



## Robley "Bob" E. Doyle

November 24, 1921 - February 18, 2020

Robley E. "Bob" Doyle, age 98, of Knoxville, went to be with the Lord on Tuesday, February 18, 2020. He served as a pilot in World War II. After the war, he attended Purdue University, receiving a Bachelor of Science Degree in Air Transportation Engineering. He pursued a career in general aviation. He was employed as a Field, Sales and Marketing Manager affiliated with Piper Aircraft Corporation. After holding a pilots license for 50 plus years and accruing 14,000 hours of flying time, he retired to East Tennessee, where he has lived for a number of years. He was a long time member of New Market Baptist Church. He is survived by his loving and devoted wife of 54 years, Bettye Doyle; sons, James (Jan) Doyle of Dallas, TX, John Doyle of Denver, CO and Kelly Doyle of Lexington, KY; and several nieces, nephews, great-nieces, great-nephews, great-great-nieces, and great-great-nephews. Funeral service 6:00 PM Saturday, February 22, 2020, at Fielden Chapel with Dr. Greg Lindsey officiating. Interment 2:00 PM Sunday in Beaver Creek Cemetery. The family will receive friends Saturday from 4:00 - 6:00 PM prior to the service at Fielden Funeral Home in New Market.

# Cemetery Details

## Beaver Creek Cemetery

845 Beaver Creek Road  
Strawberry Plains, TN 37871

# Previous Events

## Visitation

FEB 22. 4:00 PM - 6:00 PM (ET)

Fielden Funeral Home Inc.  
910 Churchview St  
New Market, TN 37820  
(865) 475-3468  
<https://www.fieldenfuneralhome.com>

## Service

FEB 22. 6:00 PM (ET)

Fielden Funeral Home Inc.  
910 Churchview St  
New Market, TN 37820  
(865) 475-3468  
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## Graveside Service

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FEB **23**. 2:00 PM (ET)

Beaver Creek Cemetery  
845 Beaver Creek Road  
Strawberry Plains, TN 37871

# Tribute Wall

RS

“ Uncle Bobbo could run up and downstairs faster than any other human being I ever saw. That amazed me when I was a little girl. He told me stories of the old days (he lived under 17 presidents) --- and his sisters both told stories about him. About killing chickens in the yard to eat for dinner; his mother did not approve of his technique. About losing the family farm in 1936 and their team of horses neighing desperately as they were split up and sent to different owners. And about how happy he was to fly for hours on a beautiful day around our gorgeous country. My husband Gerry and I will fly the Cessna 172RG he sold us to celebrate his funeral in New Market Friday. We wish you clear skies in Heaven Uncle Bobbo!  
Rosie

*"Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,  
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;  
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth of sun-split  
clouds -  
and done a hundred things You have not dreamed of -  
wheeled and soared and swung high in the sunlit silence.  
Hovering there I've chased the shouting wind along  
and flung my eager craft through footless halls of air.  
"Up, up the long delirious burning blue  
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,  
where never lark, or even eagle, flew;  
and, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod  
the high untrespassed sanctity of space,  
put out my hand and touched the face of God."*

*High Flight was composed by Pilot Officer John Gillespie Magee, Jr., an American serving with the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was born in Shanghai, China in 1922, the son of missionary parents,*

*Reverend and Mrs. John Gillespie Magee; his father was an American and his mother was originally a British citizen.*

*He came to the U.S. in 1939 and earned a scholarship to Yale, but in September 1940 he enlisted in the RCAF and was graduated as a pilot. He was sent to England for combat duty in July 1941.*

*In August or September 1941, Pilot Officer Magee composed High Flight and sent a copy to his parents. Several months later, on December 11, 1941 his Spitfire collided with another plane over England and Magee, only 19 years of age, crashed to his death.*

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**Rose Marie McDonald Schultz** - February 19, 2020 at 10:53 AM

SH

*So sorry to read of Robley's passing. He was the brother of my grandmother Helen. I have tapes of his trumpet playing. My grandmother was so proud of him that she sent us his recordings. Every year he talked to me about his life after my grandmother passed. I never met him, which is a loss. I loved talking to him. He was a remarkable man.*

*Sharon*

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**sharon** - December 11, 2021 at 11:24 AM