



## **CCHGA Bytes** **August 2006**

*The next CCHGA meeting is Aug 24, 2006 at 7:00 at the Cheatham County Public Library*

### **CCHGA Bytes Editors**

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### **The Pickard Family Album** *Contributed by Lisa Walker - [lisaewalker@bellsouth.net](mailto:lisaewalker@bellsouth.net)*

From "The Hills of Tennessee" to the Studios of N.B.C.

(The following reminiscences were written by Obed Olando Pickard, Sr. in 1929, son of Peter Stephaneous Pickard who served in the Confederate Army, (11th Tennessee), a veteran banker of Ashland City, and former state comptroller. Obed "Dad" Pickard married Lella May Wilson, daughter of James Clay Wilson and Margaret Ann Shacklett, editor.)

I am here relating the first real story of "my little family" in the hope that it may reach the ears of some doubting Thomas's for I firmly believe with all my heart if you leave your life and everything you do in HIS hands, HE will take care of you.

Our home town is Ashland, Tennessee, and perhaps if it weren't for radio we would never have been outside the confines of this little country town in the Tennessee Hills. We had a little collection business and were getting along pretty good and making some money. We worked hard, though, but I guess we were one of the few who ever made any money in it, and what money I made was spent with "the little family" so we all had a lot of fun.

Apparently we were getting along "great" so when Leila May suggested that we give up this collection business and try the radio, I thought she was insane and she carries to this day a mental picture of the expression I had on my face and the pity I had for her for making such a suggestion. I tried my best to impress upon her that our old mountain, home spun airs wouldn't be of interest to radio listeners but she insisted that God gave us all some little talent and we ought to give it the world. Finally "the little Mother" said, "Dad, let's have a little vacation." So we jumped in the car, drove to Louisville (my, what a town), then to Detroit, then to Buffalo and then to New York. And, Oh Boy! What a town. Our opportunity came. After a hurried audition, we were given a spot and we clicked on "The Old Cabin Door" program right off the reel and well, we cheated out of the balance of our vacation and we haven't had it yet. The "Little Mother" is responsible for our rise (or fall) to radio fame for I was never sold on it until we got our "black and white" from the N. B. C. I was only going on that glories childlike faith that somehow He'd see us through.

You know my gang's a great gang. There's Obed, Junior, better known on the N.B.C. chain as Bubb: and Ruth, Phaney, who is the "school boy" with the changing voice; and Ann, who is only four and a half years old and the only child employed regularly by the N. B. C. The truth of how our folks just naturally absorb these old time Hick and Hoe down Hill Billy Songs is evidenced by what little Ann does; she can hum and sing the melody and keep the rhythm of every tune or song that we sing.

Since our first "Old Cabin Door" program, we have appeared in many different programs; such as on Lucky Strike Hour, in Socony Land Sketches, as Jolly Bill and Jane, as Gold Spot Pals, etc. We are now on the National Farm and Home Hour from N. B. C. Chicago Studios every day at noon to 12:45 P.M., except Sunday.

We are grateful to our "Great Silence Audience" for any degree of success that we may have achieved. One of our little darlings, our oldest daughter Leila, is safe on the other side and May and I really believe that our greatest inspiration comes from her to carry on, never falter, never fail, and some time we shall all be together again singing and playing the old mountain tunes on that happy golden shore with the angels to die no more.

To all our friends everywhere, this little book is dedicated and now GRANDMOTHER wind up the clock and POLLY you put the kettle on, and we will say "GOODNIGHT EVERYBODY."

Dad Pickard

## Reminiscences of Dr. Theodore E. Boyd Contributed by Greg Poole - [greg.poole@state.tn.us](mailto:greg.poole@state.tn.us)

(The following reminiscences were written by Dr. Theodore E. Boyd in the early 1970s, as a series appearing in the *Ashland City Times*. Dr. Boyd (1893-1986), a prominent scientist, and Director of the March of Dimes, was born near Sycamore Mills in Cheatham County, editor.)

### III

In 1909 a road crossed Rose's Branch by a ford directly in front of my father's store. Today the road is called the Old Clarksville Highway, but at that time it did not need such a long name. It was the only Clarksville Highway we had. Yet it carried very little thorough traffic. By horse drawn vehicles the trip between Nashville and Clarksville took more than a full day. Travelers could save time by taking a train and nearly all of them did. The people who came to our store or passed by it were generally people we knew.

There were occasional exceptions. The oddest passerby I can recall was a man, who about 1910 came by one day riding an elephant. For fear that someone might suspect me of writing fiction, I had perhaps better explain how the elephant came to be there. It belonged to a small circus that had performed the night before at Pleasant View. It was on its way to the next scheduled stand at Ashland City.

Obviously it was not on the direct route between those two places and that also needs explaining. The shortest road from Pleasant View to Ashland City followed the general course of the present Highway 49. But in those days traffic on that road had to pay toll at Sycamore to Ashland City, the road was still a privately owned turnpike. Our citizens were growing unhappy about paying tolls. So for some years much of the traffic managed to bypass the tollgate. It did so by a circuitous route that led to the Bearwallow Road by way of the old Clarksville Highway and Blue Spring Road. The circus was saving some money by making that detour. I never learned what the toll charge would have been for an elephant, but for a horse and buggy it was 15 cents.

The rider halted the elephant at our store porch, and asked me to bring him a bottle of Coca-Cola. While he drank it, I stood there waiting for the empty bottle. I had seen elephants before, but never at such close quarters. This one kept exploring the porch with its trunk, and seemed at times to be reaching for my feet. It made me nervous. I was tempted to join two customers inside, who had retreated to the rear of the store. They were blacks, Aunt Fannie Hyde and her granddaughter, Sadie. Neither of them had ever seen an elephant before, so they were interested though scared. We were having an adventure. When the elephant had gone we have a lively conversation. At the store we learned to expect a visit by Gypsies about once a year. They stayed in cities throughout the winter, and went on the prowl when warm weather came. The typical Gypsy caravan of that period included two or three wagons with a variable number of horses and mules led by ropes at the rear. Horse trading was the main legal occupation of the Gypsy men. The women told fortunes, but the clan subsisted largely by foraging. Their first raid on our store occurred when I was about 13 years old. They caught me in charge of the store. Four women entered, in their brightly colored flowing dresses. One kept me occupied with some trifling purchase, while the other three fluttered about the store, fingering everything in sight. After they had gone, I could see that some goods were missing, but we did not keep a running inventory. Therefore we never knew just how much they got away with. *Ashland City Times*, April 11, 1979

### IV

#### High School Days

In the fall of 1910, I entered the High School at Ashland City, three weeks after the session had begun. At my first interview, I had to explain to the principal, Z.A. McConnico why I was registering so late. I had started the year at the Mt. Zion School and had been expelled. McConnico listened to my story, then advised me to watch my step at the high school. He impressed me as a man whose warnings had better be taken seriously. He was indeed a stern disciplinarian, but an excellent teacher.

He was tall and slender, with graying hair and penetrating gray eyes. He was a cripple with a bad limp, and walked with the aid of a cane. One of his legs was thinner, weaker and shorter than the other. I never heard his lameness explained, only that it had existed as far back as he could remember.

The high school and the Ashland City Elementary School were housed in the same building under the same principal. Although schools elsewhere in the county still ran only five months of the year, the combined school at Ashland City ran for a full nine months. The student body and the faculty of the high school were both small. In that first year, I recall only one other teacher besides McConnico. His name was Whitehead, and he had also a striking personality in a different way. He was a widower, with two or three small daughters, who attended the elementary school. Though middle aged, he was fastidious about his dress and grooming. He was the only man I knew who wore broadcloth suits at his daily work. He had a florid complexion and a fine head of wavy red hair flecked with gray. He always looked like he had just emerged from a barbershop.

Whitehead was also a good teacher. He taught us English and (I think) Latin. McConnico had classes in Mathematics and English history. Whitehead left at the end of the 1910-1911 year and Albert Williams came in the

following year to succeed him. Then McConnico left suddenly during the 1911-1912 year and Albert fell heir to the principalship. A competent teacher named Strayhorne was found to take over McConnico's classes.

Though our school building had cost only \$5000, material and labor were less expensive then they are today. Something was saved because the building had no plumbing and no electrical wiring. On the second floor of the school building was a big auditorium where each morning we assembled for a hymn, a scripture reading, a prayer and any announcements that were needed. As we left the auditorium, on the way to our respective rooms, the music teacher played something lively. The room in which she taught was behind the stage of the auditorium. Wherever in that building your home room might be, you did your studying against the background of piano music. I rather like it. *Ashland City Times*, January 4, 1978.

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## News from the Communities

Contributed by Greg Poole - [greg.poole@state.tn.us](mailto:greg.poole@state.tn.us)

From *Tennessee State Gazetteer and Business Directory, 1881-1882*

**Ashland City:** County seat. A thriving town of 300 inhabitants on the Cumberland River, 35 miles northwest of Nashville. has 3 churches- one Christian and 2 Methodist (one colored) and 3 schools. A large flouring mill operated by the Ashland City Mill Company and a saw and planing mill has been recently built. From 250 to 400 hogsheads of tobacco, besides large quantities of corn, wheat and timber are shipped from this place annually. The Nashville and Paducah line of steamboats and a daily stage (except Sunday) passes here. Mail daily by boat and stage. W.W. Sanders, postmaster.

Ashland City Mill Company (Enoch Dozier, Thomas J. Adkisson, Samuel Adkisson. James J. Lenox, James T. Edwards and William W. Sanders) flour and planing mill  
Binkley, Adam general store  
Binkley, Frank M. wagonmaker  
Bradley, William R. meat market  
Brinkley, Wiley B. livestock dealer  
Carney, E.B. and Son (Ennis B. and John W. Carney) general store  
Carney, Hiram B. physician  
Carney, J.K.P. County Register  
Cheatham County *Plaindealer* (weekly) S.H. Doak and Bro., publishers  
Eatherley, John M. saloon and justice of the peace  
Felts, Isham W. blacksmith  
Jackson, Thomas blacksmith  
Jones, Enoch R. blacksmith  
Lawrence, William P. physician  
Lee, John J. Chancery Court Clerk  
Lee, Wyatt barber  
Lenox, Edwards and Sanders (James J. Lenox, J.T. Edwards, W.W. Sanders) general store  
Lenox, James J. attorney  
Maxey, George W. sheriff  
O'Brian, Thomas brickyard  
Ozburn, Isaac W. Circuit Court Clerk  
Power, Samuel D. attorney  
Simpkins, Gid. D. Constable  
Sloan, George L. Chairman County Court and hotel  
Smith, J. Washington shoemaker  
Stuart, James W. saloon  
Turner, Thomas A. County Court Clerk  
Weakley, R. County Trustee

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**Henrietta:** Also called Gupton's Cross Roads; a very small place containing about 12 persons; 15 miles from Ashland City and 35 from Nashville; ship to Taylor's Landing on Cumberland River. A mill is operated by power from a small stream and in the vicinity are Methodist, Baptist and Presbyterian churches; 3 public schools and 2 steam mills. The exports are grain, tobacco and lumber. Mail 6 times a week by horse. John H. Balthrop, postmaster.  
Adkins, John H. general store  
Balthrop, John H. general store  
Balthrop and Gupton (John H. Balthrop and Eben N. Gupton) undertakers  
Binkley, A.R. physician  
Gossett, George W. general store  
Gupton, Eben N. Jr. blacksmith  
Gupton, Eben N. Sr. blacksmith  
Gupton, James W. blacksmith and mill  
Gupton, John J. magistrate  
Gupton, John W. blacksmith  
Hardeman and McClellan (N.P. Hardeman and Mrs. M.S. McClellan) mill  
Jones, Thomas wagonmaker  
Major, D.S. mill  
Nicholson, James mill  
Pardue, William J. general store  
Ransdell, J.E. magistrate  
Smith, George M. blacksmith  
Smith, John M. blacksmith  
Stewart, Wiley B. (Baptist) minister and magistrate  
Walton, Isaac B. Rev. (Methodist) physician  
Walton, William A. physician  
Williams, R.L. livestock  
(1881-1882)

**Kingston Springs:** Watering place of considerable reputation; situated on Harpeth River, 17 miles from Ashland City court house, 95 miles from McKenzie and 24 miles from Nashville. The waters are fine with freestone, sulphur and chalybeate properties and the accommodations are sufficient for 200 guests. The place has a Methodist church, a private and 2 public schools and daily mail each way by rail (N.C. and St. Louis Railway). C. Arnold, postmaster.

Arnold, C. (express and railroad agent)

Bagwell, J.M. physician  
Deal, W.J. general store  
Dobson, G.P. physician  
Moore, M.J. general store  
Talley, J.M. general store  
Thompson, J.M. magistrate  
(1881-1882)

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**Pegram's Station:** (N.C. and St. Louis Railway)  
Contains a country store, a Methodist church and has a population of about 25. It is 16 miles from Ashland City and 20 from Nashville. Corn, wheat and bacon are shipped.

Pegram, W.M. general store (1881-1882)

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**Pleasant View:** A village with 180 population, 10 miles from Ashland City court house, 13 miles from Springfield and 42 from Nashville, Has a Methodist church, a high school and steam flouring mill and ships tobacco, wheat and fruit. Mail tri-weekly by horse and carrier. Andrew J. Hunt, postmaster.

Bell, Tyson and Co. mill  
Binkley, G.W. dentist  
Clinard, Anthony wagonmaker  
Frey, Martin P. undertaker  
Hallums' Bros. drugs  
Hallums, J.H. physician  
Hunt, Andrew J. bookkeeper and postmaster  
Hunter Mallory general store  
Lowe, Thomas carpenter  
Neal, Joseph blacksmith  
Plummer, K.R. general store  
Scott, W.W. physician  
Simmons, J.H. blacksmith  
Walker, Thomas M. general store  
Williams, S.F. meat market  
(1881-1882)

**Pond Creek:** A rural post office, 10 miles from Ashland City courthouse, 7 from Pegram's Station (N.C. and St. Louis Railroad), 27 from Nashville; has Baptist and Methodist churches and 3 schools and exports corn, pork and cattle; walnut and poplar timber are abundant. Mail weekly by horse and rider. F.P. Lovell, postmaster.

Hooper, John blacksmith  
Jordan, Drew magistrate  
Jordan, Samuel physician  
Lovell, F.P. magistrate  
(1881-1882)

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**Thomasville:** Rural postoffice 14 miles north of Ashland City, 9 from Taylor's Landing and about 30 from Nashville. John W. Shaw, postmaster and general store. (1881-1882)

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**Marrowbone:** Formerly a post office at what is known as Williams' Store, 4 miles from Ashland City, the county seat. (1881-1882)

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**Neptune:** A country post office 13 miles northwest of Ashland City, the county seat. Mail tri-weekly to Clarksville by stage. Fare 50 cents. W.L. Robertson, postmaster.

Bobbitt, J.P. blacksmith  
Bryon, Rev. G.S. Methodist minister  
Denney, J.R. constable  
Gupton, J.W. grist mill  
Gupton, Robert C. blacksmith  
Major, Dempsey S. lumber manufacturer  
Moseley, John T. general store  
Nicholson, Dion grist mill  
Nicholson, J.S. general store  
Robertson, W.L. postmaster and Justice  
Shaw, Henry E. physician  
Smith, J.W. boot and shoemaker  
Shaw, Thomas J. physician  
Stewart, Rev. Wiley B. Baptist  
(1887)

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## Cheatham County Native and CCHGA Member Joseph Thomas "Tom" Shaw

*Contributed by Tom Shaw and Lisa Walker [lisaewalker@bellsouth.net](mailto:lisaewalker@bellsouth.net)*



Cheatham County Historian Lisa Walker met on 30 July with Tom (Joseph Thomas) Shaw, who traveled from his home in Wisconsin primarily to attend a family reunion of descendants of his maternal grandparents, Thomas James and Matty Teasley Pace, on the previous day, at Cheatham Dam. During the trip, Tom was successful in finding county court documents that clarified ancestral roots on the Shaw side, in what is now Cheatham County.

Tom was born in Ashland City, on 13 May 1919, the son of two fifth-

generation Middle Tennesseans (of what is now Cheatham County). Tom attended school in Ashland City in the same building for 12 years, graduating from Cheatham County Central High School in 1936. After that he continued his education at the University of Tennessee (Knoxville), receiving the B.A. in 1940 and the M.A. in 1941 (both in English), and had another year of graduate work. Next he served on active military duty in the US Navy in World War II, from mid-1942 to 1946. During that service, the Navy decided that he should learn Russian, and after an intensive course in that language, he served at the end of the war in Siberia, at a weather center the US Navy set up to give weather forecasts for the expected invasion of Japan. (When that proved unnecessary, the weather forecasts were used with regard to cleaning up harbors and the coastline of Japan, until the center was terminated).

Then he went to Harvard University where he received the M.A. in comparative literature in 1947, and the Ph.D. in English and Russian literature in 1950. He was on the faculty of Indiana University (Bloomington) from 1949 to 1961, and after that at the University of Wisconsin (Madison) from 1961 to retirement from teaching in 1989. At Wisconsin he served as departmental chair for about half the time there and as Associate Dean of the Graduate School for a 3-year term. During his Indiana years he was recalled to active Navy duty in the Korean War, from 1951 to 1953; after that he remained active in the naval reserve, and retired as captain in 1973. His scholarly specialty during his entire academic career has been Alexander Pushkin, the greatest poet and the best-loved author in Russia. Tom's research has been not only well received in the US, but also so well received in Russia that in the Pushkin Encyclopedia, published in 1999, at the two-hundredth anniversary of the poet's death, a section with 24 brief articles on outstanding Pushkinists of all time included 23 Russians (all of them already dead), and Tom. Several of Tom's books have appeared in Russian, and more are planned. Since retirement from teaching, Tom has continued active in research and publication, and is now finishing his last planned book.

All his completed research is available in book form. For more than 4 decades he has been included in various Who's Who, including, among others, Who's Who in America, Who's Who in American Education, and, most recently, Who's Who in the World.

His visit to Tennessee was culminated on Wednesday, 3 August, by his being the guest of honor at a luncheon at Austin Peay State University, chaired by Sherry Hoppe, President, in celebration both of Tom's academic career, and of his gift of \$50,000 to set up an Endowment for the Humanities within the APSU Foundation, for Library purchase of books in literature.

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### **A World War II Sign from the Guppton Grocery at Henrietta, 1943 "Food Shortages: Was Hitler Right When he Called Us Selfish?"**

*Contributed by Greg Poole [greg.poole@state.tn.us](mailto:greg.poole@state.tn.us)*

1. Don't believe unfounded rumors about food shortage. Buy what you need and only what you need.
2. Don't hoard any product. It isn't patriotic, and it's bound to aggravate the condition which stimulates hoarding.
3. Be patient and cooperative with your grocer. Realize that he is facing some of the hardest problems any business, any man or woman is up against today.
4. Shop early in the week, and early in the day.
5. Plan your meals for a week ahead.
6. Learn to take the foods your grocer has. When we run into shortages of any kind, it is up to all of us to adjust our needs to the foods that are available.

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The next CCHGA meeting is August 24 at 7:00 at the Cheatham County Public Library. This will be a business meeting and there will be no program.

## Frank

Contributed by R. K Hunter - rccoopac@charterinternet.com

For many of us growing up in the northwest corner of Cheatham county, Frank Shearon and his garage were well known. Situated in "downtown" Thomasville, both he and his garage were fixtures in the community.

The shop was and still is, situated along side Old Clarksville Pike. Built out of cinder blocks with a shingle roof, it sets back into the foot of the same hillside on which sets Mallory's Methodist Church. Back then, just as now, the few yards between the front of the shop and the road are usually full of a mixture of used parts from machines already repaired and cars, truck and tractors awaiting their turn.

I don't call the garage an auto repair shop or a welding shop or a race car garage or a tire shop or a tractor repair shop. It was all of these and more. While I don't know of Frank ever working on an airplane, it wouldn't surprise me if he had. Probably the only reason he never rebuilt the engine on a battleship was that there wasn't an ocean handy.

I guess that if it had wheels, Frank could fix whatever ailed it. He was also known to tackle a few things that didn't have wheels. I know for a fact he made a firing pin for a .22 caliber Remington rifle that belonged to my Dad. What he made it out of I don't have a clue, probably some scrap of metal lying around the shop. Whatever he made it out of it lasted for I probably shot a few hundred rounds through that gun growing up.

Frank was a tall slender man with a quick smile and a great sense of humor. One can not describe him without mentioning his trademark mustache. Thin and neatly trimmed, it gave him a dapper look in the days when mustaches and beards weren't that common. He and it probably have a lot to do with why I've had a mustache most of my life, or at least he used to take credit for mine.

Momma and Daddy ran the small country store just a few yards down the road for several years. They were doing so when I was born and for several years afterwards. Frank used to set me on his knee when I was a toddler and take a pencil and draw me a mustache just like his on my upper lip. Years later when I grew a real one, he said "If I had known the one I used to draw you was gonna take root, I would have saved that pencil. I could have made a fortune on it!"

*Continued next issue*

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## CCHGA BYTES

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