

CCHGA BYTES

The Newsletter of the Cheatham County Historical & Genealogical Association

Cheatham County History Center Hours

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 cheathamcountyhistory@gmail.com.

2020 CCHGA Officers

Patrick Smith
President

Lisa Walker
Vice President

Rosemary Klein
Secretary

Lisa Walker
Treasurer

Clay Walden
Member at Large

PLEASE NOTE THE OFFICE IS CLOSED TO WALK IN VISITORS

Due to Covid-19, the C.C.H.G.A. office and the museum are not maintaining regular hours and, in-person C.C.H.G.A. business and program meetings are canceled for the remainder of 2020.

However, the office is open by appointment only.

To make an appointment to visit the CCHGA office and Cheatham County Museum, please leave a message at 615.792.3623 or please email cheathamcountyhistory@gmail.com.

•Thank you Holly Spann for your donation in memory of Doug O’Rear.

Doug O’Rear

Doug will be missed by our small group of history enthusiasts and by countless others he became friends with over the years in Cheatham County through his philanthropic work.

Doug cared deeply for people and wanted his story to bring awareness to the seriousness of Covid 19.

We are living through a historic event. Future Cheatham Countians are going to want to know what happened during this pandemic.

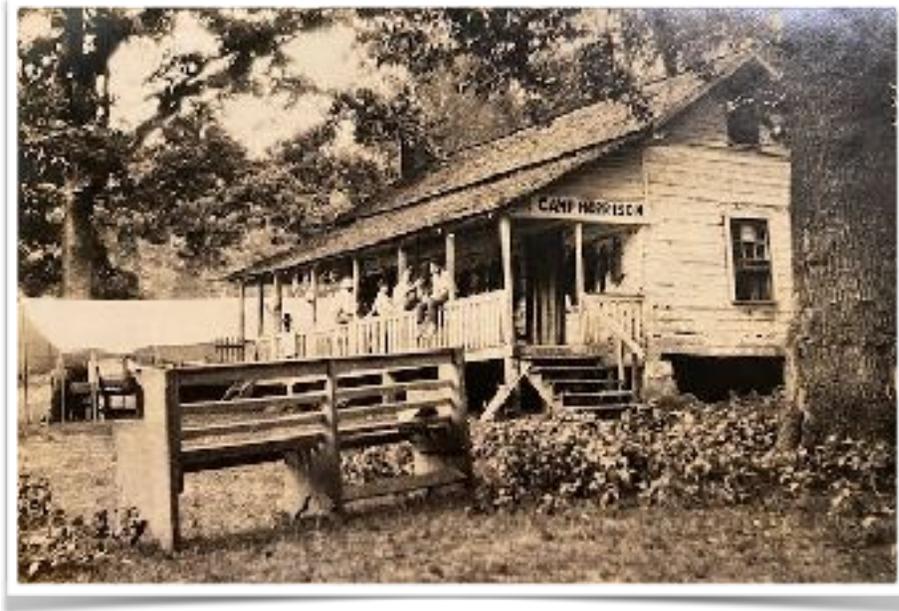
They’re going to wonder how we coped with the suddenly vacated office buildings, closed restaurants, and curtailed services.

They’ll want to know stories of personal consequences such as canceled graduations, postponed weddings, and school closures.

They’ll be curious about what we did during the Stay Home/ Stay Healthy orders, and how we managed to come together to help one another.

They’ll want to know about the people who died.

Memoirs from Sycamore Valley to 1972 Truthful & Comical - Chronology - Ed Morrison



Camp Morrison was started in 1906 and went through 1916. It was started by my great grandparents Richard T. Morrison Sr and his wife Eula Vertna Hall Morrison. They also served as the chaperones each year. It was held on Sycamore Creek on Mr A.P. Jackson's property. The following typed article was written by their youngest son Edwin Morrison. Submitted by Richard Morrison lazysusanrick@comcast.net

My memory seems to start with Sycamore Valley and the camp life at "Camp Morrison," five miles from Ashland City, Tennessee. Mother and Papa (Mr. & Mrs. R.T. Morrison, Sr.) organized the camping trips to Sycamore Valley in 19?, and operated it for ? years, until World War I, when the former members of the camp began going to war. Summer Camp information below:

Railroad trip to Ashland City (35 miles), Tent 5 mile "hay-wagon" trip over "mountain" to Valley. Average attendance, 20 boys and 20 girls. "Sip" McCance (Black Mammy), chief cook (with one assistant), became known as the "Marriage Bureau" of middle Tennessee. Romances were "started" and "ended" here. Girls lived in the large cabin (2-story) boys lived in tents on nearby hillside. The entire cost was \$14 (two weeks) -

included: a) transportation to and from Nashville to camp, b) 3 meals a day and lodging, c) annual "Nashville Day" - pig, lamb and barbecue - camper's families and friends free; given annually by Mr. A. P Jackson, owner of the Valley and farms. Now, compare that to today's summer camps. "Longhorn Camp" costs \$150 (\$450 - 6 weeks). Familiar story by Ann Buckner (from Virginia), bride of Ed Britt (2 former campers): She telephoned him, saying, "Ed, theres a a moose in the house and what am I to do about it?"



(L-R) Raphael Williams, Sarah Herbert, Anne Kissling and Bertha Herbert.

Sarah married White Hall Morrison. Photo taken in 1914

We are living in a historic moment. The Cheatham County Historical & Genealogical Association is collecting and preserving Cheatham Countians' stories related to the COVID-19 health crisis so future generations can learn how the pandemic has impacted our lives.

We invite to share your story by emailing information to cheathamcountyhistory@gmail.com.

One CCHGA Member's Story of the Pandemic

2020, Wow What a year. Never thought I'd have to live through a Pandemic. I remember watching a financial analysis on tv back in February. When asked about what might derail the booming economy his biggest concern was a virus that had surfaced in Wuhan, China. Didn't really sink in at the time but it has now! I've lost friends and acquaintances to the deadly virus and know some who have gotten over it.

We've had somewhat of a difficult year medically. Faye had a hard fall leaving a high school basketball game and broke her shoulder, so severely that they had to do a total replacement. Not long afterward my lower back had deteriorated to the point that I had back fusion surgery. So since March we've been pretty much at home. No fishing, no camping, no attending grandchildren's travel basketball only visits to the grocery, pharmacy and Doctors. Thanks to the new Zoom technology we did get to watch some of Montana's AAU games and I watch the Ashland City Council meetings.

This too will come to an end, not sure when or just what our lifestyles will be like when it does. One positive is my church time. Before Covid we only went once a week, now I watch three or four services a week from home. All in all we are still Blessed and fortunate and one can always look around and see another in worst shape. I do long for the time when we can safely get back to some form of normalcy, particularly with our grandchildren's basketball games.

Stay safe, Bobby Lee

Local Artist Donates Portrait

“The first person we met in Kingston Springs was Mr. Vernon Newsome. Mr. Vernon is our traveling blacksmith. He’s a philosopher by necessity, a prophet by nature, a poet from his soul, and a preacher by calling. He has a horse name of ‘Will’, and the strongest hands of any man I’ve ever known”.

Vince Matthews
From the album *The Kingston Springs Suite*

Local artist and Kingston Springs resident Pete Hiatt generously donated a portrait of Mr. Vernon Newsome that he painted some time around 1973 as he was completing his degree in art at Austin Peay State University. As Pete recalls, he did several water colors, paintings, and sketches of his hometown at the time.

“Vernon Newsome was a blacksmith and rode in a horse drawn buggy around the town of Kingston Springs to travel to the local farms where he would shoe the horses as late as the late 1960’s”, Pete recalled. “I saw him several times and visited his house once.”

Mr. Newsome was immortalized in the song “*Mr. Soul*” from the album *The Kingston Springs Suite*. In fact, Mr. Newsome’s voice can be heard on the album telling a story about a tent revival. The concept album was an early 1970’s collection of songs by songwriters Vince Matthews and Jim Casey that paid homage to the laid-back life and small town eccentrics of Kingston Springs. Kris Kristofferson, Cowboy Jack Clement, and Johnny Cash backed the album. Cash often visited Matthews at the home he rented in Kingston Springs.

“I did the painting from a photograph on the back cover”, explained Pete. “I have had a discussion with Vernon’s friends and relatives, and they agree that it is a fair likeness.”

C.C.H.G.A. deeply appreciates this donation to the museum as it so enriches the chronicling of Cheatham County history and telling the stories of its people.



Benjamin Franklin Krantz
Thoughts on the Eve of a Family Reunion
By Zulema Krantz Freshour (found on [ancestry.com](https://www.ancestry.com))
July 31, 1987

Benjamin Franklin Krantz was born on January 21, 1870, in Green Brier, Tennessee. His father was Alexander (Sandy) Green Krantz; his mother was Mary Elizabeth Gibbs Krantz, who died the day of his birth.

His father's sister, whose name I do not recall, was married to a man with the last name of Walker. This aunt took baby Ben and cared for him, until her death when Ben was only eleven years old.

Ben went to stay with his father, who had remarried and had several other children. He was not happy in his father's home with the younger half-brothers and sisters, so he found a job at a lumber camp. At that time, he was only 13 and did mostly odd-jobs. He later became a logger, a builder of rafts, and he hewed railroad ties from the hardwood forests. Logs were rafted down the Cumberland River to Clarksville or Nashville. One holiday, he and some other young men took a raft of logs down the Cumberland, Ohio and Mississippi Rivers to Baton Rouge, Louisiana, sold their raft, and came home by steamboat. There were no paved roads or railroads along this route.

On May 15, 1894 at the age of 24, Ben married 17-year-old Lovecia Addierene Simmons. She turned 18 on August 20 of that year. For the next several years, they rented small farms at many locations, and at times Ben made railroad ties. On August 15, 1896, Mary Zulema was born; on February 4, 1899, Rochelle (Sally) was welcomed to the family; May 6, 1900, Lucky Laverne became a member of the family; June 15, 1901 Hiram Franklin (Frank), our second brother, was born; and on December 23, 1902, Jessie Azilee joined the family. All five were born in Cheatham County, Tennessee, about 30 miles from Nashville. Visiting, church and "neighborhood singings" were the main entertainment of that time.

A slip of the ax while in the railroad tie business cut a main artery in Dad's foot on one occasion. Blood spurted with each heartbeat. A visiting surgeon in the neighborhood probably saved his life. Another time, a hardwood chip struck one eye, the scar leaving him almost sightless in that eye. During the winter of 1902-1903, he was the Cheatham County Ferryman at Ashland City. Using a small rowboat, he took passengers across the Cumberland River. In a much larger boat, he would ferry horses and their riders or buggies. Both boats were rowed across with MANPOWER.

A longing for a home of his own and more land for his growing family had much to do with Dad's decision to move west. His uncle, George H. Gibbs, was a missionary minister sent by the Methodist Church in Nashville to work in Idaho, Oregon and Montana. Uncle George had filed on a piece of land on the Net Perce Indian Reservation when the Reservation was opened to settlers. At George's invitation, Dad and family came to the place that would be our home for the next six years.

Pages skipped.

The Bureau of Reclamation dug the ditches on the north side of the Jocko Valley in 1909. Their headquarter camp was about a quarter of a mile from our house. Everything was horse drawn, so mules, horses and ditching equipment were all close by. Dad and his team worked on ditches until freezing weather ended the job.

Other workers and their families camped on the other side of our home that summer. Dad and S. B. Dixon, whose family was camped near the river, felled a tree across the Jocko River and hewed the top side so it was somewhat level. They added a handrail and built a bridge so the children could go to school in Arlee.

The following summer, Dad worked on the ditches near Crow Creek, and came home only on Sundays. He took the horses, wagon and a tent with him. By November of 1910, he had obtained a map which showed that the SE 1/4 of Section 35, Range 20 N was open for filing (a Native who had

been allotted that piece of ground decided that he wanted to have his allotment in the Hot Springs area, so it was turned back for filing by settlers). A trip to the Land Office in Missoula proved this to be true. At last, Dad had land of his own and home for his family to grow.

On December 16, 1910, the family moved from the Jocko Valley to the homestead. In the short time between finding this place and moving the family, Dad had somehow constructed a three-room shack of wood, and had built foundations, floors, framework and walls (about four-feet high) with doors. He had stretched heavy canvas over the upper walls and the top of two big tents. Over the top of the two tents were heavy canvas "flies" to protect them from the rain and snow of winter. One tent was a dormitory for the girls, and the other was partitioned - part being the kitchen area and part a bedroom of the boys. The wood building served as a dining room and a bedroom for the smaller children, as well as a living area which doubled as a bedroom for Dad and Mother. These structures were joined together to form a real home. The girls' dorm even had its own heater. Though there were splinters to contend with, the family was fairly comfortable. A tent was set up for supplies, such as feed and harnesses for the horses, and another tent was set up for the chickens.

Everything was going well until March 1911. The plow, disc and harrow were bought and arrived by rail in Ravalli. Dad drove the horses to water, riding an unshod pony. On they way back, the pony slipped on ice and slid close to a sharp-shod horse. The horse kicked at the pony, striking Dad below the knee. The sharp plate on the horseshoe cut a large gash in his leg and broke both bones. I saw him fall, and helped him back on the pony and led him back to the house. There was no doctor or hospital in St. Ignatius, and the only telephone in town was at the Beckwith Store. I called a young doctor at the Reclamation Headquarters. He arrived at the ranch that evening about dark, driving a one-horse buggy. He sealed the wound, thinking that was all that would be needed. He returned to check a few days later to find a case of gangrene. Neighbors placed Dad on a cot (the kind that folds down) and carried him over snow banks to a house just north of ours. The house was on what is now the Eye home, but was much closer to the hill. From there, he was transported to Ravalli and taken by train to St. Patrick's Hospital in Missoula. Doctors wanted to amputate, but Dad said, "No!" He remained in the hospital for 47 days, delirious part of the time. Communications were poor, so when he was about to be released, he had to write to us. Verne and I met him in Ravalli with the wagon and the cot (it took some of the jar out of the ride). His leg was in a cast from the toes to well above the knee. He had to go back to see the doctors several times before the cast was removed. On crutches much of that summer, he did what he could

Pages skipped

On July 7, 1949, still active and seemingly well, Dad went to town to shop, as usual. He suffered a stroke and died a couple of hours later at the local hospital. Mother lived until March 21, 1961.

A book could be written on the many things I have left out of this paper. Dad had a love for music. He always had an accordion and played fairly well. He had phonographs, and even an old Edison with cylinder records. There was a new player piano purchased and shipped from Chicago. He and Mother both had good singing voices, and many times the whole family would sing for hours (mostly church hymns). This was during the early years. For our picnics with neighbors on the Jocko River in the early homestead years, Dad would get ice from Morigeau's Ice House, cream from home, wild strawberries from nearby, and make ice cream - a real treat in those days. I also remember five cases of measles a few days after we arrived in Idaho after our long train ride from Tennessee. All of these things run through my mind as I look forward to a gathering of many who share family ties linking us all to the memory of Benjamin Franklin Krantz and his life.

If you have information about this branch of the Krantz family, please email Karmen Krantz Klundt at 34allh20@gmail.com

Don't forget to renew your membership for 2021! Form may be downloaded from <https://cheathamcountyhistory.weebly.com>

A Few Entries from A Notebook of Lillie Jackson Burton Duke
Submitted by Dave McMahan

Lillie was the 3rd wife of John Martindale Duke. John and Lillie were married after 1905.

The Duke family has in their possession a book passed down, used as a store ledger, a diary, and a recipe book.

Apparently Lillie ran a boarding house in the Thomasville-Henrietta area during her previous (G.W. Burton) marriage. The earliest entry is from 1851, but most entries are from the 1880s - early 1900s.

“Jane Thompson: “came to live with us Sept. 10 on Sunday 189(8?)”

“Willie Bnurster (sp?) came to live with us Nov 21st, 1898”

“Uncle Tom Shaw died Tuesday morning June ___ 11th at eleven o’clock 1895”

“Aunt Emma died Thursday 7th of May at half past 10 o’clock, was buried Friday eve at 3 o’clock 190?3”

“Charles Anthony came to live with us April 26th 1896”

“Cora Shaw died Wednesday Sept 15 at five minutes past 8 o’clock in the morning, was buried Thursday 16 at 2:30 1879”

“Terrible storm of Tuesday May 2nd 1896 long to be remembered”

“Snowed 24 and 25 day of Aril 1910, gardens and trees all green”

“Hicks doggie came here about 4 o’clock March 28th 1901”

“Mr. Burton had his first spell of Colic (?) Oct 17th 1896”

“Marie (?) Nell will come in May 2nd 1906”

“Mr. Emill came back home Oct 24 1905”

“Earnest Burton was born Dec. 19th 1884 – Died March 9th Monday morning at 20 minutes of four o’clock 1896 and was buried Tuesday morning a t 10 o’clock”

“Moved to Henrietta Dec. 29 1896”

“Mattie Clemints (?) came to live _____ August 16th 1905”

“Dr. Mosely came to Board with us Dec Friday 30th 1898”

“___? Baby was born Sunday night May 11th 1890”

“Mrs. Wilson’s Baby boy was born Feb 24th 1891”

“John Jamie Jones Waco Texas”

“Lillie Jackson’s Book A.D. July 25th, 1874”

“Nelsie’s (?) Baby was born the 12 of January, 1889”

“Lillie B Jackson Neptune Tenn”

“Effie May J ___ (?) was born the 4th of December 1887”

For your reading pleasure, past CCHGA Byte newsletters have been uploaded to <https://cheathamcountyhistory.weebly.com/cchga-newsletters.html>

The Roots Tech conference is going to be virtual and free this coming Feb. Here is the link if anyone is interested. All are welcome. Contact CCHGA member Rosemary Klein if any questions: rosemaryklein@gmail.com



<https://www.rootstech.org/>

Email: cchga007@bellsouth.net
FB: <https://www.facebook.com/CheathamCountyHistory/>
Website: <https://cheathamcountyhistory.weebly.com/>
Instagram: @cheathamcountyhistory

Cheatham County Historical and Genealogical Association
P. O. Box 703
Ashland City, TN 37015