

CCHGA BYTES

The Newsletter of the Cheatham County Historical & Genealogical Association

Cheatham County History Center Hours

Tuesday 12:00 - 4:00

Wednesday 10:00 - 2:00

Saturday 10:00 - 12:00

Call the CCHGA office 615.792.3623
or email

cheathamcountyhistory@gmail.com

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 cchga007@bellsouth.net.

2018 CCHGA Officers

Gary Chance
President

Patrick Smith
Vice President

May Lingner
Secretary

Rosemary Klein
Assistant Secretary

Lisa Walker
Treasurer

Gary Chance
Assistant Treasurer

October CCHGA Program Meeting

October 11, 2018 ~ 6:30 pm

Cheatham County Public Library

Emails from an Icon

*The Inspirational Life & Last Words of Pioneering Aviatrix
Bobbi Trout*



(synopsis from the book in progress by presenter Nanette Malher)

In 1927, a 21-year-old ignores the fact that she is a woman and throws herself into helping birth American aviation, a new industry that even men fear. Against all odds — lack of money; male chauvinism; a father who is a compulsive drinker and gambler; the looming Great Depression —she brushes aside mainstream thought, cuts off her hair, dons men's clothing and sets her sights on the sky. The public admiringly looks up as she breaks one aviation record after another.

She becomes so famous that Walt Disney asks her to advertise his "new" Mickey Mouse. In 1929, Trout competes against her gal-pal aviatrixes in the first national women's air race of 1929 dubbed "The Powder Puff Derby" by Will Rogers.

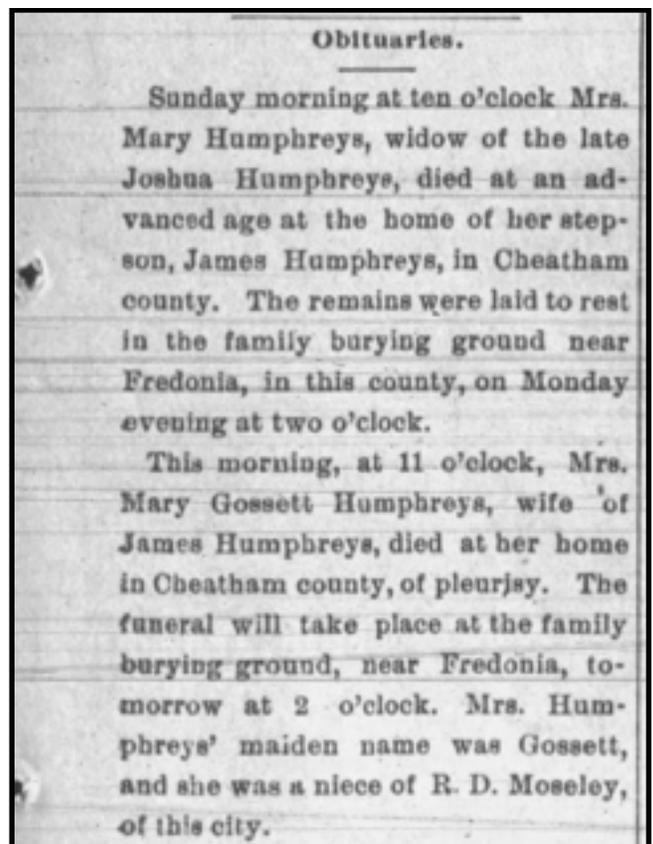
In 1987, a young woman aspires to be a pilot but knows no one in the aviation industry. She ventures to Atchison, Kansas to witness Amelia's 90th birthday celebration. To her surprise,

she winds up rubbing shoulders with 400 women pilots (members of The Ninety-Nines, an organization of women pilots started by Amelia Earhart and Bobbi Trout in 1929). She meets Earhart's sister Muriel Morrissey and Bobbi Trout. Almost fifteen years pass. The woman is now a business owner (not yet a pilot) and receives a serendipitous email from Trout. Thus begins an extraordinary and inspirational friendship that culminates to Trout's death in 2003 at the age of 97. However, the story does not end there . . .

Nanette Malher is a resident of Cheatham County and a business owner (Aviatrix Enterprises), graphic designer, writer, composer, film editor and private pilot. On October 11, 2018, at 6:30 pm, at the CCHGA meeting at the Cheatham County Public Library, she will give a presentation about her friend and American aviation icon Bobbi Trout, which will include playing scenes from the award-winning documentary "Breaking Through the Clouds - The First Women's National Air Derby" for which Nanette composed the soundtrack. Historical photos and memorabilia will be on display. DVDs and soundtrack CDs will be available for Nanette to sign. (A special drawing will be held for those in attendance for one person to receive a valuable item personally signed by Bobbi Trout.

- ✦ **October, November and December are membership months! Please renew your CCHGA membership for 2019!**
- ✦ **CCHGA Bake Sale @ Tucker Empson Building Nov. 16 @ 8:30 am! Call the CCHGA office at 615.792.3623 to participate or email cchga007@bellsouth.net! We need you to help bake for our preservation of Cheatham County history!**
- ✦ **Visit the Cheatham County History website: <https://cheathamcountyhistory.weebly.com/>**

Leaf-Chronicle
Friday, December 30, 1898, Page 3



**Continued from March 2018: The Memoirs of Ralph Spangler -
Reminiscing About Yesterday
Interviewer: Gary Pace,
Transcribed in 2010 by Betty Harris**

Anyway, we got up and played another set and when we sat down, Tony Bennett and his friend came over and started talking. He introduced himself like we didn't already know who he was. We sat and talked a while and Tony said, "Would ya'll like to play doubles?" Sam and I, and Tony and who ever he was playing with played and we ate them up. I'm glad he was making his money singing because he wasn't much of a tennis player. Later on, Tony and I got up and played a set and that racket on my wall is the one I used. Tony gave us two tickets right next to the stage and he dedicated a song "to my two TN tennis players who we played this morning. I'm dedicating the The TN Waltz to my two tennis friends from TN." We had a big laugh over it and we made arrangements to play next day with Tony and his friend and when we departed Las Vegas we gave Tony our addresses out from Nashville at Ashland City and he said when he came to Nashville he would call us. If he ever came to Nashville, we never heard from him. But it was a great experience anyway.

People who were interested in sports were the people I was interested in. I met a lot of fine people along those lines either in the coaching field or in the teaching field or what have you. At Georgia Tech there was Bobby Dodd who was an all American. I went to his clinics and attended his practices.

Vaughn Manchin who I played with and was athletic director at Florida State. I went down to see Vaughn a number of times and watched Tom Nugent who was coach there and I remember going to one clinic and he said, "Very few people attend my session." That was when the smoke stack I, which was four backs in a line behind center was just beginning to be seen and he said, "Nobody is interested in this now, but you wait. This will be a popular office." And sure enough it was. They called it The Smoke Stack I.

Dick Flowers who was a coach there and who I had played with, I remember I went down to Dick's home and spent a weekend there. He carried me over to the practice field and had all the coaches there. They went over all their plays and instructed me on all they did. I picked up a lot of things. I always figured that if I could go to these clinics and all these places and talk to all these people and see all these practices and if I could bring back one thing that I could use and help me win a ball game, then it is worth my trip and my time.

I used to go to a number of schools to observe and talk to the coaches. As a matter of fact I even used to go to TN State and talk to Coach Meredith. He was another one of the coaches who came to one of our banquets and spoke. I remember one of the things he said. This was when integration was just coming in. He said, "You know I'm not for integration. For one thing I can see all our players." At one time they sent more players to the pros than anybody else. He said, "Here in the south if there is a good player, most of the time I can get that player. I can project that when other SEC schools start recruiting black athletes, then that will keep me from going into a home and recruiting a very good athlete that I otherwise could have gotten."

Bud Wilkerson, whom I went to see in Norman, OK went into state government after he retired from coaching. You would have thought I had two or three athletes he was trying to recruit, he gave me such a treatment. He took those boys out on the field and they would tell me what they were doing as they did it, and then we went back and worked on the plays to learn them.

Gomer Jones spent, I know two hours on the blackboard with me just to teach me the plays. He later became head coach when Coach Wilkerson retired.

~Conclusion will appear in December 2018 CCHGA Bytes



Coach Ralph Spangler - 1952

James Harris Williams 1806-1883 Biography - Randy A. Malone



James Harris ("Big Foot") Williams (6 May 1806 Montgomery County, TN - 15 Sept. 1883 Robertson County, TN) married in Robertson County, TN 15 Oct. 1830 Mary Ann Lowe (21 May 1812 Robertson County, TN - 8 Sept. 1887 Cheatham County, TN), daughter of Marvel Lowe (20 Sept. 1770 NC - 1 Apr. 1834 Robertson County, TN; buried in Cheatham County, TN) and Mary Harris (1 Jan. 1777 - 13 Sept. 1848), daughter of Elias Harris & Sylvia Chambliss, Elias was the brother of Isaac Harris, also related to this family line.



James Harris Williams was "the third of eight children and was educated in the common schools." From a handwritten note by a grandchild of James Harris Williams: "Grandpa's farm was [originally] 1,000 acres and was at Williams Landing in Cheatham County. When he first married he had one mule and plowed by moonlight, and would load corn all night on the boats on the river. Mother went to Aunt Nannie's when she was a little girl on the boats." [Ultimately] "he was a very wealthy farmer and at the time of his death owned 4,000 acres of good land. In 1830 he was married to Mary A. Lowe." The marriage took place at the Marvel Lowe home. The couple celebrated their golden wedding anniversary on 5 Oct. 1880. (See the attached photo of the family and home on their golden wedding anniversary.) "Our subject died 9-15-1883, much regretted by his many warm personal friends... [Their daughter] Mary is the widow of Dr. R. J. Mallory and the mother of eight children." Mary Ann Lowe Williams wrote to her grand daughter Jessamine Mallory on 15 May 1883, "Jessie, you are a dear grand-daughter to me. Your devoted grand-mother, Mary A. Williams. I am 71 years old this 21st day of this month."

[Source: Hand-written letter of James' grandson, in possession of our family, and Goodspeed's History of Tennessee Chapter titled "Cheatham County", pp. 1386-1387.] James H. Williams' will is

located in Cheatham County, TN Will Book B, p. 455. Dated 25 Sept. 1879 with codicil added 25 Dec. 1879.

Below is quoted the obituary of James Harris "Big Foot" Williams:

"James H. Williams was born May the 1st, 1806, and died Sept. 15th, 1883. He was married to Mary Ann Lowe Oct. the 5th, 1830. For more than half a century this devoted couple had lived and labored together, making life a grand success, showering blessing around them on every side; dispensing kindness to high and low alike. Mr. Williams was, in almost every particular, a remarkable man -- I may say a model man. Whether viewed as a husband, father, or citizen, he stood unexcelled. As a husband, he was patient, gentle and provident. His home, ever abounding in fullest plenty, was the continual seat of hospitality. As a father he was affectionate and tender, doing his utmost at all times, by both precept and example, to develop his children, morally, mentally and physically. In moral culture he gave them a preceptor second to none -- himself. In their mental training he spared neither pains nor money. For their physical good he taught them to work -- to work with their hands -- as he

worked, and as God ordained. As a citizen he was a full man. Patriotic and public spirited, he loved his country. A man of great intelligence he understood her institutions and prized them. Having known Mr. Williams for 30 years, I am prepared to say without hesitation, that in all his business relations he was the most exact man I have ever met. The friend of the widow and the orphan, the friend of the poor and the rich, he steadfastly refused to profit by any man's misfortune. In selling his produce he gave full measure, running over, and sold for prices that appeared to him just and reasonable though often less than the prevailing market. To visit his delightful home was to enjoy all that judgment, taste and fortune could supply. Comfort was written everywhere. Comfort for both man and beast. But alas for human effort! Alas for human calculation! The fiat of fate has gone forth; "all things earthly pass away!" For years Mr. Williams had been battling with disease. Patient and resigned in all things, he bore his afflictions as became the philosopher that he was; and when death came to summon him to his eternal home, he calmly and peacefully surrendered his soul to the God who gave it. May he rest in peace. Isaac B. Walton, Sept. 20th, 1883."



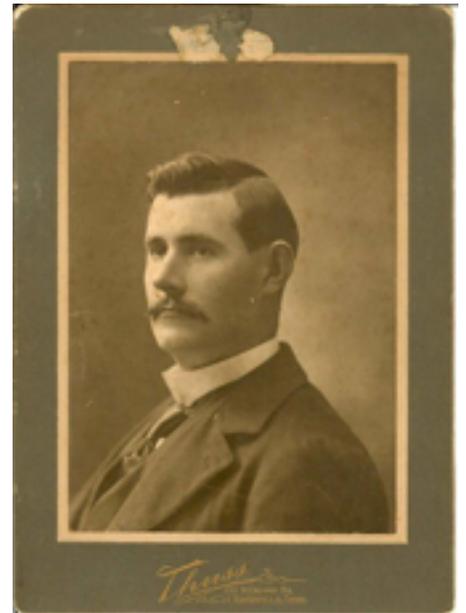
James Harris Williams Home
(date of photo unknown)

George Chambliss - submitted by George Pitt

I was visiting the Clarksville, Tennessee library archives and found a typed booklet by a traveling grocery salesman, Mr. Smith Keel. It was a collection of stories of his years of work. He was in WWI and began his work after service. The Booklet was titled; *“Experiences of a Traveling Salesman”*.

What caught my attention was a story about George Chambliss. My line comes down through William Henry Chambliss, father of Maude Chambliss Heathman, mother of Pauline Heathman Gunn, mother of Patty Ruth Gunn Pitt. George Chambliss would be his younger half brother.

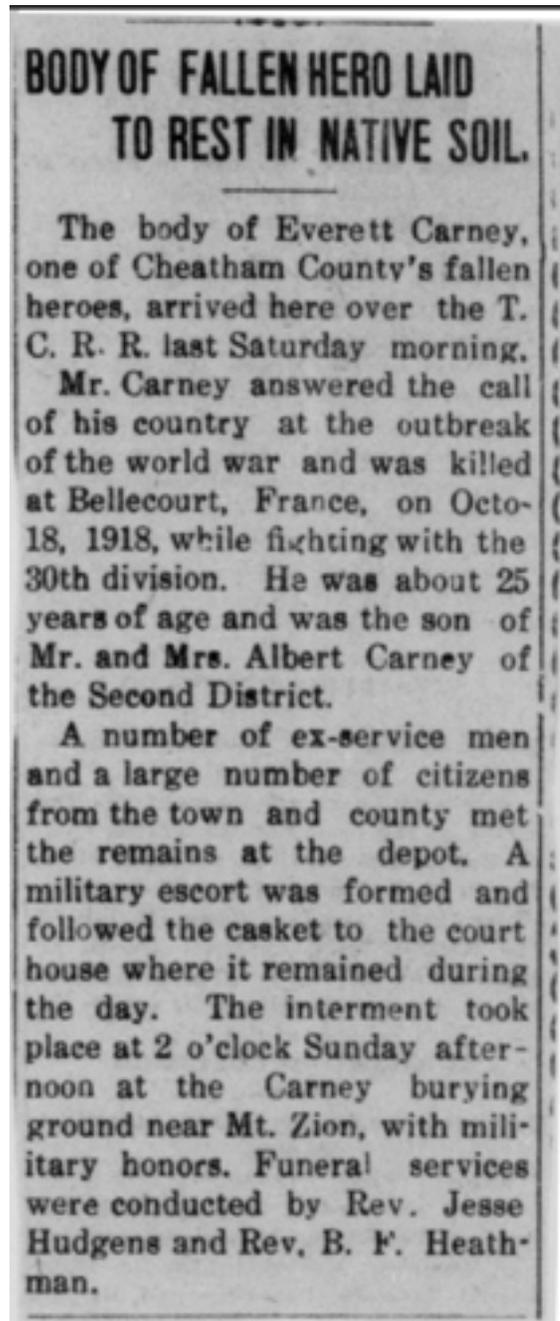
Mr. Smith Keels story goes: *“One of the best stores I worked when I first started traveling was owned by an elderly man, Mr. George Chambliss. It was located between Henrietta and Cheap Hill. He also had a blacksmith shop. The first thing I noticed was a stack of mule and horse shoes which had been discarded when new ones were put on. The pile was about three feet in dimension and six or eight feet high. It was being added to very slowly but regularly. His house was nearby. He lived alone. A married daughter lived away.*



George Chambliss

Mr. Chambliss was an unusual person. A Nashville paper news writer wrote a story about him and took pictures. He was admired by many friends. Some insisted that he retire - the blacksmith shop business was fading out, but he wanted to continue on and do what he could for people who needed such service.

I drove up to his place one day and didn't see him around. The doors were open. I walked across the yard up to the house. I called but there was no answer. The door was not locked. Living as he did the place seemed spooky. I came away and when I got almost back to the car, I remembered the door being partly open. I turned around and went back to the house. Mr. Chambliss was lying on the floor unconscious. I could see he was not injured or hurt and that he was still alive. I rushed up to Allen Brothers' store and told his friends. They rushed him to a Nashville hospital where he died shortly thereafter. Passing by his place after he was gone gave me some sad moments.



Everett Franklin Carney was born at Hoffasville, TN on May 2, 1892. He was the oldest son of Mr. Albert W. Carney and Annie Stromatt Carney. He was wounded in France, October 17, 1918 dying the next day. He was a grandson of an old confederate soldier, W. K. Stromatt, who fought with Nathan Bedford Forrest.

REVEREND GIDEON HARRIS LOWE, SR. - Randy Malone

10 Dec 1847 Rev Lowe kept a journal of his missionary trip on a houseboat down the Mississippi passing out tracts among the infidels along the way. The trip began from Lowe's Wood yard on the Cumberland River and was intended to be a two year journey, but it was very rainy and after 4 months the boat, which had departed from Lowe's Landing, sunk. He was accompanied by M.L. Vaughn and a Baptist, Edmund Vaughn.

The boat was 32 ft. long, 12 feet wide with two fireplaces and a brick chimney, divided by a partition into a 16x12 parlor and a kitchen. An 18 ft. flagpole held a "beautiful flag with Bethel ...on it, which is the name of our boat." But rain began almost immediately, then snow, and driftwood in the ever rising river made landing and going ashore dangerous. After running aground and getting most of their books and tracts wet they walked ten miles to catch the Alhambra on March 11, 1848, and then the S.B.Commerce took them to Nashville.

The last business meeting is November 8, 2018 at 6:30 at the Cheatham County Public Library. The CCHGA office is closed the month of December!

Cheatham County Historical and Genealogical Association

P. O. Box 703

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