

Tuesday Night.

Dear Campbell & Julia:-

I owe each of you a letter, so I'm writing this to both of you, I've been writing so much lately about our old house, that I can't half write.

A. R. (Rudolph's son) and his wife stopped here Friday after-noon on their way to San Antonio, from Ft. Worth, where they had been to the Baptist Convention. They asked me to go to S. A. with them you know me, I'm always ready to go. they brought me back Sat. after-noon. When we got to Hunter. coming back, we took the old road and the Stringtown

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Then we arrived at the old place, A.R.
got out and took a picture of the old
barn, its in a very deplorable condi-
tion. I guess we would be too, if we had
been out in all kinds of weather for
2102 years, I hope they are good, I'd like
to have one for my book, even though
its not pretty, its near my heart. its
the last ^{thing} of our old place that left.
Campbell, asked on his card if John Pitts, was
my grand father, or great grand father, he
is my great grand father.

We have no record of his birth or where, ^{down} we
know he was Scotch, English and was a
sea Captain. We dont know Jane Ingram's
birth or her age. we know her father was
a silk merchant of London England.

Her family disinherited her because she
ran away and married beneath her, you
know how the English are, she never heard
from her family. They left London immedi-
ately after the ceremony on a sailing vessel.
After fourteen months, they landed at
Charleston South Carolina. their first
child John Drayton Pitts, was born on
the Atlantic Ocean, and was one month
old when they landed in America.

He is my grand father, my mother's
father. He married Eliza Permellia Daves
when he was 2 1/2 yrs old in Washington Co. Ga.

After two years John Pitts, wrote back to
St. Dunstan's Church for a copy of their
marriage license, we have a copy of the
marriage certificate. so you see why I am so

proud to have a picture of the church or
what's left of it for my book.

John Pitts, gave up the sea when they landed
and they ran a tavern in Charleston. When
the British came into the town during the
war of 1812, they took every thing they had,
as my great grand mother, passed the dining
table she put a silver tablespoon in her pocket.
This spoon has been handed down to the oldest
child (English custom) for five generations, I have
a picture of this spoon.

This family emigrated to Georgia. where they
lived, we have no date of their deaths.

I hope this will help you get the Pitts family
straight. John P. was your great, great grand father.

It's kind of you to say you will get the names
of the streets around the church.

I pasted the sketch on ananilla paper and
put it in my book.

Julia, I hope you are feeling better than
when I last heard from you.

I want to correct one thing you wrote about what you remembered about visiting in Stringtown - you said 12 child ren lived to be grown, it was 13. Brother Sam, lived to be 21 yrs - you remembered a lot when you were young when you left and didn't make too many visits back.

Campbell, I hope you will get much relief at the Hot Springs, and soon be feeling your old self again.

Julia, perhaps you and Campbell, can together, write that poem for my book on the old Stringtown home.

I'm sure you are exhausted trying to read this scratching - so good night. With lots of love to you both Joe.