

**LOTA STUBBLEFIELD**

**As Remembered By Her Nephew**

Charles Stubblefield  
August 3, 1991

## I. Introduction

I guess the one thing that stands out in my mind about Aunt Lota is that she seemed to really enjoy life and she liked to share her enjoyments with her friends and relatives.

\* \* \* \* \*

This account is intended to reflect the things as I remember them, not only those things that impressed me as I grew up near her, but as I knew her in latter life and at the time of her death. Lota had many friends, was interested in things of nature, was always busy doing something or going somewhere, and was a faithful Christian.

If you find that I have left out some important events or if your recollections differ from mine, it may be that my experiences were simply different, that I have forgotten things as they really were, or that I just do not know the details as well as you. In any event, you are welcome to add your thoughts at the end.

## II. Background

Lota Elizabeth Stubblefield was born November 20, 1899 in Viola, Tennessee (Attachment 1). She was the only girl of five children born to James Robert Stubblefield (a preacher and farmer) and Sarah Campbell Stubblefield (Attachment 2). Royce, Herman (my father), and Howard were older than Lota, and Grant was younger. My impression was that all of Lota's brothers were close to her and remained that way throughout their lives.

Lota was only 26 when her mother died. She returned home and stayed with her father for several years before going back to school. During this time, however, she continued to study piano and pursue her art work. After she was certified to teach, she returned home again, taught in the Viola Elementary School, and continued to live with her father even until his death in 1950.

In her youth, Lota was very pretty (Attachment 3) and seemed to attract the attention and affection of a number of young men, especially the pursuit of my uncle Ellis (E.B. Hall, my mother's brother) (Attachment 4). Why Lota never married I do not know, unless it was because she was such an independent person and felt a strong obligation to stay with her father (Attachment 5, 6, &7).

My personal recollections of Aunt Lota become more vivid around 1940 when she was my third grade teacher at the Viola school. She taught both the third and fourth grades in the same room. Although she made an effort to not be partial to her relatives, still I thought she was a good and effective teacher. The thing I remember most, however, was not the subjects she taught, but the sand box she had in the classroom --- I really liked that!

When I was young, Lota was my piano teacher for a year or so, just as she was for my brothers and sister. I probably was not her best student, but she taught me to play a few simple pieces anyway. At least I learned enough to once play at the assembly as students marched into the auditorium at the Viola school. Later, my brother James and I once played a duet at a teachers meeting in the McMinnville library. Actually, I was more fascinated by an old warped guitar Lota kept in a closet near her piano. I was told later that Cousin Pearl (Pearl Reynolds, my grandfather's cousin) gave the guitar to Lota when she was a young girl. Many years later I completely disassembled and repaired the guitar and learned to play it a little. She also gave me a banjo-uke, a ukulele that is not very common but interesting to play.

During the summers, Lota liked to ask us to go down on the creek behind the homeplace for picnics or to fish. I really liked this too, and the chance to play in the water before I learned to swim. This was not an activity my mother ever initiated, but she was glad to have someone watching after us.

### III. Education

As with the rest of us, Lota first went to the Viola school for her early education (Attachment 8). She then attended the Nashville Bible School, which is now known as David Lipscomb University (Attachment 9). Afterwards, Lota enrolled in Burritt College in Spencer, Tennessee (Attachment 10 & 11). I think this was her favorite school. She always liked to return to Spencer and visit Fall Creek Falls, which is near Burritt College and a site frequented by students (Attachment 12). Although Burritt College has been closed for many years, the alumni continued to have class reunions in Spencer, and they may still do so. I even took Aunt Lota to one of the reunions once and had a delightful time meeting her classmates. It is interesting too, that H.E. Scott, the president of Burritt College when Lota was there, was my high school math professor many years later (Attachment 13).

When Lota's education was interrupted by the death of her mother, she continued to study music under the expert guidance of Mrs. Carney in McMinnville, who a lot of music students studied with over the years (Attachment 9). Lota enrolled next at State Teachers College in Murfreesboro and became certified in elementary education. This is the same school now known as Middle Tennessee State University and is where I graduated from 38 years ago. Lota continued her education with correspondence courses from such schools as the University of Georgia and the University of Arkansas, and finally obtained her bachelor's degree from Tennessee Polytechnic Institute in Cookeville in 1951 (Attachment 14, 15, & 16).

While painting was a major hobby that Lota enjoyed, she also studied commercial art and ceramic art. Many of us probably have some of her paintings and ceramic pieces to enjoy.

### IV. Professional Work

Lota had to work for a living. Teaching did not and still does not pay enough to get rich, but her salary seemed adequate to take care of her necessities and still leave enough for her to do the things she had time for. Besides teaching at Viola, she taught at Mt. Zion, Brookside, and Morrison elementary schools in Tennessee. After retiring from Tennessee, she continued to teach in Dalton, Georgia until retiring a second time. I never knew whether Lota really liked teaching or not, but she seemed to like the friendships that developed, especially with many of the teachers she worked with.

## V. Traveling

Traveling seemed to be in Lota's blood. My earliest memory of a trip she took was one she made to Gatlingburg with Charles Lewis and my oldest brother Herman, there may have been others. This was probably in the late 1930's. As a child I was really fascinated by the cedar carvings they brought back as souvenirs made by the Cherokee Indians. Lota continued taking trips and tours all the rest of her life. And if you ever wanted to tell her about a trip you made, likely she had been there before you. Most of her tours were by bus with groups of similar interest, and often with some of the same people. I believe the only trip she made by plane was to Mexico City in 1950. I don't know whether she had a bad experience on that flight or not, but she refused to take another plane trip.

During most of Lota's life she was dependent on either public transportation or on the generosity of friends or relatives to go to the places she wanted to go. I think Lota bought her first car when she was about 50 years old. Although she could drive, her poor eye sight made driving difficult and she soon sold it. It was during this period, however, when she asked me to drive her and my niece Ann to Poughkeepsie, New York to visit my brother James and his wife Millie. It was a great trip and we saw a lot of wonderful sights in between, including Washington, D.C. and New York City.

As examples of the tours Lota took, over the period from about 1966-1976, she took at least ten separate tours to such places as Yellowstone, the Montreal Expo, the Canadian Rockies, Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, Disney World, and other United States and Canadian locations. She even induced Robert and Maxine (my brother and his wife) to bring her to see me and my family in North Carolina in the early 1980's (I think they spent only one or two nights). And the notes and souvenirs Lota had from her travels were extensive, to say the least. She kept scrapbooks on all of her tours, with highly detailed notes on the things seen, done, or eaten along the way (Attachment 17). She collected numerous mementos of her trips, including such things as souvenir spoons, glasses, plates, match books, post cards, etc. for every place she visited.

## VI. Other Activities

As was apparent to all who knew her, Lota had many interests and abilities. She liked to cook and acquired many interesting recipes. I'm sure all the Nashville, Tullahoma, and Viola family members remember the many Christmas dinners with her at the old homeplace (Attachment 18). Or perhaps you remember how she mailed you cookies or a fruit cake when you were in school or after you moved away from home. She also faithfully sent inexpensive Christmas gifts to her relatives and friends and stayed in close contact with each one. She and my father seemed to become closer in their latter years, and when he and she would make their weekly trips to McMinnville together, they obviously enjoyed their lunches at Shoney's and other local restaurants.

Lota liked to collect dolls and really appreciated those from throughout the world given to her by friends and relatives. She liked them so much that she had a room built on to her Viola home at the corner of Mill and High streets just to house and display them. Lota also had an extensive collection of stamps she obtained from personal correspondences, from those she purchased, and those she acquired from the packages from the Around The World Shoppers Club. Lota also had many books, attesting to the fact that she liked to read a lot. She seemed to especially like to collect interesting facts about famous people and places. I suppose she found this type of material useful in her teaching.

Lota was a giving and benevolent person. She was regular in church attendance and gave money to a lot of missionary and other church related organizations. She also gave to causes like the Statue of Liberty Foundation, American Indian Heritage Foundation, World Mercy Fund, Potter Orphans Home and School, Anita Bryant Ministries, Aging Services for the Upper Cumberland, and the Jessie Helms Senatorial Club.

There were some things Lota didn't support. She never had a television, although she liked to listen to a radio or phonograph. She didn't like to have an air conditioner in her house. And she didn't like to touch anything 'unclean', such as a doorknob or money. You may have seen her use a Kleenex to open a door so she wouldn't have to touch something someone else had handled. One thing that stands out in my mind as a major dislike that Lota had was that she really did not like for anyone to tell her what she should do (she had rather tell them). I know, however, that she listened to what people said and then made her decisions accordingly.

## VII. The Last Years

Lota enjoyed good health most of her life. Although she encountered most of the same sicknesses we all have had, she experienced a broken leg, a goiter, cataracts, arthritis, and the early stages of diabetes. She remained extremely active until 1986, when she suffered a stroke from which she never recovered.

In the nursing home she was never happy, hating to give up her independence and having to rely on others. My brother Robert accepted the responsibility of taking care of Lota's affairs and seeing that she had proper care. Lota passed away on Friday, February 23, 1990 after four years in the nursing home (Attachment 19).

Lota never made a will, therefore her estate went to her fifteen nieces and nephews. Except for a few family mementos given by lot to various heirs, all of her things were sold to family members or others in reaching a settlement of her affairs.

I will miss her.

## ATTACHMENTS

1. Letter: From Lota's grandmother (Mary Jane Catherine Stout, husband of Robert Locksley Stubblefield) to a daughter (probably Martha Jane Reagan), November 22, 1899.
2. Letter: From Lota's father to his wife, Sarah, December 28, 1890.
3. Photograph: Lota as a little girl.
4. Poem: "A Little Girl Like You", by E.B. Hall, circa 1920.
5. Poem: Untitled, by J.R. Stubblefield, on his birthday March 8, 1921.
6. Poem: "Reminiscence", by J.R. Stubblefield, March 24, 1933.
7. Poem: "Birthday Poem", by J.R. Stubblefield, March 8, 1940.
8. Photograph: Sunday School class picnic when Lota was a child.
9. Receipt/Grade Cards: Mrs. H.M. Carney, McMinnville, TN, June, 1929; Nashville Bible School, Nashville, TN, December, 1917; University of Georgia, Athens, GA, August 25, 1950.
10. Recital Program: Burritt College, circa 1924.
11. Grade Report: Burritt College, May 16, 1924.
12. Photograph: Fall Creek Falls and Lake, Spencer, Tennessee.
13. Photographs: Three pictures of Lota when she was young, middle age, and older.
14. Teaching Certificate: State Teachers College, September, 23, 1932.
15. Class Schedules and Grade Cards: State Teachers College, Murfreesboro, TN, March 25, 1935; Tennessee Polytechnic Institute, Cookeville, TN, June 4, 1951; University of Arkansas, Fayetteville, AR, 1951-52.
16. Teaching Certificate: Tennessee Polytechnic Institute, August 31, 1951.
17. Tour Notes: Excerpts from a 1975 tour of Williamsburg, Richmond, Charlotte, Norfolk, Myrtle Beach, Savannah, Stone Mountain,
18. Postcard: "Happy Landings at Viola", from Lota's collection.
19. Obituary: Lota Stubblefield, February, 23, 1990.



ATTACHMENT 1

Viola, November 22, 1899

Dear daughter,

As you said in your last letter you would write again soon. I thought I would wait for I had nothing of much interest to write.

After a brief season of pain Sallie gave birth to a daughter weighing 8 lb. (1:29 O'clock Monday). Mrs. Jones, Dr. Moore and myself were present. All are doing well as would be expected, though Sallie suffered a great deal during last night.

I have been with Sallie two nights and the greater part of the day since the birth. Mrs Jones is one of the best hands I ever saw, she has been over this morning: washed and dressed baby, and with [Ann's?] help, tended to Sallie, who seems to be resting tolerable well now.

Last week a number of children and grown folks in Viola passed through a serious spell of Diptheria or malignant sore throat. All are better now, and I hear of no more cases. Mrs. Moore is quite sick with cold. Uncle Redden Bonner is no better. Cannot live long.

Received a letter from sister Laura last week. Requested us to send her some of our sausage after drying and some maple sugar. Hope we will be able to do so.

The fly is injuring the wheat badly especially that which was early sown. We have not killed hogs, on account of the warm weather. It rain[ed] last night is cloudy this morning, but little change in the temperature. I haven't time to write more this morning. Have to go home and help sis, her thumb is not well yet.

Mrs. E. Etter gave birth to a son Monday night about 11 O'clock. Dess and George took dinner with us Sunday. Had a very pleasant time. Jim went to North Cutts Cove Sunday. Did you notice Brother Granville's report of the meeting at Armstrong. Jim thinks he complemented him very much, to say that he assisted Jim in the meeting, but just like Brother Granville, so humble, and preferring to honor some one else. But I must hasten, love to each and every one, and let us hear from you soon. Sallie says tell you to be studying up a list of names to select from for the baby, and that Howard is wearing pants--he looks so cute. She made him a body to wear with them instead of a dress of that cloth you gave him. The boys are very proud of their little sister. Herman says mamma will have some one to wash dishes when she gets as large [as] Royce. Hope you will come to see her and the baby before long.

Love,

Bye

Viola, Tenn.  
Dec. 28 1880.

Dearest:  
Once more I will perform the pleasant duty of writing to you, hoping that you will get the letter before I come.

I suppose you have written since you received my last letter, but I have not received your letter yet. I expect a letter from you tomorrow.

I wrote to Bro. Bowen. He assured me the next day, saying that we might certainly expect him at the appointed time. He kindly invited us to

his mother's home. He said that he would likely be at F. C. before Dec. but if not, he would attend, and I as we come.

Christmas, so far, has been quite dull. It was quite cold last night, but it is fair and pleasant today. I hope the weather will continue fine for several days.

I attended church at Viola today. Bro. Rice, Sewell, preached. There have been several marriages in this part of the country lately. Several more are expected soon.

I will have to carry this letter six miles to the station this eve, to make it possible for it to reach you in time.

The time is short. I pray that nothing may hinder us from carrying out our plans.

If our Christmas has not been <sup>as busy as</sup> ~~as busy as~~ <sup>the past</sup> ~~the past~~ <sup>years</sup> ~~years~~ <sup>so far</sup> ~~so far~~ <sup>as I hope</sup> ~~as I hope~~ the New Year will be the more joyous.

I asked in my last letter that your <sup>brother</sup> ~~brother~~ would be so kind as to procure a marriage license for me. If he cannot do

so, ask him to employ a respectable person to be the farmer and I will compensate them. You may expect me any time.

The Lord bless you, love,  
Yours as ever, ~~for life~~  
J. R. Stubblefield.

ATTACHMENT 3



ATTACHMENT 4

A LITTLE GIRL LIKE YOU:

It's the faith of a little girl like you,  
That counts when the world goes wrong  
When a fellow's down and mighty blue;  
And his lips can voice no word or song  
When the loneliness seems hard to bear,  
And the scheme of life proves untame  
It's knowing somehow that still you care  
That makes a fellow game.

When he wants to quit in the first long mile  
Turn back in the grilling race  
When the goal beyond doesn't seem worth while;  
And he balks at the speedy pace,  
It's then that the faith of a girl like you  
Makes him reckon the coward's cost,  
And he plays to win as a man should do  
To win the game he might have lost.

It's a girl like you that keeps me straight;  
Keeps me white clean through and through  
It's a girl like you, that'll someday make me great  
And not the rambling boy I once knew  
Oh! it's good for a man when all seem night;  
When clouds hide the goal from view  
Just to knuckle down and fight, yes fight;  
For the sake of a little girl like you

Sincerely yours.

*E. B. Hall*

Mar. 8. 1921

As I behold life's written page  
 And meditate upon my age,  
 I find, since my swift race began  
 My years have covered quite a span.  
 Sixty years have passed away  
 Since first I saw the light of day.  
 Sixty years I've borne my load  
 As I came down earth's rugged road,  
 And now still on the wheels of time,  
 The hill of life I try to climb.  
 Amid the toils and cares and strife,  
 I've tried to live the Christian life.  
 Sometimes I fall but then I rise,  
 By faith I hope to gain the prize.  
 And as I run the race to win,  
 I'll try to shun the way of sin,  
 That when in death I lay me down  
 In merciful fair I'll wear a crown.

J. R. S.

## Reminiscence

How pleasant to reflect on the scenes of our childhood  
How sweetly they linger in memory still  
There stood the old oak, grand monarch of the woods  
And the cool bubbling spring just under the hill.

Long since, the old house in which we were born  
Has been numbered with things that are not  
The dear old oak succumbed to the storm  
And the place where it stood is a desolate spot.

Often we sat in its shade to rest  
From the heat of the sun on a hot summer day  
And watched the birds while building their nests  
Or heard them sing their merry lay.

The old spring-house has been moved away  
Gone are the trees that grew all around  
The place where it was has been filled with clay  
And the dear old spring is deep under ground.

On the bank of the creek on the washing day  
Near the place where the scaly bark tree used to stand  
We children loved to run and play  
And make frog nests in the pretty white sand.

The scaly bark tree is dead and gone  
The washing day is a thing of the past  
But the dear old creek keeps running on  
Reminding of the days that slipped so fast.

Out on the hill where our loved ones sleep  
Stand the oak and the pine, a hundred years old  
As sentinels still their vigils keep  
Through summer heat and winter cold.

It is sad to know the dear old oak  
Is fast falling into decay  
A thunderbolt dealt it a fatal stroke  
So it is destined to soon pass away.

The old pine tree is almost dead  
Like the oak, it too has run its race  
With no tree left to watch in its stead  
The graveyard will be a lonesome old place.

We think of the way over which we have come  
And look back to the time far away  
When parents and children were all at home  
There we were contented, happy and gay.

But those happy days were too good to last  
For as the pages of life unfold  
We learn by the experiences of the past  
That all that glitters is not gold.

Sister Lou was the first to be taken away  
We laid her in the church yard to rest  
Then Emma was called to go one day  
She sleeps in peach far in the west.

Next Aunt Addie, so kind and good  
Who often drank deep of fates bitter cup  
We failed to appreciate her as much as we should  
Until we knew we had to give her up.

Silent and sad we stood by the bed  
And soon realized she could no longer stay  
Then after we saw that she was dead  
In the old graveyard we laid her away.

Father was next to answer the call  
Then dear mother, how sad to tell  
So the dark shadows fell like a pall  
Over the old home we loved so well.

Many other incidents crowd into my mind  
Some of which I would like to forget  
Some experiences in life I find  
That I remember with sad regret.

Some days were dark, the sky over cast  
But beyond the dark the light still shone  
So when the cloud of gloom had past  
We took courage and struggled on.

The things of yesterday are forever gone  
The things of today are vanishing fast  
Some future things that are coming on  
Are the things eternal and will always last.

Forgetting the things of yesterday  
Let us press on to the things before  
Now let us watch and work and pray  
That we may reach the golden shore.

When sin and death can never come  
Nor sorrow's tears bedim our eyes  
There all the saved will be at home  
In that bright land beyond the skies.

J. R. Stubblefield, Route 6, Morrison, Tenn.

Home near Viola Tenn, where he has lived since March 8, 1861

March 24, 1933

ATTACHMENT 7

BIRTHDAY POEM

March the eight, eighteen sixty-one  
I started down the stream of time,  
Now my race is nearly run  
I strive to reach a brighter clime.

Sometimes long seemed the way;  
The hills were high to climb  
But I traveled on from day to day  
Trying hard my way to find.

Many friends on the way I met  
Who helped me bear my heavy load;  
Their kind deeds I cannot forget  
As I go down my weary road.

Looking back on life I find  
Much that caused me sorrow,  
But forgetting the things behind  
I hope for brighter things tomorrow.

We should not faint by the way  
Nor grow weary of well doing,  
But strive harder from day to day  
The goal of life pursuing.

I remembered in my youth  
To read God's holy word;  
And guided by the truth  
I rendered obedience to my Lord.

While quite young I began to teach;  
But I changed my mind.  
Then His word I began to preach  
And taught all I could find.

If my friends should me forsake,  
I have a friend above;  
When life ends He will me take  
To that bright home above.

There I will happy be  
With loved ones gone before;  
And from sin and sorrow free,  
We will rejoice forever more.

Over in that land so bright  
We will in song our voices raise  
And with the angels of light  
We will sing our Saviors praise.

*J. R. Stubblefield,  
Mar 8, 1940.*





First row - Mack Bonner - Harvey West.

Second row. Herbert Hall - Marjory Mason - Nellie Cardwell - Myrtle Hall - Marnie Hall - Charles Lee Brewer - Ruby Ramsey - unidentified Velma Hughes - Lloyd Eaton.

Third row - Elise West - Elizabeth Turner - Ruby Mansfield - Leta Studdifield - Miss Bertha Ramsey (Bonner) Audrey West - Ethel Hall.

Fourth row - Clyde Eaton - Harold Ramsey - Paul Moore.

McMINNVILLE, TENN. June 1929

M Lota Stubblefield -

NASHVILLE BIBLE SCHOOL  
 NASHVILLE, TENN.  
 H. LEO. BOLES, President

Monthly Report of Lota Stubblefield

For Month of Dec 1917

IN ACCOUNT WITH  
**MRS. H. M. CARNEY**

ALL MISSED LESSONS MUST BE MADE UP OR PAID FOR

<u>From May 24 to June 11, 1927</u>			
<u>Tuition</u>		<u>\$ 6 00</u>	
<u>Harmony + Pedagogy</u>			
<u>Teachers Certificate</u>		<u>\$ 7 50</u>	
		<u>\$ 13 50</u>	

STUDIES	GRADE
Bible . . . . .	A
Spelling . . . . .	A+
Geom . . . . .	A-
Eng . . . . .	A-
Physiography . . . . .	A-
Music . . . . .	A-

Demerit . . . . .  
 Chapel Absent . . . . .  
 Days Absent . . . . .  
 Recitations Absent . . . . .

If no mark given in these indicates Perfect

GRADE VALUES: A=95; B=85; C=75;  
 D=65; F=Failure.  
 Plus after a grade indicates a credit for the grade given.  
 Minus indicates less than the grade given.

REMARKS : \_\_\_\_\_  
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THE UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA  
 DIVISION OF GENERAL EXTENSION  
 ATHENS, GEORGIA

Completed  
 Date 8-25-50

Name Miss Lota E. Stubberfield

Address Route # 2, Morrison, Tennessee

Reg Date	Subject Cat. No.	Title	Lesson	Exam.	Ave.	g/h
2-14-50	Sociology C-435a,	Community Organization	85	85	85	3
2-14-50	Sociology C-435b,	Community Organization	78	84	81	3

ATTACHMENT 9

ATTACHMENT 10

GRADUATE RECITAL

From Piano Department

BY

Misses Lota Stubblefield and Ethel Bouldin

Burritt College Auditorium, May 10, 7:30 p. m.

- I Two Larks (impromptu) .....Leschetizky  
Miss Bouldin
- II Impromptu.....Shubert  
Miss Stubblefield
- III Moonlight Sonata, Op. 27, No. 2.....Beethoven  
Miss Bouldin
- IV (a) Anvil Song From Robin Hood.....Tate  
(b) Any Old Port in a Storm.....Smith  
Mr. Farmer
- V Sonata Pathetique, Op. 13.....Beethoven  
Miss Stubblefield
- VI Burlesca, Op. 9.....Gorno  
Misses Bouldin and Stubblefield

You are cordially invited.

# BURRITT COLLEGE

## TERM REPORT

OF

Lota Stubblefield (1st Yr. College)

For Term Ending May 16, -24, 192

STUDIES	TERM AVERAGE
Political Economy	95
Astronomy	98
Composition-Rhetoric	95
Classical Mythology	94
Plane Trigonometry	78
Geology	90
Music	99
Sunday School	98
General Average	92.6

Department:

Excellent

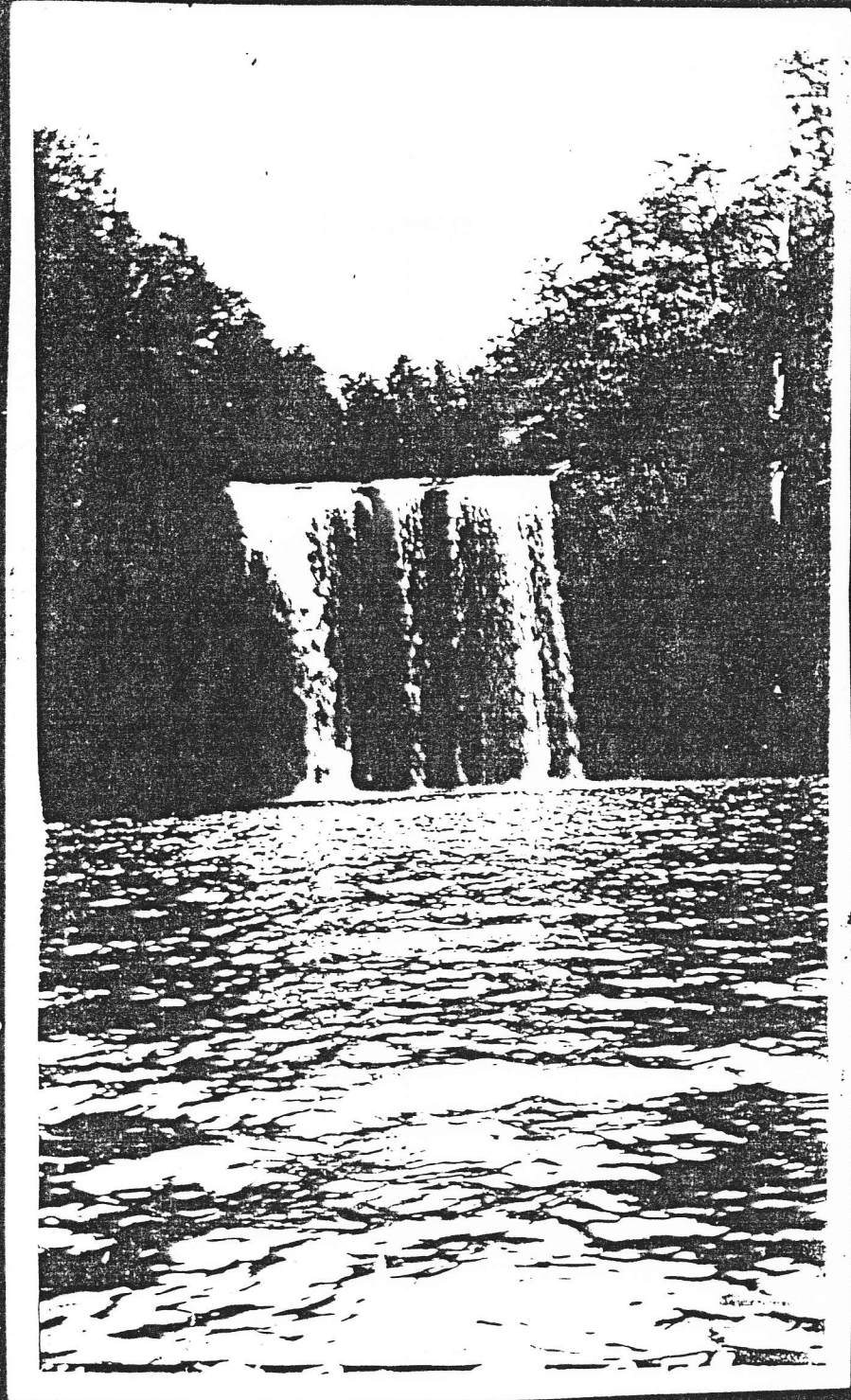
Remarks:

The grading scale is from 0 to 100 on each study—required to pass 70. Students whose general average is not above 50 are asked not to return. Students whose department shows ten demerits are asked not to return.

Signed

*F. E. Seath*

President



7-15 - Lake



STATE OF TENNESSEE

# Department of Education

SERIES B

PROFESSIONAL ELEMENTARY CERTIFICATE

No. 42149

*This Certifies that* \* \* \* **LOLA E. STUBBLEFIELD** \* \* \*

*having presented evidence of good moral character, and complied with Subsection 6, Section 11, Chapter 115, Acts 1925, is hereby issued a certificate to teach in the*

**ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS**

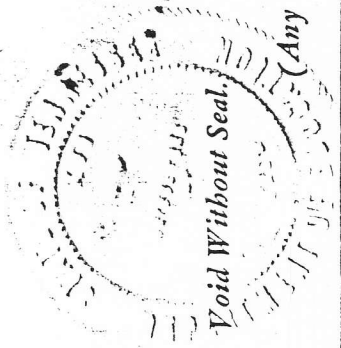
*For four years from July 1, 1932, to June 30, 1935. Issued on* **64** *quarter hours* } **STATE TEACHERS**  
*degree*

**COLLEGE, MURFREESBORO, Dated AUG. 29TH, 1932, with 9 quarter hours in Education.**

*In testimony of this, we have affixed our signatures and the*

*seal of the State Department of Education, this* **23RD**

*day of* **SEPTEMBER, 1932.**



*P. L. Harried,*  
Commissioner of Education.

*P. M. Harried*  
Supervisor of Certification.

*(Any change, erasure, or mutilation of this certificate will render it null and void.)*

RECORD CARD STUDENT'S COPY

*Stubblefield Lota E.*

Reg.	
Board	
Room	

Department	No.	Sec.	TITLE	Cr.	Hr.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.	INSTRUCTOR	Room	Lab. Fees
Educ.	211		General Psychology	3	8-9		X		X		X	Kelighy	H 53	B 7 <sup>7</sup> de
Geog	115		Economic	3	9-10	X		X		X		Miss Green	40	C
Educ.	219		Primary Methods	3	9-10		X		X		X	Miss Frizzle	76	C
P. Ed.	241		Scouting	2	10:30-11:30	X		X		X		Tracy	16	B
Eag.	252		C. Lit	3	12-2	X		X		X		Miss Brown	61	B
Mus.	11A		Mus.	1	11:30		✓		✓		✓		41	a
Ph Ed			Ex-	1	100	See Miss Reynolds								C
Art	11A		Gen	2	100		✓	✓		✓			60	B
TOTAL CREDITS					18	DATE <u>Mar. 25</u> 19 <u>55</u>						TOTAL		

*Approved*  
*2/24/51*

APPROVED: \_\_\_\_\_ DEAN  
 DATE Mar. 25 1955  
 QUAR. Spring  
 TERM \_\_\_\_\_ FEES PAID: 814  
 BURSAR \_\_\_\_\_

TENNESSEE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE  
 SCHEDULE CARD CLASS Senior  
 NAME Stubblefield Lota E. DATE June 4 1951

HOURLY	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY
8:00	Gen. Biol.	205	✓	✓		
9:00	Edu. Psy.		✓	✓	✓	✓
10:00	Art		✓	✓	✓	✓
12:00						
1:00	Biol. Lab		✓	✓	✓	
2:00						
3:00						
4:00						
5:00						

For certification or for transfer to another college a transcript must be secured from the Registrar.

University of Arkansas  
 General Extension Service  
 Bureau of Class Instruction

ATTACHMENT 15

This is to Certify that Lota E. Stubblefield  
 has completed the course in Nature Study 102  
 with a grade of "C" and is entitled to 2 s. hrs. credit.  
 1951-52  
Carter Short  
 DIRECTOR

THIS CREDIT IS ON FILE IN THE OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR



STATE OF TENNESSEE  
Department of Education

PERMANENT PROFESSIONAL  
ELEMENTARY CERTIFICATE

Series B

No. 54677-R

*This certifies that*

\*\*\* LOTA E. STUBBLEFIELD \*\*\*

having presented evidence of good moral character, and complied with Subsection 4, Section 2355 of 1932 Code of Tennessee, is hereby issued a permanent certificate to teach in the

ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

Issued on 155 (quarter hours  
(degree

earned in TENNESSEE POLYTECHNIC  
INSTITUTE, COOKEVILLE, TENN.

with 31 quarter hours in Education.

Dated AUGUST, 1951.

In testimony of this, we have affixed our signatures and the seal of the State Department of Education, this 6TH day of SEPTEMBER, 1951.

*J. A. Barbsdale*  
Commissioner of Education.

*A. B. Cooper*  
Supervisor of Certification.

Any change, erasure, or mutilation of this certificate will render it null and void. Void without seal.

FIRST ISSUED 8/5/55

Mrs. Martin came in Friday August 14 just after I got to the bus station.

She came in from California.

We ate lunch at B & W cafeteria

One of her bags did not come with

her so went back to the station after

we ate at B & W after 7:00 P.M. It came on another bus.

We spent the night at Downtowner. The key would not work but the man did get it fixed after two trials at different times.

We ate breakfast at a small place near the station - egg, bacon, toast and jelly \$1.55?

Saturday August 16

Bus no. 17516

We left about 7:36

The bus was not full

Lunch at bus station Knoxville \$2.93

We spent Saturday night at Martha Washington, Abington, Virginia 2:10 P.M. Room 150

Saturday night we went to Porter Theater - The only State Theater in Nation.

The play was The Devil's Disciple not my kind of Play. The players



ATTACHMENT 19

## Lota Stubblefield

Viola resident Lota E. Stubblefield died yesterday at the McMinnville Health Care Center. She was 90 years of age.

A native of Warren County, she was the daughter of the late James Robert and Sarah Campbell Stubblefield.

Miss Stubblefield attended Burritt College in Spencer and later attended Tennessee Tech University. She graduated from Middle Tennessee State University and was a retired school teacher in Warren County and Dalton, Ga.

Miss Stubblefield was a member of the Calliopean Literary Society and a life member of the National Education Association. She was a member of the Viola Church of Christ.

Funeral services will be held tomorrow morning at 11 in High's Chapel with Carl Russell officiating. Burial will follow in Viola Cemetery.

Miss Stubblefield is survived by several nieces and nephews.

High Funeral Home is in charge of arrangements.

Friday  
2/23/90

