. You are really a sweet kid, if I ever met one and I love you for it. I haven't met any girl that compares to you, as far as personality, sweetness, and a real sport is concerned. You have certainly treated me swell. You have shot square as far as I know. Not many people, boys or girls, will do that today. I will try to do that as long as you do. I am going to spend my holidays writing a term paper. If you will come up here I will forget about my work and devote my entire time to you. I haven't any news, darling, and I must get this letter in the afternoon mail. Be sweet and behave yourself. Answer soon and I will try to make my next letter more interesting. I love you, honey. I'll be home before long.

Loads of love,

Harry

**Letter from Ellis Wallace at Box 4122 University Station to Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 1 July 1938(All of his letters were written while attending U.T.)**

Dear Florabel,

As I last remember in your last letter you told me that it was 18 miles to Monterey. I guess it was all my fault, at least I feel that it is, all throughout the letter you spoke in terms of the past; that is what had happened, you seemed to be trying to forget the future and the present. I have been trying to do that all the week and see the whole story as you see it but only those sweet memories would not let me. I think that I can see your point or side of the question and I agree with you perfectly and I appreciated your ability to forget the past and visualize the future. There are things too numerous to mention that you have done for me but I wish to review a few of those nice things you have done for me. I know that you have heard things about me that I would not appreciate and rather than have me worry about them you took the responsibility and denied them and forgot to tell me, on purpose. I have been and am now no angel which is not news to you but I try to still be the same. I don't ask you to wait for me. I am not living in exile but am in a rather large group all the time. If I ever should come back I will deeply appreciate a few minutes of your much rushed and well spent time, although it may be far too valuable to spend on such an outcast as me. I may have misinterpreted your letter but I read it one day and after I got in a better mood I reread it and it still left the impression on me that you were telling me good by and that you were glad to have known me. Was I right? (Emphasis especially on "*goodbye*" and "*to have*") I know that you don't career any more but I do and always will, but when competition gets too strong to make a profit in any business I feel that it is time for the little man to start something else, (if you get what I mean) so you paddle your canoe on to that destination of success and when you reach the shore look back on me as one who tried to build the canoe and unlock the lock and shove off wishing you the most success when you attain that goal. I cannot write letters with as many flowery expressions as lots of other people or maybe anyone, but I am the same Ellis as you dated at the Sunday School picnic one rainy night in the fall of 1937. Let me hear from you. I will always remember and love you.

Ellis

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 8 July 1938.**

Dearest Florabel,

It seems that you weren't in the letter writing mood, or your love for me is waning. I hope it is the former. I'll admit my last letter wasn't very interesting and was rather rambling, so I'll try to write you an interesting letter, long and newsy and see your response. I'm sorry I didn't send you anything for your birthday, but I'll try to make up for it

later on. I didn't go anywhere last weekend at all, I studied all Saturday afternoon, Sunday and Monday. In fact, I didn't get out of the house Monday, but once and that was to go after the mail. This whole week end will be full and I plan to spend most of it writing a term paper. Ellis is staying fairly well. He says I should get out and stir around more, but I have too much work to do. Every afternoon is full and until twelve o'clock at night. I am taking time out from my studies right now to write to you. I don't begrudge the time at all, but you are the only one I am taking time out for. The other letters home will have to wait, so long as everything is running smooth and work continues to pile up. I believe I am getting writer's cramp. I never could write anyway. I went to the show last Sat. night. That is the only time I have been to town since I wrote to you last. I've just got to get out and look around before long. I know that you are having a big time. Please don't forget me little darling, before I come home. Someone hasn't by any chance stolen my love since I left, have they? I plan to come home Thursday or Friday week. I hope to get to see you some time that week. I don't know what the conditions are at home, but there will be trouble if I don't get out as soon as I get home. Darling, I am looking forward to seeing and being with you. I can hardly wait until the time comes. Will you be glad to see me? Just thinking of about your loving arms around me and those sweet lips, make me go wild. I get blue if I think of it too much. I have been true to you and I feel the better for it. I came up here to learn, not to run around, so I'll have make up back practice with you. It won't be practice either, because I really love you. You may think I am just shooting you a line, but honest I'm not. I'm really sincere. There is something about you that does things to my heart. I am perfectly satisfied with you and absolutely lost when I am away. Why wasn't I born educated and rich, so I could do as I pleased?

Who was your boyfriend that died? Did I know him? We had a university boy to get drowned up here last week; boat capsized with him and he was unable to swim to shore on account of his heavy boots and other paraphernalia. Write and tell me about the news around Chapel Hill. It seems like home to me. I don't want to know what the people say about me, because most of them have forgotten about me by this time. Stem went to see that girl he was with the night Ellis met us at college last Thursday night. He was supposed to go back last night. I think that it entirely too often. Maybe he could give me a check up on you. You had better be careful about how you park out on those lonely lanes. You may run up on some of my friends. Please forgive me for addressing Ellis's letter. He was out of ink and I was in a hurry to mail those letters. That's why I addressed it. How did the boys come out on their trip to Camp Boxwell? Have you heard them mention it? Only wish I could have spent the summer at home. Things all ways turn out unlucky for me. Just as I was going strong I had to get up and leave. That love bug must have bit me or I wouldn't feel the way I do towards you. I must close darling and start on my work. I had much rather hold you close to me and tell you all about it than to relay it this way. I'll tell you all about it week after next if nothing happens & you will let me come to see you. Be sweet and answer real soon. I love you and look forward to your sweet letters. Letters are very poor substitutes for the real thing, but they have to be used some times. Always keep in mind that I love you and any mistakes that I make along any line is not intentional, but just a lack of knowledge. I'll be expecting a real long, sweet and newsy letter from you soon. Oh, how I wish I could be with you over this week end. In the sweet bye-and-bye perhaps.

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 17 July 1938. This was also written on U.T. stationary from U.T. Station 4122.**

Dearest Florabel,

I enjoyed your last letter very much, but there is something in your letters, between the lines, that tells me there is something bothering you. Are you afraid to fall in love with me whole heartedly or do you care to? Am I wrong in my conclusions? If so I beg your pardon for my unbelief in your love for me. I'll win your love if possible. I'll admit it rather hard to love one as far away from you as I am. I'll be home sometime this week. Final examinations come Wed. I may leave Thursday morning and I may wait until Friday. I'm going to try to get to Chapel Hill Saturday if nothing happens to prevent my doing so. Would it be asking too much to ask you to hold that night open for me? I may not get there. If I'm not there by six o'clock you'll know I can't possibly make it. Please don't get me wrong, I'm dying to see you, but I can't tell you in this letter what may prevent it. It isn't any girl so don't get wrong notions in your mind. I'll explain everything when I see you, and that will be in a very short time. I'm not going to give you the run out so don't get it into your head that all boys are alike. I haven't ever done anything like that and I'm too old to start it now. I suppose you heard about my cousin, Annie Katherine Harwell, dying Monday morning didn't you? Marlin called me Monday morning about 6:30 and said that Grandmother died at 5:00 o'clock that morning in Marietta, Ga., and would be buried at 3:00 o'clock Tuesday afternoon. He told me also about Annie Katherine's death. I was sorry I couldn't attend the funeral. I met classes Monday morning and caught the train to Marietta. I got there before dark. Marlin got there before mid-night. I came back the next night. Life hasn't been the same since she left. I'll tell you all about it when I see you. I think that was a dirty dig you made about going around to see the boys that went to camp when I come home. I know I won't take you around to

see them again, if that's the way you feel about it. I don't blame you though and you have a perfect right to object to it. I admire your spunk. If Emery has entered Vanderbilt he will have plenty of work to do. I hope him luck and all the success in the world. I had rather have my type of degree from here, but everyone is welcome to his own opinion. I must get after Buster, before he gets too serious. He was one of my best pupils and I mustn't let him get girl troubles, because that is the worst kind of trouble. Ellis and I have reserved rooms in this dormitory for next year. I don't think we are going to room together, but we'll be able to be with each other part of the time. I must close and get back to work. I'll save all of my news and tell you everything when I see you in the near future. Please reserve Saturday night, if it isn't asking too much. Good-night and sweet dreams until I see you. Be a good girl and think of me once in a while. **(Katherine Johns Rickman, 94, recalled a Harry Goodman who was a teacher and there is a listing for a Miss Annie Katherine Harwell who taught "Expression" at Mynders School in Maury County, Tennessee in 1923-1924)**

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 27 July 1938.**

Dearest Florabel,

I thought Saturday nite was hot, but today takes the cake. It is too hot to work during the middle of the day, so we are working in the morning and taking the hot part of the day off. It won't work that way long, but maybe it won't stay this hot very long. Marlin went back to teach school yesterday and my little brother and sister start in the morning. That will leave most of the work for me to do, but I won't hurt myself. I never have and I'm too old to start now. How is my little sweet thing getting along? Did your mother want to know where you went Saturday night? I certainly enjoyed myself, as I always do with you. The future looks very gloomy for me and I can't see my way out financially. You are the only bright spot in my life and I can't be with you enough as it is. I hope you understand my position. If you don't, I am in a pinch because nobody except a poor man can understand my plight. O, I could go to see you every night, and would enjoy it ever so much, but where would I be at the end of the summer? All my savings gone and me no nearer my goal as far as schooling is concerned. Please be reasonable and I'll love you for it. If you don't think I'm being reasonable, I am sorry and you will have to get someone else to whisper sweet nothings in your ear. Darling please don't get me wrong, I have gone with girls that would quit me flat, if I told them I couldn't afford to be with them every time they wanted me to come. That would be every night if I was deciding for myself about you. I have always thought that you were a sensible girl with plenty of common sense. I don't believe I have misjudged you. That is the reason I am telling you just like it is. Just remember when I'm not with you it's because I can't get there and not because I don't love you. I'll come every chance I get until you prevent me doing so. Darling, I know this is a crazy letter, but I just felt that you must know just how things stood. If I can't shoot square I don't want to shoot at all. There wouldn't be any need of me trying to keep you in the dark. You are too clever a girl for that. Please believe what I tell you. If that is asking too much just say so. I'll be there Election Day if nothing happens. I'll let you know before then. I may get a chance to come before then. I hope so anyway. Be sweet darling until I see you again. I love you darling and wish I could be with you right now.

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 11 August 1938.**

Dearest Florabel,

Go ahead and call me anything you want to. I won't say a thing because I will deserve it. I'm truly sorry that I haven't written before this. Please forgive me this time and I'll try not to let it happen again. I know you are saying that what you said about not trusting any boy was correct. They'll all mess you up. I'll bet you're saying that right now. Please don't stay down on men. I love you darling. I just neglected writing. What has my little sweet thing being doing since I saw you last time? Have you been good or have you been stepping out on me? I'll paddle you next time I see you if you step out on me. If you do step out on me please don't give them any of your love. I'm jealous of you, dear, and I can't help it. I had a date this week, the first I have had since I was at home except with

you and I must admit that I didn't enjoy myself very much. In fact, it was rather boring. If I ever doubt my love for you all I have to do is have a date with someone else and I love you that much more. I wished a hundred times that I was with you while I was on that date. I don't think I'll try any more, even if the party (girl) doesn't live but around two miles from here. Chapel Hill is where my heart is and I can't help it. I am sending a card to Ellis. Do you still hear from him once in a while? I have heard only once. I am afraid that I won't be able to come up this week end, but I'll be up there next week if I am living and doing well. I can't be definite now, but I'll probably be there Saturday afternoon if we aren't taking up hay. If we are I'll probably be up Sunday afternoon. I have a tooth that has been sore a day or so. As soon as I decide what causes it I'll probably go see the dentist. If I do I'll drive up to see you. That might be any day next week or it may be Saturday. I hope you don't have other arrangements when I come, if I do come. Don't you think it would be nice if we were to fix us up a little lunch and go out for supper somewhere in the woods or near a spring next time I come? We'll plan that after I get there, if the suggestion is favorable to you. I think that would be gorgeous. Don't you? By the way, do you swim? We might go on a swimming party if you do. What is Ruth Powell doing now? Do you think she would be interested in dating Sanders McCord again? Do you mind if I bring him next time or had you rather be alone? I'll leave it up to you. If we went out on a picnic we could use a chaperone. Don't you think? Don't take me seriously about the chaperone because I think you are fully capable of looking after yourself. Oh, darling, how I wish I was with you tonight. Love me? Let me hear from you soon and always remember that I love you with all my heart, whether you believe it or not.

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 17 August 1938.**

Dearest Florabel,

Received your letter today and I am going to answer it to the best of my ability. I am glad that you like picnics and swimming. We'll try to get together Saturday night. You pick the place and we'll try to make it. You can get Buster and Lucille (**Jernigan according to Uncle Charlie Potts who said she was a neighbor in Chapel Hill, or actually lived IN Chapel Hill if you can live IN Chapel Hill**) if you want to. Why did you think I would object to them? I'm not teaching, so they won't interfere with us. Please pick out a good place where there is plenty of privacy and convenient. I'll leave that up to you. I don't know what time I can get there, but I'll try to be there an hour or so before dark. You get things arranged and I'll do my part when I get there. The reason I don't know what time I'll get there is because I don't know whether or not we'll be taking up hay. If we are I'll get there as soon as possible, otherwise I'll come about 3 or 4 o'clock. I don't know what else to tell you except I love you darling. If you get this letter Friday morning and you have anything to tell me you can write that afternoon and I'll get it the next day. Arrange things to suit yourself and be sweet until I see you.

All my love goes to you.

Good night darling,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 29 August 1938.**

Dearest Florabel,

How is my sweet thing getting along? It seems weeks since I saw you last but it has only been a day or so really. If I could see you every time I wanted to I would be with you all (the) time. The nights and days would not be long enough for me to be with you all I wanted to. Have you seen Ernie the last day or so? I feel sorry for her because I really believe she has done her part. She isn't perfect by any means, but she has tried to be half way congenial, it seems to me. Things like that makes me dubious about marriage. Most people say that won't happen to them, but we can't ever tell until we are put in the same position under similar circumstances. We started taking up hay Monday and are going to continue to do so until frost or somewhere around there. I'll be gone before then, but the work must go on. I won't hurt myself, I am certain. Our meeting starts next Sunday night and I don't know when it stops. I'll try to find out, because next Saturday night is my night. If meeting goes on I'll come Sunday. I can

hardly wait until that time, but I will have to some how. School starts Monday doesn't it? Give Stem my regards and have him to come down to see me. You come with him. Darling I don't have any news to tell you. I still love you and don't let Earnest (Potts?) put fool ideas into your head. Be sweet until I see you. Write soon.

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 1 September 1938.**

Dearest Florabel,

You know I am glad that I didn't answer you letter the day I received it. I started to tell you where to get off, when you told me what night I could come, because Ellis was coming home. I still resent it, but that is your business. I'll tell you more about it when I see you. I am sorry that I won't be able to come Saturday or Sunday either. Our meeting ends Sunday nite. I may come any day next week, if you haven't any further plans. Give Ellis my regards and tell him to keep his distance. Will you? I'm sorry I can't be with you. I'll try to make up for lost time when I do see you. I hope Ellis doesn't beat my time while I'm away.

I love you darling,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 9 September 1938.**

Dearest Florabel,

Please forgive me for being so rude and leaving the wrong impression. I can't seem to hide my true feelings in letters and I know I can't when I am with you. It was foolish for me to get peeved at you for having a date with Ellis, but that is my nature and try as I may I can't seem to get the upper hand of that great fault. Please just forget that letter if you can. I hope you and Ellis had a fine time. Your letter was brief, so I'll make mine that way also. We'll make up for lost time Saturday night. Are you free that night? If not, call me sometime Saturday before I leave. I'll try to get there before dark if I get off from work in time. Be sweet darling until I see you. I'll be there unless something happens to prevent my coming. I'll be there anyway. I can hardly wait until I see you & be with you. Will you be glad to see me?

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 15 September 1938.**

Dearest Florabel,

Another week is almost gone and my time to stay at home grows short. I hate to think about leaving but I can't help it now. I chose my course and I must stick it out now. Maybe I'll be glad of it sometime in the future. I hope so anyway. Do you still love me dear? I hope so, because I have a feeling that way my self. It is a great life, if you don't weaken, but it is mighty hard not to grow weak. I am leaving next Tuesday morning, if I don't change my plans. You told me to try coming some other time and I am thinking about doing just that thing. I don't know whether I will come Sat. night or Monday night. Do you have anything special to do Monday nite? If so, let me know as soon as possible so I won't get disappointed. I have been burning stumps all day and my eyes are about to go out, so please excuse this short letter. I love you darling. Please believe me. I hope to see and be with you before long. Good-night sweetheart and sweet dreams. **(Apparently Harry was returning to school at U.T. Knoxville for I found a notice of "Commencement Exercises June third nineteen hundred forty Knoxville, Tennessee." Harrison Anderson Goodman, Cornersville, is listed under "Candidates for Master's Degree.")**

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 26 September 1938. This was also written on unlined paper from U.T. Station 4122.**

How is the world serving you now? You said you were glad when we left, so you should be satisfied now. I don't think that was the way you meant for it to sound, but I suppose you are safer with Ellis and I away. Thanks for a splendid vacation and a good time. I don't think you ever cared very much for me, but it was at least one way to pass away the time, am I right? I have been busy ever since I came up here. I got in Wed. and spent the rest of the week trying to get my courses straightened out. I went out to see my boy- friend Sunday and had lunch with him. Sunday night I went to church and dropped by to see Billye Parks. I have been busy all day to day. Ellis and I are rooming together next to the room we had this summer. Things are a bit different, but I think that we will be able to get along some way. I have seen Jane several times, but haven't had time to talk to her. I don't know how soon I will have time. I'm just not interested for some reason or other. That's strange isn't it? Ellis is going to help cook breakfast in the morning. Our cook hasn't come, so it is a necessity. I don't know whether it will be fit to eat or not. I hope so anyway. I'm not ready to die just yet. You should go to school. It is a real life, if you don't weaken, but I have a feeling I am going to get that way. I hope to hold out two years at least. Still love me, darling? I certainly missed our Saturday night celebration last Saturday night. Since I am so far away and am not able to come home often, I suppose you will soon forget me. Please remember me every once in a while when you are having a big time with that other fellow or fellows. Please remember me! Write soon and tell me all about yourself and about your doings.

All my love,  
Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 8 October 1938. This was also written on unlined paper from U.T. Station 4122.**

Dear Florabel,

Again we are far away from each other and just think we were both in Nashville the day you went to the Fair, but didn't know it. I certainly would have liked to have told you good-bye before I left. It is lonesome here without you, and tonight is the worst time of all. How can I stand not being out with you tonight? Maybe I will feel better in the morning than I would have if I had been with you. Do you miss me, darling? Well I miss you more than I can tell you and writing to you just stirs up my lonesomeness up that much more. Will it be all right for me to go up town, get drunk and celebrate? I thought it would be. We played Auburn University today and defeated them 7-0. It was really a good game and full of excitement; our team goes to Alabama next Saturday so we won't have any game here next week. There is plenty of work to be done here, but somehow or other I just am not in the mood to do it. Maybe the right mood will strike me before long. I hope so anyway. Ellis and I are listening to Uncle Dave Macon on the radio. We are rooming on first floor next to the room we had this summer. It is very nice, but we are too close to the telephone and that bothers us a lot. It will be all right when we get used to it I suppose. There are six or eight boys here from Marshall County, so we are well represented. I only hope Ellis and I get out and get us a job before they are all turned out. Billie Parks says Charlie Kerr was supposed to have been here today, but we haven't seen him yet. He probably thought he could do more good, but cutting the game and going out and making whoopee while he could. I seldom see Jane, even if we are on the same campus. Tell Jessie I am glad took the eighth grade team and I hope he makes a success of his job. I though Mr. Higgins would start the Scout troop again before long. He can make a success of it, if he will only try. I can't write a newspaper this time, because there isn't a thing going on here that is interesting enough to tell about. I love you dear. **(U.T. went on to not only defeat Alabama the next weekend, October 13, 13-0, but also went on to win their first National Championship under Coach Neyland by defeating Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl 17-0)**

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 23 October 1938. This from U.T. Station 4122. Envelope says "wait."**

Dearest Florabel,

I am worked to death, but I must take a little while off to let you know how I am getting along and how much I love you and miss you. I worked until twelve o'clock last night, got up at 7:30 this morning and have been going



strong ever since. I hate to work on Sundays, but it has to be done some times, I suppose. No I don't refuse to tell you about things that are happening up here. I didn't think you would (be) interested though, just the regular routine. I haven't had a date since I have been up here. I'm not saying that because I don't want you to have them, but because I don't have time to run around, nor the finances. I am afraid if I got started I couldn't stop when I needed to study. My week is full up and I haven't much time to even think about it. Ellis has gone to church, but I couldn't go with him. He is rather free this weekend, but he has plenty to do most of the time. I'll probably get caught up soon. I was sorry to hear about J.W.'s death. I hadn't heard about it. I might have suspected that Emma would have some rash statement to make about it. I just wonder??? Do you? You had me all up in the air thinking you were coming up to see me and you come along and say it was all in fun. I'm sorry because I wish you could come up here. We would paint the town "red" and how! Charlie Kerr, R.T. and his girl are coming up here next week end to see U.T. play L.S.U. It will be a good game. I wouldn't miss it for anything. I would like to go to the Vandy vs U.T. game, but I can't afford to make the trip. There are several up here going and I may break over and go myself. I'll let you know and maybe I will get to see you somehow. How are you and Wilma getting along? If you run around with her much you may have to break your promise, or am I mistaken? She is all right as far as I know. All I know is what I read in the papers and hear whispered around. I know you say that I tell everything that I know just like all boys do. Well believe that if you wish. I wish you would believe me sometimes though. You know, I miss our Saturday nights more and more. I can't seem to concentrate on that night at all. It must be in my blood. Do you miss those nights also, or have you found another man that could satisfy your desires better than I can? I hope not because I really enjoy being with you and thanks for the good times you have shown me. I only wish I could offer you something in return, but I am just a poor boy working my way through college. If I ever get through, and I hope to some day, I want to have something better to offer. Will you *wait* on me? I see Jane about once a week and only pass her on the street then. Please excuse my poor writing, but a boy is working on my radio and I am writing on my knee. Did you ever hear how Jimmy Glenn's father got along? I must write to him and offer my sympathies. Write and tell me how he is getting along so I won't make too big a blunder. How is school getting along? Thanks for the paper. It made me rather homesick, but I can't come home, yet at least. Darling I must close and get to work. I have a mid-term examination in the morning the first thing and I haven't even looked at my notes yet. I must absorb some knowledge before I go to bed tonight. Be sweet and don't do anything radical. I love you dear, so think of me once in a while.

P.S. I would like to write this page full also but I will have to ask you to read between the lines and just imagine that it is full.

Loads of love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 13 November 1938. Written from U.T. Station 4122 on U.T. stationary.**

Dearest Florabel,

So you waited two weeks and a half to write and then accused me of not writing? Well, I have written every week since I have been up here except one and it is you that didn't write. Did my letter get lost or did you finally get it? I'm in the dark and can't figure it out. I was blaming it on you and you were blaming it on me. One of us is wrong. I expected to come out this weekend but I waited too late and didn't get a ticket. I suppose it was best I didn't go because I stayed busy all weekend and still have plenty to do. I'll be home before long though. So you don't believe me when I tell you I haven't had any dates. Well I haven't, and I don't expect I will have many before Xmas. I would like to visit you but I just haven't time and money to indulge. I would probably do me good if I would get me a little. I wish I could have been on that wiener roast the other night. I know I would have had a big time. Listen I haven't had a date in so long I am afraid that I will act like a wild man when I do have one. Do you want to have the first one? Think you can take it? Ellis went to the game this week end and came back tonight. He has gone on a date now. He stayed in Cookeville with Sanders McCord Friday nite and drove to Nashville the next morning. I don't know where he spent the night Sat. He is getting along pretty well in school. Jane went to the game and I imagine she went on home. She and Charlie seem to be very much in love. I hope it is lasting and he isn't left holding the bag. Women will do most anyway some times as far as love affairs are concerned. Am I right? Billye Parks went home and I suppose you saw her. I haven't seen her for a week or so. She has really treated me nice and helped me out of the rut more than once. What is going on in little town? I suppose you are running around a lot and are having a great time. I envy you, but I can't make the grade. Do you know it isn't but about a month until Xmas. That is great in some ways and terrible in others. You know I wonder more and more where I am going to get enough cash to carry me through these lean years. I suppose something will eventually turn up. It always has so far. Do you know a Katherine Hays from Eagleville? She is up here and says she dated Rob Stammer some last year and doubled dated with Lucille once or twice. She is attractive, but is a little young for me. You

know I am getting rather old, am I not? Darling don't bless me out any more about not writing because I thought I was doing mighty well under the circumstances. I love you and long to see you before long. I'll let you know when we get out. I expect to hitch hike home and I may stop by when I come through. Be sweet until I see you.

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 26 November 1938. Written from U.T. Station Box 4122 on U.T. stationary.**

Dearest Florabel,

Your last letter sounded like you were down in the dumps. What is the matter? Isn't your boy friend or friends giving you enough loving? Well from the way I feel now I believe I could do a child's part, you know this is Saturday nite and I always get restless on those nights. I would go out somewhere and get caught up on my loving, but I just haven't time and no one could take your place anyway. No, I know you don't believe it, so just let it pass by if you care to do so. I'm getting used to having you telling me you can't believe me when I tell you things like that. Okay I'm sorry but I can't make you believe me. So you believe you can take it when I come home. I like your spunk and I'll try to be good for your sake. But I have warned you, remember. I don't know when I will get home. I get out the 15<sup>th</sup> of December and I plan to hitch-hike home if the weather is favorable. I hope to get stranded in Chapel Hill. Will that suit you? It would suit me just perfect. Yes, I went to the football game Thanksgiving and almost froze to death, we had to rake snow off of the seats and stand in water after it melted. I wish you could come up to see one of the good games. There won't be any more this year unless we go to see the Rose Bowl. Our Team plays Ole Miss at Ole Miss and that ends our schedule. You tell the people around Chapel Hill to go jump in a lake. I would like to rub in on Mr. Rickman, because he said U.T. couldn't defeat Vandy. I'd like to tell him I told you so. I am glad you told me Katherine Hays has been going with older boys. That gives me an idea. No, I haven't time to run around yet. Maybe in the near future I can turn loose and get a little more social life. You be careful with my little sweetheart. We don't have time to be having funerals and besides what would little me do if you were gone. Here I have been storing up my energy all winter to stay true to you. If you don't care about your own life, think of the others that would be broken hearted. Tell Helen to mind how she goes around with other boys and give her my regards. I wrote to her at the first of school and she asked me to write again, but I just haven't had time. You know I told her I would come back and get her a few minutes if I didn't decide to go home that night I came to Chapel Hill and you were gone. Oh, bring back some more nights like that last night with you. Listen, if you wait two weeks to answer this letter it may not get here before I leave so get one your stubborn spell and answer sooner. What are you trying to do, spite me? Are you going to school after Xmas? If you get away from home maybe you will stop stepping out on me so often. You don't expect me to believe you aren't dating pretty heavy do you? I hate to doubt you, but evidence is against you. Just be careful and don't fall in love with someone else. That is all I can ask. I heard today that Sonny Van Cleave was operated on for appendicitis the other day. I hope he is getting along all right and will be well soon. Write me a long letter next time and tell me all the news. Be sweet until I see you and don't jump at conclusions without evidence. I love you darling.

P.S. By-the-way, you mind who you are comparing me to. I don't know to whom you refer, but I have a good idea. Do I act like him in my letters? Forgive me if I do, please. **(Tennessee played Vanderbilt November 12<sup>th</sup> and beat them 14-0 and went on to beat Ole Miss 47-0 on December 3, 1938. Sonny Van Cleave played basketball for Forrest High School in Marshall County in 1942)**

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 10 December 1938. This letter written from U.T. Station Box 4122.**

Dearest Florable,

Well, another quarter is nearly gone and I will soon be going back home to love and you dear. Will you be glad to see me, or not? Whether my stay here has been a success or not will be decided the next week or so. I expect to go home Friday or Saturday of next week, as my finances are rather low, I think I will hitch hike. Wonder if anyone would pick up a bald-headed man like me? I wouldn't blame them if they didn't, would you? I don't know how

soon I will get home, but I want to come to see you as soon as possible. I wish I could name the day, but my journey is so uncertain that I can't very well predict what time I will get home. I thought maybe I could get stranded in Chapel Hill, but you didn't think so well of the idea, so I'll try to get a ride on thru. Does that suit you better? How has the world been serving my little sweetheart? I hope you have enjoyed yourself tremendously since I have been gone, but you can tell those boys that your Papa is coming home now and for them to scam. Maybe I will be the one to do the scrambling. You know you can't ever tell about women. I got you message from Billye Parks back Sat. night and I appreciate the compliment, but of course you don't expect me to believe it all, do you? Only wish I could, but my philosophy prevents me from doing so. Maybe my philosophy will change some time if you actions are convincing enough. Darling, I must get back to work because I have plenty to do and I shouldn't be digressing from my subjects but I just had to write to you. Please forgive the short letter, but I'll tell you all the news when I get home, if you are interested. Be prepared because I may be out of practice. Be sweet until I see you.

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville, but mailed in Lewisburg, to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 27 December 1938.**

Dearest Florabel,

How has the world been serving you? I woke up this morning with one eye closed and I can't explain it. I may have to go see the doctor again today or tomorrow, if it doesn't improve. It is really uncomfortable but I suppose I must take things as they come. I don't know what to say about tomorrow night. Daddy is going to town this morning to have some work done on mother's teeth & I hope he get some anti-freeze put in the car. If he doesn't I'll have to wait until it gets warmer. My brother has an invitation out to supper so I won't be able to use his car. Let's hope my eye gets better and it warms up, that is if you want to see me. Let's take in the banquet Saturday night. Do you want to? I wanted to write to you yesterday but the mail didn't run. Is the banquet Wed. instead of Sat? I can't remember which, if it is Saturday and you want to go tell Thomas to reserve us two tickets and I'll pay him when I come. I see it is Saturday night, so please attend to this at once. Let me know as soon as possible whether or not you are going to go with me, so I'll know whether or not to make plans to come. Darling, I am feeling so badly and can't hardly see, so please excuse this short letter. I'll try to make up for the lost time when I see you. I expect to come up in a day or so if the weather warms up. Please attend to the ticket matter at once. Be sweet until I see you and let me hear from you soon.

Lots of love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville, Tennessee to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 4 January 1939. This letter written from U.T. Station Box 4122.**

Dearest Florabel,

I'm going to fool you and write before the two weeks are out. I'll get credit for waiting that long, but I won't live up to that reputation this time. I shouldn't have made that crack because you have treated me swell and I have no kicks coming. You are the one that should break my neck. I gave you the chance and you wouldn't do it. I wouldn't be worth getting your hands dirty. I'm not worth that much. Ellis and I moved in yesterday and like our new place rather well. We are "batching" now and are living rather economically. We may soon tire of it, but we are getting along very well for the time being at least. Ellis says you weren't in a very lovely mood, as far as I was concerned, the night he was with you. I'm sorry you got peeved, but I doubt if you cared as much as you made out you did. Reckon so? After you told me what you did about not caring for me when you made out like you did. I can't afford to believe much you say. How do I know you aren't fooling me now? I hope you do care for me, because I really do care a lot about you, but I'm not financially able to go into the matter of matrimonial affairs. Time alone will tell how long it will be before I can do. I hope it isn't long. Thanks ever so much for a most enjoyable time the few times I was with you during Xmas. I only wish there could have been more, but you wouldn't believe me when I told you why I couldn't come more. O, these women. The world couldn't run without them and I can't see how men can live with them. I started classes today and it seems the teachers are trying to see how much work they can put on us and how uncomfortable they can make us feel. I suppose everything will come out in the wash, but we

must have a wash day soon. I have taken the bandage off of my eye and if I don't have a date any time soon it will probably heal up before long. I had rather have a sore eye than not have a date once in awhile, but I don't see much chance of one right now. I must get back to work. Give Lucille my regards and all the family. Be sweet and don't have too big a time. I'll be home to see you before long and Ellis says the same thing goes for him also. We'll be careful and not do anything you wouldn't do.

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville on Saturday night 12:00 P.M to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 16 January 1939.**

Dearest Florabel,

Maybe I took too much for granted in my last letter, so please forgive me and let the matter drop. No, you didn't mention matrimonial affairs and I don't suppose you are that interested. I need not be, because I couldn't help up a sow and pig in my present position. I'm not comparing you to a sow, however, so please don't get me wrong. Ellis and I are getting along very well with our "batching," but I am afraid that we will soon tire of the practice. We like our new place fine and wouldn't swap back under any circumstances. It is really ideal and we are getting along with our work much better than we did last quarter. I hope it remains that way. It does you good to change your environment once in a while. I need not tell you I enjoyed myself Xmas. I suppose you think you got a dirty dig and maybe you did. I'm sorry things worked out as they did, but I was between a pickle and a sweet. I suppose I deserved it, but I had an affair once, as you know, and I re \_\_\_\_\_ never to love another woman too much until I was certain that the affair was mutual. If you don't let matters become complicated, I figure, you can think with a level head. That is my outlook on life and I expect to follow it until I see that I am mistaken. Please forgive me if I make mistakes and cause heart aches. I don't think you care for me like you say you do, that is the reason I treated you like I did. I can't trust people like I used to do. You admitted yourself that a lot of yours was "make believe," so how am I to know how you really feel? I have always heard that two can play that game. Haven't you? Let's shoot square from now on and put aside all pretensions. Lies (?) are all right, if a person doesn't believe them, but they are terrible when a person finds himself caught. Am I right? I'll never forget that mid-night k-that I got to start the year off right. I haven't had one since then and I don't know soon I will get another one. It won't mean as much as that one did, anyway. I'll just do to please her, of course. No, I haven't had any waffles since I have been up here and I didn't know Ona had a date with "Whup" Holden. It is all right with me, because she is free, white, and twenty-one. If she doesn't know her own mind, she had better be finding it out. I don't mean to be catty. Give Stem my regards and tell him to stay in there and fight. The best man always wins they say, because I had to be second fiddle for a long time. I wonder if I am not still playing second fiddle to some unknown (to me) person. You wouldn't double-cross me would you? Well, I must go to bed and get some sleep. Don't stay up too late on these Saturday nights & every other night during the week and think of me once in a while and remember that I would like to be there and "do a little loving." I really miss you and I wish you were up here to help me with my many problems. My eye is well and I could do a first class job tonight, I believe. I'm afraid I wouldn't get much enjoyment out of kissing Ellis good-night. I had much rather kiss his girl friend, if she would only let me. Hon, did you ever realize that I haven't a picture of you? Couldn't you send me a snapshot if nothing else and preferably a large one? I would appreciate it, because I haven't anything except memory to remind me of you. That is sufficient, but I think a picture would help. Don't you? Won't you do this for me? Darling, always remember that I love you and long always to be with you. I'm sorry it has to be the way it is, but I can't help it. Maybe matters will change in the next year or so. Answer soon. I'll try to write a more interesting letter next time.

All my love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville on 7:30 P.M to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 25 January 1939.**

Dearest Florabel,

You make me so angry sometimes that I would like to take you across my lap and give you a good paddling. Don't you think it would do you good? If you don't quit telling me that I don't love you, you are going to persuade yourself that I don't. I am going to quit telling you that I do, because you won't believe me and still you want me to believe you, when you say you love me. Can't things like that work both ways? Just because I don't go around all (of the) time with that far-away-look-in-my-eyes you seem to think I'm not in love with you. All right have it your way. If you don't want to believe it, suit yourself about it. I can say this much. If I didn't care a lot about you I wouldn't spend any time at all writing to you and wouldn't put myself out to go to see you when I am at home. Go ahead and say it! I thought I explained my situation when I was at home. Didn't I? Please let's don't fuss. I always did hate to fuss all (the) time. If I didn't do you right, you didn't tell me where I was wrong and you did admit you had me fooled, and then you come along and contradict yourself. I admitted I did go with you for spite and you did too. I'm willing to take things as they are, are you? If not what are we going to do about it? I'd say I love you and mean it, but you wouldn't believe me, so just skip it. It's strange that some people will believe me at least. Yes, Billye Parks told me about Doug Rogers. I certainly hated to hear it and he would be the last one I would expect to do a thing like that. He was getting burnt out in school, however. That might be a good way for me to disappear, but I think I could make a better shot, if I was in earnest. You never can tell though. Ellis has been in the hospital for a week, (today) and may not get out before Sunday. I really get lonesome and I really feel sorry for him. I go to see him once a day. He has tonsillitis and they opened his tonsils today. They aren't well enough to be removed yet. I don't know whether he will have them taken out soon, or not. I would like to come home mighty well, but I don't see a chance for at least four or five months at least. If I do get one I'll take it though. I'd like to surprise you some time and run in about Sat. night and catch you celebrating. No, I wouldn't do that to you. I'll let you know when I am coming, which I hope will be soon. I would like mighty well to send you a picture, if I had one, but I don't even have a snapshot. If I ever get caught up and have time to have some pictures made I'll have one made for you. I don't suppose you would send you (me) yours until you were certain you were going to get one from me. I can't blame you, because you can't believe anything that I say. Thanks for the snapshot. I certainly appreciate it. Now I can have something to cheer me up when I am down in the dumps. I must close and get to work. I hope to get to bed sometime after 12:00 o'clock tonight. This life is about to get me down.

P.S. This is the only picture I have. If you don't want it, send it back and I'll put it among my souvenirs. However, if you want it you are perfectly welcome to it. My pal is George Stephenson, Eagleville, Tenn.

Lots of love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville from U.T. to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 11 February 1939.**

Dearest Florabel,

Since you insist on becoming formal and addressing your letters accordingly, I'll follow suit. I am glad that you finally decided to believe me, but I think that deep down in your heart you still doubt me, and always will. I don't know how to convince you otherwise, because I can't change my nature. I think that is why you won't believe me. I have tried every way to change your mind, but to no avail. I plead not guilty to your charge of being Katherine's right hand man. I saw her last Sunday, but I couldn't find out who the lucky man was? She is in love, I think. Yes, when I get tired of school I'll come home and let you look after me. Would you do that for me? If I were to commit suicide, I'll at least make a good job of it. Don't worry, I won't do it for another year at least. I have been nearly down with a cold for over a week now, but I have been able to get around at least. I am really lonesome tonight and I think of those good times we have had in the past, and look forward to some good times with you in the future. That is if you don't met married on me before then. Ellis says that he is well and feels fit as a fiddle. He has been wanting to go out all night, but I don't feel equal to the occasion. It would be a great life, if I could take it. I'll be ready to go in a few days. Does it ever rain down there? It has rained here for the last week with very little let up. I hope that the next few days will be pretty and that the weather warms up so I can get a little courting done. You know if I don't get some practice I won't know how to act when I see you again. It must be a great life to have a girl that you can go to see every time you have time. Why don't you come up here, so I will have a girl? Please don't get the wrong impression. I think I am capable of finding a girl, but I just haven't the time, but if you were up here I would take time off to look after my social affairs. Understand? Give Charles (Potts/Yokely?) my regards and tell him I enjoyed his write-up in the last Wizard. I didn't think he had it in him. I see that the Boy Scouts are still going fine and three pupils that I failed last year are making the Honor Roll. I must have been a punk teacher. Chapel Hill is probably glad to get rid of me. I must close and get back to work. Be sweet and don't celebrate too much. If I come home in about four weeks and find you out with another man I'll be awfully mad. I didn't say I was coming and I didn't say I wasn't. I'll let you know more about it as soon as possible. It would be terrible if I

were to come home and find you out and I would have to come back to school without a single date the whole time I was home. What does Mariemma (?) say now?

Love

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville from U.T. to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 18 March 1939 (Not dated on the letter itself as it usually was)**

Dearest Florabel,

I am disappointed that I don't know what to do. I expected to go home this week end, but so many unexpected jobs came up at the last minute that had to be done that I didn't get through in time. I was really looking forward to seeing you and meant to write to you last week or the first of this one telling you I would be there Friday or Saturday night. I couldn't seem to get caught up sufficiently to do so. I suppose it is better that I did not because only one of us will be disappointed now, namely me. This has been the hardest quarter I have ever spent in any bodys school and my grades show it. I must write home explaining the situation and maybe that will help some. The home folks at least, but I'm still not satisfied with them. I certainly appreciated that last letter you wrote and I could hardly believe my eyes, because it was so different. I am glad that you were not in the "dumps" and I hope you meant every word of it. I'm sorry for the way I have treated you and hope for the chance to make it up. I was hoping that I would be able to do that this week end, but alas, I must stay around here and twiddle my thumbs. I don't expect to have a date this weekend, unless my boy friend wants to go out. I will think of you all the time and I'm afraid I will be a bore even if I do go out. I am going out to see a boy friend with whom I went to school at Murfreesboro. I can save my money that way and also renew an old acquaintance. He is engaged so I don't expect he will want to go out. I hope not anyway. Ellis had his tonsils removed yesterday at the hospital here. I didn't go to see him yesterday but I called his girl and she said he made the operation okay. I must go over to see him this afternoon before I leave this town. Did you get your new Ford? I wish that I could be there to let you take me for a ride in it. I don't especially just want to be there for that, but I want to be with you. See? Darling, I know you think I don't care for you at all and I suppose from all indications I don't, but deep down in my heart there is a love for you that I can't get rid of. I have tried because I haven't any thing to offer you and I must get through school, but I can't get away from that feeling. Maybe this is rather hard to understand and you must wonder why I would want to get rid of it, but that is a long story and I will have to tell you more about when I come home. Just three more months and I will have a ten-day vacation and then we can really celebrate, if you care to. I see that Charles Kerr and Jane VanCleave both got their names in the paper for doing some outstanding work. It must be great to be able to do things like that. I prefer my name out of the papers as much as possible, but that is something I need never to worry about. Darling, I must bring this letter to a close and get to work. Think of me once in awhile and pray for my success. I'll need it. Be sweet and don't wait as long as I have to write. I'm really ashamed of myself and am really sorry that I have neglected it so long, even if I was busy. Don't have too many good times and let me hear from you often. I'll try to answer them when ever I get time.

Loads of love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville from U.T. to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 16 April 1939.**

Dearest Florabel,

Some excuse is better than none, but fortunately I was feeling pretty well when I received you letter and didn't get down in the dumps. I stay that way about half of the time. I was certainly sorry to hear about Lucille losing her mother. I can sympathize with her, but she mustn't let that change her outlook on life. That is a fate that everyone must face in life and make the best of it. Giver her my most hearty sympathy and tell her to keep her chin up. It will pay in the long run. So you have been seeing Ellis (Wallace) again. Well, I am glad that he had the opportunity that I have been denied so long. I don't blame you for going with him. He is a swell boy, in spite of his many faults. We all have them and I have more than anyone. Do you ever see Ellis now? I thought maybe he would come up here this week end, because this was his week end off, but he didn't come. About his girl and his having a monopoly on

here is all bunk. She is a swell girl and I like her immensely (as a friend) but you know how women are. You can't trust them very far. I didn't say I had a date with her, understand, but I know can be arranged. You need not tell him how it is though. I accept the challenge but I don't expect to give him much competition. I probably couldn't if I wanted to. He had to pull entirely off, before I stood a chance with you, that is if I ever did. If you hadn't given him the air, so to speak, my case would have been hopeless. I haven't ever said I was sorry I took the dare, have I? I am very well satisfied with the outcome and ask you only to give me a chance to prove how I appreciate the honor of being with you as much as I am able. I found some kin up here this quarter and I spent part of the afternoon and night with them. I had supper with them and a long chat. We expect to see much of each other from now on. I'll tell you all about it when I see you, because it is a long story. I expect to be out of this "dump" in about six weeks now and then "Home, Sweet Home" for me. Will you be glad to see me? These Saturday nights are getting unbearable for me. Oh! How I long to be with you. Mid-term examinations start in the morning and I have one the first thing. I must get some studying done between now (10:15) and 2:00 o'clock. Darling I believe that I care more for you more each day that goes by, but I am afraid you are going to give me the run-a-round. You wouldn't try that on poor little innocent me; would you? Be sweet until I see you and be careful around that boy with the "big car." I'll tell you more about it later. This letter is terrible, but I'll try to do better next time. Write soon and please don't feel blue. Remember, I love you truly. **(Most of the envelopes have X, XX, or XXX written across the back)**

Loads of love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville from U.T. to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 15 May 1939.**

Dearest Florabel,

I can't seem to realize that it is time for the schools to all be out. I suppose this week winds up the work for most seniors in our part of the country. I have about two more weeks to go yet and I can't possibly get caught up with my work by that time. I am going to try, but I expect I will have to stay over about a week after school is out and finish up. Why can't you come up when Ellis does? I expect to write to him tonight and tell him to bring you. I have been thinking about doing that for a long time, but just haven't gotten around to it yet. I want you to come and I can assure you a good time, as far as I am able to do that and you will have a decent place to stay. Tell your mother and father that you will get the right kind of treatment and I'll guarantee that. I can't see any reason why you can't come, can you? I get out the first day of June and I am coming home as soon as possible. I thought about spending my first night in Chapel Hill if you can guarantee me your undivided attention. I imagine that I may be able to get a place to spend the night somewhere around there. Oh, yes! there is always the Hotel. The main thing is will you be free? I hope so at least. I found an aunt up here about three weeks ago and she wants me to stay with her this summer and go to school. I like the idea, but I don't plan to go to school this summer. Does that suit you? I haven't decided yet what I will do. I'll have to figure that out when I get home. What is the new scandal in Chapel Hill? Does anything exciting ever happen around there now? Billie Parks didn't know any new news last night. I went to church, believe it or not. Oh yes! I must tell you what I heard about you. Between quarters when I expected to go home a certain person told me that someone else was looking after you. They said he drove a car so big that it couldn't be turned around on the streets of Chapel Hill. Now, aren't you ashamed of yourself? Please don't think that would be the human thing to do, not after your telling me how much you loved me. Darling, I'm so sorry I waited so long to answer your letter. I'm so busy that I didn't realize that two weeks have passed. I suppose I'll realize it when I don't get a letter from you real soon. I could hardly wait until that last one came. I thought that you had deserter me. You are the only one I ever hear from except mother and she writes every quarter at least. We are ashamed of ourselves, but we don't try to improve. I'll make it up to her this summer, if possible. Darling I must stop and get back to work and not think about you anymore than I possibly can, especially when I'm trying to work. It causes a tickly feeling around my heart-honest! Be sweet until I see you and please don't wait too long to write and be sure to come with Ellis if you possibly can. The treat and finances will all be on me. Just bring a change of clothes and I'll see about the rest. Until I see you good-bye or rather adios and pleasant dreams.

I love you darling,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville from U.T. to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 23 May 1939.**

Dearest Florabel,

I received your letter about ten minutes ago and think that it would be best to answer it right now, although it may be best for me to think about it awhile. I went down and talked to another boy and we came practically to the same conclusions. Tell Charles (*Potts who attended the University of Tennessee Junior College one year after high school in 1939, then moved to Knoxville in 1940 and attended U.T., majoring in Agriculture*) that I am interested in him and I admire his ambition, and we will be glad to have him up here. Please don't take me wrong when I express my honest belief, because I believe that is what you would want. Isn't it? I hope that you can come regardless because I want to see you more than I can express in words and I certainly appreciate your consideration for my well-being. I must say that you and your family are true blue. There is little that I can do except to go around and introduce Charles to the different major professors and let them talk to him. That will help a lot. I will ad (?) and may help him in the long run, but this is the true situation and if I had a chance to talk to Charles I believe that we could come to some definite conclusions. You say that he is interested in agriculture. Fine, but there are about 8 different phases of agriculture being taught here and Charles doesn't, or at least I don't know, which one he would be interested in. We could talk that over after he got up here and probably decide on something but it will be approximately two years before he would have to make a real decision as to the course he plans to take. The first two years are the same for all agricultural students and there is very little to be done except to register for courses and start to work. In his Junior and Senior year he can take some things that aren't outlined for him. This is my honest opinion and I am going to give it even if I am cutting my own throat and maybe preventing you from making the trip. I wouldn't advise any student just getting out of High School to start to school in the summer. The atmosphere isn't suitable for work, there are very few freshmen up here during the summer, comparatively speaking and his schedule will be torn up the entire four years and he will wish he had never seen a college before the year is out. Does Charles want to finish in three years or not? If he does tell him that I will be glad to go through the entire college with him, help him get his course straightened out and will even come back up here, if necessary, to see him get the right start. This is what I advise. If you want to bring Charles and the family, and I hope you do, we will do the best we can just as soon as I get through. I get through examinations June 1, at 10:00 o'clock and I will be free the rest of the time until I get him straightened out. I can't get caught up with my work until about Sat. morning, but I can take off a little time and will be more than glad to do so, if you see fit to come. I would advise Charles to wait until next year and start out with the rest of the freshmen. Advisors are provided and he can't possibly go wrong in any thing. I will be up here and will help him in any way possible. Please forgive me if I have seemed to be indifferent because I really don't feel that way about it. This has come straight from my heart and I want you to believe me. I want to see you darling, honest, but I don't want your parents to have to make a trip just for you to see me and to see the town, when there is very little that they can do towards getting things straightened out. One more thing, if Charles wants to work on the n.y.a. up here he would (be) doing the proper thing in coming up here, to get lined up for next year. It would be rather hard to get work this summer though. (I'm sorry I overlooked the work part) I know the man personally that is in charge of the work and I will do my best to get things lined up for him. Probably he had better come up here for that now. I don't have time to see the man right now, but I'll try to get in touch with him tonight and see how long he will be around. It would probably be best to come about next Thursday/June (?) though and then we will be certain to find him. This is rather a rambling letter and I hope I have outlined things as they stand. Come if you possibly can by next Thursday and I will try to get things straightened out for Charles and try to get my work up so I can go home with you. I certainly appreciate the invitation and the consideration and hope that everything works out all right. I have more to say, but I'll wait until I see you to tell the remainder. I hope that you get to come. Be sweet until I see you and remember that I love you, darling. I can't hardly wait until school is out. Write soon and let me know your plans.

P.S. Tell Charles that I would like to have a long talk with him, between quarters if he comes up here. I figure that I can give a little advice and some pointers from my experience up here. I'm glad he has decided to go to school.

Loads of love,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Knoxville from U.T. to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 23 May 1939. This and the last letter was apparently written on the same day, but mailed on different days, the 23<sup>rd</sup> and 24<sup>th</sup> respectively.**

Dearest Florabel,



Please forgive that rambling letter I wrote this morning and accept my apology for misinterpreting your letter. I was in a hurry and didn't read it correctly. If you will forgive me this time I'll try not to make such a boner again. I thought that Charles wanted to come up here this summer but your letter stated clearly that he wanted to get lined up for next year. I suppose I was so excited about your coming that I couldn't even read plain English. Come ahead and I'll do my best to help you in any way possible. I think that it is a good idea and Charles should get his application in this summer because most of the workers are filing theirs before they leave here next week. He will stand a much better chance also if he has a talk with Mark (?) Alexanders. By-the-way he is from Shelbyville. Do you know him? Tell Charles to start thinking about which department he would be most interested in and we will go through all of them and he can decide more fully. As I said in my other letter, he won't be able to decide fully or at least his decision won't help him any as far as his courses are concerned until he finished his first two years. I have been trying to find Mark all night but haven't succeeded yet. I know his office will be open though and there will be very little trouble encountered from that source. It may be best to come Thursday, but you can wait until Friday if you desire and take a chance. I can't say just when I will be able to get off, because I have considerable work to do after school is out. Arrange the time to suit yourself and I'll try to make the best of it. I really expected to be ready to go home by Friday, but I can't say for certain. Let me know for certain when you are coming and I'll try to get my work in shape so I can have as much time as possible to be with you. Please forgive my other letter.

As ever,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 6 June 1939.**

Dearest Florabel,

I suppose that you have "cussed" me for everything imaginable and probably you were justified, but I really didn't mean to wait this long to write and I really meant to go to see you Monday night, but I caught some lambs Monday morning and strained my back, not very bad, but I can't walk straight, standing and you know you are bad on sick people. Remember Xmas? Well I am coming this Saturday night if you don't prevent it and you are in a good humor. I'll try to be 100% perfect that night, because I am trying to get straightened out now. I'll try to be more agreeable than I was over the past week end. Daddy bought a new combine and tractor the other day and we tried to thresh some today, but the grain was too green. We'll probably get started in a day or two. That may be my job a good part of the summer. I haven't much news to tell you now, but we'll find plenty to talk about Saturday night. Let me hear from you soon, as to whether Saturday night is open, etc. Hoping to see and be with you soon. I remain,

Yours only,

Harry

**Letter from Harry Goodman in Cornersville to Miss Florabel Potts in Chapel Hill, Tennessee on 28 June 1939.**

Dearest Florabel,

I didn't mean to wait two weeks to write to you when I told you that I was going to wait that long, but I did almost that bad. Time slips by so rapidly that I can't even keep (?) track of the days. I have waited all this time to find out whether or not the family had to go visiting Sat. night and I find that they do, so if it is all right with you I will wait until Sunday night, if you will let me come at all. I expect that would be the best time anyway because we have to work pretty late since it has rained so much if we even get caught up with our work. Please answer as soon as you get this letter and please forgive me for waiting so long to write. Be sweet until I see you.

Lots of love,

Harry

P.S. If it is too late when you get this letter for me to get an answer, please call me. My telephone is in Marshall County. If I don't hear from you I'll take it for granted that you expect me to come.

**(This was the last letter from Harry to Florabel. Perhaps he never heard from her again)**

**Letter from Charles R. Yokley to Florabel Potts on Saturday night, 7 October 1940. Addressed to 402 Garden Avenue. Charles and Florabel dated from 1940 to 1945 or so.**

My Darling,

Guess you thought I wasn't going to write to you didn't you? No, I haven't forgotten you. I have just been so busy I haven't had time to do anything. How are you liking the new home now? I hope you like all right. Honey, I don't know when I'll get to see you again. I just told my company I am quitting. I tried to get them to give me an expense account and they wouldn't do it so I just quit. Maybe I could get a job up there eh? I wish I could get a job up there where you are, but I don't guess there's a chance (with you?) I'm thinking of going to Florida for the winter. Mother (Ella Yokley of Sewanee, TN) is going down there and I thought I would drive her down and maybe work for two or three months. Honey, do you remember what I asked you the last date we had together? What kind of answer could you give me now? Yes darling, I remember every date I had with you. I also had some dreams of you, but it looks as if I haven't a chance & never will have one. If I had the chance that one person has I would never worry about another thing. Darling, I could marry you and live on love. I wish you would send me a good, big picture of yourself. I don't have any good ones or I would send you one. I'm going to have some made and then I'll send you one. Do you know I could hunt the world over and I would never find a girl any sweeter than you are. I only wish I had half a chance with you. Sometimes, when I wonder about the war, I wonder if I'll ever get to see you again. I don't think I could ever forget you. You never even think of me except when you get my crazy letters. But honey, they mean a lot even if they are crazy. You know, the world wouldn't be right if it didn't have a few crazy people in it like I am. Hone, I must close and get some sleep. It's 11 o'clock now. See, I do think a lot of you to sit up and write you a letter. You asked if I had a girl down here that I was in love with. No, I haven't. Why should I have a girl down here when I have you? If you wouldn't be enough for me now you never would, do you think? I think I'll take a chance on persuading you to change your mind someday. How about it? Can't you tell me something? I would do everything I could to make you happy. I know it would be hard to look at me all the time, but I would be happy if you only could. Darling I must close. You can send my mail to Sewanee, Tennessee because I might not be here. I have a chance for another job here, don't know if I'll take it or not. I'd rather spend the winter in Florida. Answer soon my (?) sweet. I love you cutie. P.S., don't fall in love up there and let me down. I'm depending on you alone.

Love,

Chas

**A card from Henrietta Eads Potts to her daughter Florabel Potts (Poore) during a trip to Florida. From Forest Park 13 April 1940.**

Dearest Florabel,

Stayed at a nice forest camp just on the other side of Atlanta. Having a great trip. Didn't stop in Chattanooga. It is as cold here as it was at home. I expected to find it warm, but haven't yet. Be good.

Love,

Mother & dad

**A card from Henrietta Eads Potts to her daughter Florabel Potts (Poore) from Miami, Florida on Monday, 15 April 1940, A.M.**

My dear Florabel,

Wish you were with us. We are seeing some beautiful sights. Stayed near Datona Beach in hotel Sat. night. Reached Miami about five o'clock Sun. P.M. Had traveled 970 miles. We stopped with Clarence and Jamie Landis about 2 hours. Stayed with Mr. & Mrs. Harris the mail carrier Sun. night. Dad has gone on route with him today. We will stay with the Landis' tonight or tomorrow night one, I guess, as they insisted we come back & stay with them. We had a flat tire before we got to West Palm Beach on the narrow road Sun. P.M., but dad got it fixed. It is still cold enough for a fire here this a.m. I have been nearly frozen all the time since I left home. Sure needed a heater in car. I had to wrap up in both the black and red blankets Fri. Dad had a sore throat Sat., but it is better. I still have on my long sleeve dress; have not changed. We may start towards home Wed., but will likely make several stops and will stay in Chattanooga a night or two I think as we did not stop there coming on. If there is any

news you would want us to get about Fri., Sat., or Sun. you could catch us there I think. I forgot to get the addresses for the Blackburns before I left home, but they are in the desk in little book. We'll have to look them up in directory. Will send card tomorrow. Hope you are ok. *(Have log Henrietta kept of this journey and Uncle Charley related that his dad got their car stuck in the sand, which had to be pulled out by a guy sitting on a tractor. The log kept up with arrival times for each town they came to, how much gas they bought and cost, where they ate, where they stayed, and descriptions of places they saw. Mrs. W.C. Blackburn of Chattanooga is kin through the Marbury side, being the sister of W.H. Marbury who married Tennie Thompson in 1897)*

Love,

Mother & Dad

Example from log: Sat. P.M. 3:15 o'clock . We have been driving in Fla about ½ hour, are on a beautiful concrete highway now. Nothing to see (much) but pines and more pines. Expect to reach Jacksonville in a short time. My corn is hurting so it suites me fine to just sit and ride. Have not gotten tired yet (not much) The road through Georgia was beautiful with white dogwood blooming, magnolia trees, and pines. So many beautiful towns with palms and blooming pink and white dogwood along the way.

**Letter from Henrietta Eads Potts to Florabel Potts (Poore) at 6:30, Tuesday A.M., 16 April 1940. From Miami, Florida.**

My Dear Florabel,

We'll be starting towards home today. Saw the ocean right close up. Yes, I put my hand in the water and a big wave come out and caught me and I got one foot wet. I jumped, but not in time, but I didn't mind. It was thrilling as I was breaking in my new shoes; the first time I had tried to wear them. They do not hurt at all. My corn is so much better, it was rising and when it run it got all right. We will stay with Clarence & Jeanie L. tonight, then we'll make a break for Chattanooga. Don't think we will stay there long. We'll probably be home Friday or Saturday; if not don't worry. Daddy (Earl Potts) has gone I the P.O. now at Little River Station with Mr. Harris to make out the trade papers that are necessary. I'm sure we will not have any trouble getting here, but when Frank Rickman sees this fellow there will, no doubt, be objections, but it may be too late for him to do anything about it. I like Mr. Harris very well, but I'd love to be hid some where and here what Chapel Hill will say about him. So we don't know yet. I hope you are doing O.K. I sure wish you and Charles (Potts) could have come with us, but there'll be another time. I'm bringing home souvenirs. Everyone is so back down here and ugly; guess we'd soon be that way. That's all for this time.

Love, oceans of love,

Mother and Dad

**Letter from Amos C. Bond to Florabel Potts (Poore) on 4 September 1940 at 402 Garden Ave. From Lewisburg, Tennessee. Florabel moved to Knoxville in August of 1940. She dated Amos.**

Dearest Florabel,

I gladly received your letter this afternoon about three O'clock. I sure do miss you "hon." I hope you like where you like where you are now living. I would like Lewisburg better if you were in Chapel Hill again. I didn't know I could miss anyone as much as I do you. I saw Wilma last night and she was asking all about you, and as bad as I hated to, I had to tell her, I had not heard from you. I am at home writing you with all my heart. It is about 8:30 and I am going to have to stop soon, because the mail is leaving at 9 O'clock. I wish I were there with you or you were here with me. "Honey," write me what all you have been doing. I am so lonesome I can't sleep. When I do go to bed I can't sleep for three or four because I am thinking of you. Paul Taylor and myself started back to school Monday and like it fine, but I don't know how long I'll last. We went out for football so you can guess how I feel tonight. Tell all the folks "Hello" for me. Tell Charles (Potts) to get the bed ready because I will be up in a very short time. I will send you a picture as soon as I have one made, so be looking out for it. I have been out to R.C. and he is doing fine. We are building a new transmitter and I have been working every night since you left. "Honey," as soon as we get back on the air we will call you. If you cannot read this send it back and I will type it for you. "Good night hon." "I love you with all my heart." P.S., Please write as soon as you get this and I will see you soon.

**(And boy did he ever write. Florabel received a letter from him nearly every other day through the year of 1940 and up to about June of 1941, then very few scattered letters from then until June of 1946. These letters were sent to Amos Bond's widow, Mrs. June Bond, in Lewisburg, Tennessee. They had no children. Mr. Amos Cheatham Bond, 86, of Lewisburg, died Monday, Feb. 11, 2008, at Maury Regional Hospital.)**

Amos

**Letter from Charles R. Yokley to Florabel Potts at 145 Hillcrest Ave., Knoxville, Tennessee on Friday, 7 February 1941. He was from Sewanee, Tenn.**

Dear Florabel,

I certainly was glad to hear from you. It seems as if it's been years since I saw you last. I think, if I should meet you on the street, I would have to grab you around the neck. Listen honey, why did you say that you shouldn't write to me? Listen, if you can't love me, can't you keep writing to me, or is that asking too much? Hope not! Florabel, do you think that I'm going to let you, the most precious and sweetest girl I have ever known, move away up there (Knoxville) and not even hear from you? No honey, I want to hear from you and know that you are getting along alright even if you can't ever care anything for me. We can, at least, be friends; or don't you like to have friends? When I first met you I never dreamed that I would know you more than just a little boy who made your sandwiches. Oh, I had fun making those for you. Right at first it didn't make any difference to me whether you liked the sandwiches or not. Later, I found myself looking forward to the times when you would come and I could see you. I enjoyed every one of those times you came even though you did have a date. Then, one night, I called you. That's the time I asked you for a date. I really wasn't expecting to get a date, but I hardly knew what to do when you said, yes. I almost fainted. I had been wanting a date with you since the first time I met you. By the way, I would like to have another date with you, how about it? I won't take no for an answer. I was just kidding about that remark, but I do want to see you very much. You see, I'm coming to Knoxville to spend the weekend. I'm not sure just when, but sometime after it gets a little warmer. I'm driving my sister and her girl friend up for the weekend. Therefore, I will have plenty of time to see you. Let's make it a date, O.K.? I could send you a telegram and let you know when I will come. I hope it's soon. Yes, honey, I do remember the time we went to the Skate R. in Shelbyville. I'm sorry I was such a bad sport and couldn't skate with you. You won't have to stand on the sideline the next time (if a next time) you go skating with me. I think I can get in with any of them now. Of course, I'm not the best skater in the world, but I wouldn't fall over fifty times I guess. Ha! I made up my mind that night (Shelbyville) that I would learn to skate. Well, I did. I fell a lot at first, but I fall now mostly from clowning. I still have a lot to learn. And, I know of no other person that I would like better for a teacher than you. Honey, I must close for this time. It's really cold here today; ice over every thing. It rained last night and froze where it fell. Please write to me and don't stop writing. If nothing else, think of me as a brother if you can bear such thoughts. I'll be waiting for an answer. P.S., Please excuse pencil and writing. I love you.

Love,

Chas (Charles)

**Letter from Iris Wortham (Richardson) to Florabel Potts (Poore) on 29 July 1942. From Shelbyville, Tennessee to 141 Hillcrest Ave. Fountain City, Tennessee.**

Dearest Florabel and all,

Thought I would get this off before now. Just think I've been home a week today. I wish ever day I was back with you. I really liked it up there. I can't begin to tell you how much I enjoyed my visit with you. It was perfect only I just didn't get to stay long enough. I haven't had such a good time in, I can't remember, and I can't convey enough thanks to you all. Someday maybe I'll be situated so I can return the favor. I told Dot what a good time I had and she was sorry she missed it. She is feeling better, but not good. Still hasn't gone to work and I don't know what she'll do. She doesn't either I don't think. Clarice (Reid) and Harlan are going together every nite. I went out to see Dot Sunday afternoon and Cecil was there and Clarice and Harlan came in; much too much for me. Someday I guess it won't hurt. I do wonder how you are doing. Has Raymond reported yet? I wish you could find someone else. Do write me about it. I rode over to Tullahoma with Jim Clark last Thursday nite; was just bored and wished I was home so I've been every since. Tell Ruth how much I enjoyed being with her. Tell her to keep your chin up. Be sure to take care of that \$1.25 record (?), Ha! And Uncle Earl (Potts), there's no way to tell you how much I appreciate all you did. Thank you is just putting it mildly. Someday may be able to repay you. When you get that house I'll come live with you if you'll let me. That's not talk either, I meant it. I really liked it up there. I made the trip home fine. I didn't get sick at all and was so proud of me. Came home Tuesday afternoon went back to work Wednesday. Jim was all O.K and Sis (Mamie) too. Corine came after me Wednesday afternoon and I went down

there. I say very little of her. She left Sunday. I like her husband, but he's a skinny as I am. All the kin all right so far as I know. Talked to Aunt Lizzie (Elizabeth Eads Moon?) Saw Dad Saturday. Hope Charles (Potts) and family & Ernest & Sara (Potts) are all right. Tell them I asked about them; enjoyed that supper at Sara's so much. You and Ruth take it upon yourselves to come some of these times. Tell Ruth Merle is working in Tullahoma and comes home every nite. Thanks again for a great time. It was perfect. Write me all about you. Tell Uncle Earl he wasn't half bad at picture taking. I'm sending you the best one.

Love,

Iris

**Letter from Private First Class Jimmy Ezell to Miss. Florabel Potts (Poore) 31 October 1943. From Co. C, 60<sup>th</sup> Q.M., San Francisco, California to 145 Hillcrest Avenue, Knoxville, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel,

I don't guess you will remember me, but I told you I would write you sometime; you remember you put your address in the back of my little book on the bus one day while I was coming home to Nashville & you were good & kind enough to sit & talk with me. I certainly did enjoy your company very much indeed & am very sorry that I haven't written to you sooner. Hope I am forgiven. How are doing during these dreadful war days; fine I hope. Are you still working regular? I don't think you know it, but I am now overseas & have been here for about sixteen months in the same place; haven't seen any action as yet, you never can tell what will happen over here tho. It happens before you know it. I am on detached service with the American Red Cross, a very good job & a good place to be. I am very much satisfied with my work here. I get plenty to eat & not so much sleep tho because I work in the daytime & write letters at night until the lights go out, which is about eleven O'clock. Well, I can't think of very much to say at this time, but will be expecting an answer from this soon. Oh yes, have you been to Nashville lately? If so, how is Ole Nashville looking now? I would like very much to see it; almost two years since I was there; a long time come to think of it. Well, I will close so take good care of yourself & I wish you the best of luck always.

**(Letter had U.S. Army stamp and was passed by the base examiner)**

Sincerely,

Jimmy Ezell

**Letter from Louise Pearson Potts to Florabel Potts (Poore) on Tuesday, 13 April 1944. From Tampa, Florida to 145 Hillcrest Ave., Knoxville, Tennessee. (Envelope has 3-cent "WIN THE WAR" stamps.**

Dear Florabel,

We sure were glad to get that long lost letter of yours. I am sorry that my letter hurt you, but I can't imagine what I said that did. When I wrote that letter we had just gotten here and I could not set the time for you to come down. I looked for a letter from you so long & then thought we would start making plans for your visit, but you waited so long that I thought you had forgotten us. I will forgive you this time, but you better write your "new sis" more often from now on. Say honey, I have planned way back for you to come down, but this Army has kept Charlie in such suspense. We have expected to leave every Wednesday & Friday since two weeks after we came, but we are so happy that we have been together. Charlie thinks now he will be here two more weeks, so I wish you would come down right now. Do not take time to wash & iron your clothes because you can do it here. Bring your summer clothes & bathing suit. It is hot here now, so you will need cool clothes. Do not buy any new clothes. I just have 3 cool dresses with me, but people do not dress up much here. They wear anything to keep cool. Tell the theatre your brother is going to be moved & you have to come to see him at once. Do not take time to answer this letter, just wire us & come this weekend. We will meet you. If you can't tell us the time you will arrive you can get a taxi to our house. I wish you were here this week because Mrs. Jackson went to Miami & I am alone. She said you could stay here & room with her daughter for \$5.00 a week. If you get here by Sunday we will take you to Clearwater because Amos (Bond) wants us to come back there. We went over there this past Sunday & my legs are blistered. My nose is red as a beat. I am glad Lib (?) has had the baby & I know they are proud of that boy. Maybe Sara (Morris Potts) will come as far as Tal. (?) with you. Wire us before you leave Knoxville. You better come on now because the airfields are so full here. I am afraid Charlie will be sent out of Florida. Hoping to see you soon.

Love,  
Louise

**Letter from Cpl. Charles W. Potts to Miss. Florabel Potts (Poore) on 18 April 1944. From Tampa, Florida to 145 Hillcrest Ave., Fountain City, Br. Knoxville, Tennessee.**

Dear Sis,

Much to my surprise I am still at Plant Park. I came here with the idea that I would be here two or three weeks at the most and as every week passes I think well surely they will get me next week. I don't know any good reason why they are keeping me here, so long nor does anyone else and I haven't the slightest idea when I will leave; maybe tomorrow, maybe next month, who knows??? I was terribly sorry that I forgot about mother's birthday again this time. You should have written sooner and reminded me of it. You know I never remember when it is. That was the most sarcastic letter I believe I ever read; the very idea of you thinking such things. You know very well that Louise and I **both** were expecting you to come here to see us soon after we got settled. I didn't know you had to have another invitation. We thought you would set the date when you could come and write to us. Louise (Pearson Potts) wrote you once, I read the letter she wrote and I didn't see anything wrong with it, but you sure took your time about answering it. Your letter hurt her pretty bad, then it finally did come, but one of the many good things about her is that she doesn't hold a grudge very long. I absolutely refused to set the date for you to come because I've been expecting to be shipped out for about seven weeks now and I won't know for sure when I'm going to leave until the day before. Just come whenever you can. We've talked to Mrs. Jackson & she said you could sleep with Elizabeth and share her room for \$5.00 a week. It's about time for me to go back to work now, so I'd better close. Hope this brings a quicker and better answer than our last one did. **(Return address: Cpl. Chas. W. Potts-14123191, 4<sup>th</sup> Det., 3<sup>rd</sup> AFRD, Plant Park, Tampa, Florida)**

Love,

Charles

**Letter from Ernest N. Potts to Florabel Potts on Thursday, 2 November 1944. Addressed to her in Tampa, Florida and also to the Palace Theatre in Fountain City where she worked.**

Dear Florabel,

I have been waiting very patiently for a letter from you, but it seems as though it will never get here. Don't you think it would be nice if you took time to write me some time? I've been hearing very little about you. How are you getting along with your job and every thing in Florida? I think I did hear from home that you had received a little raise. That sounded like you might be doing alright. Did you get the letters that I wrote you, one before I left the states and one since I have been here? I have been getting along very nicely since I have been in England. I've had it much easier than Charles (Potts-Radio-Gunner-B-17) whether he has told you or not he has been pretty busy. We have been together twice since I have been here. He came to see me first, and then I went to see him about the first of October. He seemed to be doing alright then, but I haven't heard from him now in some time. I think I will go back to see him the first part of the week if I can get off long enough. I have a very easy job in the office working from 4 p.m. to 8 a.m. every other night; it really isn't bad at all and I can be on the inside most of the time. With all the rain and mud, that has been welcome. Since I am no where near a danger area every thing has been going smoothly; very little difference from the way it was there, except I miss having Sara (Morris Potts) around, or at least so I could call her. My mail seems to get here very slowly. I haven't heard from mother (Henrietta Eads Potts) in two or three weeks and the last letter I got from Sara was written October 21. It even takes from 5 to 7 days for a letter to come from Charles --- there (?) 200 miles away. Well, I don't know of much more of interest at the present, but I do wish you would write to me some time. Take care of yourself. **(Return address: T/S Ernest N. Potts 34920012. 351<sup>st</sup> Harbor Craft Co. APO 229 C/O Postmaster. New York. Passed by Army Examiner)**

With love,

Ernest

**Partial, cut-up letter from Charles R. Yokley to Florabel Potts (Poore) at the Palace Theatre in Fountain City on 12 May 1945. Written from Lenmoore, California.**

I got to the states, you were the first person I called. I promised I would see you to may up my mind. When I left the U.S. I loved you so much and so deeply that I would have died for you. That feeling lasted until you yourself caused it to change. All I can say is that I hope you know what you are doing. And if you do such a thing I'll never speak to you again. And as for the remark you made about waiting, I have nothing to say. You can do as you wish. I'm still going to be absolutely sure before I do anything. **(This letter was cut up in pieces with pieces missing)**

**Letter from Charles R. Yokley to Florabel Potts Poore on 29 May 1945. Charles and Florabel dated and wrote to each other from circa 1940 to 1945 while he was in the service. She had about two-dozen or more letters from him. I sent these letters to Charles's son, Charles Jr.**

Dear Flo,

Just a few lines to say hello again. I received your letter a couple days ago, the one where you said if you didn't get an answer, you were going to give up. That day, I just came from the hospital and your letter was on my bed. I was in a wreck, but guess the injuries were not too serious. Had a couple of X-rays made and seems they turned out alright. Yes Flo, I know you have a suitcase with a little card in it. However, I'm out in the desert here and there's no place for you to stay, and I have no car or way to get into town. It takes me eight and nine hours to get in from here and that's really good time. There's not even a guesthouse on the post where you could stay. So you see, I'm really in a hole. I'm leaving here Saturday if I don't have to go to the hospital with my back again. Sure hope my next place is much better than this one, and I think it is. I'll write you all about it when I get there. Must close for now so write when you can. Sorry you are angry with me. **(Charles R. Yokley was still living at 90, as of 1 October 2009)**

Always,

Charles

**Letter card from Lena Pearl Eads Wortham, half-sister to Henrietta Eads Potts, from Chapel Hill, Tenn. to Knoxville, 145 Hillcrest Ave. Knoxville on Thursday morning, 11 October 1945.**

My dear sick sister,

Oh no pen can express how very sorry I was to hear you were not improving. Well just keep on trying, maybe find the cure. We sure have to have patience. I am sitting up now most of day, but don't have any appetite, can't gain much. I left feeling so bad, was awful bilious. I sure was real sick about 2 weeks. Tom (Wortham) had his hands full. He wanted to see you, but seems impossible. All the kin are well so far as I know. Winston and wife are here now on visit now to see me a few minutes. I do pray you can bet better. Hope Ernest is home. Love to all. By now. **(Henrietta died twelve days later on 23 October 1945)**

Your loving sis,

Pearl

**Two letters from Mrs. Ernest J. Duncan, Jr. to Miss Flo Potts (Poore) on (?) August 1945 and on 1 September 1945. From Bartow, Florida to 145 Hillcrest Ave. (Letters condensed)**

Dearest Flo,

Just had a letter from mother and she says your mother isn't feeling so good. Perhaps when the weather gets cooler she'll feel better. There seems to be something all the time to keep one's spirit down. Write us and let us know how your mother (Henrietta Eads Potts) is feeling. Hope she's much improved when this reaches you. Was nice seeing you again.

Dearest Flo,

I'm so sorry your mother doesn't seem to be improving. The time of year makes any one feel worse. I'm sure you're being up home didn't have anything to do with her getting worse. Sometimes being gone for a few days you just notice the weakness more than if you were right with the patient every day. Please don't worry. The weather has been so dreadful for one in bed. Having to lie in bed without exercise naturally makes one feel weaker on hot days. **(Don't know who this is, but Ernest Duncan and Gladys's brother were both in the service at this time)**

Love,

Gladys

**Letter from Mayme Wortham Woosley to Mr. E.N. Potts on the death of his wife Henrietta Eads Potts. From Franklin, Tennessee on 29 October 1945.**

Dear Earl and Florabel,

I know you all are lonely and miss her so much today and I want you to know I'm thinking of you. But Earl you have the consolation that a lot of husbands wouldn't have, that of always being kind. I've never known a person sweeter to anyone than you were to her and that should be a great help. Florabel, I liked your friend very much, also Louise (Potts?) I hadn't met her. Come back home when you can and let me hear from you when you have time.

Love to all the family,

Mayme.

**Letter from Mrs. Richard Myers to Mr. E.N. Potts and Family on 29 October 1945. From Knoxville, Tennessee regarding the death of Henrietta Eads Potts.**

Dear Friends,

We are never ready for the passing of our loved ones. We go about life's duties always forgetful that tomorrow may bring to "Our circle" the liberation of a soul, that will leave in its place sorrow and loneliness. Thus God permitted the death angel to enter the "home circle" and claim another of his faithful children. She was a gentle Mother who is reflecting to the World the soul of a great Mother. She, too, always greeted her friends with a sweet, pleasing smile. She has won the crown for which she labored, while your heart strings are broken as you must part from your loved one; yet your sorrow not as those who have no hope. She will be sorely missed by you and her friends, but we expect to see her ere long in our "Father's house." "They never quite leave us, the friends who have passed through the shadows of death to the sun-light above. A thousand sweet memories are holding them fast to the place they blessed with their presence and love." "There was a need, be for each pain, and some day He will make it plain that earthly loss is Heavenly gain." May the One who doeth all things well keep, bless and comfort you all in my prayer. **( Don't know who this is, but what a beautifully written letter of condolence)**

Mrs. Richard Myers

**Letter to Earl Potts from Aunt Pearl Eads Wortham on Tuesday morning, 6 November 1945. From Chapel Hill, Tennessee.**

Dear Earl and family,

I meant to write you last week, but did not feel like I could. I do hope you all feel better by now. I know you are lonely, even when I am left alone I can't get rid of that lonesome feeling. No pen can tell how bad I hated for our numbers to be broken, but it consoles me to believe that every thing on earth was done for her (Henrietta) that could be. It was just God's will and we must submit. I am as usual, guess I won't even be back the same again, but thankful to wait on self. Iris (Wortham Richardson) and James came Sun. Her birthday was Mon. He is such a dear sweet thing to me, a light. I forget I am sick. Florabel, I play ball with him. I rest 2 hours each day and when he comes I stay down about 15 min. I tried to make an extra good dewberry pie for Iris's birthday and you never saw



anything like it. I just want to tell you what Uncle Tom (Wortham) said. Ha! Iris said Willie Potts came in and apologized about not thinking of asking her to go with them the Sun. they went to see you. Iris is so awful thin and not well, but thinks she has to go. I don't know any news. Well yes, I forgot. Lizzie (Elizabeth Moon Eads) has been real sick since you all were here, had flu. I think she is better now. I just imagine she tried to do too much to shield Emmet (Eads), so afraid he would get down. She sure will have to think more about self now. The nurses at hospital told Iris that man would be better off not petted so much. Well, I guess Ernest (Potts) is still with you all. I do wish he was back for good. Charles (Potts) is such a sweet child; we all liked his wife so much. Earl, Nanie Shaw (?) thinks you such a wonderful fellow. She asked --- which was best man, you or Manor, so of course --- answer did not satisfy her. She says Tom Wortham there is no comparison is there. I told Tom if his answer got back he would not ride anymore with Manor. Well Florabel, now please do write me some time how you all are and I pray God to comfort you all. P.S. You all come to see us when convenient and Earl I hope we still have a woodpile.

Yours Lovingly,

Aunt Pearl

**Letter from Frank Potts to brother Earl Potts on 8 November 1945. From Indianapolis, Indiana.**

Dear brother,

I would written you before now, but did not know your address and don't know it yet, but will take a chance on you getting it. We are very sorry that we could not get to come to the funeral, but it was so late when we got the message that it would have been impossible for any of us to make it. We are going to try and come down some time next summer if nothing happens. How is Ernest & Sara, Flora Bell, & Charles? We are all well at this time. Write us when you can.

Love to all,

Frank, Agnes, & Rosemary

**Letter from Florabel Potts Poore to a Robert S. Gaylor, who was in the Army at the time. The letter was undeliverable and dated 31 December 1945, Ft. City, Tenn. 145 Hillcrest Ave.**

Dear Bob,

Sorry I haven't written you sooner, but I have been very busy lately. You will forgive me want you? Guess this will be the last letter I will write in 1945. You should be here, it is snowing and it is very cold. We had a big crowd tonight, but your mother and the boys are not here. That little Carl gets cuter every day. He is really pretty. When do you think you will get to come home? I started this at the theatre (Palace), but didn't get to finish. I'd better hurry too because its 11:15. I stayed for the show "Murder My Sweet." It was pretty good. I have rented a room here to a girl, Ruth Caldwell, know her? And she is in the room where your letter is. If I had it maybe I could think of some of the questions you asked. Any way, I like you as a friend and I will like you as a friend when you come home. You may not like me that much then. What did your mother say about me? You said she wrote about me to you. I think you have a nice, sweet mother & I like her. I wish everybody that came to the show would be friendly like her & my work would be pleasure. Are you still singing in the band? I didn't know you sang. I would like to hear you. I'd like to hear you sometime when you didn't know I was listening. F. said you knew about my mother so I won't tell you again. My Daddy works at night so that's why I rented the room to keep from being lonesome & afraid. This is a rambling letter. I can't write much anyway. Hope it doesn't bore you too much. You can't say too much about me not writing sooner because you promised to write to me when you were in Maryland. Ha! Remember? Well, so long for now and hope you get to come home soon. *(Letter addressed to 128<sup>th</sup> U.S.N.C.B (Pontoon), Headquarters Company, San Francisco, CA)*

As ever,

Florabel

P.S. I happened to remember you ask about calling me Flora. Well, no one calls me that. I don't like it, but you can call me Flo, that's my nickname & I like it better. Flo.

**Letter from Sara Morris Potts in Tabb, Virginia to Miss Florabel Potts at 145 Hillcrest Ave., Knoxville, Tenn. on 5 April 1946.**

Dear Flo,

I have been intending to write to you for several days, but I seem to have gotten involved in something that kept me from it. I enjoyed your letter so much; write another one soon, huh? Tell Dad (Earl) that we got the car license all right and thanks so much for getting them for us. Ernest doesn't need the old front bracket that Dad wrote he was going to send. He bought a new one when he registered the car at Fort Eustus and got tags to go on the car then; they are small and just have "824" and "Fort Eustus" on them. Ernest said he knew that old bracket was worn out; in fact, he thought he had thrown it away. I'm glad you and Dad had a nice trip to Middle Tennessee. I think you must be well stocked with nylons now. You seem to have gained a little when you picked up a rider back to Knoxville, too. Ernest was quite busy last week on his new job as supply officer at Camp Patrick Henry. However, now that the two companies there have signed for their supplies, he is now responsible for less than a third of the stuff he had at first. He seems to be more content with his job now. He is going to have to be duty officer (or something) tomorrow night; at least he will have to stay at camp all night. Ernest is still gaining weight. I had to let out his pink pants; now I'm going to have to let out the green ones, too. I think I've just about gained back what I lost while Ernest was overseas. Sunday was pretty (but rather cold), so we drove over to Yorktown and to Williamsburg to see a few of the historical points of interest. The drive from Yorktown to Williamsburg was particularly beautiful. The road followed the York River, and the dogwood and red buds were in bloom. We took a couple of rolls of pictures; some of them were very good. There isn't much news from this end of the line. We're just living until July and hoping nothing will happen to keep us from getting out of the Army then. Three months in the Army is a long time when we want to be home so badly. I had to stop and go to the grocery store; today was "bacon" day. So far, we've been able to get bacon (by Mr. Constance saving me a pound) and pork, but we've seen beef only once since we've been here. Ernest saw a piece in today's paper that said postal employees were to get a \$400 a year raise. Dad doesn't mind that, does he? Is Ruth still with you? And do you still have "Peeping Tom"? Write again soon.

Love to you and Dad,

Sara & Ernest

**Letter from Sara Morris Potts in Tabb, Virginia to Miss Florabel Potts at 145 Hillcrest Ave., Knoxville, Tenn. on Sunday afternoon 30 April 1946.**

Dear Flo,

Ernest is curled up on the bed asleep, and I'm trying to catch up on a bit of my correspondence. This has been a beautiful day, but we haven't been anywhere. Yesterday we went to the PX at Langley Field and then into town (Newport News). I got me material for a new dress, blue and white striped chambray. It is really very pretty, especially for .70 a yard. I know your pink linen is pretty, but unless it is very light weight linen, it will be too heavy to gather all the way around, I'm afraid. No, I didn't have anything new for Easter. In fact, we didn't even go to church because my spring hat is at home and I didn't want to buy a new one. We drove around a while that afternoon because it was such a pretty day to stay in all day. It sounds as though you are really getting the house in good order. I'm glad you have the electric water heater; I know you will enjoy it. Maybe that black pepper will last you until we get home. Then I have a big box (1 lb.) that I'll divide with you. After I got your letter and you said Louise sounded as though she wanted to give Marian that box, I mailed Marian one just like it. So maybe all of you have enough to last a while. Yep! Those chickens sound good, too. I'm hoping we can get a place fixed in our back yard for some soon after we get home. It looks as though we'll have to have our own chickens if we have any meat, or can you get meat there? We got very little here except the frozen steaks Ernest has been getting at the commissary at camp. I hope things work out so Ruth can stay with you. She seemed like such a nice, likeable person. I'm beginning to take on a little tan. I hope it is pretty and warm this week so I can get out in the sun again. It is pretty today, but not warm enough for shorts! There is a rumor running around camp that they are going on a seven-day week rather than the five-day week they have been working. Ernest says if they do that he is going home for 28 days and he probably will. We're just marking time until July 1. When it gets warm enough for us to go to the beach, why don't you come out to see us? I think Mrs. Thomas will let you have the room across the hall for a few days anyway. Don't you think you could do that? Does Dad have a garden this spring? How is he getting along? We got an invitation to Betty Sudberry's graduation. I must see if I can find some kind of gift for her soon. Write again soon.

Love,

Sara

**Letter from Amos C. Bond to Miss. Florabel Potts (Poore) Wednesday nite, 26 June 1946 at 145 Hillcrest Ave. From Lewisburg, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel,

Sure was glad to hear from you. Did not know if you would write me or not after so long a time. Have been busy for the past few days and only have a few minutes now before I am due at a meeting. So you are thinking about going to Fla? Think I will go down sometime in August. Maybe my new car will be here by then. I sure hope so. I never see Lucille; think I saw her about three months ago in Chapel Hill. Guess she still lives in Nashville. Sure wish you had called me the day you were here. About your card, guess that came when I was in Rochester and I did not see it. I was leaving that day and I just wondered if they had time to send the flowers. So someone if C.H. (Chapel Hill) said they got there O.K. I just wonder what you have on your mind you would like to ask me. Guess I had better get the show on the road. So I will write again soon.

Love,

Amos

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel Potts Poore on Tuesday nite, 23 July 1946. Shelbyville, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel,

This will be a short note as it bedtime, but I know you'll be expecting to hear. Hope everybody is fine. I guess I am. You probably know mom (Pearl Eads Wortham) has been in bed again. She is able to sit up some now, but was in bed 3 weeks. She just seems to give out. Nothing special wrong; only weakness. I worry so when she's in bed and I have such a little chance to do for her. Guess Sara and Ernest (Potts) are home now. I heard they were here. How are Charles and Louise, Uncle Earl (Potts)? Is he still working at nite? I thought you said you were coming in this month. I have looked for you all month. I start my vacation Sunday. Right now I don't see how I'm going to make it to your house. I feel like I'll have to stay some with mom as she's been sick. Dorothy (Reid) was still planning on coming with me. She sent Aunt Maggie (Eads Reid) in Sat. to see what I planned. I just don't see my way clear right now, but if I don't get to come now maybe I can go home with you sometime when you come. Someday maybe I won't have to work so hard. I hope to live to see that day. I don' know anything special. Guess you heard about all the killing at Chapel Hill. Bill Battle and the girl's grandmother. He must have been crazy. All the kin are all right so far as I know. Saw most of the Sat. Still going with my Belfast man part of the time. You'll have to come so we can go to Lewisburg. He wanted me to come tomorrow, but I have too much to do. Haven't seen any good shows lately. I hope there'll be some good ones next week. Did you get my card and note I sent? Horse show at Wartrace tonite, one at Eagleville Sat. nite. I don't care too much about going. You should come when the big one is here in Sept. When are you coming really? Corine (?) leaves for Fla. next weekend to live. She went on her vacation and liked it so well she's going back. Did you decide to go? Write me when you can. If anything works out that I can come I'll send you word. I really would love to but now I don't see how. You come to see us. Let me know when you're coming.

Love,

Iris

**Christmas card from Margaret (Maggie) Eads Reid to Earl Potts family circa December of 1950. Not sure because there is no envelope. Tried to use Billy's status as a junior in high school to date.**

Dear Earl,

We heard of your sickness and should have written you long ago. Hope you are better by now. We are living on top of the mountain and have lots of snow this winter; think we will like it here if we can make it till next summer. We are looking for part of our family home for Xmas. Winston (Reid) has bought a garage in Athens and moved there. Gerald (Reid) is in the reserves so the Army has him. He is in New Jersey. His wife is with us. Robert (Reid) is in M.T.S.C. Murfresboro. Dorothy & Jean (Reid) both work at a.v.c.o. (?) Clarice (Reid) is in Shelbyville and Elwyn (Reid) is teaching school at Longview. Bill (Reid) is our only one left at home. He is a Junior in High School at Tracy City. How is every one in your family? Let us hear from you some time.

Margaret

**Letter from Anne Eads Sudberry to her sister Margaret (Maggie) Eads Reid on 15 December 1950. As transcribed by Margaret Flury Mannes Schmidt**

December 15, 1950

Dear Sister and Family,

It sure has been a long time since I heard from you and a long time since I have written to you too. I have kept so busy since we moved just haven't had time for writing or visiting. We killed hogs Mon. It was so cold didn't get to cook out the lard until Wed. I canned 10 qts. of hog head to day. I always can the heads then we enjoy them in the spring. I think we will like to live here alright but there is lots to do. So much cleaning up to be done. We got all the papering and painting done except the boys room upstairs. It has been too cold for us to work up there no way to have fire. I enjoy the electric stove and refrigerator. We have a sink with hot & cold water, that is grand.

Hope you all have a good Xmas. It makes me awfully sad to think of the many boys over in Korea who can't be home for Xmas. I'm sure Elmer will have to go just as soon as school is out, maybe before. It sure looks bad. I wonder if Robert has been drafted & where is Jarrel [Gerald]? I was sorry he had to leave his school.

Last Mon. after we got through killing hogs we (Manor & I) started to take them down there. The roads were a solid sheet of ice and snowing a little too. We were driving along, topped a hill where all of a sudden we saw a big truck passing a car. We knew something had to be done quick or we would hit. Dad put foot on brakes and got off as far as possible. We struck a bank and then slipped across to other side of highway. The next thing I knew we were out in a corn field stuck up in the mud. The boys happened to know the boy in the truck. They said, "That was Hermon Adcock." He thought we were straightened out alright, Didn't even look back to see and both cars went on and left us in the field. Elmer walked back to Hermon Adcock's house about 2 miles and he came back and pulled us out. The car was damaged fenders bent gas pipe bent. It cost \$23 to get it fixed but Herman will pay for it or his insurance will pay for fixing it. That was a narrow escape I can't stand to think what might have happened. Billy & Evelyn Arlis also Evelyn's mother & brother came Thanksgiving stayed from Thursday until Sun. We sure had a time cooking and trying to keep warm. It turned cold so suddenly. It was the first snow Arlis had ever seen.

Tinker has a good new electric machine. I am learning to sew again. Have been making some aprons. Tinker made me a new dress from sacks, red & blue plaid. She gave me a new permanent, a Toni for Xmas.

Are you coming this Xmas? Hope I get to see you if you do.

I'm not planning on going much if weather stays cold & bad. I don't know any news to write so will close wishing each one of you a happy Xmas.

Write to me & come.

Love Anne

**Letter from Mayme Wortham Woosley to Florabel Potts Poore on Thursday, 5 February 1953. Franklin, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel,

I was so glad to see you again and have been trying to get a spare minute to write you ever since to tell you how much I liked Raymond. He is just grand. I never met anyone more friendly or that seemed more at ease. I do want you to come back and bring him and stay longer. I promise that the house will be cleaned up, too. Earl (Potts) said you all made it home around 9 p.m. Moma (Pearl Eads Wortham) is doing fine, but believe me she keeps me stepping. We didn't get to go home again last Saturday as it was pouring rain again. I do hope we can make it Saturday for I'm about dead from sleeping on the couch. Florabel, I'm going to being that bed of Grannie's (?) for mama and a little table that was hers too. I was just saying yesterday how I wish I had a dresser. I didn't know anything about the one at Uncle Wills (Eads) until mama told me. She said her Grandpa Ladd gave it to her mother (Ellen Ladd Eads, first wife of Wm. Winston Eads) when Pa Eads (Wm. W. Eads) married. They naturally kept the dresser. Then later mama said she sold it to Aunt Henrietta and she supposed you would be the one to ask. I am just wondering if you will sell it to me for the sentiment attached as well as needing it to go with that bed. Mama says she knows Aunt Bex (Alta Rebecca Reid Eads) don't care anything about it. If you will sell it to me I want it, but if

you won't sell it would you let me keep it until you want it? Of course I'd be sure it was all right with Uncle Will and Aunt Bex. Mama thought maybe you wouldn't care about it with your new home. I want to see your home if I can even come up there. Iris (Wortham Richardson) & I had planned to come the summer Alden (Richardson, Iris's husband) came home. Florabel, if you have time please write me, if just a card so I'll know what to do. I'll have to get a man to bring bed, etc. down here. I'd love to have it because it was my grandmothers'. Otherwise, I sure don't care for antiques. Please come back as soon as you can. (**Wondering if this is the dresser Barbara Potts Kittel now owns**)

Love,

Mayme

**Letter from Mayme Wortham Woosley (daughter of Lena Pearl Eads Wortham, ½ sister to Henrietta Eads Potts) to Florabel Potts Poore 23 February 1953 NASH. & MONTG.**

Dear Florabel,

I was so glad to get your letter about the dresser. We have all been afraid of Uncle Willie (Eads) and his fussing ever since I can remember. Even when we played "blind-fold" we nearly died when he came in for our game was sure over! He cares nothing on earth about the dresser until some one else wanted it. Yes, he would probably sell or give to Landis Dicken. He has never wanted it and I feel so sure I could use it if you all didn't want it or buy it so I could finish my room since I'm pushed into this antique stuff. I hate to put money in a little tacky chest of drawers to put mama's (Pearl Eads Wortham) clothes in. You never saw such a fit as he threw about it when we asked him that Saturday. Now bare in mind how he has always said it was in the way, so now he says he just won't see it leave there. Imagine! Mama told him the story that her grandfather Ladd gave it to her mother for a wedding present. You know mama never had a place to put it and didn't dream she would ever need or want it. It belongs to you all and we felt sure you didn't want it. I told him I would buy it and pay Uncle Earl what he asked. Well, he said he was going to buy it himself, said he had to have a place for his things. Aunt Bex said, "Will, I'm ashamed of you." Then she said "Come on Mayme, let's see all of Will's things." We went in room where dresser was and she was so tickled, she pulled out the first drawer and it had her old summer hats. She just died laughing and I did too. The next drawer was full of junk, mostly light cord. The only article that was his was a rain cover for a hat that I'm sure he never uses. Well, that made him madder than ever that she gave him away. He said, "You all are mighty ticked over nothing." Ha! Yes, I do want it for sentimental reasons. I do think it would be nice to be able to say my great grandfather gave it to my grandmother. I'd just give anything for it for that reason alone. It came through mama's mother, and you all own it and it beats all that I can't have it when I know Earl would sell it to me. No, we (mama & I) don't want any hard feelings about it. And it's so useless to have any, he is just acting a so & so. Aunt Bex (Alta Rebecca Reid Eads) don't want it and begged him to let us have it. All I can do now is ask Earl (Potts) to please not sell it to him. I'd never get it if he gets it in his possession. I'll just have to wait & talk to Earl & see if he sees any way. I wish you and Raymond were coming with Earl. I know you are busy, but write me when you can. I won't say a word that you said about Uncle Will. I'm writing Earl, but have to cook supper & won't have time to tell the dresser tale. Ha! So will you please give him this letter?

**(Pearl's mother was Ellen Ladd, William Winston Eads first wife, who died young. He remarried Dora.B. Robinson)**

Love to you and Raymond,

Mayme

**Letter from Annie Ella Eads Sudberry to Elwyn Reid Flury on 12 August 1953. No envelope. Included with the next letter from Elwyn on 17 August 1953. Annie, sister to Henrietta Eads Potts.**

Dear Elwyn,

I received your letter yesterday, was so glad to hear form you all. The reunion would suit me fine if we did not have serious sickness in the family. Manor's brother, Hermon, has a little boy who has cancer of spine. He has been sick since last Xmas. The Dr's gave up all hope for him over a month ago and just gave him from 3 weeks to 3 months to live. He is the poorest human I have ever seen, absolutely skin and bone. We have been trying to help out over there and expecting to hear the worst any day. Then Cecil Sudberry, Manor's brother who has had as many bad spells of side pleuracy has been in bed now three weeks; may have to have another operation. So, for the present I just can't see my way through enough to plan for reunion. Tell Florabelle (Potts Poore) I'm so sorry. I'll try to

write her the first spare time I have. If there should be a change soon perhaps we could still have it. Elmer (Sudberry, Annie's son) is staying at home now, but plans to volunteer for Army in Sept. He brought his television home and we are really enjoying it. Uncle Emmet (Eads) has new bathroom built in dining room. Will (Eads) and Bex are having one built too. Their's will be in back porch close to little room. I am so happy for them. Poor me. Ha! Pearl (Eads Wortham) wants to come again on visit, but Bex said she didn't see how they could have her now, the building, the wedding & quarterly meeting all on hand. I did not get an invitation to the big Tea they had for Edith, another case where they had to have a stopping place I guess. Bex said Dora Jane is coming for the wedding. I don't know much to write, just wish I could see you all. Thanks for the stamps.

Love to all,

Annie

**Letter from Elwyn Reid Flury to Florabel and Raymond Poore on 17 August 1953. Tracy City, Tenn.**

Dear Florabel and Raymond,

I'm sending you Aunt Annie's letter. It is too much to rewrite (enclosed with this letter) I'm sorry about the sickness in Aunt Annie's family. Mama said the little boy was seven or eight years old. I don't know him. I guess we'll have to set another date some other time. Gerald (Reid) and Mai have gotten moved to Palmer. They are close now and we see them often. We are already having our teacher's meeting, getting ready for school to start. It begins this coming Friday. Our County Fair is "coming off" this week, too. Jean (Reid) and James Edd and another couple have gone to Florida this week. They'll be back the last of the week. I don't know; they may be back here for the weekend. We are on their route. Dorothy (Reid) is on vacation now too. We are looking for her to come here Wednesday. I sure do miss being in Knoxville. I wish that I could have gone another 5 weeks. I don't know much to write so I'll stop. Hoping to hear from you sometime.

Love

Elwyn

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett (Potts) to Florabel Potts (Poore) on 28 November 1953. From Rover, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel,

So sorry you could not come. I did so much want our families to get acquainted here in my home. I realize now I should have written you sooner. You children must have been real cooperative and sweet about all this as mine also have been and we are thankful. Your dad (Earl Potts) deserves much happiness and I shall do my best to help him to continue to be so. We both love and appreciate our lovely children. Now we hope to have twelve lovely children instead of six each. O.K? I'll be so sorry not to have you, but I should have written long before this; guess I couldn't think real well. I hope I'll make up for it all later on. May I? We will be seeing you soon dear. **(Elizabeth and Earl Potts were married on 28 November 1953. Uncle Charles Potts said that Earl and Elizabeth new each other or grew up together in Rover, went to church and social functions, ice cream suppers and such-13 October 2009)**

With love and good wishes,  
Mrs. Puckett

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts (Dad and I) to Florabel and Raymond Poore on 5 October 1954. From Rockvale, Tennessee to 4510 Fulton Road, Fountain City, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel and Raymond,

Well we just about given up hope of hearing from you, but we know it is hard to settle down to write; it is for us also. My pen is so unused to writing it refuses to work good. We went to Shelbyville yesterday and Earl (Potts) looked at the beautiful stores and was much interested in the mor---(?) prices. He is writing to Ernest (Potts) now. Oh! We had a wonderful rain; the ground is too wet to work at Arnold's place. Ivan (Potts) and Alice will come and have supper (dinner) with us one nite next week. Earl got his tractor overhauled and wants to use it himself so bad, but I am so afraid that is too much a risk. I know he should exercise regular to be well, but not such as that.

Nat (Puckett) says he will fix his land for him soon as he can get to it and so I hope he lets him or someone do it for him. It would make him so happy to get his farm improved. We looked for Gordon and Estell (Potts) this last weekend, but heard nothing from them. Why, was so glad they were coming. Getting anxious to see some one from Knoxville. I hope J----- is doing O.K.; miss little Debra so much. Elmira is a nice child; also we were glad to be with them for a while. Gordon has enrolled at U.T. now (University of Texas?) Earl looks so well and eats & sleeps good. Seems the medicine he takes keeps him so drowsy. He doesn't exercise enough to keep circulation good; tho this awfully hot weather has been hard on him, but soon will be cool and we will be so thankful. We are enjoying our beef so much. I fixed E.N. a birthday dinner yesterday, stake, potato, salad, raw vegetables and peaches & cake. Sister Alma brought us a pound cake, which gets better with age. Her husband brough us new molasses also. I am having some trouble with my neck, it will eat and talk, but don't want to turn so much. Had an adjustment yesterday and will have another later on. We drove over to Will & Alta Beck's (Eads) a few weeks ago; thought to see Maggie (Eads Reid) and Elwyn (Reid Flury), but they had just driven away but did enjoy the visit with them. Guess now you will be thinking about getting out some fall flowers, shrubs and bulbs. My little pines and dogwood we brought from your yard look good and promise to live and grow. We did not got to the fair, but heard Billy Graham one time. Jim and Ruth the grocery man shofured us down. Earl enjoys so the Knoxville Journal every day. We hope you both are feeling good and will come again soon as you can; both good drivers and we will let you rest while here so hurry and be coming.

With our love and prayers,

From Dad and I (The Holtzclaws paid the rent last month?)

**Letters from Earl Nelson Potts and Elizabeth Puckett Potts to daughter Florabel Potts Poore and Raymond Poore from Unionville, Rover, and Rockvale, Tennessee. 7 November 1955, Rockvale, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel and Raymond,

Glad to get your letter Friday. Ernest and Sara & Barbara were here Fri. nite. They left Barbara here Sat. and went with Marian Hill and Mitchel to the ball game. They all went home with Marioin & Mitchel Sat. nite and then came back here Sun. I am glad Raymond got the heater fixed and I am surprised that it didn't happen long before now. I don't think the one upstairs would last long. It was making a lot of noise at time when I left. I didn't think it would last through last winter. No, the trip didn't hurt me that I know of. I think the trouble I was having was the medicine I have been taking so long. I quit taking it about four weeks ago and haven't had any more of those shaky spells and feel a lot better. Elizabeth would write you I guess but Mrs. Ferguson is here and I must get this off and it is about time for the mail. Thanks for taking care of the heater and I hope you can come Thanksgiving.

Yours,

Dad

**Letter from Earl Nelson Potts to Florabel and Raymond Poore 19 November 1955, Unionville, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel and Raymond,

Received your letter about renting the apt. I don't know what condition it is in. I didn't see it when I was there. I guess there is still some things in the kitchen closet and maybe some of the others that should be moved out if they are in the way. They may not need the little closet in the bedroom so things in there could stay and the little bed could be moved back under the rafter if they don't want it in the kitchen or, where ever it is. And I guess you should call Marvin or Quincy (Holtzclaw) and talk to them before they (the couple) go to look at it. I would like for every one to be pleased. If the man wants to put his car in the basement maybe he and Marvin could work out that. Going to work at different times makes that difficult; the wrong one is always in first. If you or they think \$40 is too much you can rent it to them for \$35 or \$37.50. When Ernest & Sara were here next to the last time I told Ernest I would give the place to you children and if he wanted it he could pay you and Charles your part and I think he has decided he wants it. But I want to see all of you before anything is done and there is no rush any way I guess. If you rent, Raymond can ----- the heater and if it is portable he will have to get Mr. Gadd or someone to put in the plug-in connection if it is for 220-250 and I am sure that is what it will be of. Raymond can pay for it. I can mail him a check as soon as I know how much. I was just about to forget about the water & sewer bill. Estell paid that and \$35 rent. Half of the water bill would be enough for the couple to pay since the sewer had been added. Before the sewer was added I figured the water bill just about paid for the hot water. Marvin might be satisfied if they paid half the water & sewer bill. You could talk that over with him. If they have to pay it all \$35 will be enough rent and they will have to work out something about the telephone. I can't think of anything else now, so anything you do will be OK. They could use their washing machine under or near the shower or under the kitchen porch if they can get hot water.

Yours,

dad

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Florabel Potts Poore on 11 January 1956. Rockvale, Tennessee to 4510 Fulton Drive, Fountain City, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel and Raymond,

Better let you know how very much we do prize our lovely and useful gifts given. You couldn't have sent us more appropriate ones. Oh! My lovely gown; now I love it. I got Earl (Potts) some heavy pajamas and he likes them. Doctor said his blood pressure was normal for him. We went Monday p.m. got haircut and more medicine. Saw Alice in a store; she said they would soon be going to Florida. Stopped to see Charlie (Potts). He had gone back to Vets Hospital. Saturday; doing so good. Earl will go with them to see him this week. Arnold seems to do no good; getting a new doctor, but he has so little faith in any. The time surely does fly and we get hardly nothing done; only eat and sleep good. How thankful. Earl has an appointment with the dentist for Monday 16<sup>th</sup>. Must have one or two teeth out. I dread it for him, but will try not to let him take cold. I will see about a bird little later on. Nat (Puckett) comes in often and sits with us while we have breakfast about 8:00 or so as he comes to the barn to feed his calves. I went to Dickson about 80 mile (?) with brother G.V. and family to my nephews funeral. Left at 10:00, got back at 6:00. Left sis, Earl & Arnold. We all make it nicely and enjoy each other. I plan to take lesson in rug making this week; will be real interesting. I should try to make a pretty one of your hoes (?) tho I'll wear some of them a spell before using for that. I wonder if I gave you some poppy seed or if you want some. They should be scattered now any time (in snow is a good time) I have plenty seed. I can hardly wait for spring nor to get in yard; and our lovely little pines and dogwood from your place. We enjoyed Charles and family (Potts?) so much. Nat tore away the old ragged shop; looks better and we do enjoy nice wood fire so much. Looks now as if we will have falling (?) weather. Russell (Puckett) flew to Florida for the two 1` big games, so he had a big vacation. Earl & I plan to get ourselves some electric door chimes for our Christmas; haven't found any as yet. Now I must finish lunch; green beans frozen, ribs frozen, & okra & corn, baked potatoes, yet no one is hungry. So good to have you come. Hurry up and do so again.

We love you very much,

Elizabeth and Dad

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Florabel and Raymond Poore on 5 March 1956 from Unionville, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel and Raymond,

Oh how lovely outside, also inside only needs a lot of house cleaning. I have been making a hooked rug this winter, have it little more than half done; something I'll cherish. Earl can't see why anyone would want to spend time and energy at such. He sleeps and eats so good; only every little thing he does worries him. He says writing a letter makes his blood pressure rise, so he keeps T.V. on and forgets everything. I'm surely glad he enjoys it. Arnold seems much better and works some. We went to Chapel Hill to a funeral at Lawrence's yesterday (Locky Lytle.) Saw so many people he knew and saw Mrs. Harding---. She is so bent over and so sweet and wonderful. Lillie is --- of work only at home and that is a lot. She baby-sits, makes cakes, stretches curtains, washes and all; such a wonderful little person. All ask about you. I'll get a bird pretty soon, thought best to let the weather warm up. The lady at the Farm Store in Shelbyville has such nice ones. The chimes was to be Earls gift to me Christmas, but we could not find any. Russell could not find it either, so I wish you would get one and have it mailed to us please. I need it badly now since I have rented the upstairs to a couple from Washington. He is in the Air Corps, he is 23; she 20 and baby 5 mo.; so sweet and good. They are nice and fine and it's good for us. He pays me \$50.00 per mo. And they are so happy here. Send the bill to us. Now just when are you coming again? I know nothing about the chimes so have marked two, but what ever you select will be O.K. Mr. Dickens will put it up. We can't ever tell at which door the knock is so it will be quite a help. Oh yes, your dog children are lovely; want to see them. Thanks dear for our nice Christmas gifts again. Earl really does wear and enjoy the sweater and my gown is lovely. Now Earl and I would like to come and see about his things, only he does dread going places tho after he gets all dressed up and going he likes it. Now I must get this off. With our love to you both and do come. I have a bedroom upstairs still. **(Mrs. Lizzie most always wrote two or three page letters on un-lined paper and generally never used periods to end sentences or capital letters to begin sentences. Her "p's" looked liked "f's" and her letters were quite interesting to decipher-J.M.)**



Elizabeth and Dad

**Post card from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel Potts Poore on Thursday, 6 September 1956. Dover, New Hampshire.**

Dearest Flo & Raymond,

We made it safely, but we were so tired slept 12 hours for 4 nites in a row. Alden is back at work and Jim is in school. I hope he likes it. I wish we could have seen you longer. We didn't get home any too soon though; everything was dirty. I'm still not caught up. We spent the first nite in Marion, Virginia and the 2<sup>nd</sup> in Washington. Saw some of the sights. It is so very pretty there. We enjoyed it. Didn't have long enough; we left there at 12 Wednesday and drove in home. Got here at 2:30 A.M. It was so hot all the way. The weather is nice here; had a letter from Sis (Mayme) and mom (Pearl) is no better. I won't be surprised to be called anytime. Write me. Hello to all.

Love,

Iris

**Letter from Earl N. Potts on 8 November 1956 from Unionville, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel & Raymond,

I see Elizabeth has her letter finished so I will write a few line. We have had fine weather until today and now it is cold and wet, but he have had no frost yet, but guess it won't be long now. Think I will bring in some more tomatoes today, already have nearly a bushel in, ripe & green together. Had a larger patch of potatoes this year than last, but didn't make many this year. When you were here I didn't know I had so many hickory nuts. I have a little over a bushel now and will be picking up more on pretty days if there are any more such days. Anyway, already have enough for your squirrel, also Bill, Jack, and Barbara and all the rest of you if you still eat them. I have walnuts too. Wish you all could have had more of our tomatoes, have given lots of them away, made juice and canned all we need and still have more than we need. We went to Chapel Hill yesterday to Alfred Lane's funeral; he had been sick for some time, think he had cancer. Saw lots of people we knew. We went to church at Zion's Hill Sunday, had lunch in Shelbyville and went out to Neal Davis' for a while. Jimmie and Ruth were just leaving to go to work, think they work from 2 to 10. Stopped at Charlie's on way home, he was only one at home. He seemed to be doing very well. I haven't decided when I will try another trip up there, so any time you want to come here just come on. Tell Raymond I had \$25.00 in the Bedford Co. Campaign Fund and then it went for **Stephenson**. I told Elizabeth I thought I would move. (*Adlai Stevenson ran against Eisenhower in 1952 and 1956 and lost both times.*)

Yours,

Dad

**Letter from Earl N. Potts to Charles (Potts) & Louise, Bill & Jack on 14 November 1956. From Unionville, Tennessee**

Dear Charles & Louise, Bill & Jack,

Always glad to hear from you. We have had fine weather this fall. I have been going over to the farm 2 or 3 times a week and have over a bushel of hickory nuts. Wish Bill & Jack could have been with me to help pick them up; they would have had lots of fun. It didn't frost here until last week and I still have lots of tomatoes; gathered them in before the frost got them; have been giving them to just about every one that would take them. Went to town Tuesday and took some to Ivan (Potts) I guess Elizabeth has written everything I know, so I will close. Come any time you can and tell the others we are doing O.K. and for them to come any time they have a chance.

Yours,

Dad

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Florabel and Raymond Poore on 16 November 1956. From Rockvale, Tennessee.**

Dear Flo and Ray.

Still lovely weather and how we enjoy it. We have been in yard getting it cleaned up. E.N. is getting up the wood of old tree; Nat (Puckett) sawed up (The wind blew down) and using his lawn mower to crush leaves. Sure does the work too. I have moved a lot of flowers and got several new Chrysanthemums from neighbors and I give them some of your pink daisy. Every one thought it so pretty in my garden. I know your flowers are pretty and I'd sure like to see you yard. My birdie won't try to talk, but mighty cute flying about the house. E.N. gets him on his finger and carries him about. Just now he, E.N., is enjoying the rastling (wrestling?) We went to Eagleville to Russell's (Puckett) for groceries; he wants Martha White bread; can't get it here. We got a bushel of pears, \$1.50, and so good and juicy now. A service man from Air Force came to rent my apartment; very young wife and 9-month baby. E.N. don't much like the idea, otherwise I guess I'd let them have it for \$50.00 per month; could come in pretty handy. Of course we can't tell what kind of roomers they might be. I thought to get this off so you would get it and maybe come on for Thanksgiving, but I imagine Raymond will not be getting off so easy having his station. We have no pastor yet, but always have a substitute preacher. (Letter ends, sent with next letter dated 6 December 1956)

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Florabel Potts Poore on 6 December 1956. From Rockvale, Tennessee.**

Dear Flo,

Well well, I keep waiting for E.N. to write; he has such a hard time making himself write a letter. He means to, but puts it off. Now he is plowing over on his farm and my is he happy doing it. The tractor runs good, the ground works well. I went with him the first day and yesterday. He took car and went; took lunch ---- and milk. I was so uneasy all day and had no way to go see about him. I had suggested he quit early by four and 4:30 he had not come. I called Nat (Puckett) to be sure he could take me over; waited 15 minutes and called him again. He rushed right on and we met him just beyond Bud Scoles; dark tho and we followed him on in. He did not see us. Of course he was vexed that I should be so anxious. He wants to get it all broke; gone back to day and said not to look for him so early, but just the same, I'll be anxious and may go again. Such lovely weather. He has also been over there hunting. Russell (Puckett) has a good gun and told him to keep it. He got one rabbit, was real good. Our pears still hang on tree, froze once or twice. I pick up a pan full often. Well, I guess we can't look for you. I wish you could come. I doubt if we can come. If Arnold (Puckett) was able he would help Earl, but he is so thin and not able to work. He and E.N. are a lot of company for each other. Just send this other old note along (**two letters in same envelope, the other dated Sat. nite November 16<sup>th</sup>**) I know you will miss having Raymond home nites, hope you will not be afraid, but know you both are glad to have the nice station and how we hope it all goes well. We will continue to remember you two in our prayers each day. We have so much to be thankful for. E.N. Looks and feels so well and I do want him to stay that way. Now I must get this off. He will write later. With our love to you dear children.

Elizabeth

**Letter from E.N. Potts to daughter Florabel Potts Poore on 15 December 1956 from Unionville, Tennessee**

Dear Florabel and Raymond,

We got your letter asking us to come Christmas and we would like very much to be with you then, but I think we will have to make it later. I think Charles and family may come the week after Christmas. Wish all of you could come home, but know how it is when all have to work. I took my tractor over to the farm and plowed eight short days, but the rain put a stop to that. I leave the tractor over there and go in car. I also borrowed Russell's automatic shotgun and did little rabbit hunting, so far I have killed one, but I think I will do better next time as I get more used to the gun and get a little practice. How are your hickory nuts holding out? If Chas. Comes I can send more. I am sending you a little check for your Christmas. Sorry I am no good at shopping, but hope you can get something you can use. Or maybe it will help pay the bill for the things you buy for others. I can't think of anything I need so you need not worry about that. You have already given me enough this year anyway. Will close now. Hope you have a nice Xmas.

Yours,

Dad

**Letter from Elizabeth Pucket Potts to Florabel and Raymond Poore. The envelope is damaged, but the year is 1957 and sounds as if it is spring time.**

Dear Raymond and Flo,

We are anxious to hear that your dear mother (**Catherine Isabell Drummond Poore died 30 July 1959**) Please give her this little card when you go. E.N. (Earl Nelson Potts) has gone to town to get his ----- and teeth seen too. Looks like all teeth are giving out on him and he hates so to give them up. He has a new garden plow, small one; likes it so much; has pea blooms, onions, so pretty; that is all. Only planted beans and beets Saturday. The Lawrence boy Chap—(?) will begin on my kitchen today. Sarah come helped me move into dining room while they work a few days; cook on hot plates. Wish you could see my yard now with Apple, Cherry, s-----; lots more purple iris, tulips, bleeding heart looks good. Got first bowl full (?) Tennessee Beauty Strawberries Saturday. Sarah & Nat (Puckett) had us for dinner yesterday. Russell & Sue (Puckett) came also. E.N. is gaining weight and he can't stop eating, but will sweat (?) some now. Hurried now, but wanted to drop a line. Will write more later and he will. Boy, does he hate to write, puts it off. The purple b---- you gave me is blooming. Thanks dear. The old hollow stump on front is full of pink l-----, so pretty. Lots of love for you two. Come when you can.

By,

Elizabeth

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Florabel and Raymond Poore on 5 September 1957. Rockvale, Tennessee**

Dear Florabel and Ray,

Just a line. Thought for sure to write before now, but you surely do know we wont you to come whenever you can get off. I know it must be hard to get away from ones' business. We will be kindly looking for you any time. Lovely time to drive cross-country. E.N. has gone to his farm with gun to shoot groundhogs, crows, and such. They are working on his peanuts & pears/peas? It's just to dry to plow, how we need rain. Hope it comes before you do and brightens and cleans up vegetation. Yesterday while he was over there I washed, dried, and put clothes away, picked up half bushel of apples and went to my Missionary Society at church. I fixed the apples so ----- . Last nite got 7 quarts and he fixed a mess of peas, first in so long. If it would rain we would have plenty. I also cleaned out the spiders and things upstairs yesterday so you can rest well there. Our well got real low and we though the pump was going bad, but being careful we hope to make out until fall rains. So many wells being dug near. Ivan (Potts) asked us to horse show this week, only we decided we would be safer here. Our highway is being widened, begun it Mon. Enough for now. Hope to be seeing you soon.

With love,

Elizabeth and Dad

**Post card letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Mrs. Charles Potts on 28 February 1958. From Rockvale, Tennessee to 5515 Parkdale Road, Knoxville 18, Tennessee.**

Dear Ones,

Lovely sun, but windy. It was sister Mae's husband, not Alma's (?) the one you talked to. She will live alone and still work in town. I have been no good since I come from there. Still cough a lot nites. Hey drove me home the 9<sup>th</sup>. Brother Joe died the 15<sup>th</sup>. I did not go; it was 5 above here and even worse there. Pictures you sent are so good. E.N. (Earl Potts) & Arnold have gone after wood; he wants to get to farming soon. He is so happy doing that. We are so thankful not to freeze. I did not go to church in February. E.N. said he knew I must be sick. So glad you all are well.

Love & by,

Elizabeth

Dear Flo and Ray,

Glad to get your note yesterday. You are mighty sweet not to grumble at us for not writing you. So many times I have planned to. I really had not forgot and do still love you very much indeed. E.N. went to quarterly meeting at Zion's Hill today and I drove to Shelbyville and went with brother Bee Arnold and wife to Monteagle, been so long since I had been. We left up there in plenty of time to get back before dark, only a cloud came up and how it did rain on us. Then seemed to slack up and I rushed on home. Another cloud and boy, how dark. Was I glad to get home! Sister isn't so well, but we had a lovely visit. I took both her and Mary, Bee's wife, some flowers and got a few. So much fun to exchange and just as much fun to find a place and plant. E.N. (Earl Nelson Potts) wonders how I can find places for any more. Our yard is beautiful now and I know yours is also. My candy tuft is doing very well, very little creeping phlox and only 1 yellow alyssum. Oh so pretty tulips, lovely trees all in bloom, pears, apples, cherry, peach, pink dogwood. I am afraid all of my dahlias are dead and all of my blueberries were killed, I bought 3 at .30 each. Oh yes, we will be glad for you to bring the child along. Hope you can stay awhile. I know your house is pretty and how I'd love to see your yard. You know the tiny nandeanas I brought home were living, but froze to death. There are so many interesting things to do in the yard I can hardly stay inside and so the house needs plenty done to it. Yesterday it rained most all day and so I cleaned tin kitchen most of the day. Now you probably know how bad E.N. hates to write, so he puts it off like my Christmas and birthday gifts. He hasn't done that yet, but it comes so often now one just can't be bothered. He said to tell you we went to Sam Potts' funeral. Ivan (Potts) asked us to come go with him so we did. We drove by to see Alice a while Friday. She looks bad poor dear. E.N. went to Charlie's (Potts?) yesterday p.m. Amanda had been in the hospital a few days, but home and will go to work today at Henry Wall's pencil mill n Shelbyville. Linard (Potts?) in service and Buddy (Potts?) just lost his job, a big lay off. He gets so vexed with Martha, said he thought if she was his he would give her a beating. I think she makes them all do as she says. I am washing and E.N. is fixing a beehive, expecting some bees in soon, also 25 baby chicks to put with hen. The garden stuff looks good. E.N. will have potato blooms before anyone else has a chance to plant any. He planted in Feb. The ground was really not fry enough. He and Arnold (Puckett) got out there and got it done. He just works and fusses, hardly nothing is right. Sometimes he loves to eat and I hate to cook because I get so tired eating my own cooking. I guess he just now brought in some radishes and asparagus. Now we will be so happy to see you. I have refilled the little concrete urn some of you brought to decorate your mother's grave. I hope it will be real pretty by then. I just wish you were here today. I have not been well, had cold, lasted so long, but feel better now and must get busy house cleaning  
With oceans of love and prayers for you two,  
Elizabeth and Dad

**Letter from Aunt Pearl Eads Wortham to Florabel Potts Poore Thursday morning 24 July 1958. Franklin, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel,

Well I am sure you will be surprised to hear from me, but I have thought of you and meant to write ever since. I read your pretty Xmas card, but I dread writing so kept putting it off. I have not been able to do much for a month. While Iris was here they carried me to hospital for transfusion, they gave me 3 pints of blood. I am still weak; I wonder why God spares me so long. I reckon to do little things. As Iris started I says, "Hon, have you got your hat?" She says "No, glad you told me." Ha! She is so thin, works so hard. It broke my heart for her to leave; she did not stay but two weeks. Oh how time did fly. Mayme and S----- talking a blue streak. I never had a real conversation. She left here on Wed. nite to spend with you, sit there until 8. You never did come in, then when they drove to motels all full. They had an awful time all way home. She was broke completely down. Jimie (?) did not come, had a job. I would love to see you and Raymon. Come to see me some time. Please don't forget me. The Eads kin was here to see me Sunday; brothers, Bex, Mag. D (? ); also Dorothy (Reid) and her new husband. I had to take ---him, but did not think he was pretty. Ha! She looked well, but had on a sack dress. I like to fell over. I can't stand them. Hope you don't wear them. Ha! How is Earl? I don't ever see them; hope he is well. How are the others, Ernest and Charles (Potts)? Would love to see them. Tell Louise (Potts) to send children's pictures. Well, I don't know any news; am getting tired. This writing looks like Mag Ferguson's. Ha! Guess you have seen it. Well, I get lonely and blue. I do wish I had my old home to rely on; so far from Iris and Mayme; tired and nervous. Love to all, kiss Raymon for me and please do answer this. I love you. **(I never thought of Uncle Curtis Tittsworth as not being nice-looking. He was so jovial and could always tell a joke so well and laughed louder at his own jokes than anyone else. He had many stories of his childhood with eight or nine siblings in the Shelbyville area. I have an old MTSU annual from the one year my father went to MTSU in the mid-1930s, and Uncle Curtis' oldest sister Ione Tittsworth is in it. She was quite the socialite, participating in and leading many clubs. Memories of Margaret Ann Reid Manneschmidt-14 October 2009)**

Your loving aunt,

Pearl

P.S. Iris wants to transfer closer so bad; climate don't agree with her. I do hope they get.

**Letter from Elizabeth and E.N. Potts to Florabel Potts Poore on 1 August 1958. Unionville, Tennessee.**

Dear Flo and Raymond,

My my, isn't this a wonderful busy world, work and more work and I can't keep up. We have had such wonderful seasons; nice rain today, everywhere so fresh and pretty. E.N. has a wonderful garden. We have been canning beans, made kraut, dug potatoes, and onions. He went to town this a.m., took Charlie (Potts) some tomatoes. Ivan (Potts) and Alice came tonight. We gave them squash, cabbage, okra, beans, and tomatoes. Poor Alice, her arm so swollen and hurts all the time. They went to Ocala, Fl. to see Harold get married. Katherine and Alice flew down. Ivan drove down and brought Alice back. Ivan, Jr. also drove down. He and Katherine did not come right on back. We gave a pretty crystal vase. Well now we are so mad at you. Went to Fla. and did not come this way. We got that sassy card. E.N. had a good laugh and took it down to show Russell. We raised some nice chickens and put in freezer. Takes so much feed and so we are glad to get them put away. We only have 7 hens now and get enough eggs; a few chickens yet too. E.N. has a new tractor now and he can hardly wait until he can plow some more. He builds air castles (?) about his crops. I often think he works too hard and I feel so uneasy about him over there alone; only he is so happy doing it. Nothing I could do about it, only go see about him if he don't come when he says he will and he don't like that. He loses so many tools, but by more. Our yard is so pretty now and my flower garden is lovely. Why don't you be coming soon? We would be so glad. Our revival closed Wed. nite, 10 days. I went every nite, E.N. only ---- two. No day services. He is waiting to mail this. He will write later he said. So love to you two from us both.

By,

Dad and E.

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel Potts Poore and Raymond on 24 September 1958. Dover, New Hampshire.**

Dearest Flo and Ray,

How are you? I'm tired tonite. Somehow I've been so tired every nite this week. Aren't you enjoying staying home? I know I'd rather be home, but don't see a chance up here. The cost of living is so high. We are supposed to move on base between October 1<sup>st</sup> and November 15<sup>th</sup>. That will be much closer and less expensive I hope. I dread moving though. Well, I'm sorry you didn't understand my card. I was sure Sara (Potts?) would tell you. I felt sure you'd look for us Thursday, but we had to be in Wash. So we left at noon Wed. I called you from Crossville on. When I got into town I called you, no answer. Louise (Potts?) no answer and Sara. She said come over. We drove 30 minutes and couldn't find her so we gave up. We couldn't get to your house alone. You can tell Louise I did call. I also called the station (Raymond's) I'm sorry we missed seeing you. I wanted to get home Saturday to have a day to rest. They turned down our transfer, but we're still trying. Surely dread the winter. The last few days have been so pretty. Jim called Rome the 1<sup>st</sup>; he's back in school again. He has grown so tall. Do you still have three dogs? One of ours got killed; we just have Candy as before. Mom (Lena Pearl Eads Sudberry) wrote Elwyn (Reid Flury) was pregnant. I was surprised. Mom isn't any better. She has had another transfusion since we were there. Sis is so worn out. How is Uncle Earl (Potts)? Before we know it Xmas will be here again. Is Ray (Poore) still working hard? Alden (Richardson) is sleeping on the couch. I must hush. We went to Boston recently and saw some of the historic sights. You should have come to see us. I must close. Do write again. Say hello to all.

Love,

Iris & all

**Letter from Mayme Wortham Woosley to Florabel Potts Poore on 10 March 1958. Franklin, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel,

Thank you for the card you sent Mama (Pearl Eads Wortham), she was so proud of it. I never seem to have a minute, I wash and iron her gowns and robes and go to that nursing home every afternoon. I've wanted to write

Earl (Potts), but barely get a note off to Iris. Mama doesn't remember going to or being at the hospital. After being sick so long (25 days and nights) she is getting along fine; can't walk yet, but put on her own clothes yesterday for the first time since Dec. 12<sup>th</sup>. I'm about to fall over asleep, but had a letter from Iris saying you might come soon, so I want to get this note to you to tell you how glad I'll be to see you and be sure to come. Winston (Reid) and Elwyn (Reid Flury) came Sunday P.M. He looks real well. I'd love to see the dogs; mine are still spoiled rotten. I want you to hear my parakeet talk. Hello to Raymond and do come when you can.

Love,

Mayme.

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel and Raymond Poore o 18 October 1959. From Jacksonville, Arkansas.**

Dearest Flo and Raymond,

I want to write a note. I have been so worn out since I got home. I haven't felt like doing anything. How are you all? We are doing all right. I was hoping you would get to come to the funeral. I would love to see you; of course we knew it had to be, but you're never ready. Mom (Lena Pearl Eads Sudberry) hadn't been muc better since she had the transfusion in September. She lived about a month after that. Went Monday morning and got there at 2 p.m. and she lived until 2 Tuesday morning. She knew everything until she went to sleep and she never did wake up. The flowers were so pretty. Uncle Earl and Mrs. Lizzie (Potts) came to the funeral home and Uncle Earl came to the funeral. This has been a pretty fall day here. I wish you could come to see us. Alden (Richardson) is in Florida in the hospital. He is doing all right and I hope he'll be home soon. Jim (Richardson-son) is a senior this year. Don't know what he'll do yet. I hope he goes to college. Well, Flo, I'll close and go to bed. Do write to me. Hope all are well. I do hope we can be in Tennessee (Middle) at the same time some time. Hello to all.

Love,

Iris

**Letter from Mayme Wortham Woosley to Florabel and Raymond Poore on 20 October 1959. From Franklin, Tennessee**

Dear Florabel,

I want to add on extra note to your card. Iris had to go on back to get Jim (Richardson) in school and I've either had company or the phone ringing and I've had a time getting my notes off. The flowers were perfectly beautiful. I do wish you all could have been with us, but we certainly understand. I wouldn't take anything for your visit in the summer. She (Pearl) loved you so much. It was so sweet and thoughtful of Raymond to give her the \$1.00; she talked and talked about how nice he was. Florabel, I know you can understand how lonely I feel. I know how much better off she is, but I miss her so much. Even my talking parakeet died 2 weeks ago before mama (Pearl) With Mike, Mama and Baby Bird gone this house is maddening quiet. I have a new bird, but he is just a baby. Tippy is such a quiet little thing. How are your dogs? Write me about them. Thank you all again for the lovely flowers and all they meant to us and to mama could she have known. I'm so grateful that she just slept away and didn't suffer at the least. She even enjoyed the kin that p.m.

And from Mayme Wortham Woosley a small note: Dear Florabel, will you please address these and mail for me. I've had these addresses so long and forgot to ask Uncle Earl (Potts) if they are correct. I have Ernest (Potts) 829 Hiawassee and Charles (Potts) 973 Fair Ave. Please write me if they are correct before Xmas card time!!

Thanks a lot,

Mayme

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Florabel and Raymond Poore. No envelope, but suppose this to be early spring, prior to Vicky and Patsy, and late enough for Bill and Jack Potts to write. 1958-9.**

Dear Florabel and Raymond,

Guess I better answer that nice, long newsy letter or you might not write us more. When Earl (Potts) wrote I could not get to it then. We are just so busy eating, resting, seeing T.V. Time flies and I get so little done. To day we went to Mr. Abe Cloxton's sale. His wife died a few weeks ago. I bought quilting frames to make a flower trellis and 3 quarts of cherries, 16 cents. Earl saw so many old acquaintances and enjoyed it so. Annie & Manor (Sudberry) was there. This was beyond crossroads about 1 ½ mile. Oh, so many things got killed, but most things

will come out. The pink chrysanthemums you gave me I believe will come out. I was so afraid I would lose those. The pink dogwood has three blooms. We stopped to see Mrs. Hardison; she kissed us both, said she was getting so discouraged looking for us. I told her you children would soon be coming I thought. We stopped to see Mrs. Lena Clardy & T. last week. She said it was better than medicine for her. I have no Easter bonnet as yet, but had a fresh cleaned suit and felt real dressed up. We had dinner with Charlie and Amanda (Potts) a few Sundays past. He will go to Vet's Hospital for an operation on foot and ankle when they call him. Martha (Potts) is a real sweet and intelligent child. She is sewing nicely and wants a machine of her own. We had a card from Bill & Jack (Potts), not from Louise. We were glad to have Ernest and Sara (Potts) We will look forward now to having you all soon. You see we have plenty bed rooms and beds. Earl can't make up his mind just when we might come. He did think he would go and let Charles (Potts) fix his income tax report, but kept putting it off and finally got a man in Shelbyville to do it for \$3.00. Everyone comments on E.N. looking so well and he does look good. He sleeps so good, eats well, and blood pressure 165. Last week he saw Dr. Cooper since we took Mrs. Ferguson, a neighbor, up to see him. He had the car washed for the first time this winter, looks good. He spend the day in Shelbyville last Friday while I went to Fairfield to a quarterly meeting of our W.M.S. with our ladies. He had a nice visit with Ivan & Charlie (Potts-brothers) I think Alice is not well at all. We haven't seen her since they come from Florida. She thought she would be driving down here some day herself. I nursed 6 plants of hardy candy tufts thru the summer and winter; now it froze and looks bad, but it is wonderful to have something new coming on to keep watch on and I know you will agree. I know you place be lovely soon. Tl --- little Raymond gave me looks sick. Well, guess I've told all I know of interest to you. We went to Nashville last Thursday to talk with Arnold's doctor (not in) So E.N. got himself some nice dark glasses. He don't like to be told what to do, so would not take over coat and most froze on the street; so we rushed back to the car and home. Now, I know you are delighted to have Saturday off; saw it in the journal. Be coming soon as you can and love and our prayers for you.

Elizabeth

**Letter from Mayme Wortham Woosley to Florabel Potts Poore circa 1958 or 1959; prior to children.**

Dear Florabel,

I was sooo glad to get your letter, wish I could see you and Raymond and the dogs at Christmas. I just couldn't raise pups; I'd just have to keep them all. That baby would have had a great if you had seen her. As Dennis the Menace says of "Ruff" "He thinks he's a people." Oh, we didn't expect you all to make that long drive. I know how tied down Raymond is. Iris wrote that you all were going to adopt a baby, when, or do you know? I was so completely exhausted when mama (Pearl Eads Wortham) died that I'm just beginning to feel like myself. I miss her so much. She was here sick so long. Let me here from you. I'll never forget how pretty your flowers were. We were so sorry we didn't have a colored film. The pall was an orchid mums & yours were lovely yellow.

Much love,

Mayme.

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel and Raymond Poore Sunday nite, 13 December 1959. No envelope.**

Dearest Flo and Ray,

I was so glad to get your long awaited letter. I understand why you didn't come to mom's (Pearl) funeral. I just wish you could have. We are doing all right. Alden (Richardson) is home now. Haven't decided if we'll go to Tennessee for Xmas or not. It's a hard trip. I'd love to go. It's so lovely away on holidays. Most of my friends are going away. I wont have but three days. I 'm so glad to have a day off. I enjoy staying home, but you know about that. It's fun just to work awhile like you did. When we get out of debt I hope I can quit too and raise dogs. It's so funny, when we were at home we were discussing how sorry we were you never had a child; you loved them so. I was telling how mad I used to get about you carrying babies around everywhere we went. I hope you have more patience that I do. I just don't have it. Where are you going to get it and what age will you get? Sis (Mayme) is doing very good. Jim is O.K. He goes all the time. This is his senior year. How is Charles and family and Ernest (Potts)? I do hope we can see you sometime. I wish you'd come to see us. This is a nice place. I hope we'll soon be retiring. Have a Merry Christmas and do write to me again. Jim and Alden wish you a Merry Christmas too. Hope Ray is fine. If we go to Tennessee we'll go Xmas Eve and come back Sunday. **(James W.P. Richarson graduated from Jacksonville High School on 27 May 1960 according to announcement)**

Love,

Iris

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel and Raymond Poore on 24 January 1960 I suppose. From Jacksonville, Arkansas. There is no envelope for his letter, not sure of year.**

Dear Flo and Raymond,

Just a little note of congratulations to the new parents. I know you'll wonder how I found out; Aunt Annie (Eads Sudberry) wrote Sis (Mayme) and Sis sent the letter on to me. Hope all is well. I like her name (Vicky Lynn) I'll be anxious to hear all about her. Take time out to at least write me a note. I didn't know you were going to Shelbyville to get her. I know you are both excited. Do hope everything goes fine for you. We have been having such cold weather. For a change the sun is shining today. Went to church this morning; too Jim's girl along. Alden (Richardson) is back in the hospital again. He has had the worst time. He got sick before Xmas and they did everything they could for him here, finally gave up and sent him to Carswell in Fort Worth a week ago last Friday. He has an infection in his right wrist. It has been swollen for over a month plus the pain. He couldn't even eat with it. I talked to him yesterday and he said they still didn't know the cause. Tuesday they're going to take a chip off the bone and test it. I surely do hope they find the cause. It has really worried me. How is the rest of the family? I guess they're excited over the new baby. Is your Dad and Mrs. Lizzie (Potts) all right? Did you come for Xmas? We didn't go home. I don't know when I'll get to. I've tried to get Sis (Mayme) to come. I know your enjoying not working. I get so tired. We may retire before the year is out. Alden's enlistment is up in August. I want to go to Florida. Why can't you come to Arkansas to see us this summer? Did you sell you pup? Do you have three dogs you keep all the time? I'll close now; just wanted to congratulate you and say I'd love to hear more. Hope all of you are well.

Love,

Iris

**A letter from Elwyn Reid Flury to Florabel and Raymond Poore on Monday morning, 19 September 1960, Tracy City, Tennessee**

Dear Flora Bell & Raymond

Guess you have heard about Aunt Annie having a heart attack. We went to Shelbyville yesterday & ate dinner with Dorothy & Curtis. Went to hospital to see Aunt Annie in the afternoon. She is better, but wants to talk a lot. I think she has been pretty sick. We drove on to Unionville to get mama, she was at Uncle Will's. Mama (Maggie Eads Reid) went to Shelbyville Tuesday when she heard Aunt Annie was sick. She went to Uncle Will's Saturday & spent the night with them. I asked about Rena's baby, she has a little girl about six weeks old now. How is Vickie Lynn? Margaret Ann (Reid Manneschmidt) still talks about you all. Come to see us sometime.

Love,

Elwyn

Dear Florabel and Raymond,

I know you are anxious to know Earl drove in home at five yesterday. Boy, was I relieved to know he was safe. I did nothing all day but look for him tho he didn't seem too tired. I had supper and he lay on the couch a good while while he told me about his trip. He said the baby (Vicky Poore Dove) was so good and sweet, but afraid you was not so well. I guess you need to come and stay a few days with us for a change. How about that? I told him to tell you children that I had too many sick relatives to come. Brother Geoffrey of Triune was in Veteran's Hospital home and better now. Sister Deanie not well at all, needed to go to hospital for exray. Ivan (Potts) called me one nite this week to tell me how things were at home; said Alice was not so well. She wanted me to come spend the day with her and I will try to go see her soon. He said it was a hard ---- on her, her hip hurts her now. I believe he said she was taking cobalt treatments. Poor dear, I am so sorry for them both. The children took time about staying with me nites, Janice the most. I called Arnold to come help Earl unload his truck. He always wants to help us. He drove me to Nashville hospital to see Pearl (Eads Wortham) Tues. Mother (not sure) went also. Oh yes, Cleave Jernigan's wife said tell you that Sallie got her diamond engagement ring on her 18<sup>th</sup> birthday. Cleave was unhappy about it



for he wanted her to go to college. I went to a sale, stayed all day. They were there. I bought a little cot-like day bed with mother's carry away and forgot to pay. Nat went right back and paid and brought it home for me. He seems to always be close about when I need him. Nothing like a family. Now how many more are you going to get (children)? Of course one is a handful, but two is very little more. Earl said you would like me to speak to Dr. Frison. I can see him any Mon. Yes, I think you are right; Mary (perhaps Potts, Vicky's mother) might not play fair with you as she is not. Poor child, she could have been such a useful person going on to school, leaving off the bad boys. Her pastor's wife said Mary was such a likeable, friendly girl. I'm so sorry she got back with the woman she was first with. Seems she will certainly use Mary. Maybe we will go up tomorrow p.m.; have a supply of eggs I can take to them (Charlie's) (Uncle Charles L. Potts) I am afraid Manda (Mandy, Charles's wife) will break under such a load. I have a new hat, like it a lot; had flowers to make one, but saw this straw at Cain & Sloans. Now every time you can come just do so. E.N. had a pile of mail, he enjoys his mail, tho hates to sit down and write. He said tell you he would write later. He thanks you both for all you did for him. He enjoyed being with you all. Now he is going by post office.

By dear, our love and prayers

Dad and Elizabeth

### **Letter from Mayme Wortham Woosley to Florabel Potts Poore on 18 February 1960.**

Dear Florabel,

I've tried to get this card to you ever since Aunt Annie (Eads Sudberry) wrote about your baby (Vicky Poore) I got sick the 13<sup>th</sup> of January with a horrible spell with kidney and bladder. Never had anything like it, so I didn't know what the trouble was until I had been sick two weeks. Now I've been up some the last two days and want to get this to you. I feel sure this "spell" was all from reaction caused by being under strain so long. I know now that I should have rested weeks after mama (Pearl Eads Wortham) died. But, I felt like at the time that I needed to get out, so I pitched in and got involved in S.S. class, Wesleyan Service Guild, and demonstration club and all their Christmas activities. So, I didn't rest one day until this hit and I sure had to and don't know yet when I can get out. I am so thrilled about the baby and want you to write me about her. Aunt Annie said you named her Vickie Lynn, is that right? I think that is so pretty. I know it really keeps you hustling until you get used to it. I'm also glad you got a little girl. I wouldn't know what to do with a little boy. Please do tell me what Mickey Lou and Tiny (dogs) did about the baby? They had been cock-of-the-walk so long. Yes, I would have loved the pup and wish you had sent her. Tippy has been so pitiful since I've been sick. She is still afraid to go out alone since Mike was shot and I went every time. I made her understand I couldn't go. She would go as far as the hedge and then turn and run back. She has finally made it and goes all right. (talking about doges here) I made her a feather bed out of 2 pillows and she stays right by my bed and the parakeet on the bed. He still yells "Merry Christmas," but I guess it's just as well since we have all this snow and it looks like I picked a good time to be sick. From radio and T.V. I know you all are really snowed under. Florabel, the address I had that Ernest (Potts) gave me at the decoration one time was 829. Of course he could have given it wrong or I could have miss understood him. You sent 929, so when you write tell me again. I didn't have Charles and Louise (Potts) since they moved. You know we understand about you & Raymond not coming to mama's funeral. With Raymond's long hours and the hard trip we didn't expect it at all. You sent your love and your thoughts in those beautiful flowers. Please take and send me a picture of the baby as soon as she is big enough. I now she will be lots of company and a great love in your lives and I know God will bless you for it. **(Mayme LOVED to underline words for added emphasis)**

Much love,

Mayme

### **Letter to Florabel Potts Poore from Alma Smith on 29 February 1960. Melbourne, Florida**

Dear Flo,

I finally got around to writing. I'm sorry I waited so long, but still it's not as long as last year is it. Well, well, I hear you have a little girl (Vicky) Moma wrote and told me quite a while ago, but I don't think she told me its birth date. Be sure and send a picture. I bet you all are crazy about her and I know she is a lot of company for you. Ray keeps me on the ball. He still isn't walking. He takes a step or two, but he gets where he is going so much faster on his knees and he is into something all the time; but we think he is sweet. We saw on T.V. what kind of a snow storm

you had up there. It's been sorta chilly here, but it never lasts over a day or two at a time. Has Riches called you again? I guess you had a surprise for them. I bet you all was so excited about the baby you could hardly get stated to get her. I bet Raymond really loves her. What color of eyes does she have? Well kid, I don' have any thing to write about. Maybe next time I'll have more news. Be sure & write back when you can. P.S., send a picture. **(Old family friends)**

Love,

Alma

**Letter to Florabel Potts Poore from her dad, Earl N. Potts on 4 July 1961. From Unionville, Tennessee. 4 July 1961, Unionville**

Dear Florabel,

As usual I was about to forget your birthday, was very busy all last week in our wheat. It was good this year, made 213 bags, something over 400 bushels. I get one half; guess it will go to market next week. Have put this 4<sup>th</sup> in hoeing the garden. I hope Raymond is fully recovered by now and you and the grand babies are well I hope. I keep thinking I will get up there to see them, but can't seem to et started. So anytime you and Raymond feel like coming just come on. Don't wait on me.

Love to all,

Dad

**A Christmas card from Elwyn Reid Flury circa 1960 to Florabel Potts Poore. Does not mention Patsy**

Dear Florabel, Raymond & Vickie,

I appreciate your card Florabel and planned to answer sooner, but I guess I was putting my writing off until Christmas. I know you will have a good time with Santa this year Vickie is a lucky little girl. Margaret Ann is talking about Santa this year; of course it is with our help and encouragement. I suppose we will enjoy Christmas more than she does; and us just watching her. Has anybody told you about our news? We will have a new arrival in June. Jean (Reid) also is expecting in May. Guess we will see you at Uncle Will's (Eads) Sunday.

Love,

Elwyn

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel Potts Poore and family on 8 December 1961**

Dearest Flo and family,

How are you all? Guess you'll have your hands full at Xmas with the 2 girls (Vick & Patsy) Hope you have a nice holiday. We hope to go to Tennessee if we can all get off. We traded cars in September and went for the weekend to register it. Believe it or not, we have a **Ford** now; our first. It's a 60 Galaxie. Sis (Mayme) has had the flue. She was still sick when I called this week. Guess you know Uncle Will (Eads) was operated on. He got along fine. Guess Aunt Annie (Eads Sudberry) feels so bad a lot of the time. Jim and Alden (Richardson) are O.K. Jim has had car trouble. Hope all are well. Say hello to all the family and Merry Christmas. How is Uncle Earl (Potts)? Write to me.

Love,

Iris & all

**From Elwyn Reid Flury. Probably written circa December 1961. Patsy Poore was born June and teeth may erupt six months later**

Dear Florabel, Raymond, and the girls,

How is every one at your house? I guess the girls are growing and getting ready for Santa. Margaret Ann (Reid) sure is looking forward for him. She said, "Do you think he might come tonight?" We are looking for company on Christmas Eve this time. Gerald and Mai are coming on the 23<sup>rd</sup>. Robert is coming with them. Did you know Robert teaches in Florida at Titusville? He is about fifteen miles from Cape Canaveral. He says they can see the missiles when they are shot off. Are you going to Unionville this Christmas? I guess you heard about Uncle Will's (Eads) operation. Mama stayed with Aunt Bex (Alta Rebecca Reid Eads) while he was in the hospital. She said she milked the old cow and was glad to know that she still could. Aunt Annie (Eads Sudberry) has been in the hospital too. I think she was going home today or tomorrow. She has an ulcerated stomach. We are all well here and hoping the colds stay away until after Christmas anyway. Does Patsy have any teeth yet? Louis (Reid) doesn't. He doesn't sit alone either, but Jean's (Reid) baby does. We enjoyed your visit last summer even if it was short. Why don't you stop again some time? Let us hear from you.

Love,

Elwyn

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson on 12 February 1962 to Florabel Potts Poore and all. From Jacksonville, Arkansas**

How are you all by now? Enjoyed your Xmas note. The picture was so cute; she's a doll. I know you enjoy them. I surely would love to see them. How old is the baby now? (Patsy Poore Mode) I hope you will send some more pictures. No, I don't think you need that dozen (kids) now. Ha! Did you go to your dad's? How are they? How is Charles & Ernest (Potts) & family? We are doing allright. I am still working. Jim (Richardson) made A/2C this time. He has 2 stripes now. Alden is a T/SGT. You wanted to know. We have really been having some pretty weather. It was 80 here today. Alden is getting fishing fever. Jim has been twice. There is lots of places to go here. Is Ray (Poore) still working hard; guess he'll have to now. I got a new stereo recently and I'm enjoying it. Alden wants a motor (?) Sis (Mayme) is doing all right. I had a letter from Aunt Annie (Eads Sudberry) and a card from Aunt Lizzie (Moon Eads) this week. They are doing O.K. I hope sometime we can be in Unionville at the same time. I won't go again until spring. We don't do much; go to the show. Hope you are all well. Thanks again for the pictures. She's cute. I know you are proud of both. Let us hear from you.

Love,

Iris.

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Florabel Potts Poore on Wednesday, 14 February 1962. From Rockvale, Tennessee**

E.N. is still improving, goes where he needs to in house. Slept better last nite. Getting hair cut today here at home. Also wanted his pants on so all that helps. Will see Dr. tomorrow. Russell (Puckett) comes every nite, Nat every day. Lots of company and calls and so nice. So glad you could come. Babies still smiling at us, so cute (Patsy & Vicky)

Love,

Elizabeth

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Mr. & Mrs. Raymond Poore on Monday morning, 14 May 1962. From Route 1, Unionville, Tennessee**

Dear Children,

Just want you to know we expect and look forward to seeing you or any of you who can and want to come. We have not had rain since April 14 and really need it badly; just can hardly get plants to live. Ground hogs, game chickens, & dry weather makes a losing battle. We went to Zion's Hill to Homecoming the first Sunday; took dinner 11:00 to 3:00, nice day. I had all mine together yesterday; went to church; another nice day. Was I pooped out? I surely was altho I was supposed to teach the Junior class at B.T.U. last nite. We are having a study book after regular lesson; The Four Gospels, such a poor teacher I was. We do that each Sunday nite for the 9 chapters; 4 have been used. I hate to leave E.N. alone tho he only wants T.V. any way and I get so tire of that. He drove to his farm

Saturday P.M. We brought some bale straw and rock. He drove pretty well. He has been shooting rabbits and groundhogs. He eats & sleeps fine; legs don't work so good. We just hope he improves more. The sweet babies (Vicky & Patsy Poore?) still smile at us. Tell the others to come any time. Ivan (Potts) is doing O.K.; don't see him often. Must hurry along now. We will be hoping you can come.

Our love,

Eliz. & Dad

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Florabel and Raymond Poore on 12 October 1962. From Unionville, Tennessee.**

Dear Flo & Ray,

E.N. (Earl Nelson Potts) says that when you write you want to hear something so here goes. I have been no good all week, had to make myself work. We went to doctor Tuesday for check up, he always finds us in fair condition; gave E.N. more vitamins and me bismoth (?) for sick stomach so we try to live up to our record. He goes to farm most every day for one reason or another, sets traps for pole cats; they're eating his bees, caught two. I can't smell any way. We have nice greens and turnips in garden here; ground hogs real busy eating up stuff. I have a good colored woman to come every other Thursday to help e. I have to go for her about 3 miles and take her back; \$5.00 per day. It has helped me so much, only I have to work too hard those days. I kindly dread it. T.V. has been out for some time; little fuse shot; use the little radio you all gave us. Thanks! I have gotten some of my pot flowers inside; so pretty. I am getting a lot done in yard. A 13 year old boy helps me an hour after school some days. He loves to work and be paid .50 per hour. He likes flowers too. E.N. said tell you he got his oats & wheat sowed even tho he could not do it himself. He bought fertilizer and had his tractor fixed to use. The land is in fine condition, looks good. He took his gun apart to clean last week; could not get it back. He prized and shoved it until he damaged it some. Nat (Puckett) came and fixed it. Russell and Sue (Puckett), Herman & wife flew to New Orleans this week, back yesterday. Russell & Sue came to nite awhile. Nat had a chill and heigh temperature to day, but better this P.M. Seems to be a virus going around; sure makes one feel terrible bad. Eris (or Ben) Simpson & family of Knoxville are coming to see his parents & Lizzie & Tom next door to morrow. I know you will be proud of your extra room. Yes, I wish we could be there awhile. The weather is so fine now. Owene (?) wants us to come the 28<sup>th</sup>. Sis has her 86<sup>th</sup> birthday the 27<sup>th</sup>. We will go with Russell & Sue or Bee and M--- if E.N. feels like it. He don't like the idea of going any where, but enjoys it a lot after getting ready and there. Some times he wets his clothes before he gets home from church; makes it hard. He can hardly get enough to eat, always eats at bedtime. Sue brought up a hot peach pie to nite. He knocked a hole in his gas tank of truck; cost him \$24.90 to fix. He keeps Allen's Garage busy fixing stuff he breaks; then he can't see why I get so uneasy about him. I want him to get himself a chair. He says he will when he gets caught up with debts; which I doubt if ever he does so long as he even tries to handle machinery for he break or tears up so much. He breaks his teeth out eating corn off cob and bite an apple. Still he does it and each tooth \$600. We enjoy living, everywhere so lovely. Most my African Violets have died after repotting; guess I just don't know how to manage those things. Well, I have plenty other flowers. I cooked E.N. a good dinner for his birthday, only he thinks all are good. Well, just when are you coming? I owe so many letters. I had a letter from a friend in Florida this week with a check for \$40.00 for our church; said she wanted a long letter so sent it to me instead of our treasury. Farmers are really hustling now and we do love to see the work going on. God will bless his people; his requirements are we give Him the glory and support his cause. We soon will have a nice, big rest home built on to the hospital. The other day I felt so bad I told E.N. if I had to go to hospital he would have to go also. He agreed. I spoke to Dr. Cooper about it; he said yes, he could arrange it that way. We have insurance to cover it all. I tell you all this to save you worry dear. Must hurry along now. P.S., Dear, you do have so much to be thankful for; also to live for. Now, keep yourself well and happy. Your little children will need you lots and they can be such a joy only if you train them up in the way they should go. I am glad you take them to Sunday school. You need the church to help you rear those little ones as well as the church needs you. Raymon is surely a man to be thankful for. You are a fine couple and God will bless your efforts to serve him. I am having 3 couples for lunch to morrow. We have eaten with several over the years and I must return the courtesy. I also am to have the club this month, afternoon; 24<sup>th</sup>. Some of the ladies will help me. I will serve cake and cream refreshments. Now, sure enough must say by.

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Florabel and Raymond Poore on 12 December 1963. From Unionville, Tennessee**

Dear Flo & Ray,

Just a few lines. I wrote Ernest & Sarah (Potts) yesterday. Earl (Potts) seems to be doing very well I guess. Anyway, I feel sure he is getting something done for him being here. He sits up when he likes, got to bath, shaves himself. He gets pretty mad at folk sometimes when they tell him how he ought to do. He got a whole hoard (?) full of cards today. He don't want flowers, but got a small a small one from Zion's Hill M.Y.F. (?) He has plenty pajamas so long as I am able to come back and forth each day. I still have and tire out so quickly. I had 4 or 5 pair of pajamas there in closet and got there to find he had used every one, so I will take them home and wash those to nite. He eats very well. The air conditioner is too cold or not enough for him usually, but adjustable. O----- is up and about, eats well. We will be so glad to have a good rain. I will be writing often some of you or will call if need to. Was nice to have you all and be coming anytime. Wednesday 9 A.M. I just called Earl; he is doing O.K. this morning he said. I had a phone put in his room last nite. I will get up there about 10:30 today.

With our love,

Elizabeth and E.N.

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel and Raymond Poore on 21 August 1963. Tyndall Airforce Base, Panama City, Florida**

Dearest Flo & family,

Hello long lost cousin. I can't even remember when I did hear from you last. I know I wrote last so there. Did Uncle Earl (Potts) tell you I came to see him? When I came from New Jersey to Tennessee on my way home from England we had 15 minutes in Knoxville so I got off and asked for a pay phone. I t was upstairs then I got up there and someone was in both booths. So just as I got in they announced boarding times. How are you all? Did you go to Uncle Emmett's (Eads) funeral? We didn't try to; we have been here such a short time. Guess they told you we came back because of Alden's (Richardson) ankle. That climate aggravated it so. We'll be here until he retires I hope. Alden is doing fine now. It surely was good to get home. How are you and yours? Guess you know Jim (Richardson) married when I was in England (**Include with letter is a wedding picture of Jim & Janet Howell Richardson dated 20 April 1963**) I was so hurt, but they seem to be doing all right. She seems to be a sweet girl. He's still in L.R. (?) How are Ernest and Charles (Potts) families? I though Uncle Emmett looked bad when I was there. How is Uncle Earl feeling now? This base is at Panama City, Florida. We haven't been out very much. It is just so hat. We live on base. The quarters are very nice and it's so good to have my own things again. I enjoyed seeing England, but the states look much better. I just thought Id' remind you I'd like to hear again. How about it? Hope you all are well. Have you had your vacation? Why don't you come to see us? Do write to us, won't you?

Love,

Iris & Alden

**From Earl Potts to Raymond Poore on 10 September 1963. Unionville, Tennessee.**

Dear Raymond,

About all I can remember about the lot is that when you go across the pasture field to it there is a hickory tree on the left, which is near the corner, but I never found the set stone. If that could be found you could get the number of feet each way from the deed. I don't remember about the sinkhole. I don't expect you to pay me more than I have in it. Don't bother about that. I think it will cost you enough at that. I enclose the deed

Yours,

Dad

**Letter to Florabel Potts Poore from Elizabeth Potts on 10 September 1963. Rover, Tennessee**

Dear Kids,

I'm all mosiquites bitten, been in yard to fix a boquet for a sick neighbor in hospital. Some one from church will take it to her. My dear sister Mrs. Gertrude Crow of Birmingham, Ala. died last Aug. 29<sup>th</sup>, was buried on Sat. Nat

and his family took me down. We left here 8 a.m., funeral 1:30. We got home 9:30. Was I petered out for a few days tho. I guess I'll never get rested up. Arnold stayed with E.N. (Earl) The revival is on at Zion Hill this week. I will take him over to nite and each nite we can. Weather so fine, flowers so pretty. Sure will hate to see vegetation cut down by frost, tho it comes natural. I am making mixed pickle. Arnold helped me grind it, 8 quarts. So good! I hope you have a good time with the lot, beautiful timber to make a log cabin maybe. We went over there once. Was so nice to have you all to come. Do it again when you can.

Heaps of love and best wishes,

Elizabeth (Arnold Puckett Potts)

**Letter written to Florabel Potts Poore from cousin Elwyn Reid Flury on 21 December, 1964, Tracy City, Tennessee**

Dear Florabel, Raymond, Vickie, and Patsy,

We got your card today. We did not know anything was wrong with Vickie's (Poore Dove) heart. We are glad everything went alright. Margaret Ann (Reid) is really excited about Christmas. She says this is the best time of all the year. We went out yesterday and got us a Christmas tree; she went too. Then we decorated it and she thought she was doing it all. Lewis is doing better. He is not as nervous now as he was and he can crawl and puts everything he can get his hands on in his mouth. Last week he really gave us a scare. He bit off a piece of a plastic toy and got strangled on it. We grabbed him and ran to the Dr. just as we were. It took two nurses and the Dr. to hold him. The Dr. just used some little tongs and got it out. Did you know that Uncle Will has had a light stroke? It was last Saturday a week ago (Dec. 12.) Dorothy (Reid Tittsworth) called here to tell Mama so on Sunday we took mama down there. He was still in the hospital when Dorothy and Curtis (Tittsworth) brought mama home on Friday. They thought he would come out of this one alright and was planning on going home the next day. When we saw him on Sunday his mouth was just a little bit drawn and his speech was a little mumbling. Mama (Maggie Eads Reid) said they were doing alright at Aunt Annie's (Eads Sudberry) Her address is Route 1 Wartrace. Write again and come to see us sometime.

Love,

Elwyn

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel Potts Poore on Tuesday morning, 24 March 1964.**

Hello there,

How about hiring a maid one day and writing me that long promised letter and catch me up on you and your family. I can well imagine you have your hands full. I can get a picture of me with two that size and I believe you are 6 years younger than I am. You just got a late start. Ha! Tinker with a grandchild and mine married. The pictures were so cute. I thought there was less difference than that in their age. I know they are cute. I'll bet they had fun at Christmas. (Patsy & Vicky Poore) We have had miserable weather the past two months. Surely will be glad when it gets nice. You'd better hurry that visit to Florida. We retire June 30<sup>th</sup>; already have the papers. I was very glad to see them. Both of us grunt a lot. I haven't worked since we left Arkansas. Janet and Jim are still there. They will be to see us next month and Sis (Mayme) too I hope. Jim has decided to stay in the service. I'm sorry in a way, but after he married it would have been hard to go to college. I imagine he'll go overseas before long. How is your dad (Earl Potts), Ernest (Potts) and family, Charles (Potts) and family? I guess their children (Bill, Jack, Barbara Potts) are grown. I guess Raymond is proud of those two girls. Surely would like to see you. I have gained 15 pounds since I've been here. It's hard on the clothes, but I needed to gain. I don't hear from the kin, only Aunt Annie (Eads Sudberry) They used to write, but quit. Tinker (Sudberry) is really proud of that grand son. Honest Flo, Id' love to hear from you. Thanks again for the pictures, they are cute and I know you are proud of them. Happy Easter and hello to all.

Love,

Iris & Alden

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel Potts Poore & Family on 13 May 1964. Panama City, Florida.**

Dearest Flo & family,

I'll surprise you and answer right back. It was nice hearing from you. I heard from all the kin in the past two weeks; the first time in a year from some. I guess you and I have stayed away too long. Aunt Annie (Eads Sudberry) has been in the hospital. I think mainly nerves. I had a card and she is home. Also had a letter from Aunt Maggie (Eads Reid) I know it is pitiful about Elwyn's baby (Louis Reid) He is three now and can't walk or talk. Elwyn won't give up to put him in a home. Well, you need not think you are alone in grunting. That's all we do. If it isn't one it's the other. I have felt terribly bad for the last two years, nerves. They gave me Librum (?) and it has helped wonderfully, but I still have my bad days and moods. Alden has that gout again. I guess it'll never cease. It is a form of arthritis, but more painful. He couldn't wear his shoe today. Yes I was teasing, I am older; I think 4 years. Anyway, when you get past 40 you're never the same. I know you have your hands full with the girls (Vicky & Patsy Poore Mode) Are they good? How old are they now? I guess one of these days I'll be grandma, but I hope they wait awhile. They came the first of April for a week (Have I told?) It was rainy and gloomy and now we are having nice weather. Sis (Mayme) and her friend came last Tuesday and left yesterday. We really enjoyed their visit and Jim's (Richardson) too. Sis had never seen the ocean so it was quite an experience for her. She waded in it. I haven't been in the water this year; only to wade. I have gained so much I can't get in my bathing suite and I hate to buy one since we will leave in June. We are going to retire in Arkansas. We will live in Jacksonville right off the base, 12 miles from L.R. Had always planned to retire in Orlando, but living here changed our minds. We both loved it at Little Rock, so decided to go there. I have a job waiting so we can get by until Alden finds something. We have lots of friends there and of course Jan & Jim are there now, but can leave any time since he has decided to reenlist. Our address there will be 1112 Vine Street, Jacksonville, Arkansas after June 30<sup>th</sup>. I would love to see you all. We plan on going to Tennessee June 8<sup>th</sup> for a week and then we'll go straight to Arkansas so we can get settled and I can go to work. Would love to have you all come by if you can and do come to Florida. We'll be here other than the one week. Alden has to be back by the 18<sup>th</sup> and he can't leave until after the 28<sup>th</sup>. If we don't get to see you this year, hope to next year. Do come if you can. I can't understand Ernest and Charles (Potts) not coming more often; especially Charles. Be sure to say hello to Uncle Earl (Potts) Flo, will you ask him about the cemetery lot where he moved Aunt Henrietta (Eads Potts) from. I'd like to have it. I wrote him at Xmas, but he didn't answer. I guess he didn't feel like it. Well, I guess I've told all so I'd better get busy. I've got to iron. I just let things go last week. Surely would like to see you. Come if you can. Do take time to write. Hello to Ray and the girls.

Love,

Iris & Alden

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Florabel and Raymond Poore on 2 November 1964. No envelope.**

Dear Flo and Raymond,

Thinking of you; know you are anxious: hoping and praying that all will go well. I sure am with you in that respect. Sorry I could not come along, maybe I could help out in some way. We are getting ready for the sale and I could not go away. I was glad Earl could go for a few days. We are slow and such a short notice. I could not think so I did not put in all that he will need. I'm sure I know he could borrow a shirt from Ernest (Potts) some size in case he ran out. I'll send some, but perhaps not till I see if he needs more. Soft, dark shirts are so easy to laundry and he has plenty. The pretty leaves are shoe-top deep, all over the yard; more headache for me. I always get them up some way or time. Let me hear how Vickie gets along & what hospital & if anything I can do to help. (Heart surgery) I'm mailing Earl a letter to Ernest today. Tell Vickie & Patsy (Poore) I love them very much & hope they will be coming soon, but do bring ma and pa along.

My love to all,

Elizabeth

**Card from Elizabeth Puckett Potts to Florabel Potts Poore on Tuesday, A.M. Month is cut off, but it appears to be January of 1965 and suspect E.N. Potts is in the hospital.**

Dear Ones,

How wonderful to have you here; that helped us both so much. Nat (Puckett) drove me here Sunday P.M. Ivan & Gladys (Potts), Russell & Sue (Puckett) were here & many others. Sister Deanie (?) is much better and up now. E.N. (Potts) slept pretty good last nite and so did I; only up once or twice with him to change clothes. He is eating

much better now; 2 pieces of bacon, 2 poached eggs, 2 biscuits, coffee, juice, jelly this a.m.; eggnog three times a day. Ivan and Gladys were here again yesterday, leaving for Florida today. Sent a lovely big lot of chrysanthemums last nite. I just put bread & bacon in freezer for E.N; he enjoys all the other things though. Sorry not to see Charles (Potts) do hope he has no trouble. January will soon be gone; lovely; cold to day. Janice (Poore?) was so sorry not to see the children.

By now,

Elizabeth

**Letter from Sue Puckett (?) to Florabel Potts Poore on 13 February 1965. From Eagleville, Tennessee**

My dear Florabel,

Thought would have written you each day since talking with you in Knoxville. Mr. Potts (Earl) seems to be a little stronger each time I have seen him. Can't remember my days exactly, but the latter part of the week I carried him a very large slice of pecan pie and he didn't stop till all was gone. He had just eaten a big bowl of corn flakes, so his appetite looks good also. Florabelle, well I understand your situation about visiting with the children. We have had that in our family. Not having children and too far to make the trip often I don't have your problems. How I wish I could help you. Am enclosing the Henry Horton idea if you do not already know about it. The rooms are lovely; large play grounds and I don't believe you would have any trouble getting a sitter there at any time. You know people in Chapel Hill. Nita's mother teaches there, so she might help you. They come home quite often, so you might arrange a short visit with them when they are coming home. I am so sleepy; won't try to write any more, but hope you can be with your Dad now and then; from one who knows what it means and always if I can help you in any way. I am here and only too glad. P.S., Nita might make you a good sitter here and there; not for pay but home folks. **(I do not know if this say Puckett or not, cannot hardly make out and the envelope is ripped)**

Love,

Sue

**Letter to Florabel Potts Poore from cousin Elwyn Reid Flury on 18 March 1965. Tracy City, Tennessee**

Dear Florabel and Raymond,

I have been planning to write, but it seems I just don't know how to start. I was sorry I did not get to go to Uncle Earl's funeral, but I did not know about his death in time to get anyone to stay with Louis. The lady I usually get works for another family on Saturday. Louis is getting better, but he still does not walk and he weighs about 33 lbs., so I leave him in his bed as much as I can. I still have hopes that he will start and develop normally. Are you going to the third Sunday decoration? Maybe we will get to see you then. I am hoping everything is all right here so we can go. Bill and Eddy Jo are planning to go to South Carolina this weekend to see Gerald and Mai. They have asked Mama to go with them. Mama has been down in her back, but she is going with them if her back gets alright. Maybe you can come to see us this summer. We will be glad for you to come. We can't do much traveling. Again, I want to say that I am sorry I did not get to go to Uncle Earl's funeral. I thought so much of him. I don't think I ever knew anyone that I thought was a better person than he was. Write to us sometime and come. (This letter written shortly after the death of Earl Nelson Potts)

Love,

Elwyn

**Letter from Elizabeth Puckett Pott to Florabel (Potts) and Raymond Poore Tuesday night on 6 April 1965**

Dear Flo and Raymond,

It's so hard to write, causes sad memories and I know it does for you also, tho we must carry on for there are those who depend on us and we must try to be our best. I get so little done, have not gotten the hospital bed moved home yet. I'm still sleeping on the little day bed in there and haven't gotten all the dished carried back yet. I did get the thank you notes for the few flower cards I had. Am sure I would not have gotten all those written; only you all did



most of that. I thanked those who brought food, 33 of those. Friends are so sweet and nice to help in times of sorrow. I am still getting letters and cards of sympathy. Some of those must be answered. I'll do it later on. One from Martha & Sam Isom in California today. Ernest (Potts) and Russell (Puckett) are planning the sale. I'll send you a sales bill when I get one. Ivan (Potts) and Gladys came down one P.M.; both look so well. Harold and Carylton had a beautiful pot of pink azaleas sent out to me soon as they learned about our sorrow. It is still beautiful. I will put it in the yard soon, hope it can live & grow. Tommie Lawrence said they would smooth and sow the lot in grass. I'm so glad Earl (Potts) got the stone up. We have had so much rain. The termites began to show up last week and I was so disturbed about that time a man came from Shelbyville. It really is a racket, but I let them treat the house. The thing is, one makes the trade, another makes injection; another does the work in two or two & half hours. I didn't expect them that day. I needed to move stuff in basement. He just sprayed on everything. Made a mess, I should have bumped his head. I will next time. Nat (Puckett) had just put in some new flooring in the living room by couch. I was so glad Ernest could stay and see about things; he really got about. Dr. said Earl most surely had a hemorrhage of the brain or would not have gone so quickly. He seemed better; the swelling had gone down so much. I had fed him his breakfast. Better off than we tho we miss him so much and it seems so strange without him. Write me some times. I love you all. Tell Vicky and Patsy I'll write them some time. With love and good wishes.

Elizabeth

### **Auction notice for the property of Earl N. Potts.**

**AUCTION**  
**Saturday, April 17, 1965**

**2 P.M.**  
**AT PUCKETT'S STOREHOUSE**

**Rover, Tennessee-16 miles North of  
Shelbyville, 5 miles South of Eagleville  
On Highway 41**

**Property of Mr. Earl N. Potts**

<b>1 1961 Farmall "130" Tractor</b>	<b>1 Rotary mower</b>
<b>1 Cultivator</b>	<b>1 1961 El Rancho Chev. Pick up</b>
<b>1 1-Disk Plow</b>	<b>1 Garden Tiller</b>
<b>1 2-Disk Plow</b>	<b>1 McCulloch Power Saw</b>
<b>1 Bog Harrow</b>	<b>1 Sickle Mower</b>

**Tractor and Accessories Will Be Sold Individually then as a whole.**  
**Auctioneer-LEON TAYLOR**

<b>For Further Information Call:</b>	<b>Ernest N. Potts and</b>
<b>MRS. E.N. POTTS</b>	<b>Russell Puckett, Administrators.</b>
<b>294-2633</b>	

Note: Earl N. Potts died intestate on 18 March 1965. No dower or homestead was set apart for Mrs. Elizabeth P. Potts nor did she file a claim for such. She and E.N. Potts had a pre-nuptial agreement and on 17 December 1965 she filed a quitclaim unto Ernest, Charles, and Florabel Potts Poore for four parcels of land, one parcel being in the 7<sup>th</sup> District of Knoxville and the other three being in the 8<sup>th</sup> and 11<sup>th</sup> Civil Districts of Bedford County, Tennessee. The final settlement of the estate of Earl N. Potts was made on 14 May 1966, Bedford County, Tennessee. Administrators of the estate were Ernest N. Potts and Russell Puckett. The total amount from the April 17<sup>th</sup> auction was \$1841.73. Cash value of estate was \$4,752.58. Total amount due creditors was \$3,292.07. Of that amount, \$1,100. was given to Mrs. Elizabeth Puckett Potts for a year's support. \$98.00 was claimed as travel expenses from Knoxville to Shelbyville by Ernest N. Potts. An amount of \$365.13 was paid to the surviving children and Mrs. Potts.

### **Letter from Florabel Potts Poore to Mrs. Lizzie, Elizabeth Puckett Potts on 10 June 1965.**

Dear Mrs. Elizabeth,

How are you feeling since your sick spell? I have been wondering or thinking about you, hope you are better now and doing a lot of flower gardening. I haven't been in any mood to work this spring. I went to Dr. Monday, he said he didn't find anything wrong, only nerves. He gave me a little tablet to try for 2 wks. And go back I guess it's just

that time of life. The girls are OK, they do a lot of playing and enjoy being outdoors so much. I run my legs off going to window to see where they are and what they are doing. Already had one problem. A little boy (6) used the bathroom under our house and Vicky say him. Well, in one way it was funny and in another way not so funny. When is Janice's baby due and how is she getting along? They have gotten along so slow with our cabin, or it seems slow to us. They were supposed to be through with it last week, but I guess it will be another week before they are completely through with it. I guess that is what has kept me going. We wont get to go to Fla. this summer and I am going to miss that. It did me more good than Dr's. Our friends (Buster & Alma Smith?) from Fla. are supposed to come to Knoxville, the man's mother is sick with arthritis. They have put her in a nursing home and his daddy gets lost and doesn't know where he is. So I guess we will get to see them. They probably will spend some time here at our house. The Dr. that I used to have died about 2 weeks after Dad, he had Leukemia (I can't spell it) Now Vicky's and Patsy's Dr. is going to move to Fla. It is breaking my heart. We thought so much of him. I think he came here from Fla. about 16 years ago. He has a grown daughter named Patsy that had Polio whe she was a baby. She learned to walk on crutches. He used to take her for walks by our house when he lived down the street from us. So maybe that is the reason he is moving. I don't know, he may think the Fla. sunshine will help her. I'm sorry you looked for me 3<sup>rd</sup> Sun. I thought I explained it clearly in the letter. We did not have time to make it to Rover after going to Dorothy's (Reid Tittsworth) I did not know Aunt Maggie (Eads Reid) had that planned when I went to her house. I hope we can come to see you this summer, but we won't stay overnight. I want to come and I want the girls to see their Grandma. I would like to go back to see Aunt Maggie before the summer is over. I just don't know, Raymond has had two men to quit. He has so much trouble getting help. His number one man is talking about getting a station of his own, so there is something else. I wish you could come up to see us. It would help you to get away. We will come when we can. Write to me. I am always glad to hear. Until we see you, bye for now.

Love,

Flo, Raymond, Vicky & Patsy

**Letter from Estelle (Potts?) to Florabel Potts Poore on 13 December 1965.**

Dear Florabel,

Just a note to let you know how Uncle Willie is getting along. He is much improved from the meningitis and the Dr. told me today he might possibly get to come home Friday or Saturday. He also has an osteoma in the frontal sinus, which has to be removed. The Dr's have decided to wait until about March to do this. Appears we will be in and out of hospital sometime. The Dr. had us call Ed and Jean Thanksgiving Day, so they both came and stayed a week. Ed and his family will be back Christmas. Hope all of you are well. I think of you so often and would just love to see the children. Maybe one of these days we will get together. Elmira is still a student at Baylor University. I am sure Bill (Potts) attends U.T. doesn't he? I suppose Jack and Barbara (Potts) are about ready to graduate form high school by now. Shirley has 4 children; the oldest started to school this year so she has her hands full. Let us hear from you. **(Believe this is Estelle Potts, wife of Gordon Potts)**

Love,

Estelle

**Letter from Mayme Wortham Woosley to Florabel (Potts) Poore on Monday, 22 March 1965. From Franklin, Tennessee to 4510 Fulton Drive, Knoxville 18, Tennessee.**

Dearest Florabel,

Three people have been here this afternoon when I wanted to write you a letter with some sense. Now it will be hit and miss, but I do want to send it on. I was so sorry I couldn't be with you all Saturday. Thursday I went with a bunch from our demonstration club to a retarded children's home. It was real cold. The school was up on a hill and I've never felt a colder wind. When I talked to Ernest (Potts?) Thursday night I told him I'd be there some way, but Friday I couldn't come and by Saturday I was just sick and didn't dare try to face that snow and cold wind. I'll always be so glad I got a friend to carry me to see him (Earl Potts) while he was in the hospital (In January) He was

sitting up that afternoon and was real jolly. He seemed so glad to see me and we talked over things that used to be. I guess because all the other kin have been carried to Shelbyville. I just took it for granted that we would be. I called Iris (Wortham Richardson) Thursday night, then called Bonnie the next day; talked ages giving her my order; then said, "I'd like for it to be there today." She said, "Mayme I may not have enough to send it over today." I said over where? Then I called Mrs. McBride and I was afraid she wasn't as good as Bonnie, but I do hope the flowers were pretty and you know I was thinking of you, Charles and Ernest (Potts) I haven't heard from you since I sent you a card when Vickie (Poore) was tiny. I was so glad to see them, as well as you at Uncle Emmett's (Eads) funeral. Then Iris sent their picture you sent Xmas for me to see. They are adorable. I know you and Raymond are proud of them. Florabel, I don't know the boy's (Charles & Ernest) address. Will you please tell them and send me their addresses? I used to have Xmas cards from them, but haven't in years. I've wondered about your dogs? Do you still have them? Iris brought me a wire-haired terrier in July. I must close and mail this. Let me hear from you and again I'm sorry I couldn't be with you. **(Enclosed with letter a condolence card and obituaries for Earl Nelson Potts)**

Love,

Mayme

**Letter from Dorothy Reid Tittsworth to Florabel Potts Poore on Tuesday 7 September. Not sure of the year, but suspect it was 7 September 1965 judging by next letter. Shelbyville, Tennessee**

Dear Florabel and family,

I would have written sooner, but I just found out Sunday, the next Sunday, Sept. 12, is the day we are going to try to get as many of the cousins together as we can for a reunion at Uncle Will's (Eads?) old farm. Mayme and Ernest haven't sold it yet. Ruth was at Uncle Will's sale and after Mayme bought it we all decided it would be nice to have one more gathering down there. You know I can't remember, but one reunion in the Eads family, that was at your home in Chapel Hill; long time ago. I do hope you are about ready to come back, and you can be there. It sure wouldn't be complete without you. Iris is coming in this week and Aunt Annie said Elmer would be here this weekend. I know we can't get everybody, Gerald (Reid) is in school in New York and I know Robert (Reid) and Edd (Grisham) can't come. I sure was glad to see Charles and Louise (Potts) at Aunt Bex's. They said you were really enjoying your cabin. That sure sounds nice. We plan to just take sandwiches or anything and have a good time just visiting. Would you tell Charles and Ernest (Potts) family? Maybe they are ready to come back too. Aunt Bex and Uncle Will are doing pretty well except for being pretty sad about their dog getting run over on the highway. Aunt Lizzie (Moon Eads) has bought a dodge and got her drivers license and seems pretty happy about that. Do hope we can see you Sunday. Write me sometime. **(I remember going to the auction of Uncle Will Eads' farm that happened around that time. I didn't understand the sadness of the older generation at the event as I was enjoying running around playing with my cousins. Margaret Ann Reid Manneschmidt-14 Oct. 2009)**

Love,

Dorothy

**Letter from Dorothy Reid Tittsworth to Florabel Potts on Wednesday 8 September 1965. Shelbyville, Tennessee**

Dear Florabel,

Here I am again. And if I ever try to plan anything with Mayme (Woosley) again, somebody please kick my butt. She called last night to say Iris is going home on Saturday so to call everything off. I t was real easy for her because she hadn't told, called, or written anybody anyway. Aunt Annie had written to Ruth (Sudberry Davis) and her children. Jean (Reid) had notified the ones in Nashville. I think Mayme was upset too, over something Uncle Will had said. So maybe it's best that she said forget it. I think since we haven't had a picnic in our family this summer that we may just go on to (Henry) Horton State Park. I am to see Jean today. She suggested that last night when she called. I am going to try to see Iris (Wortham Richardson) on Friday. She said she would go to Uncle Will's (Eads) and Aunt Lizzie's (Elizabeth Moon Eads) then. Do hope you will be coming back down here soon and do come to see me. Will call up Tinker (Dora Ethelyn Sudberry Rutledge) and make her come over and will have our own reunion, a good peaceful one. Maybe you didn't plan to come anyway, but I just wanted you to know the outcome. Time for mail right now.

Love,

Dorothy

**Letter from Dorothy Reid Tittsworth to Florabel Potts Poore on 9 January 1966. Shelbyville, Tennessee.**

Dear Florabel,

Do want you to know I enjoyed your letter. I shared it with Mamma (Maggie Eads Reid) since she didn't get a letter from you. She was glad to hear from you too. She is down here visiting around now. I went over to Aunt Annie's (Ead Sudberry) yesterday and spent the day and brought her (Mama) back to Aunt Maggie's. Aunt Annie still had boiled country ham, and a good dinner, but I have been eating too many big dinners and just get broader and broader. I ate with Aunt Maggie and Aunt Bex (Alta Rebecca Reid Eads) up home and at Curtis's (Tittsworth) home during Christmas. Mama wants to go to Unionville tomorrow, but we won't go until after dinner. Tinker (Dora Ethelyn Sudberry) is going to fix our hair in the morning. I do want us to have a picnic or reunion next summer. Surely we can get somebody to join us. I guess Mayme (Wortham Woosley) feels that she and Iris (Wortham Richardson) have such a short time together. I did enjoy seeing Iris for a little while at Aunt Bex last summer. Mayme was there too. Mayme was all nervous, blamed it on Alden (Richardson). She doesn't like him. He went on to see his people, Lewisburg I think. Mayme was tense all day. They also went to see Onie Collins and Ruby Haynes part of the time. June (Sudberry) told Mama she was all for a reunion last summer. She was planning on coming. Jean (Reid) said we should go on and have our reunion last summer. But Mayme called me and told me to cancel it. If I had got in touch with Jean before I wrote you it was called off we would have just changed the place and gone on. Everybody was at home Christmas except Edd. Gerald (Reid) and Mai (Reid) have gone to Atlantic City until last of April. He's going to I.B.M. School and will go to Jacksonville, Fla. when complete. Write again sometime and be sure to come by when you come down.

Love,

Dorothy

**Letter from Aunt Ruby Potts to Florabel Potts Poore Saturday, 17 December 1966. No envelope.**

Dear Florabelle & family,

Uncle Willie (Potts) had heart attack this past August, stayed in Methodist Hospital for 18 days and in bed there three weeks at home. He's much improved now though and his Dr. says he can do some light work provided he doesn't work too long at a time. I hope you and your family are well and how I wish we could see you all. How's Charles & Ernest (Potts) family? Say hello to each and all for us. We miss Earl (Potts) so much, can't seem to get over his death. We loved him so much; wanted to attend funeral, but its such a long distance and neither one of us were very well. How is Elizabeth (Puckett Potts)? Must write her some time. We are planning on moving back home some time next year providing we can sell our home here. Write me some time. **(Uncle Willie Eugene Potts was born on 21 October 1898 and died on 18 May 1967 in Dallas, Texas. Gowen-Smith Chapel conducted services. Buried at Willow Mount Cemetery, Bedford County, Tenn. Rev. Frank A. Calhoun and Rev. William Winterbottom, ministers)**

Aunt Ruby

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel Potts Poore on 22 February 1966. Jacksonville, Florida to 4510 Fulton Drive. Knoxville 18, Tennessee.**

Dear Flo & Raymond,

I think of you often and wonder how you are. We had a holiday to day and it's so nice to have a day off. We do work so hard, never catch up regardless. We have new office and are remodeling the store so it has been mass confusion. How are you all? I guess you know Uncle Will (Eads) had another stroke. They must be pitiful from Dorothy's (Reid) letter. This one paralyzed his throat and he couldn't talk and got strangled swallowing. I haven't heard since last week. We are doing about as usual. There has been some cold weather; in fact it's snowing tonite.

I'll be very glad to see spring. I'd love to go home Easter if I can get a day off. It takes 3 days if we on Friday. We drive all day Easter Sunday so guess I'd have to ask for Monday. Sureley would love to see you some time. We had a salesman call on us named Poore; wondered if he was related to Ray. Talked to Sis (Mayme Wortham Woosely) last nite. She's doing very well. Uncle Manor (Sudberry) isn't well. I know the girls (Vicky & Patsy Poore) are growing and you enjoy them. Can't imagine Vicky being six. I know Charles and Louise (Potts) are fond of Bill (Potts) I didn't finish this last nite. We had our biggest snow this morning and got sent home from work at noon. I surely a m getting behind. Had a letter from Aunt Lizzie (Moon Eads ?) She said Uncle Will is really in bad shape. He can't see to read. Aunt Maggie (Eads Reid) is there again. She reads to him. Hope all of you are well and would love to see you. Have no vacation plans so far. The kids won't be home until July 1967. They extended (?) I was disappointed, but it's their life. Now do write me. Hello to all. **(Uncle Will Eads died at the age of 81 on 22 Set 1968)**

Love,

Iris

#### **Letter from Annie Eads Sudberry to Maggie Eads Reid on Wednesday, 22 November 1967**

Dear Sis and All,

I guess you are thinking of me and looking for a letter so here comes. I have about quit writing, just can't get my thoughts together enough to write. It seems like I'm always sick or busy cooking or the T.V. is on, so I just don't write. Did you think of Brother's Birthday the 5<sup>th</sup> of November? I didn't go this time, but called to wish him a Happy Birthday. He couldn't hear me and I couldn't understand him either. Bill has killed hogs. We had to go help some, but couldn't do much. We have been having fresh ribs and sausage. Manor likes hoghead, so I cooked him one and made hash. I have just talked to Mag (Reid) Green. She said tell you to hurry up and come back to see us. She wants us to play dominoes and beat you and Manor. She went to the Club yesterday. M.E. Shearin was there. Tom is in the hospital; don't know a thing. How could she have done that? I don't know. Mag said Brother wants Bex (Alta Rebecca Reid Eads) to go to town with Elizabeth today to get his shoe sewed up. I know he has got two good pairs of shoes besides the ones he is wearing. It looks like rain to-day. Our 50<sup>th</sup> Wedding Anniversary will be the 23<sup>rd</sup> of December. The children want to have some sort of celebration, but Manor is opposed to it. They want to have it the 17<sup>th</sup>. I hope you can be here at that time if they do. John Clay (Rutledge) has been in the hospital for x-rays and check-up. They didn't find anything serious wrong with him. He is alright now. It was a kidney infection. Will sent you Tinker's (Dora Ethelyn (Tinker) Sudberry) address. I'm out of paper. Come or write soon.

Love from your sis,

Annie

#### **Letter from Florabel Potts Poore to Dorothy Reid Tittsworth on 17 September 1968.**

Dear Dorothy,

I know it may look like I'm unconcerned, but I am not. I really do appreciate your letters and I meant to answer your first letter and send Uncle Will (Eads) a card. I just never did get it done. When I found your first letter the other day and it had July on it I could not believe it had been that long. I am sure sorry to hear about Uncle Will being so bad. I would sure like to come, but don't see how I can right now. I wanted to come down before school started and stay several days, or about a week and visit everybody and see some old friends at Chapel Hill, but it was so, so hot I backed out. I didn't know who had air conditioners and didn't feel like I could stay at motel that long after staying a week in Florida. We went to Daytona last week of June and had a wonderful time, also went on down to Melbourne to see a couple, friends that use to live here. We stayed at motel there too. Iris always writes how she would like to see me. Well, if she wanted to see me she'd make arrangements to go 3<sup>rd</sup> Sun. May, instead of 1<sup>st</sup> week of June. Well, I'll bet she'd have 10,000 fits if I went to Ark. Within 200 miles of her house and didn't go to see her. Am I wrong? I'd sure like to see her that's for sure. My little girl Patsy is supposed to ride in a horseshow next Sat. (a pony) at Morristown. I am thrilled and scared, guess she will embarrass me and not do good. I am glad to have them in school, my nerves were about to crack before it started, but I do get tired of the running you have to do. If the weather is pretty they can walk, which helps. I'm sorry you are not feeling well. I'm not going to Dr. regular, but take blood pressure pills and nerve medicine. Please let me hear when you feel like writing or have time. I appreciate it. I never hear from Mrs. Lizzie; maybe it's because I don't write. Ha! How is Elwyn & everybody? Tell your mother to take care of herself. I hope this doesn't make her sick. Let me know Aunt

Annie's (Eads Sudberry) I heard she had moved to Shelbyville. Is this true? Now if you have news, someone bad sick or anything your think I would like to know and you don't feel like or have time to write, just call me. I will gladly pay for the call. 687-0706; just tell the operator to reverse charges.

Love,

Florabel

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel Potts Poore on 1 July 1969. From Jacksonville, Florida**

Dearest Flo and all,

It's a shame we don't hear from each other but once a year. I think of you. Thought I might get to see you in May, but guess you didn't come this year (Decoration) No one has said. Kate was buried on the third Sunday. Jan, Jim and I went. You know where I lived so long in Shelbyville. She was like family to us. They called on Friday and went Saturday and came back Monday. I couldn't have gone alone. I stopped to see Aunt Bex (Alta Bex Reid Eads) Feel sorry for her. Had a note from Dot. She is having a time. I do hope she feels better soon. I am doing all right. I still get lonesome. So many of my friends moved away the past year and I do miss them. Some of them had husbands overseas and they came home. I am so glad to have Jan and Jim near. They are good to me. Jan was operated on last week and she'll be off from work 5 weeks. Jim is still n school. He has 2 more years. He seems satisfied. I saw Ernest's child (Barbara Potts) picture in the paper. She's such a pretty girl. I know I wrote you how glad I was to get the pictures of the girls (Patsy & Vicky Poore) They are both so cute and I know you are proud of them, but no doubt they keep you busy. How is Raymond? Why don't you take a trip to Arkansas? I never get off long enough to get any farther than Sis (Mayme) I went in April and I'll go again in August. I had my house painted and bought some new furniture so I didn't have money to go very far. I'm still working. I guess I will be. It takes money to live as you well know. How are Charles and Louise (Potts)? Where are you going on vacation this year? We are having some hot weather now. Sis is doing pretty good. I think she can hold out better than I can. I wish you would write more often. Hope you have a nice birthday and thanks again for the pictures.

Love,

Iris

**Letter from Elwyn Reid Flury to Florabel and Raymond Poore at Christmastime from Tracy City, Tennessee, 1970. No envelope.**

Dear Florabel, Raymond & girls,

I don't have much to write, but I'll send a note. We are planning our get together for Christmas Day, but Gerald (Reid) will not be coming and Robert (Reid) will not get here until after Christmas. He plans to attend a ball game in Jacksonville on Saturday after Christmas. I was sorry our get together did not go as scheduled last summer. Maybe we can plan another for this summer. Have you heard from any of the Shelbyville kin? Dorothy (Reid) called last night; Uncle Manor (Sudberry) had an attack of gall stones (or kidney stones) I don't remember which; then they thought he had a light stroke after he had come home from the hospital. You may know more about Uncle Manor than I do. She said Aunt Bex (Alta Rebecca Reid Eads) was about the same, but her eye was bothering her. I'll be looking forward to your note. Let us know how all of you are doing.

Love,

Elwyn

**Letter from Dorothy Reid Tittsworth to Florabel Potts Poore Monday, 3 January 1972. From Shelbyville, Tenn. to Knoxville, Tennessee**

Dear Flo,

Christmas is over and I am glad. Mama (Maggie Eads Reid?) is down here this past week. I think she plans to go home Wednesday. Aunt Annie (Eads Sudberry) did get a card from you for the flowers. (Think she expected a letter) I explained to her that you had over a hundred to send. The reason Elwyn mentioned the card was that she was afraid the flowers hadn't got here or that the card had lost off. I should have checked to see that they were

there while I was there. So don't feel bad about it. I did mean to go back and see the flowers in the other room. I've never seen so many flowers at one place, and I know it would take a long time to even sign all the cards of thanks and look up addresses. My "Eads" stomach has been giving me trouble again. Guess I'm going to have to go back to the doctor later to get a special diet. (I did go Monday) Mayme (Wortham Woosley) has been on a special diet over a year and has lost so much weight. I haven't lost weight yet, but have been being pretty carefree what I eat. I have too much acid. Aunt Annie said they had had the biggest Christmas they had ever had. They are feeling pretty good. We went to see Aunt Bex (Reid Eads) She's about the same, but a little thinner. Aunt 'Lizabeth (Moon Eads) is about the same, but her blood pressure is pretty high. She still stays home alone, doesn't drive her car much. Iris didn't get to come Christmas to Mayme's. She wanted to come if Jim (Richardson) and Jan would come with her to do the driving. I hope Christmas wasn't too sad for you. Seeing the children enjoy Christmas would help I know. We went to Tracy City Christmas day, only the girls were there. We went to Cleveland on 26<sup>th</sup> to Curtis's (Tittsworth) family dinner and to the funeral of one of Curtis's cousins on Monday 27<sup>th</sup> at Fayetteville. He died of heart attack at just 42 years old. I didn't mean to write such a long letter when I started, guess I've told you about all I know. Wednesday didn't get this in the mail. The roads are iced and there's a little snow here today. Mama's still here. Hope you have a good new year. Take care of yourself. **(Cards, letters, and flowers may be in reference to funeral of Raymond Poore, who was shot and killed on 10 August 1971)**

Love,

Dorothy

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel Potts Poore on 15 January 1972. Jacksonville, Arkansas.**

Dearest Flo,

Thinking of you tonite so I'll write a line. Hoping you made it through Xmas with the girls and the family. I know it wasn't easy, but somehow you always find a way. I know it hasn't been easy, but you have to forget yourself and think of the girls (Patsy and Vicky Poore) Friends have always played a big part in my life for my family is small. Jim (Richardson) was away for a long time and I'm not close to Sis (Mayme), so I had to depend on my friends, but they have always been there when I need them. The worst part is getting sick when you're alone. You feel more alone. I had a letter from Dot (Dorothy?) yesterday. Tinker (Dora Ethelyn Sudberry Rutledge) and John (Rutledge) have moved to town and I'm glad. She works so hard. Aunt Bex (Reid Eads) is always the same. Dot hasn't been feeling well. I guess she's had that stomach virus. It's so cold here, our coldest weather. I surely will be glad to see spring. I wish you and the girls could come to see me. How old are they now? Are they adjusting without any problems? I'm sure Raymond was a good dad. Yes, I received your card and note and I'm sure Sis did as she didn't mention not hearing. I'm sure Dot will understand. Prayers help, I never doubt that. I've been through some rough time you know. I hope I can go to Sis's next weekend. You can't trust this weather; I didn't go Xmas. Had a nice Xmas, went to several parties. Jan and Jim were here Xmas day and I went there the day after. This New Years I got off to a good start by cleaning cabinets. Jan and Jim are fine. Jan works part time and Jim seems to like his job. They were here today. I think Jim is finally growing up. He still loves to hunt and fish. When I go to Sis's I usually go for only 2 days and you can't do much. I enjoy going more often and not staying as long. She is feeling some better. I wish I could see her more often. If nothing happens I'm going to Germany the last of June for two weeks. I'm really looking forward to it. I have a friend over there and one of the ladies in the BX is German, so I'm going with her. Well, just wanted you to know I'm thinking of you and do hope things are running smoother; only time erases the hurt and mix with people and that helps loneliness. Let me hear when you can. Wish I could come to see you. **(Iris is referring to the death of Raymond Poore on 10 August 1971. Iris and Mayme are first cousins to Florabel)**

Love,

Iris

**Letter from Dorothy Reid Tittsworth to Florabel Potts Poore from Shelbyville, Tennessee on 4 May 1972.**

Dear Flo,

I just heard through Aunt Annie; she had talked to Aunt Lizabeth and Aunt Lizabeth had talked to Mrs. Lizzie, about Ernest and Sara (Potts) both being in the hospital and the car wreck. I sure hope they aren't seriously hurt. Aunt Annie (Eads Sudberry) didn't know. I sure hope they will be alright. Mama (Maggie Eads Reid) was with us all last week to do her visiting around. We took her home Saturday night. Are you planning on coming to decoration 3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday in May? If you are not going to be there I may just go on and put my flowers out on Saturday afternoon. I really don't care about seeing all the rest of the crowd that I would have to force a smile for. I do hope things have gotten easier for you. There's so much red tape to settling an estate. It's a big, big worry. Tinker's Barbara had a nervous breakdown and was in a Nashville sanitarium for 6 weeks. She just got home last weekend, but is still awfully nervous. Tinker looks so tired. John Clay has ulcers and has been sick in bed with flu three times lately. Aunt Annie and Uncle Manor (Sudberry) are doing very well; they are still up. Bill Sudberry's house burned down about a month ago. They are still in a trailer, but working on the house. Do want to see you if you come to the Decoration. We would be happy for you to stay with us. Please do if you come. (Certainly, lots of sad news referenced or alluded to in this letter **(Dorothy's son had died/been killed in Colorado and Raymond's death not long before) had hit many branches of the family. It was only a year or so later that Dorothy died of either pancreatic or liver cancer, not sure which was the primary site. She was probably sick when she wrote that, and makes the point about having to "force a smile" all the more poignant. Memories from Margaret Ann Reid Manneschmidt 12 October 2009)**)

Love,

Dorothy

**Letter from Dorothy Reid Tittsworth to Florabel Potts Poore on Tuesday May 23, 1972. From Shelbyville, Tennessee**

Dear Flo,

I know you will be interested to know that Aunt Henrietta and Uncle Earl's (Potts) grave looked real nice. I didn't see Mrs. Lizzie (Puckett Potts), as she had been on Saturday afternoon to put out flowers. Mama put some and Aunt Annie may have. There were flowers all across the two graves. Tinker and Rena (Sudberry) were with Aunt Annie (Eads Sudberry) As usual we went late, as we had to wait here for Elwyn, mama (Maggie Eads Ried), Sammy and children. Mama brought her suite case again and stayed at Aunt Emma's (Emma Belle Robinson?) Was going to see Aunt Lizzie (Moon Eads) too, then call me when she is ready to come up here to visit around. When she is here she is either on the phone or getting ready for me to take her somewhere. She can't be still, not even one day! I am happy she is able to go, but I get so tired going when I have things at home needing to be done. I can't work as fast as I used to, like wash, iron and clean house all in the same day. I divide it all into 5 days so I won't have to do anything Saturday or Sunday. Mayme (Wortham Woosley) and Jean (Reid) are supposed to come here one day this week. They have been planning to since school is about out and Jean doesn't work when school is out. Clarice (Reid) and Carol, Bill and Eddie Jo, Elwyn's family came back here after decoration and stayed until dark, ate supper with us. Curitss (Tittsworth) doesn't like to go to the cemetery and just stands around, so he went to Russell Puckett's airport and watched the gliders. Lewis (Reid) is getting so big, and is still like a baby, has to be diapered, fed and led around; can't say a word, just grunts and kicks whatever is close to his feet. It's so depressing to be around him. I sure don't know an answer to that problem. Did I tell you Eddie Jo and Bill will have a baby in August? After about 17 years I do hope it's a healthy baby. Eddie Jo has kept on teaching, but will be out this week. She has felt good and looks good. Was sorry you didn't get to come. In a few years Vickie and Patsy will be able to drive, then you can go when you get ready, or maybe you and I will get as spunky as Iris (Wortham Richardson) She comes from Arkansas by herself. I don't even go to Nashville or Tracy City by myself any more. I run around here or to Brentwood or Franklin, but wait for Curtis to go with me if there's much traffic. Knew you would enjoy knowing the graves looked nice, but as you said it was a rush trip down there. I'll have to go back to clean the dried ups. P.S., Glad Sara and Ernest (Potts) were not hurt too bad. Winston (Reid) ran into a truck, tore up his car; lost his driver's license. He is one problem. I guess it didn't hurt him. Evelyn said he was at home. He just drinks too much, probably would be better for other people on the road if he doesn't get his license back. I have worried that he might have a wreck and kill somebody. I think Evelyn said the truck he hit was parked. That still will probably mean a law suite. Seems there's always something to worry about.

Love,

Dorothy

**Christmas card from Aunt Ruby Potts to Florabel Potts Poore and girls on 20 December 1974. From Shelbyville, Tennessee.**

Dear Forabel and girls,



Just a few lines to let you know Gordon is in Methodist Hospital, had heart attack two weeks ago. And Edward is just now getting home from hospital, had stomach operation. He seems to be doing very well. I do hope Gordon is going to get better real soon. His home address is 112 Glenwink Apt. Dallas , Texas; zip 75205. I broke my hip last April while visiting in Texas, but am getting better about walking all the time. Have had bad case of flu, feeling better today. Hope you and girls are well. Write me sometime. Think of you often. Say hello to Ernest and Charles family. All of you come and see my some time. I still miss Uncle Willie so much.

Love,

Aunt Ruby

**Letter from Florabel Potts Poore to Mrs. Lizzie (Puckett Potts) on 6 October 1975. Knoxville, Tennessee**

Dear Mrs. Lizzie,

Well, it's been a long time since I have written or since I have heard either; I just never could write. I hope you have been well and doing O.K. We are about the same, just running my legs off trying to keep things going and taking the girls somewhere all the time. I've signed Patsy (Poore Mode) up to swim this quarter at U.T. They have a nice pool. Of course it is a non-credit program. Vicky can't swim this quarter because she has a breaking out on her skin and won't go in. Patsy won 5<sup>th</sup> in the city. **(This must be a partial letter, not signed, no envelope, and perhaps not sent)**

**Following is a diary account by Florabel Potts Poore regarding a trip to Shelbyville, Tennessee, the people she saw, the places she went, and the things she did. I am guessing this was circa 1975. Not sure though.**

Left 8 O'clock Saturday July 19<sup>th</sup> to Shelbyville. Lunch at Pope's Café & to see Mrs. Lizzie (Puckett Potts) at nursing home, then to Mandy's (Potts) Saturday night. Mary & Janice came till 11:00 Saturday night at Mandy's. Sunday lunch at Leonard's and Ann's (Potts). Sunday afternoon to Aunt Ruby's (Potts) till about 6 O'clock. Sunday night at Mandy's. Tinker (Dora Ethelyn Sudberry) came after me Monday morning. Tinker, June (Sudberry) & I met Elwyn & Clarice (Reid) at nursing home; visited Mrs. Lizzie. We all went to Tinker's; ate lunch. Monday afternoon went to Bethlehem graveyard, Unionville graveyard, by Uncle Will's (Eads) old house, Uncle Emmit's (Eads) old house, then on to Nashville to Jean's (Reid) Brentwood house. Went to Shoney's for hamburger and to 100 Oaks shopping short while. Tuesday Jean took off from work, cooked breakfast, went to shopping center shipping, Cain Sloans, and to Shoney's for lunch; B.L.C. sandwich. Tuesday afternoon went to Franklin to see Iris (Wortham Woosley) Jean, Elwyn & I. We took Iris back to Jean's house for supper, chicken casserole, tossed salad, fried corn, ice cream, & cake, then took Iris back to Franklin about 10 O'clock. Wednesday Jean worked. Elwyn cooked breakfast, got ready & went to Murfreesboro to Clarice's (Reid); went to shopping center or stores, outlet limited mall (pink shower liner) **(No date or envelope with this)**

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel Potts Poore on Friday, 30 June 1978. Little Rock, Arkansas.**

Dear Flo & Girls,

I hope the year has been good to you. I am doing all right; stay busy all the time. Haven't worked lately, but don't care in the summer. I stay busy. I do all the yard work, but mow. Sis (Mayme Wortham Woosley) was in the hospital for tests in May. Her main problem is blood pressure. She's O.K. now. I went for a long weekend in May. I can't drive alone; so have to go when Wanda goes. My friends from Washington were here a week in April and I went to Omaha Memorial Day weekend. Had such a nice time. Jan & Jim (Richardson) are fine. I talk everyday and usually see them once a week. Guess you knew Aunt Lizzie (Elizabeth Moon Eads?) died? She left everything to Nadine (?) and Nell. Also, Sammy (Elwyn's husband) They didn't call Sis. Aunt Maggie (Eads Reid) is the only one left now. Did you go to the decoration? I haven't been over there in about 3 years. I have no way to go when I get to Sis's. Would love to see you. Hope you and the girls are well. Come and see me.

Love,

Iris

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florable Potts Poore on Sunday, 1 July 1979. Little Rock, Arkansas.**

Dear Flo,

I appreciate Patsy's (Poore Mode) note and the picture. She's such a pretty girl; has your color and resembles you. I took it last week for Sis (Mayme) to see. You tell her that was a handsome escort she had. I know you are proud of her. I'm glad she's going to school. I spent last week with Sis. I go once a month. It has really been a hard year. I'm still working part time and then I had an accident the 31<sup>st</sup> of May. I'm still without a car, but I wasn't hurt, only bruised and sore. I hope I'll get the car next week. I really miss it. Sis is holding her own; she has problems with her legs. She was back in the hospital for 10 days. I flew home then, but got a ride this month. I never hear from any of the others so I don't know what goes on. What is Vicky (Poore) doing? How is the rest of the family? I wish you'd write. Best wishes for a happy day and many more.

Love,

Iris

**Letter from cousin Mary Ferguson DeBernardi of Sargus, California on 7 February 1981 to Florabel Potts Poore**

Dear Flora Belle,

I'm sorry I haven't sent this to you sooner, but taking care of mom (she is quiet ill again, flue this time) and my husband's father (he falls a lot) I have big washings every day, it's up at 6 A..M and I run until nearly 1 o'clock then while they are napping I run to the grocery store & pay some bills. I try to get to the heritage library every Wednesday. My husband takes over so I can have one day away from home. I broke my toe and hurt my back before Christmas so I didn't get much done but will try to get this off today and maybe with what you or your brothers can remember will give me some clues in tracing the family. Now Henrietta Potts was your grandmother or great grandmother? Do you know her maiden name? Do you remember me at all? I don't remember you at all, but when Elwyn Flury mentioned you name it rang a bell! I said I've heard mother speak of Flora Bell, Earl & Charlie Potts. She said we were cousins. Now on which side do you know? I think it must be mothers, mother & father's side the Robinson and Cherry side? I will send a list of names I've heard of off and on when I was small and see if you remember any of them. Mom nearly always spoke of 1<sup>st</sup> names like Cousin John, Cousin Pearl; never last names. She was gone a lot, she was oldest of 6 and she spent most of her time in Fort Worth and Lewis, my brother & I stayed home with dad and some of his people, so this is why I'm having trouble late in life to trace. Mom's mind has been blank for 10 years. She just lays in bed, sleeps & eats. I don't want to o into too much detail now as it sometimes is confusing, so will stop and make a list of people and you can, if you will, let me know any thing about that person, where they lived, died, married, any children if you know where they attended church as church records, war records, and census is a lot how you trace along with old wills, deeds, etc. Hope you are well and love to hear a little about your life. I believe I told you I only have 1 son (divorced) 1 grand daughter (she comes every summer for a month. She just had a birthday, her 9<sup>th</sup>.

These are all moms' people in Tennessee: Maud Loftin, Mary Sears, John T. Cherry, Tom Glymp, York, Russell, Osteen, Myrtle Boss, Manor Sudberry, Pearl Drye, Maggie Reid, Iris Richardson. Mom said she was named after Aunt Dora Belle Robinson and you are Flora Belle. Were you named after her as well? I was wondering if Belle is a family surname?

(Florabell's notation on letter: Mary Ferguson is Mag Ferguson's daughter. Margaret Bell Ferguson (Mag Ferguson) was mom's (Henrietta Eads Potts) cousin and was named after Dora Bell Robinson Eads, my grandmother)

Love, Cousin,  
Mary (Ferguson) DeBernardi.  
27160 N. Seco Canyon  
Sargus, California 91350

**Warranty Deed information regarding the sale of a tract of land to Barbara Potts Kittel and Michael Allen Kittel on 27 July 1981**

FOR AND IN CONSIDERATION of the sum of TEN (\$10.00) DOLLARS, cash in hand paid, and other good and valuable considerations, the receipt of all of which is hereby acknowledged, we, ERNEST N. POTTS and wife, SARA M. POTTS; CHARLES W. POTTS and wife, M. LOUISE POTTS; and FLORABEL P. POORE, a widow; the said ERNEST N. POTTS, CHARLES W. POTTS and FLORABEL P. POORE being the heirs at law of Earl N. Potts who died intestate on March 18, 1965, said estate being of record in Book CC, page 201, County Clerk's Office of Bedford County, Tennessee; have this day bargained and sold and by these present hereby sell, transfer and convey unto MICHAEL ALLEN KITTEL and wife, BARBARA P. KITTEL, their heirs and assigns, a certain tract or parcel of real estate lying and being in the Eighth (8<sup>th</sup>) and Eleventh (11<sup>th</sup>) Civil Districts of Bedford County, Tennessee, more particularly bounded and described as follows, to wit. (follows is the surveyed area of the tracts) Containing 96.15 acres, and being tracts 2, 3, 4 in Deed Book 99, page 182. Tract 2 is in the 8<sup>th</sup> Civil District and Tracts 3 and 4 are in the 11<sup>th</sup> Civil District of Bedford County; according to survey of Rex Northcutt, Registered surveyor No. 77, dated July 13, 1981. (This document signed by Ernest and Sara Potts, Charles and Louise Potts, and Florabel Potts Poore.

**Letter from Iris Wortham Richardson to Florabel Potts Poore on 24 January 1995. From Little Rock, Arkansas**

Dearest Flo,

Happy New Year! It's hard to believe that we're in a new year and a month of it is almost gone and I don't see any thing I've done. I appreciated your Christmas note and card and the pictures. He's (William Jacob Mode) such a cute baby and looks like such a happy baby. I hope you can enjoy him. I know I'll never have any, just dogs. I guess it may have been best, they are so peculiar and I wouldn't have seen it. What is the latest on poor Vicky (Poore Proctor Dove)? Did she stay back with him (K.I. Proctor)? Did you tell me he was Jewish? Then no wonder he's stingy. Why did she lose her job? I guess she felt like she had to stay. I'm glad she and Patsy (Poore Mode) are close. I'm sure she'd enjoy the baby if she was closer. Things are about as usual here. I keep busy at something. Some days I'd just as soon stay at home as to go, but if someone says go, I'm gone. I had a nice Christmas. More company than usual, so it wasn't so lonesome. Jan & Jim came Christmas Day and New Year. They usually stay two hours. I had a note from Elwyn (Reid Flury), Jean (Reid), and Tinker (Sudberry) at Christmas. Tinker has a new house and seems happier. I don't think I'd want to live in another woman's house. They moved in his house at first. Jean & Elwyn were alright. I haven't been home in two years. I just don't have a way since Jan can't see to drive. She does take me to the Dr. I have to go to the eye Dr. this week; still have the arthritis and it doesn't get any better. I have been out for breakfast with the Retirees to day and then to the mall with my friends. Guess I'll eat out tonite. P.S., Tell Patsy and Joe (Mode) he's a cutie. Take care of yourself and let me hear about Vicky. Thanks for the pictures. Write me. **(Jacob Mode born 19 April 1994)**

Love,

Iris

The first photo below is Uncle Emmett. The one below that has MaMa (Maggie Eads Reid) second from left. The unidentified man is their cousin who was visiting. He is identified in my mom's photos as Lee Glass. (He is also in the 1890s childhood photo of them with their grandfather that you have.)

The three pictures below the tombstone were made in Mother's back yard.

photos below

1st one--Florabel is holding unknown baby (maybe Mother could identify, but I can't) The next one, I don't know the lady on the left (again, maybe Mother would). Right of her is Maggie, Emmett, and Henrietta.

The one below that we have somewhere in our files, and all are identified. I think the one below that (at waterside) are Pearl and Annie, oldest and youngest sisters. (Will get mother to confirm, or not, when I can get her up here or get to her with a laptop to look at these) The next one down, I have but don't have it labeled.

Right now, I would say it is Annie, Maggie, Emmett, Pearl, cousin Maggie Ferguson, and Will. The only ones in slight doubt are Pearl and Maggie Ferguson. and again will ask mother to confirm.

Below that is Maggie Eads Reid and Emmett Eads. The portrait is Maggie Eads Reid.

The last one is Manor Sudberry and Annie Eads Sudberry. I am attaching one you'll probably want. It is a painting that Aunt Clarice did. I asked Mother if MaMa was happy with it, and MaMa had said it looked like she remembered the home place regarding placement of out buildings, the way the house was built with the "dog run," even to the placement of flowers in the yard.

This information was found on the internet at <http://webpages.charter.net/cjh1/jeanfam.htm> and the contact person is Jean at: [cjh@tullahoma.total-web.net](mailto:cjh@tullahoma.total-web.net)

1. Thomas Jackson, II b.abt 1740 Surrey Co.VA d.8Aug1792
  - ....m. Mary Franklin b.abt 1745 Surrey Co.VA d.abt 1790
  - ...2. Elizabeth Jackson
    - .....m. ? Tucker
  - ...2. James Jackson d. abt 1829
  - ...2. Agnes Jackson
  - ...2. Mary Jackson
    - .....m. ? LeNeve
  - ...2. Thomas Jackson, III b.abt 1770 VA d. 1814
    - .....m. 10Jul1809 Martha Deshazer
  - ...2. Frances Marion Jackson b.12Jan1766 Amelia Co.VA d.10Feb1845 Rutherford Co.TN
    - .....m. (1) Elizabeth Worsham Childress b.7Apr1766 Amelia Co. VA d.Aug1831
  - ...3. Thomas Jackson, IV b.15Dec1789 VA d.7Mar1866 Crofton, Christian Co.KY
    - .....m. Ruthie Hendricks b.abt1789 d. Crofton, Christian Co.KY
  - .....4. Francis H. Jackson
    - .....m. Myra Wentworth
  - .....4. Mary Franklin Jackson b.6Dec1815 d.2May1898 Bedford Co.TN
    - .....m. (1) Hawkins Simmons
    - .....m. (2) Abner Cartwright Potts
    - .....(see [POTTS FAMILY](#) for children of Mary Jackson and Abner Potts)
  - .....4. Elizabeth Jane Jackson
    - .....m. 17Dec1833 William M. Ray in Williamson Co.TN
  - .....4. Nancy Jackson
    - .....m. 23Aug1848 James E. Arnold in Williamson Co.TN
  - .....4. Jennette B. Jackson d.3Mar1885
    - .....m. (1) David B. Hendricks
    - .....m. (2) James M. Taylor
  - .....4. Thomas Newton Jackson
    - .....m. Mary Hendricks
  - .....4. Raleigh Jackson b.26Nov1823 d.15Apr1890 Crofton, Christian Co.KY
    - .....m. 5Nov1841 Canzadie(Zada) Putman in Williamson Co.TN
  - .....4. Evergreen Jackson
    - .....m. 30Sep1846 Josiah Winsett in Williamson Co.TN
  - .....4. Thomas Houston Jackson b.abt 1833
  - .....3. Robert Jackson b.15Dec1789 VA d.3May1877 Maury Co.TN
    - .....m. 25Jun1818 Nancy Wyatt
  - .....3. Richard Jackson b.22Dec1792 VA
    - .....m. Elizabeth Clark
  - .....3. James Jackson b.25Dec1794 VA
  - .....3. John Childress Jackson b.21Sep1796 VA
    - .....m. 22Dec1818 Elizabeth Elam in Williamson Co.TN.
  - .....3. Polly Jackson b.15Mar1798 VA
    - .....m. 25Apr1815 Adam Hendricks in Williamson Co.TN
  - .....3. Nancy Jackson b.7Sep1799 VA
    - .....m. 7may1817 Matthew Elam in Williamson Co.TN
  - .....3. Nathan Jackson b.11Jan1801 VA
    - .....m. 15Nov1827 Indiana Windrow in Rutherford Co.TN
  - .....3. Williams Jackson b.1May1802 VA
    - .....m. 15Jan1824 Drucilla Lytle
  - .....3. Frances Marion Jackson, II b.31Jan1804 Rockingham Co.NC
    - .....m. 27Dec1832 Martha Davenport in Williamson Co.
  - .....3. David Jackson b.2Apr1808 Rockingham Co.NC
    - .....m. 7Oct1830 Polly Wilbanks in Rutherford Co.TN
  - .....m. (2) Sally Revel
  - .....m. (3) Mary Allison

#### **IV. Susannah Lovage Ralston**

**V. Mary Catherine (Kitty) Ralston** 6 Jan 1856-? *Susannah Loveagh died, Kitty married her*

*widower, Elisha Crawford Reid 24 Sept 1844-?*

A. **Susannah** Washington Reid 23 Sept 1880 m. J. Edd Osteen

1 Leslie Reid 2 Herman 3 Theodore Francis 4 John Richard 5 Paul 6 Margaret 7 Neal

B. **Dora** Jane 29 July 1882 m. George L. Wortham 1 George L. Jr. 2 Hubert Patterson 3 Charles

C. Lilly Pearl 11 Ap 1884 died in infancy

D. Alta Rebecca 19 Ap 1886 m. Will O. Eads

E. Robert Crawford Reid 2 Feb 1888

F. **Emma** Lee Reid 14 Feb 1890 m. J. Landis Dickens 28 Ap 1890

1 Beatrice 15 June '12 m Harrison Young Williams 1 Sept '05 2. Edythe Inez 8 Dec '18 m.

John Lawrence Connelly 3. Kayrene Louise 23 Nov '23 m. Marshall L. Bailey

G. **Maggie Modena** 14 Dec 1891 m B.O.Green 1 William Crawford 2 Harold (died young)

3 Betty Ruth

H. William Arthur Reid 2 May 1896

**POTTS, James Ivan Age** 90 of Shelbyville, died Monday, July 26, 2010 at Heritage Medical Center. Funeral services will be 2 p.m. Friday, July 30, 2010 at First United Methodist Church. Burial with Full Military Honors will follow in Hillcrest Memorial Gardens. Visitation will be 12 Noon until service time Friday at the church. He was born in Shelbyville, TN on September 10, 1919, the son of J. Ivan and Alice Hall Potts. He has one brother, Harold Hall Potts of Huntsville, AL. He attended Shelbyville Central High School and graduated from the University of Kentucky in 1942 with a B.S. Degree in Commerce. While at the University of Kentucky, he served as President of Phi Delta Theta social fraternity, and Captain of Scabbard and Blade, national military society. He also served as Regimental Adjutant of the Reserve Officers Training Corps. Upon graduation, he was commissioned as a 2nd Lieutenant, Army Air Corps. He served as a B-29 Pilot with 25th Bombardment Squadron, 40th Bombardment Group (VH) in India, China, and Tinian in the Western Pacific. He completed 35 missions and 8 "hump trips" with a total of 525 combat hours. In September 1945, he was selected as a pilot on General Curtis LeMay's personal crew, that completed the record breaking long distance flight from Japan to Washington, DC. The flight broke four Army Air Force records. His awards include two Distinguished Flying Crosses, four Air Medals, and others. He holds a commission as a Colonel (Retired) in the Tennessee Air National Guard. In 1946-47, he served as a Foreign Service Officer, Department of State, in the U.S. Embassy, in Lima, Peru. He served as Chief of Staff to Ambassador Prentice Cooper. He married Miss Katherine Bishop Dale of Nashville in 1949, in Wightman Chapel at Scarriet College. They have one son, James Ivan Potts III. He is married to Susan Cooper of Canton, GA. They have two daughters, Elizabeth Ann and Sarah Katherine. Ivan joined his father in Stewart Potts Motors, a Ford-Mercury dealership in 1950. He became the dealer in 1955, and was President of the firm until 1980 when the dealership was sold. Stewart Potts Motors was a very successful dealership, receiving recognition and many awards from Ford Motor Company. He belonged to First United Methodist Church and has served as Chairman of the Official Board, and as a member of the World Service Commission of The Tennessee Conference. As a member of the Motor Vehicle Commission under four governors, he served as Chairman of Commission in 1963 under Governor Frank G. Clement. A member of the Shelbyville [Rotary Club](#) for almost fifty years, he served as President in 1959-60. He was honored by the club as a Paul Harris Fellow in 1979. He was a member of the Tennessee Automotive Association, serving as President in 1962. In 1967, he received the Andrew Jackson Award

for his contribution to the automotive industry in Tennessee. In 1968, he was awarded the National Benjamin Franklin Quality Dealership Award by the Saturday Evening Post for citizenship, community service and contributions to the automotive industry. An active supporter of scouting, he served as a member of the Executive Committee, Middle Tennessee Council, BSA. He organized and served as first Chairman, Two Rivers District, BSA. He holds the Scouting Long Rifle and Silver Beaver Awards. He is a Life Trustee of the Webb Preparatory School in Bell Buckle, Tennessee. He has authored two books, "The Potts Family of Bedford County, Tennessee" and "Remembrance of War", published in 1995. His articles on World War II have appeared in Air Force Magazine, the Congressional Record, the Kentucky Alumnus, Friends Magazine of the Air Force Museum, and Alan Grigg's "Flying Flack Alley." He is survived by his wife, Katherine and son James and his family, and other surviving family members that include: brother, Harold (Carol) Potts, Huntsville, AL; a niece, Gigi (Al) Potts Daniel, Marietta, GA; a nephew, Hal Potts, Huntsville, AL; a sister-in-law, Nancy Dale Palm, Houston, TX; nieces, Lucinda T. Trabue, Nashville, Mary Dale (John) Fitzgerald, Nashville, Mary Lindsay Spearman, Chapel Hill, NC, Kathy Carmichael (Byrom) Poole, Birmingham, AL; nephews, Don Gray, Cincinnati, OH, Bob Spearman, Raleigh, NC; a great niece, Katherine Fitzgerald Murphy, Alexandria, VA; a great nephew, David Fitzgerald, Nashville. Memorials may be made to Webb School, Bell Buckle, Hospice Compassus, Tullahoma or First United Methodist, Church, Shelbyville. FELDHAUS CHAPEL, (931) 684-8356.

**Published in The Tennessean on July 29, 2010**

**Another interesting story revolves around Stewart-Potts Motors that I was reminded of with the passing of J. Ivan Potts, Jr. Back in the late 20s or early 30s my Grandfather bought a new Ford from J. Ivan Potts, Sr. He had never driven an automobile before and Mr. Potts was going to ride with him out to the toll gate and teach him how to drive. My Grandfather wrecked the car before he got out of town and Mr. Potts told him to turn around and go back to the dealership where Mr. Potts gave him another new car. He proceeded to his home where he had cleaned out the buggy shed to park his new car in. He pulled in and hollered Whoa, but the car did not respond to his voice commands and he knocked the back out of the buggy shed (Posted by leei on Tue, Aug 3, 2010, at 1:16 PM-Shelbyville-Times Gazette)**

### **J. Ivan Potts**

Potts, a B-29 pilot, was hit once over Kobi, Japan. He had a target that flew into the clouds, and he followed it there. When he broke out of the clouds, he faced what he called "Japanese George." "They came at us head-on," he said. "They took out our number one engine, and the other shell hit the bomb bay. "It shot out the electrical system. "We went into a power dive toward Iwo Jima," he said. "We were hit at 24,000 feet."He crash-landed on the fighter strip near Mount Suribachi."The fighter strip is 2,000 feet," Potts said. "We usually landed on 8,000 feet. We ran out of runway and were still going 100 miles an hour. We had no brakes, no nothing. "The plane eventually stopped in one of the bomb craters. "We didn't have a crew member injured," he said, "which I think is a miracle. When we landed, our tail gunner jumped and ran, and they had to catch him with the ambulance." "You never knew when one of those things were going to blow," Farrar said. "No, you didn't, and that's why he ran," Potts said. Potts left the service as a captain who had received eight awards. "I'm most proud of the Distinguished Flying Cross," he said. "They don't give those just for brushing your hair." Ivan wrote "The Saga of the Rankless Wreck" (Shelbyville Times-Gazette 24 May 2009)

### **\* Joseph Lytton/Litton**

**b. May 1 1778 Dublin, Ireland, d. Jun 2 1846 Nashville TN  
Brought his family to America in 1817, first coming to Philadelphia PA  
but relocating within a year to Nashville TN, where he remained for the  
rest of his life. Changed spelling of his name from Lytton to Litton,  
reportedly because he felt that it was easier to write. Ran a store on  
what was then College Street, now 3rd Ave.**

**m. Catherine Warren m. prob abt 1798 prob Dublin**

**b. 1777 Dublin, d. Dec 26 1845 Nashville  
Based on a grandson named Henry Warren Litton, Catherine's father may  
be named Henry Warren**

**\* Benjamin Samuel Lytton b. Aug 13 1799 Ireland, d. Sep 29 1866**

**m. Louisa Minerva Childress Oct 5 1825 Nashville TN**  
 Their home stood on the present-day site of Vanderbilt University  
 \* **John Childress Litton b. Jul 11 1826 d. Nov 3 1827**  
 \* **Susan Litton b. Aug 21 1828 d. Jan 1 1916**  
**m. William Hewson Gordon Dec 19 1850 Nashville TN**  
 \* **Jane Litton Gordon b. Sept 11 1851**  
   **m. Mark Young**  
   \* **Robert Young**  
 \* **Louisa Minerva Gordon b. Aug 22 1853 d. Jan 30 1935**  
 \* **William Hewson Gordon Jr b. May 6 1856 d. May 16 1917**  
**m. Virginia India Camp**  
 \* **Isaac Litton Gordon**  
 \* **Louise Gordon**  
 \* **James Camp Gordon**  
 \* **Sue Norrell Gordon**  
 \* **Jannette Norell Gordon b. Oct 7 1859 d. Jan 29 1939**  
**m. James T Camp**  
 \* **Gordon Camp**  
 \* **Catherine Lee Camp**  
 \* **Sue Litton Camp**  
 \* **Catherine Lee Gordon b. Nov 6 1861 d. abt 1881**  
 \* **Henry Warren Gordon b. Jul 21 1864 d. Sep 16 1938**  
**m. Elsie Giestman**  
 \* **Henry Litton Gordon**  
 \* **Frances Gordon**  
 \* **Margaret Gordon**  
 \* **James Henning Gordon b. Jan 7 1867 d. Mar 9 1931**  
**m. Milbrey Williams Ewing Sep 30 1902 Nashville TN**  
 \* **James Morgan Gordon b. 1907 d. abt 1993**  
   **m. Nancy Estes**  
   \* **Nancy Jean Gordon**  
   **2nd wife of JAMES Morgan Gordon:**  
   **m. Monette Sellers**  
   \* **Darryl Gordon (adopted)**  
 \* **Benjamin Lawrence Gordon b. 1912 d. Jan 21 1997**  
   **m. Wilhelmina Castleman**  
   \* **Lavina Delaney Gordon**  
   \* **Payne Castleman Gordon**  
 \* **Louisa Gordon b. Oct 8 1914 d. Apr 1968**  
   **m. Richard Randolph Turner**  
   \* **Susan Milbrey Turner**  
   \* **Richard Randolph Turner Jr**  
 \* **Susan Litton Gordon b. Oct 8 1914**  
   **m. John Pearre Hamilton**  
   \* **Joshua Pearre Hamilton**  
   \* **James Gordon Hamilton**  
   \* **John Randle Hamilton**  
   \* **Mary Louisa Hamilton**  
   \* **Joseph Litton Hamilton**  
 \* **Robert Gordon b. Jan 7 1870**  
 \* **Jane Litton b. Aug 1 1830 d. 1903**  
**m. Samuel Tarry Taylor**  
 \* **Lytton Taylor**  
 \* **Henry Warren Litton b. Apr 6 1839 d. Feb 9 1845**  
 \* **Susan Lytton/Litton b. Apr 16 1802 Ireland, d. Jul 1863**  
**m. James Clark Robinson Feb 6 1828 Davidson Co TN**  
   **d. bef Dec 1852 Williamson Co TN**  
   **Served in War of 1812**  
 \* **Allison Robinson b. 1829 TN**  
   **m. Elizabeth N Morris Jan 20 1853**  
 \* **William J Robinson**  
 \* **Joseph L Robinson**  
 \* **James C Robinson b. abt 1837 TN**

- m. Elizabeth Dobson**
- \* **Elizabeth L Robinson b. abt 1839 TN**  
**m. Henry Bridges Sep 7 1819 Bourbon Co KY**  
**[s/o John Bridges]**
  - \* **Benjamin L Robinson b. abt 1847 TN**
  - \* **Margaret Rebecca Lytton b. 1804 Ireland, d. 1897**
  - \* **Ann Lytton b. Ireland, d. 1806**
  - \* **Joseph Lytton Jr b. 1808 Ireland, d. 1841**
  - \* **Elizabeth Lytton b. 1810 Ireland**
  - \* **Isaac Lytton b. 1812 Ireland**
  - \* **Abram Lytton b. 1814 Ireland**
  - \* **Jacob Lytton b. 1817 maybe Ireland**

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Thrown together by Joe Mode, Knoxville, and last updated on 19 December 2011.  
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