

CCHGA BYTES

The Newsletter of the Cheatham County Historical & Genealogical Association

CCHGA Office and Cheatham County Museum

Call the CCHGA office
615.792.3623 or email
[cheathamcountyhistory@
gmail.com](mailto:cheathamcountyhistory@gmail.com) and leave a
message if needed!

CCHGA newsletters are
snail mailed or emailed to
membership in March,
June, September and
December.

If you would like your
newsletter sent to you in
an email, notify us by
sending an email to
[cheathamcountyhistory@
gmail.com](mailto:cheathamcountyhistory@gmail.com).

**Please join us on
January 13, 2022 at
6:30 pm in the
McCullough Meeting
Room at Sycamore
Square on Highway
49/Frey Street!**

Our past newsletters
are located at [https://
cheathamcountyhistory.
weebly.com/cchga-
newsletters.html](https://cheathamcountyhistory.weebly.com/cchga-newsletters.html)

CCHGA Members,

The November CCHGA Bake Sale was a success! We raised \$947.00. Thank you to all who made items be purchased, who made donations, who bought items, and to those who helped set up and take down!

Have a Very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!

Lisa E. Walker
CCHGA President
Cheatham County Historian

CCHGA Notes:

- If you would like to assist in the office and museum in 2022 or help with the quarterly CCHGA newsletter, please email cheathamcountyhistory@gmail.com.
- If you have had a change in email address or physical address, please call the office at 615.792.3623 or email cheathamcountyhistory@gmail.com so we can update our records.

CCHGA 2022 Meeting Dates

- January 13 @ 6:30 McCullough Community Room
- February 10 @ 6:30 McCullough Community Room
- March 10 @ 6:30 McCullough Community Room
- April 14 @ 6:30 Site TBD/Guest Speaker Graham Perry - Tennessee Historical Commission
- May 14 @ 6:30 McCullough Community Room
- June 9 @ 6:30 McCullough Community Room
- July 14 @ 6:30 Site TBD/Guest Speaker
- August 11 @ 6:30 McCullough Community Room
- September 8 @ 6:30 McCullough Community Room
- October 13 @ 6:30 McCullough Community Room/Guest Speaker
- November 10 @ 6:30 McCullough Community Room
- November 22 Bake Sale
- December - No Meeting

The CCHGA Membership Form may be downloaded from [https://
cheathamcountyhistory.weebly.com](https://cheathamcountyhistory.weebly.com)

*Remembering the CCHGA members who died in 2021
(apologies if a member was missed)*

*Evelyn Tinsley
Yvonne Cannon Collier
Ben "Bo" Jordan
Claiborne Sanders
Judy Vick Mayo*

*Early Trails - Verla Hodges
The Westview - Thursday September 17, 1981*

Since I have been writing for the Westview, I have met many nice people. One of the special people I met and come to know and love was Mr. Archie T. Greer. On September 14, Mr. Archie passed away at his home on Hester Beasley Road. In the few years that I knew him, he shared with me his love of living and growing up along the South Harpeth. He talked of many things that he recalled from his childhood...of fishing, swimming and the gather of wild flowers along the gentle banks of the river...of the friends of his boy hood days and his sweetheart and wife, Lillian.

With the passing of Mr. Greer, we lose a vital link to the past. He witnessed the coming of the automobile and man walking on the moon. As a man, Mr. Archie was the kindest, most gentle man I have ever had the pleasure of knowing....he will be greatly missed!

The following is a story written by my friend, Mr. Archie T. Greer.

Memories Down the South Harpeth

I was born on April 6, 1893, in Cheatham County, Tennessee. I have been a farmer and a carpenter all my life. My father was a farmer and many of my ancestors before, were farmers. I have many fond memories of my early childhood living on a farm in Cheatham County, at the lower place. I am proud that I lived back when there were many log stacked chimneys to be seen.

In my early childhood days, we lived on the lower farm in Cheatham County here we had a big nice spring close by where we kept our milk and butter.

Some words of thought of long ago of my Greer ancestry. My Great-Great Grandfather William Greer came into Middle Tennessee in the mid 1790s. He settled near what is now Bellevue, Tennessee. His burial place is unknown, but it is possible he is buried in the Greenery Greer Cemetery on the old Mitchell farm. He was born June 30, 1765 in Franklin County, Virginia. He was the soon Capt. Moses Greer, Sr., a Revolutionary War Soldier, who was a planter, State Legislator of Virginia, and was an aid to General Washington at the Battle of Yorktown.

My Great-Grandfather, Walter Talley Greer was born September 8, 1796, which was the year Tennessee became a state. Before that time Tennessee was of the State of Franklin or was then North Carolina. Walter Talley Greer lived on a farm on the Poplar Creek Road where Robert Pinkerton now lives. It is thought that Walter Talley Greer and his brother Moses Greer owned most of the land on Popular Creek. He lived on this land most of the first half of the 1800s. Walter Talley Greer had 13 children. The Greer's had very large families down through the generations.

William Fitch Carroll Free, my Grandfather was born November 22, 1824, at the home place on Popular Creek. He had 5 children, two of which died in early life of ...

To be continued if the 2nd page can be found in the files!

River Freeze of 1941
Josephine Duke McMahan (deceased)

So you think it's cold now? *B r r r!* You should have been around here in Jan. of 1941. Temperatures stayed at -15 degrees for several consecutive days. The Cumberland River froze over several inches thick. There wasn't much snow on the ground though. Bicycling was the teen mode of transportation then so my home one from the river seemed a short distance. Those who braved the frigid air made daily trips down to see this phenomenon of nature. No one said, "stay off the ice" and ice there was a rumor of a T-Model driving across it at Bordeaux we thought it must be safe for a kid on a bicycle or sled. Albert, my seventeen year old brother, rode all the way across on the ice but came back by the bridge. I rode to the middle but became frightened by the creaking and popping, turned around and came back. (It's scary even now to think of what might have happened. Guess there's guardian angels riding double with me.)

The next day Helen and Ginny Poole, Zola Maud Keith and I took a sled down and pulled each other around on the ice. It was the same landing as is there now at River Bluff Park. We also tried some old clamp on ice skates of my Dad's but ankles were too weak. There were older people skating well.

On another day Mary Elizabeth Read, Paul Robert Gupton and I walked to the river just to look. We saw a large fish frozen in the ice about six feet out from shore. Using rocks and sticks we chopped it out, put it in an old tin bucket found near by and proudly took it to her Grandmother Read for cooking in her boarding house on Cumberland Street. We set it by the kitchen fireplace and went in search of "Mammy Read". A few minutes later a terrible clatter-bang-bang brought everyone running to the kitchen. The fish had thawed, turned the bucket over and was flopping half in-half out all over the floor. Mr. Read took it outside. I'll always wonder what kind of fish it was. Then I thought all fish were edible.



The river then was about nine feet lower than now as Cheatham Dam hadn't been built. The apparel worn by Josephine was the only way girls were allowed to wear long pants which was under a skirt or dress and then it had to be a snow suit in cold weather. History books tell of two or three other times the Cumberland froze over. Once was when Donelson's group came to settle Nashville and crossed the frozen Cumberland. One of Josephine's ancestors was in this group so maybe it came natural to dare to walk on it in 1941. Bet that pioneer bunch would have preferred bicycles over walking.

Virginia Jarrell told of going with her dad to saw out a hole in the ice to fish Eskimo style. She was 5 years old and the ice sawed out was as tall as she was. He caught a big fish, too.

CCHGA has 156 members!

Dog Creek School Memories
by Charlene Judd Hall (deceased)

Sorry, I don't know anything about the early history of Dog Creek School, how it began, etc. I just know how it began for me.

It began when my mother, my Aunt Jessie and Aunt Ten Osborne decided I should begin my formal education. I'm sure my daddy disagreed, but he lost on that one. After Christmas vacation of the year I would be six in July, I started to primer class. Okay it was 1936, if you must know.

That was the last year all eight grades were taught in the one room school. There was a recitation benching front of the teacher's desk to be occupied by whatever grade was being taught at the time. I don't believe there were more than four or five in any given grade, and only two in some.

The teacher was the awesome Miss Carrie Street. According to my older classmates, she sat on anyone who misbehaved. According to my mother, she kept order. That was very important to my mother.

The following year 6th, 7th, and 8th grade students were bussed to Pegram. The new teacher was Miss Nell Hutton. She was a dear lady, and her students were - shall we say - highly mischievous. If you drive by the ruins of the old school, you will see there was a small inset front porch. As you came in the front door, there were two good sized rooms to the left. They were the cloak rooms -one for the boys and one for the girls. At the lower end of the cloak rooms and stretching across the width of the building was the kitchen. One large classroom occupied the space that was left. We paid 15 cents a week to eat a hot meal. Mae Hedgepath as our cook. She knew our likes and dislikes and took care of us. I did not white beans. On white bean day, she brought me food from her home.

At the back were wonderful large windows. They were always adorned with the most beautiful decorations. There were construction paper orange pumpkins, red hearts, turkey gobblers, Christmas trees or whatever was in tune with the particular season.

A long blackboard was on the wall opposite the kitchen. In a corner between the windows and the blackboard was the library. The library was actually a bookcase. When we read all the books, new ones were brought from Ashland City to exchange. It was a happy day when new books came. We had cloak rooms almost big enough for a small bedroom and we had a bookcase for a library.

We sat at desks, many of which carved with initials of our predecessors. The desks were in straight rows except where they made way for the pot bellied stove.

On a rise to the right of the school was the girl's toilet, and to the left of the building was the boy's toilet. Just inside the school door and on either side were flip cards - one for the girls and one for the boys. On one side of the card was written "In", and on the other side was written "Out". When a student left of the toilet, the card was flipped to the out side. That meant another student could not go, until the first came back and flipped the card to the in side. Most of us were very adept at giving the card such a flip as to have it read in when it should have read out.

On the hill between the two toilets were huge rock formations from some ancient major upheaval. They were large enough to build playhouses, play stores, play churches, play schools and whatever the imagination of children could perceive. This hill was the major and certainly the favorite playground. Being often out of sight just was not a cause for concern in those days.

When using the playground across the road from the kitchen, we played such games as Red Rover, Flying Dutchmen, Farmer in the Dell, Drop the Hankerchief, London Bridge, Dare Bare, Crack the Whip, etc. At Christmas time, there was always a program. Someone brought in a tree that reached to the ceiling. The mothers had to use a ladder to help decorate it. Uncle Finis Dillingham would come and put down a

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CCHGA Bytes

temporary stage. Then one night in the presence of the whole community, we performed. We sang carols and said pieces. We held letters that spelled *Merry Christmas* and said a verse for each letter. We were all stars. Everyone was in the program.

Afterward Santa Claus, or one of his look-alike elves, came. He gave out presents to every child. Someone shot firecrackers outside. It was a magical time.

I was allowed to do my own shopping I could spend a nickel on each child in school. I always bought little rubber cars or little string bags of marbles for the boys. The girls were harder. No matter what my mother said - no handkerchiefs.

In a one-room school we learned to use our imaginations and to dream. We learned to get along with older kids and younger kids. We learned that being on stage before an audience was fun. We even learned some reading, writing and arithmetic.

This happened after I left Dog Creek School. Someone had borrowed a rifle from my daddy, Baxter Judd. He was coming in from the field in his wagon when it was returned to him. He drove pass the school with the rifle across his lap. Some of the boys ran out and asked him why he had his gun.

He told them a lot of circus trucks were passing through on the highway. One of them had turned over and a bear got loose. He was carrying the gun to protect himself.

The boys ran in and told Miss Nell all about it. She made all the kids come inside for the rest of the day. She thought surely some of the fathers would come and make sure they got home all right. It was past time for school to be out and she didn't know what to do. She picked the two biggest boys and asked them to very carefully run to our house and inquire if Mr. Baxter might know if the bear had been caught.

Did the boys know that Daddy was teasing them? I never knew for sure. I have an idea that Arnett Greer or Warren Miller might know.

Charlene (Judd) Hall was born on Dog Creek, lived and went to school here....is married and her family lives in Indiana. She and I (Eva Lee) were high school classmates and she wrote this story at my request. - Eva Lee





Jewel Taylor & Billie Charlene Judd



Dog Creek school surrounded by flood waters.

Cheatham County Veteran's Memorial Park

submitted by Clayton Walden



Cheatham County Veterans Memorial Park located on a beautiful site located on the corner of State Route 49 and Bell Street. This Landmark represents our military history of Cheatham County and what we stand for. Monuments circling the flag pole of our Fallen Heroes names on respective Monument facing the flag. Monuments are placed in a semi-circle of the following wars: World War One, World War Two, Korean War, Vietnam War, Gulf War, Iraq War and Afghanistan War. The Flag pole circle also contains a (POW} Prisoner of War and (MIA} Missing in Action Monument with names of those captured as a POW and the MIAs missing during combat.



The Park Veterans Wall list Veterans from Cheatham County who served during the Revolutionary War, War of 1812, Mexican War, Civil War, Spanish War and World War One. The Veterans Wall will also list those who lived in Cheatham County who proudly served in the Armed Forces.

Update - Progress being made on the ordered pavers, they have been installed in the Cheatham County Veterans Park. No word on the panels with the Veterans names.



Attack on Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941

December is a month for giving and receiving gifts at Christmas which brings joy to us. Lets take a moment to remember and honor those brave heroes days before Christmas, December 7, 1941, who paid the Ultimate Sacrifice during bombing of Pearl Harbor. Many years have past, this December 7, 2021 will be the 80th ANNIVERSARY of the tragic Attack on Pearl Harbor that call our nation to arms as we entered World War Two. 16,000,000 men and women entered this global War and mothers, wives and daughters on the home front supported the War effort, they will always be known as the "Greatest Generation". Our Nation paid a high cost of over 400,000 lives loss during the WWII. The Cheatham County Veterans Memorial Park honored those who paid the Ultimate Sacrifice with a Gold Star Mother/Family Marker of all those Killed in Action during combat. The Park also honors all who have served in the Armed Forces with a Blue Star Marker.

Proud to be the Son of a World War II U.S. Navy Veteran. During my research I learn that my mother was a War Bride and I was a War Baby. I was born in Modesto CA. while my dad was station with the U.S. Navy in San Diego CA. He also served a tour in the Aleutian Islands, he was one of many of the WWII Veterans who returned and needed help but found his own medication. Dad served with the U.S. Navy 1940 - 1945.

Retired Vietnam and Gulf War Veteran, with tours in Germany, Korea and North Yemem I can relate the hardship tours while serving in the Armed Forces. Thank you Cheatham County residents for supporting our Veterans. I have enjoyed doing research with a great group of Veterans over the past year on the Cheatham County Veteran's Memorial Park. Proud our veterans from Cheatham County and their accomplishing the mission on completing the Veteran Park.

Wished to thank everyone who participated and contributed to the success of our beautiful Cheatham County Veteran's Memorial Park.

CCHGA wishes the Cheatham County Veterans a Merry Christmas!

The CCHGA office and Cheatham County Museum will open on the following schedule in 2022:

Monday 10:00 - 2:00
 Tuesday 10:00 - 2:00
 Wednesday 10:00 - 2:00
 Thursday 1:00 - 4:00



Email: cchga007@bellsouth.net or cheathamcountyhistory@gmail.com
FB: <https://www.facebook.com/CheathamCountyHistory/>
Website: <https://cheathamcountyhistory.weebly.com/>
Instagram: [@cheathamcountyhistory](https://www.instagram.com/cheathamcountyhistory)

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