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Letter from Emma P. Larimore to Sister Bowers

Emma P. Larimore

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Henderson, Tenn., October 19, 1914.

Dear Sister Bowers:-

I am heartily ashamed that I haven't written you earlier; but I'll tell you why this delay. When your letter came- Lide's letter was delayed in transit- we did not have enough money to pay what we owe you; so I thought I'd wait a few days and be able to send you a check. We had enough in bank to cover the bill, we thought; but we had had some repairing done on our house, and the carpenter's bill and the lumber bill were both nearly twice as much as the carpenter had calculated; and when Lide's letter came, with the freight bill, it was considerably larger than we expected. So we simply couldn't do anything with it just then. We've been expecting a remittance every day for a week; but it hasn't come. Hence I decided to write you without waiting any longer, and tell you I'd mail a check in a few days for the entire amount. We are sure to receive the remittance this week.

Everything came all right, and we greatly appreciate your attending to things for us. I was counting on the table for a typewriter table; but I have bought one that answers the purpose very well. You can leave that one in Brother Willis' office as long as he needs it; then please ma'am take it to your home and keep it for me. It's a table Mr. Larimore gave me when I first began taking down his sermons; I carried it about over Nashville from one congregation to another, where he preached, and I prize it for the associations connected with it. Now I'm going to make a request that will amuse you, I'm sure. Mr. Larimore had asked me two or three times if his door blocks were coming from Florida, and I assured him

they were. We have no blocks like them here, and I don't know where to get any. So, please ma'am select about twenty of the prettiest and best of those blocks, put them into a box and send them to me. Mr. Larimore will prop the doors open, and when I come into a room and find the chairs against the doors, I feel like the room is "all mussed up." Be sure to keep the rest of the blocks for us, for when we come to Florida to live, if our home should not be in Gainesville, I'm coming by to see you all, and I'll put them into my trunk, so as to have something to put against the doors in our Florida home. I was surprised when Mr. Larimore asked me about the blocks, for I didn't think he would remember them; but he said: "I want those Florida blocks for the doors here." So, I guess they'll have to come. Now I'm sure you'll laugh about this.

The man in Nashville who talked about buying the Dixieland property is W. R. Chambers, Vanderbilt Building, Nashville, Tenn. He is a lawyer, who lives in Lebanon, about thirty miles from Nashville, but his law office is in Nashville and he is there every day. I sent him Barney's letter, writing him as good a letter as I could, just as soon as I received the letter from Barney. I told Mr. Chambers to write B. R. Colson or G. M. D. Bowers about the land, and I supposed he had done so. It may be the European war caused him to drop the matter temporarily; but I believe he is really interested. He invests a considerable amount of money in land, I think. Mr. Larimore and I met him in San Antonio, Texas, once, he having gone there, I think, to invest in land. He is a good friend of ours— one we have known for years. Just a few days before we left Nashville in August he asked me about the Gainesville land, and I wrote Barney immediately. He can write Brother Chambers— he's a member of the Church of Christ— and find out what is the matter.

I cannot tell you how much I appreciate all you all have done for us. I'll never forget your kindness, and I'm sure I shall always feel as if you all are "my folks." Every one of the households that compose "the family" there is near and dear to me- not excepting that latest arrival, little Frances. I like to think of Barney on his porch with her in his arms, as I've seen him so often with little Nell; and I never think of Eddie's Sue's home without thinking of just that picture. I'm so glad she has come to bless and brighten all the homes where she is so loved.

I hope Lide and Dallas will come to Jackson and to Henderson this winter. I'm sure we'll all enjoy that, and we'll try to make them enjoy it. Tell Dallas one my nephews has come back from Panama-Paul, the older one. He thinks of going into business in Nashville. I don't think Panama would suit Dallas. My sister is very anxious for her baby boy, Philip, to come back to "the States."

I always appreciate your letters, Sister Bowers. They are like the letters I receive from my sister, Mrs. Hamilton, in Nashville- good, talking letters; but I've never received a letter from you that I appreciated quite so much as the last one you wrote. It is so sweet and kind and loving. I wanted to write you at once; but I felt as if I couldn't do so till I could send you a check, and the "lightning" had just struck our bank account. But I will certainly make that all right in a few days.

Those blocks will cost more than they are worth, of course, but I like to please my preacher, and I must do something to get him to let the chairs stay in something like order. You remember how he used to prop your front door open every time we went to our meals, don't you? Lots of love to every body- a big portion for yourself.

Your friend,

Emma P. Larimore.