



## Professor James Pickett "Jim" Jones, Jr.

June 17, 1931 - June 20, 2020

Professor James Pickett "Jim" Jones, Jr., age 89 entered into rest June 20, 2020 in Tallahassee. Jim was born in Jacksonville and was a longtime resident of Tallahassee. He was retired from Florida State University where he was a distinguished history professor for 57 years, and taught more than 21,000 FSU students. After retirement, Professor Jones taught at the Osher Lifelong Learning Institute (OLLI) on a wide variety of subjects including WWII, the Civil War, Watergate, and Nancy Drew mystery stories. In addition, he served 17 years on the Faculty Athletics Board. Jim is survived by his daughter Nancy Berlin Jones. Graveside services will be held 11:00 a.m. Saturday, July 18, 2020 at MeadowWood Memorial Park. Masks will be provided. In lieu of flowers, memorial contributions may be made to the Metropolitan Opera or the OLLI at FSU Scholarship and Library Fund. Susie Mozolic of Bevis Funeral Home is assisting the family with their arrangements. ([www.bevisfh.com](http://www.bevisfh.com) 850-385-2193)

# Previous Events

## Graveside Service

JUL 18. 11:00 AM (ET)

MeadowWood Memorial Park  
700 Timberlane Rd.  
Tallahassee, FL 32312

# Tribute Wall

RJ

“ Got a speeding ticket when driving his new/used Ferrari, with passengers including friends John and Tim and others. Beat my butt in tennis too. --John Reid

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**Reid, John** - August 11, 2022 at 02:43 PM

LP

“ As a student at FSU and a History major, I was fortunate to work in the History Department office. In that position I came to know Dr. Jones ("Jim") quite well. Once I graduated he became a good friend. Twenty years later, my son worked for him! He was a fantastic history professor and a dear friend. He will be truly missed.  
Lynn Vega Pierce

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**Lynn V Pierce** - October 02, 2020 at 06:16 PM

MP

“ I arrived in Tallahassee in September 1964, one month after the passage of the Civil Rights Act. I was immediately recruited into the ranks of the good guys on the history department faculty, by James Pickett Jones, and we became fast friends. Along with that ultimate Southern gentleman, Joe Cushman, I think of us as the department’s representatives in the university’s liberal core. After I left FSU in 1971, we remained in intermittent touch, via the telephone, always ending our conversations with “we should do this more often.” “Yes, we should” and then we didn’t—not often enough anyway. But we had talked twice in the last few months, the last time only about a couple of weeks ago, mostly about the old Dog Island nine-car ferry. I shall always remember his voice. I am not sure I recall the actually word(s), but I think of his answering the phone with totally non-committal suspicion. I would say “This is Pool-mahn,” (what “Cushmahn” called me) his tone would change instantly, he’d chortle (the only word for it)—and away we would go. One time he left a message on my answering machine saying he was calling to remind me that that day was the anniversary of the one on which he saved my life. He was still, himself, too young to die!

*Michael Pulman*

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**Michael Pulman** - July 19, 2020 at 01:17 PM

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BEVIS

“ 1 file added to the album *Graveside Service 7/18/2020*



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**Bevis Funeral Home** - July 18, 2020 at 01:34 PM