Days Of Old Sumner County

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Remember?

From the *Star News*

Editor's Note: The story below was published in the *Hendersonville Star News* on July 24, 1969, when the world was talking about the events of the previous Sunday—July 20, 1969, the day American astronauts first landed on the moon. Anyone born in the 1950s or earlier remembers watching the televised "walk" that night.

Moon Shot Reactions

Thursday, July 24, 1969: Today, what is probably man's greatest achievement comes to a close with the splashdown of Apollo 11, bringing back Astronauts Neil A. Armstrong, Edwin Aldrin [Buzz] and Michael Collins from their historic flight to the moon.

Lift off time for Armstrong and Aldrin, who actually walked on the moon, to join Collins in the encircling spacecraft which was to bring them back to earth, came at 12:54 Monday. The moon men are bringing back with them samples of the dirt and rocks.

The feat has staggered the world's imagination, and Goodlettsville and Hendersonville residents, like the rest of the world, have watched the proceedings in awe. The world's reaction has been varied. Expressions of 'wonderful,' 'amazing,' 'great,' have been made by many.

Local people were asked their reactions, and here are a sample of the answers received.

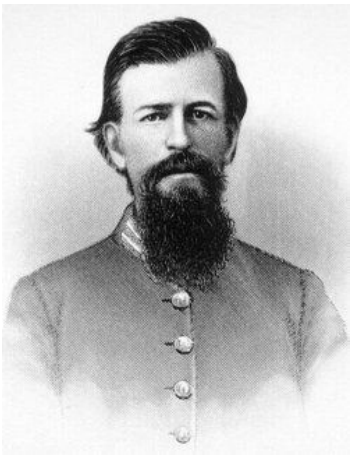
Bill Burgess, vice president of Citizens Bank of Hendersonville, said, "Words are quite trite. I think it is fantastic and the greatest scientific achievement. I am delighted with the way the Apollo program has turned out and think it is a credit to this

(See REMEMBER, Page 9)

He Dared to Come Home: A Hundred Miles Through Union Enemy Lines

By Jan Shuxteau, Editor

Editor's Note: In 1912 after his second term as mayor of Nashville, George Guild wrote about his time in the Confederacy, *A Brief Narrative of the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry Regiment.* Guild (1834-1917), son of Judge Josephus Conn Guild and Catherine Blackmore, grew up in Gallatin and married Georgia Thompson in 1861.



Confederate Calvary Lt. George Guild, 30, of Gallatin dared to slip through Union enemy lines in September of 1864 to reach Rosemont—the family farm where he grew up. Guild (at left) yearned to see his family for what might be the last time.

The war was going badly for the South in those summer days nine months before it ended. Union-occupied Sumner County was chaotic, caught up in rumors that Confederate Brig. Gen. Joseph Wheeler and the Army of Tennessee would cut through Gallatin to destroy Yankee railroad supply lines.

A Nashville newspaper reported that Wheeler entered Lebanon Aug. 30 and crossed the river headed toward Gallatin the same day. It said that crowds of women and children were coming from Gallatin by train to take refuge in Nashville. The Aug. 31 *Louisville Daily Journal* took up the tale, reporting "great excitement" in Gallatin as Wheeler's cavalry was encamped only three miles away. It reported "extreme disorder and confusion" as residents were ordered to flee the town.

But rumor and newspapers got it wrong. The truth was that Wheeler had no intention of hitting Gallatin, and according to Sumner historian Walter Durham, had sent only 100 men to Lebanon on Aug. 30. His plan all along was to mislead the Federals and create panic.

Guild, who was the Fourth Tennessee Cavalry's Adjutant throughout the war, knew Wheeler's army wasn't going to Gallatin, but he thought it was finally a good time for him to go. For months he'd hoped for an opportunity to slip home, and this looked like it. He wrote:

"Soon after starting from Atlanta on Gen. Wheeler's second raid into Middle Tennessee, in 1864, I resolved to go into Gallatin, my home and native place, and see my family from whom I had been absent for more than two years. I knew that Gallatin had been occupied by the Federal forces a long time and that the commandants of the place, Payne and Scarret, had been placed there for their well-known disposition to lord it over a helpless and noncombatant population. Many outrageous crimes had been committed by them, and scores of Confederate soldiers had been brutally murdered for no other reason than they sought to see their dear ones again.

(See DARED, Page 10)

Camp Trousdale and the Writings of 'John Happy'

By Beverly Bragg, President of Trousdale Place Foundation, Inc.

Before the Secession Crisis of 1860-'61, most Sumner County residents had a firm allegiance to the federal Union for several reasons. First, from the onset of the Burr conspiracy through the War of 1812, the first and second Seminole Wars and the Mexican War, they had watched and waited while their young men volunteered and participated in military service.

Second, they shared the sentiments of Presidents Andrew Jackson and James K. Polk regarding federalism, and—according to late state historian Walter Durham in his book *Rebellion Revisited*—they "supported a government of united states, capable of the kind of action taken by Jackson against the South Carolina nullifiers and by Polk against Mexico."

Third, they valued political freedom and independence.

And finally, many second and third generation residents migrated from Sumner County to states and territories such as Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Texas, and California, where they participated in the organization of governments and subsequently rose to the highest positions of leadership. Indeed, Sumner Countians had helped build the federal union in Tennessee, as well as surrounding states and territories, and unless there was no other recourse, they would not leave it.

Railroads, Communication Change Things

In 1858, the Louisville and Nashville Railroad was completed and began offering daily transportation schedules, as well as connections to different parts of the country. While the establishment of the railroad offered opportunities for economic improvements in Sumner County, it also provided better overall communication with the rest of the world. Unfortunately, improved communication did not always result in good news. Durham explained: "information reaching the area in 1860 and 1861, whether transmitted by telegraph, mail or person, was disturbing. As sectional animosities became increasingly exacerbated, the existence of newly improved communication facilities did little to improve understanding between North and South."

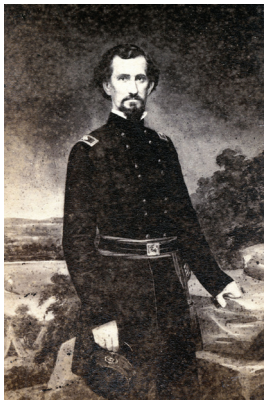
As reports continued to emerge regarding the possibility of a national crisis, many Sumner Countians began assessing the viewpoints of their public servants, past and present. On one hand, former Governor William Trousdale, attorney Josephus Conn Guild and William Bate (later a Tennessee governor and U.S. Senator) were all three veterans and members of the majority Democratic Party in Tennessee. They opposed banks, high tariffs, and supported states' rights. On the other hand, leaders such as Joseph Smith Fowler, President of Howard Female Institute; and attorney Thomas Barry were Unionists, opposed to Tennessee's secession from the Union.

Even though volunteer units began forming and conducting military drills at Castalian Springs in autumn of 1860, Smith and Sumner counties' Senate representative Dr. James L. Thompson and other leaders debated as to whether a convention should be held to address issues related to secession. Durham said that on February 9, Thompson "introduced a resolution in the Senate advocating a southern Confederacy with Tennessee participation" but was unable to garner enough support for it to be put to a vote. While discussions continued among local Tennessee government officials regarding secession, representatives from the seven states of the lower South met and organized the Confederate States of America, and on Feb.18, 1861, held inauguration ceremonies for provisional president Jefferson Davis of Mississippi.

Tension, and Finally Tennessee Secedes

A few months later, tension between the United States and the new Confederate States government erupted into war with the bombardment and surrender of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor on April 12 and 13. On April 15, President Abraham Lincoln proclaimed a state of insurrection. The Confederate Congress declared war against the United States three weeks later, and by June 1861 Tennessee had seceded from the Union.

To train its provisional army, Tennessee established Confederate army training camps. In May of 1861, Camp Trousdale, named in honor of William Trousdale, was one of the first camps and was located approximately 16 miles north of Gallatin and south of Richland Station (now Portland) on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad. The camp was established as the central training area for Middle Tennessee soldiers and General Felix K. Zollicoffer (at left), a newspaper man and politician from Maury County, was selected to command it.



Regiments that trained at the camp included the 7th Infantry (Hatton), the 16th Infantry (Savage), the 18th Infantry (Palmer), the 20th Infantry (Battle), the 32nd Infantry (Bushrod Johnson), the 41st Infantry (Tillman), and the 44th Infantry (McDaniel). Additionally, the 1st Calvary Battalion (McNairy) and the 2nd Calvary Battalion (Samuel Jones), which in May 1862 became the 1st Calvary (Biffle) trained at the camp after organizing at Nashville and Mt. Pleasant.

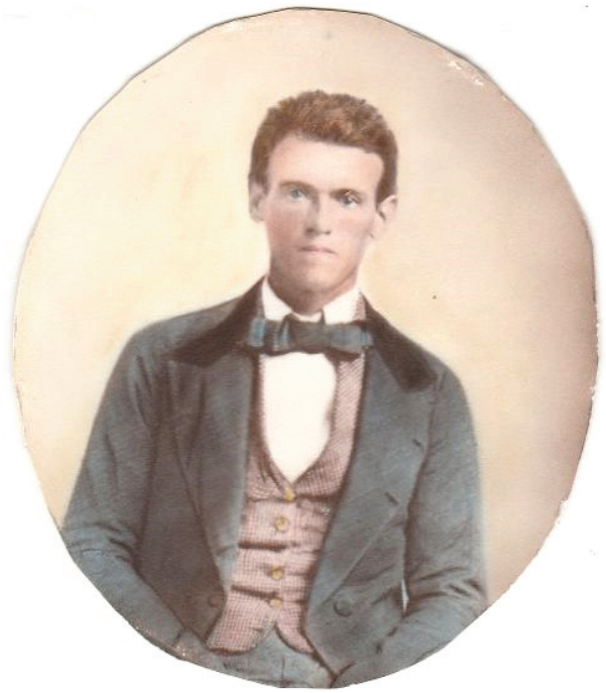
Disease Is a Constant Danger

Camp Trousdale was utilized by the Confederate army from May of 1861 to February of 1862, and from its inception was a makeshift city comprised of tents and temporary structures with abysmal sanitary conditions.

Recurrent disease epidemics, water drainage problems, and unsafe water supplies forced the camp to move three different times. In June, the camp was relocated to farmland approximately two miles northeast of Richland Station. A spring on the property proved to be a reliable water source. and the rolling terrain allowed for better water drainage, which in turn curbed the recurring epidemics. It was not long, however, before disease

once again invaded the camp and nearby Cold Spring School, built in 1857, was converted to a military hospital to treat soldiers sick with measles, diarrhea, and dysentery. In all, approximately 900 out of 6,000 men were confined to hospitals or in quarters. Not included in this estimate are those who were furloughed home to recover.

Eventually, the decision was made by the Confederate medical command to relocate the camp to Mitchellville, Tenn., where wooden barracks were constructed. Troops trained at this site until February of 1862, when Camp Trousdale was razed before Union troops had a chance to occupy the area.



Above Is a portrait of James McWhirter, who was stationed with other Confederate troops at Camp Trousdale in the fall of 1861. The following spring, he and his comrades of the 24th Tennessee Company E fought at the Battle of Shiloh where he was severely wounded on April 6, 1862. He clung to life for days until he finally succumbed to death on April 18, 1862. James was born in 1837 to Isaac and Emaline Anderson Tyree McWhirter.

'John Happy' Satirizes the Camp

While Confederate troops trained at Camp Trousdale, newspaper readers in Middle Tennessee were given a humorous account of camp life by reporter Albert Roberts, whose columns appeared in the *Nashville Republican Banner* under the pen name "John Happy." Roberts, who was born in Sumner County, was the son of John Roberts, who had learned the printing vocation in England. Albert became a printer apprentice by the age of 16 and worked as a European correspondent for the *Nashville Banner*, his father's paper, before returning home to Tennessee. In 1861, he joined Company A of the 20th Tennessee Infantry Regiment and began training at Camp Trousdale, where he told of dismal conditions of camp life.

Durham reported that in John Happy's first letter to readers, he criticized "the government 'pet,' who selected a camp flat, covered with a dense undergrowth and forest trees, as a camping-ground for 5,000 men" and stated, "there is nothing under Heaven to recommend Camp Trousdale but its name."

Durham noted that when Camp Trousdale relocated from its first site, John Happy told readers that although the change was agreeable to the troops, the task of clearing trees and practicing drills in the June heat was "sufficient exercise so that they may die of fatigue. . . before the enemy has an opportunity to kill them."

In the summer of 1861, John Happy contracted measles and was sent home to recover. Upon returning to camp, he wrote that Trousdale was "paradise" when compared to the city of Nashville, where he had been "recognized and persecuted by all of his old creditors."

Still, he had a little fun at the expense of General Zollicoffer regarding sobriety in the camp: "Nobody can get drunk at Trousdale. We have an excellent mode of testing the sobriety of old soakers. We simply require them to pronounce the name of our estimable and much-loved Brigadier-General, and if they fail in the pronunciation they are put down on the 'fatigue list.'"

Albert Roberts, aka "John Happy," commanded the 20th Tennessee at the Battle of Fishing Creek, Ky. and was promoted to Captain in April 1862, before the Battle of Shiloh. Subsequently, he resigned from the 20th Tennessee to join General John Hunt Morgan and his cavalry, and a few months later he resigned from military service altogether. He continued to report on the war in the *Chattanooga Rebel*, the *Southern Confederacy* in Atlanta, and the *Montgomery Mail* until these papers dissolved under Union occupation.

When the War Between the States ended, Roberts returned to Nashville to the printing business and went on to serve President Grover Cleveland as a U.S. Consul in Hamilton, Ontario. Four years later, he returned to Nashville where he acquired an interest in the *Southern Lumberman* and worked as its editor. He died on July 15, 1895.

Author's Note: Publications consulted in writing this story are: "Albert Roberts, aka John Happy" and "Camp Trousdale," *Tennessee Civil War Trails;* www.TNvacation.com accessed 07/19/22; "Albert Roberts." School of Journalism and Electronic Media. Jem.utk.edu/tn-newspaper-hall-of-fame/Albert Roberts. Accessed 07/19/22; "Cold Spring School – Site of Camp Trousdale – Portland TN," www.waymarking.com; *Rebellion Revisited: A History of Sumner County, Tennessee from 1861 to 1870* by Walter Durham in 1999; The Historical Marker Database.

Frances Trousdale Peyton: Her Family Years

By Sue Burgess, VP Trousdale Place Foundation, Inc.

Editor's Note: This is the second in a three part series about Frances Peyton.

1876--America's centennial summer—was a time of both sadness and joy for Frances (Fannie) Elizabeth Trousdale Peyton. She mourned the death in June of her third son, 2-year-old Julien, even as she and her husband John Bell Peyton rejoiced in the arrival of a second daughter, Louise Allen, born on July 10. While these life-changing events played out in the family, the town around them held a huge Fourth of July celebration that honored Fannie's grandfather, Captain James Trousdale, a patriot of the American Revolution, and others who sacrificed for America.

A month later in August 11-year-old Willie, Fannie's oldest son left on the trip that would spark his interest in seeing other states and nations. He went with his Grandpa Peyton and Aunt Emily (Em) Peyton to visit the Centennial Industrial Exposition in Philadelphia, Pa., which would later become known as America's First World's Fair. Fannie received a letter from Grandpa Peyton that said, "Willie went through the apartments of nations and states, notebook and pencil in hand, taking notes….You must give yourself no uneasiness about him. He is the kindest, best-tempered and most accommodating boy in the United States. In a word, he is a real Bugg in disposition which he inherited from his excellent grandma [Mary Anne Bugg Trousdale]…As to the Centennial, although I've been there two days I cannot begin to comprehend, much less describe it…I doubt whether anyone will enjoy or improve by it more than your 11-year-old son Willie Peyton."

September and November of 1876 found Fannie and her Peyton and Trousdale families back in the political arena. Her brother, Julius—fondly called Munch—a Confederate Veteran and a democrat, ran for and won a state senate seat. This took place against the backdrop of the highly contentious presidential election of republican Rutherford B. Hayes, a Major General in the Union Army, over democrat Samuel J. Tilden.

The late fall and winter of 1876 was one of the coldest that Fannie remembered, and by the end of December so much ice had been harvested from local ponds that Gallatin did not have to depend on ice from northern lakes for their ice supply during 1877. Despite the weather, Gallatin did not lack for social events. Local young men formed the Mystic Club, which held dances and other entertainments. Their first ball was held on Dec. 20, 1876. The Peyton-Trousdale families were members of Gallatin Society, and they attended many local social events. In January 1877, the river froze over for the first time in Gallatin's collective memory.

Time marched on for the Peyton's and Trousdale's. The snow and ice melted, and the new year brought new things: A Ten Pin Alley opened, a traveling circus came to town, local racehorses from the Franklin and Guild stables were featured at the Nashville Jockey Club, and a hot air balloon named "Buffalo" landed in a nearby field. That summer Gallatin's young men joined the movement that swept the country and formed the Sumner Guards, and an armory opened on the second floor of Rutledge and Harris, located on Water Street. The Guards drilled on Monday nights, regularly conducted dress parades through town, and competed against other guard units. In the fall of 1877, everyone gathered to welcome the special train that carried President Hayes as it passed through Gallatin on its way to Nashville.

Fannie Trousdale Peyton circa 1875-1880

Fannie and her family continued to live most of the time with her widowed mother Mary, her mother's bachelor brother Uncle Jack Bugg, and her brother, Julius, at the Trousdale family home on Main Street. Fannie's brother, Captain Charles (Cappy) Trousdale, a Confederate Veteran, helped his extended family with their expenses.

What Were Prices Like in 1877?

Cappy bought two boxcar loads (514 bushels, one bushel is approximately 20 pounds) of coal for himself and his brother, Julius, a year's supply in 1877. It was shipped to Gallatin on the L&N Railroad for a total cost of $69.60 which included the cost of shipping ($1,964.12 in current dollars). He bought 135 pounds of coffee and 236 pounds of sugar, also a year's supply, for $41.04 ($1,158.15 in current dollars).

On Aug. 8, 1878, Colonel Balie Peyton, Sr. (Grandpa Peyton), recently returned from two exhausting trips, collapsed while he walked with a family servant in the garden outside of his home. He died on August 18, 1878. He would have been 75 on November 26. Col. Peyton was mourned by many, and his funeral cortege was followed by the largest crowd ever seen in Sumner County. His death meant that John Bell lost his father, Fannie lost her "dear father" and their children lost their

"darling, precious grandpa [Peyton]" who had remembered their birthdays, given them money, written them letters, even named racehorses for after them, and had supported them in every way. Grandpa Peyton would be remembered with pride by his grandchildren.

Death and Ruin Follow

The death of the Peyton family patriarch coincided with John Bell's worst financial problems and started his decline to eventual ruin. The mill and five acres of land that he had purchased from his father with financial help from Cappy failed. He left Fannie and their children in Gallatin and sought his fortune elsewhere. It was a dark time for Fannie in many ways.

However, Cappy continued to be generous with the family, and 1879 was a banner year for him. He traveled extensively for both business and pleasure, and his business ventures and investments prospered. He wrote regular gift checks to his nephews and nieces, and that included Fannie's children, and he regularly gave large gifts of money to his widowed mother, his sisters—Fannie and Maria Louisa (Lou)—and Julius.

That same year, Julius, 30, and still a bachelor, began courting Annie Berry, daughter of William Wells Berry a wealthy Nashvillian. The couple married on April 29, 1880, and their wedding in Nashville was attended by all of Nashville Society. Julius and his new wife moved into the Trousdale family home along with his widowed mother, Fannie and her four children, and Uncle Jack. Annie quickly became "Sister Annie" and "Aunt Annie" and was beloved by all.

The 1880 census noted that Julius practiced law in Tennessee, and that his brother-in-law, John Bell, a lawyer, was a member of the Trousdale household in Gallatin although he was rarely there. The census also listed three black people in the Trousdale house: Lucy Jones, cook; Mattie Jones and Tom Boddie, servants.

The Trousdale home place was crowded, and Fannie was expecting another child. On July 15, 1880, Frances Trousdale (Fannie) Peyton was born.

Annie and Julius expected the birth of their first child in early 1881. There were already 13 people living at the home place—a four room house, a large one room wing connected to the house by an arched breezeway, and several detached smaller buildings that included a kitchen and privy. On Jan. 26, 1881, Mary Ann Trousdale was born at Elmwood, the Nashville home of her grandparents.

With no input from Julius, Annie named her daughter after her mother-in-law, Mary. Julius wrote to brother, Cappy, "Before I entered the room after the birth of the little one and without being consulted on the subject, she [Annie] named her Mary, after Mother."

During the summer of 1881, Fannie and her extended family lived through the attempted assassination of President James Garfield. A special bulletin in the July 4, 1880 edition of *The Nashville Banner* noted Gallatin's patriotism: The people of Gallatin of all parties and both colors are outspoken in their condemnation of the dastardly attempt to assassinate our president.

During late January 1882, the Trousdale family matriarch, Mary, became ill. Julius wrote in a letter to his niece, Katie Trousdale, that Mary "took [to] her bed last Friday [January 27] and was threatened with pneumonia. She doesn't seem to be sick now, but is still in bed, being exceedingly weak…" Mary Ann Bugg Trousdale died on Feb. 2, 1882, and was buried in the Trousdale family plot in the Gallatin City Cemetery.

She willed the Trousdale family home place to her son, Julius, however; it was her son, Cappy, who continued to pay for its upkeep and other amenities such as dance lessons for his nephews and nieces.

In the summer of 1882, Cappy and his daughter, Katie, left on a two-year European tour, and Fannie and her family moved into his house on West Smith St. diagonally behind the home place. Julius and Annie did not want Fannie to move from a home that they considered hers, too, but Fannie persisted. Fannie's sister, Lou, wrote to her niece, Katie, "Aunts Annie and Fannie have separated at last and each one is Mistress of her own household…they are both cheerful and happy…"

Life went on in Gallatin for Fannie. She visited Lou and Annie regularly. Her 17-year-old son Willie worked at the L&N Railroad office in Nashville. Her 15-year- old son Bale studied with Judge Wheeler, and her daughters, Bugg, 11, and Louise, six, studied at Howard Female Institute in Gallatin. John Bell was gone most of time—searching for financial opportunities that didn't pan out.

During the two years that Fannie lived in Cappy's home, she supervised the building of her own house on 184 W. Main, directly across the street from the Trousdale home place. Built of wood in the Late or Second Empire style with a Mansard roof, it was called Peyton Place. Fannie filled it with furniture from the Peyton and Trousdale families. On Feb. 28, 1866, Julius Trousdale (Jule) Peyton was born, Fannie's third son and only child born at home in Peyton Place.

Author's Note: Peyton Place was torn down in 1958 and replaced by the Gallatin Dairy Queen in 1966. It is now the location of Best Donuts.

This picture of Peyton Place is from the Ken Thomson collection.

Memorabilia and More at Portland Museum

By Albert Dittes and Paula Shannon

Thanks to approval from the city of Portland, the Highland Rim Historical Society has transformed the building known as the Moye-Green house into a museum displaying local history.

Located near the railroad crossing at 117 N. Russell St. in Portland, the house was built by Henry and Kate Moye in 1882 on two acres sold to them by Kate's brother, A.C. Butt. The Moyes turned the house into a hotel to accommodate weary travelers leaving the nearby train depot. It grew to handle as many as 30 meal guests and to provide 11 beds.

Standing at the Portland Museum are members of the Highland Rim Historical Society, which was instrumental in opening the museum.

Henry and Kate died in 1918 of the Spanish Flu. Their daughter Mallie, who had married Rufus Green in 1907, continued her parents' tradition, welcoming guests with bountiful meals and sleeping comfort. At some point, the Greens installed a direct current (D.C.) generator in the house, making it possibly the first home in town with electricity, thus modern lighting. Rufus Green died in 1945, followed by Mallie in 1952.

Their children—Katherine and Charlie—did not continue the inn-keeping tradition. Charlie married and moved. Katherine continued to live in the house, but she worked as a high school teacher. When she retired in the 1970s, the house changed hands several times. About 1986 the company next door, Hospital Disposables, renovated the house and eventually donated it to the city. A non-profit preservation committee was set up and was instrumental in getting the house listed on the National Historical Register. The house was used by the city planning department while City Hall was remodeled, then leased to the historic society in 2021.

What's in the Portland Museum?

Guests enter a side door facing the museum parking lot. The first things they see are memorabilia of famous Portlanders and a 17-minute movie about Portland and Sumner County. The show features pictures of downtown Portland from 1940 compiled by Allen Haynes and Johnnie Freedle. The memorabilia celebrates: Corey Brewer, Samual Collins, James (Jimmy) Neal, Ronnie McDowell, Elmer Hinton, Opie Read and Rebecca Caudill.

Corey Brewer, whose picture hangs on the mantle in the room, was a 2004 graduate of Portland High School. He played on the 2006 and 2007 championship teams of the University of Florida and was named the 2007 Most Valuable Player. From there he went on to the National Basketball Association (NBA) teams: Minnesota Timberwolves, Dallas Mavericks, Denver Nuggets, New Orleans Rockets, Los Angeles Lakers, Oklahoma City Thunder, Philadelphia 76ers and Sacramento Kings. He now serves as a player-development coach with the Houston Pelicans.

Samuel Collins graduated from Sumner County High School in 1916 and went on to teach for many years at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (MIT) and founded the MIT Cryogenic Engineering Laboratory. He earned the title "Father of Cryogenics" for his revolutionary discoveries about practical helium liquefiers and low temperature physics. Of his many inventions, the heart-lung machine is the best known.

Jimmy Neal graduated from Sumner County High School in 1946 and played running back there and at the University of Wyoming. He served as an Assistant Attorney General during the presidency of John F. Kennedy, prosecuting Teamsters President Jimmy Hoffa and later handling the government's case during the 1975 Watergate trial.

Country music songwriter and singer **Ronnie McDowell** rose to fame by writing "The King is Gone" after the 1977 death of Elvis Presley. He scored many hits since then and distinguished himself as a painting artist.

Author/politician **Elmer Hinton**, worked as a newspaperman and mayor of Portland. He operated the *Portland Herald* and *Upper Sumner Press* for many years and wrote a "Down to Earth" column for the *Tennessean*. His best stories came out in the book, *Let's Do Away with August.* He was also a master of ceremonies, humorist

Randall Hinton sits in front of a camera and typewriter used by his grandfather, Elmer Hinton, former Portland mayor, editor and correspondent.

and photographer. He founded the annual Gospel Singing held in Gordonsville, Tenn., and left a lasting mark on Portland by starting the Strawberry Festival in 1941, while he was mayor.

Two other famous writers from Portland are pictured in the room. They are **Opie Read**--a 19th-century humorist and author of more than 65 novels--**and Rebecca Caudill**--author of many children's books.

Also in the room is a case with items from the U.S. Bicentennial in 1976, the Tennessee Homecoming of 1986 and the 1988 Portland Centennial Celebration.

In addition, there is a 19th-century desk that features a Spanish-American War picture of Samuel Claude Dye (1872-1950) donated by his great-grandson Sam Dye.

There is also the green Whittler's bench, a gift of the H.G. Hill family, which was outside of the Portland railroad depot for many years. The men, who sat on the bench all day swapping knives and stories while whittling, acquired the nickname, the "Spit and Whittle Club."

Rita Chandler Webb poses with a cash register from her family's department store on Main St. during the late 1940s. Each clerk had a drawer.

Another room contains medical items from doctors of the past and from the Highland Sanitarium and hospital. Some of the physicians included are: Drs. William Polk Moore, T.L. Lanier, Reuben Johnson, Albert Dittes, Lyle Absher, E.F. Peden, two Ralph Simontons, James Ladd and Fount Hobdy.

A separate case contains school memorabilia. The Portland Seminary occupied the site of the present First Baptist Church. In 1915, a Sumner County High School was built on Portland's Eastern border. In 1931-32, this school became the grade school, and a new Sumner County High School was built next to it and served in this capacity until 1961, when the 1962 senior class graduated in modern Portland High School, located on State Route 109 or South Broadway.

In the middle of the room are some military items such as the pistol reportedly used by famed, local Civil War guerrilla Ellis Harper. Items from area churches occupy another case.

In the museum's foyer sits a pump organ restored and electrified by Kenneth Brewer. The Estey Organ Co., of Brattleboro, Vt., made the instrument around 1910, and it served the old Ebenezer Church, established in 1848 and still located off of State Route 259 in Mitchellville.

The last room houses items connected with the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, and local businesses, farms and agriculture. It also features a diorama of downtown Portland in the 1940s, originally constructed by Wendall Gregory and restored by Allen Haynes.

Portland History Museum is open to the public 10 a.m. to 4 p.m. Wednesday-Saturday.

Water Witching Resulted in Hand Dug Wells in Old Sumner County

In her 1973 book, *Historic Rock Castle*, Hendersonville teacher and local historian, Willie McGee Ellis, described many of Sumner County's old-time practices and traditions, including the practice of "water witching," locating water underground. It is also known as divining or witch wiggling.

"No matter what it's called, the person holds a forked stick in both hands and walks over the areas of a proposed spring site. If there is a sudden strong pull and the switch or stick abruptly turns downward, the water witch has found water…that is, if the water witch walks away from the spot and the switch turns upward again after he leaves the spot. Then, that is the site of the spring.

"In early days, swamp hazel was used as the switch, hence the name 'witch hazel.' The English willow was used after its importation to America by water witches. Elmer Hinton of the Nashville *Tennessean* reported that George Harding of Lebanon, Tenn., used a peach tree switch in his modern day water witching.

"Water witching was very important to farmers when time came to drill a new well. It was important because the well really wasn't drilled…it had to be done by hand. The hand-dug well might be some 20 to 30 feet deep and six feet wide, so it was important to pick the right spot. The well was walled up with a dry rock wall of field stone, and a rope and pulley system was used to lower and raise the bucket.

"Today, there is a hand-dug well at Foxland Hall, a living memory of the days of the water witch."

SCHS Remembers and Celebrates Frazor, Wilson and Young

Sumner County Historical Society mourns the loss of Juanita Frazier of Gallatin, and Shirley Wilson and Billie Young, both of Hendersonville, who loved this county and contributed greatly to the preservation and commemoration of its history.

Juanita A. Frazor, 86, passed away on April 24, 2022. Formerly a treasurer and secretary of the Sumner County Historical Society, she could always be counted on to cheerfully volunteer, organize and befriend.

She graduated from Gallatin High School and worked 42 years at Vanderbilt University School of Medicine in the Department of Biochemistry. She retired in 1997 but continued to work as a volunteer Executive Director and Treasurer of the Sumner County Museum.

“Juanita was a very good friend,” noted Allen Haynes of Gallatin. “She and I, along with museum administrator Donna Smith, worked together at the museum for several years. Though Juanita could be the life of a party, she was also business oriented and a hard worker. There wasn’t much she couldn’t do or at least attempt. Her death is a great loss for this county, and the things she did were greater than most people know.”

She was twice named Citizen of the Year by the *News Examiner* , was an Elder of the First Presbyterian Church of Gallatin and a member of the DAR and Rose Mont, Cragfont, Bledsoe Lick and Museum associations. In addition, she directed the annual Gallatin city cemetery tour for 13 years.

Shirley Lea Rudy Wilson, 85, passed away on July 10, 2022. A native of Ohio, she and her late husband, Richard, and their three children moved to Hendersonville in 1977 from Chicago.

Her hobby of genealogy became a successful career. She was a certified genealogist for 30 years, taught genealogy at Volunteer State Community College for 25 years and published county record books and family histories. She was a member of the DAR and Sumner County Historical Society and a past president of the Hendersonville League of Women Voters, the Middle Tennessee Genealogical Society and Hendersonville Library Friends. She was also a Hendersonville alderman.

Bonnie Martin, director of Sumner County Archives, credits Shirley with playing a key role in the archive’s existence. “In 1939 construction of a new Sumner County courthouse led to the court records of Sumner County being sent for preservation to the Tennessee State Library and Archives,” Martin explained. “Boxes of loose records, 1786 to 1930’s were stored but never catalogued. While researching genealogy at Tennessee State Library and Archives, Shirley discovered the collection.”

Recognizing the records’ importance, Shirley arranged with state library/archives to bring the records home to Sumner County. For awhile, she kept dozens of cardboard boxes full of documents safely stored in the downstairs of her home, and in 1984 she organized and trained volunteers to catalog them. As interest in history and genealogy grew, the idea of an archive in this county took root.

Shirley served as volunteer director of the Sumner County Archives from 1996 to 2002 and continued to be involved for the rest of her life. She also served on the Public Records Commission for 36 years.

“Shirley’s discovery of Sumner County’s ‘absent’ court records was a historical treasure trove of research material and inspired other historical books about Sumner County. Thanks to her leadership and guidance the citizens of Sumner County have what is considered the finest rural Archives in Tennessee,” said Martin. “Shirley’s friendship and kindness was so important to me over the years. Her years of experience in government helped guide, support and encourage me. The work she and others accomplished at here has inspired me to continue to develop the Archives. I feel very fortunate to have known Shirley and will miss her.”

Author Jack Masters echoes that sentiment, “Shirley Wilson was a long- time good friend. She was also my mentor and always had suggestions for helping me approach unknown solutions in many of my projects over the years. The value of her many books and publications will serve Sumner County and researchers everywhere for years to come. Most appreciated is the fact that Shirley never guessed or supposed. If she stated a premise, one could rest assured that whatever she offered was in fact the way it was.”

Shirley is survived by three children: Douglas Wilson of Narrows, Va.; Gregory Wilson and Carla Finkle of Hendersonville, and five grandchildren: Sarah and Rebecca Finkle, and Maxwell, Miles and Mitchell Wilson.

Billie Wright Young, 94, passed away on April 2, 2022. Born in Nashville, she was a talented artist whose best-known works were of local landmarks, such as Hendersonville’s Rock Castle, and rural areas in Middle Tennessee and Kentucky.

Her love of art was life long. At age 16, she began work in fashion illustration at a prominent department store in Nashville, working every afternoon after school. She met her future husband, James Russell Young, who was also working after school at the store. They married after World War II and had five children.

Billie continued her fashion art career, working for the four largest department stores in Nashville, and she began painting with oil and watercolors. She produced a print edition of one of her favorite paintings, "Mountain Cabin." Its success led her to print many more of her paintings, and in 1979, she established her company, American Country Art. At that time, she gave up fashion art and illustration to devote her time to her fine art paintings.

Billie is survived by her children: Carolyn Whittenburg, Argie Norwood, Susan Denney, James Russell Young and Lisa Barry, as well as grandchildren and great grandchildren.

Hendersonville After the Civil War: Back to the Farm

By Tim Takacs

In his book, *The City by the Lake* (Volume I), Hendersonville author and attorney Tim Takacs includes information about Hendersonville from 1780 to 1969, including facts about farming at the turn of the 19th century. He wrote:

"Hendersonville during the latter half of the 19th century was rural. A Louisville and Nashville Railroad publication described Hendersonville in 1866 as 'a small post village' with a population of 35, all of them clustered around the train depot. Dry goods and groceries were available at stores operated by postmaster S.D. Butler, Charles Clendening and J.L. Doxey. Hendersonville could boast of two physicians: T.T. Dismukes and W.W. Doxey.

"The returns from the 1870 United States census showed 23,711 inhabitants of the county, with over 3,000 in Gallatin, 1,573 at Saundersville, 1,119 at Shackle Island, 1,216 at Castalian Springs and 1,477 at Hartsville [Trousdale County did not yet exist]. Even though Hendersonville was a stop at the railroad line, in the eyes of the Federal government, the village was not significant enough to rate separate census returns.

"The principal occupation was farming, and the principal method of farming was sharecropping. Hendersonville's principal sharecropper was Harry Smith. [Harry was the grandson of General and Senator Daniel Smith and lived at Rock Castle]. Smith bound his sharecropping tenants to one basic rule, which he called his 'rule of renting.' Smith would 'supply all needed implements & animals to put in, cultivate & gather the crop; to take half the crop raised; to furnish rations & supplies & take pay for the same out of the renters one half.'

"At the beginning of the 1887 growing season, the year before Smith's death, [a man named] William Thompson asked Smith's permission to rent the land under the sharecropping agreement. Harry told him to make arrangements with John Smith; he would ratify whatever agreement John made. John Smith, Thompson, Peter and Lark Shute and Tom Walton agreed to cultivate Harry's land under the 'rule of renting' and raise corn and cotton, with each partner taking one-fifth of the one-half of the partnership's share of the crop raised.

"Thompson, however, fell sick in June and was taken into Rock Castle by Harry Smith, who nursed him to health. Thompson's illness forced the end of his participation in the raising and gathering of the crop that season. Harry's generosity notwithstanding, Thompson demanded that he and John Smith pay him his share of the crop. Harry charged that Thompson owed him at least $18 after accounting for his share of the corn and cotton and any other credits owed him, but, he answered, Thompson was 'wholly insolvent & irresponsible & and they could not make a dollar out of him.'

"John Smith set forth in detail Thompson's share of the crop and the expenses [giving historians a good idea of what was grown on the farm at that time and how expenses were figure]. 'The cotton crop turned out a yield of about 2,000 lbs. The corn has not been gathered, but a careful estimate of it makes I not exceeding 200 barrels…'Harry Smith's share of the cotton is 1,000 lbs. & of corn (estimated) 200 barrels. One-fifth of the one-half of the cotton (seed cotton) would be Thompson's share at 2 ½ cents per lb. is $5. One-fifth of the one-half share of the corn at $2.10 would be $42 for a total of $47.

"Thompson's afr. for supplies in favor of Smith is $41.75. Thompson should be charged too with 2 1/3 months at $10 per month expenses incurred on the crop, cultivating & gathering, leaving Thompson in debt $18.08.

"Thompson never collected anything from Harry Smith or his estate, and Harry never attempted to collect from Thompson what he and John believed Thompson owed them.'"

(REMEMBER, Continued from Page 1)

country and the people who are dedicated to working in the space program."

Martin R. Curtis, Sr. [of Hendersonville] commented, "I think it was a great achievement. We watched it on television until 10:30 Sunday night and also later on video tape. It just proves to me that when Americans start to do something they don't quit until they accomplish what they set out to do."

Mrs. W. H. Soyars [of Hendersonville] remarked, 'I am glad to have been alive when something this wonderful happened. I have envied our forefathers because they lived during the time that America was discovered and built. Now I feel that my grandchildren or even great grandchildren will tell that I watched this on TV. I think we have found something that the Lord has created that has a purpose. The time will come, I believe, when this purpose will be revealed."

Goodlettsville Mayor H.S. Moss said, "I just sat there in awe and wondered at the miracle of the event. Of course, I'll have to admit I was more apprehensive about this shot than when John Glenn went up because there was so much about it that was unknown—undecided. To me it was one of the greatest scientific achievements of our time. I think possibly this will open more doors for understanding between nations than anything that's happened in this century."

Commissioner J. Ernest Galbreath said, "I don't think the moon itself is of any value to us—nothing but a stone, no water, no air. It can't ever be anything. But the accomplishment of getting there is what amounts to something—for people to perform the feat."

Commissioner Raymond Massie said, "I think a lot can be accomplished in the know-how of getting there—maybe not for this generation, but for generations to come."

(DARED, Continued from Page 1)

The darkest chapter in our War Between the States could be written under this head. I was fully posted then of the hazard of such an undertaking, but I wanted to see my wife and little boy (who was but a few weeks old when I left there), and I fully determined in my own mind to risk it, as I felt convinced that this would be the last opportunity."

Guild received grudging permission (his superiors thought he was nuts and would be killed) to go a hundred miles from Wheeler's camp in the Sequatchie Valley to Gallatin. He went with four men who lived on the way. He wrote:

"These men all lived on this side of the Cumberland River and some distance from Gallatin; I was the only one intending to go that far. We at once set out from Crossville, on the mountain, and then to Cookeville. Soon after leaving the Regiment we found ourselves in the country infested with the bushwhacking band of Tinker Dave Beatty, the notorious Federal jayhawker, a terror to Southern sympathizers in that part of the state, whose whole object was to kill, not capture. On several occasions…citizens would tell us in terrified whispers that he and some of his band had, but a moment before, preceded us, and death was certain if we fell into his hands, as they took no prisoners. To avoid such results, we concluded to lay by in the daytime at some secluded place and travel by night.

"Some very amazing things occurred during our night riding. A good many Federal soldiers belonging to Col. William Stoke's regiment were furloughed and at home. If we chanced to meet any of these upon the road…we told them we were Federal soldiers and had been sent to notify them to return at once to their post at Carthage, Tenn., as it was rumored that Wheeler was coming across the mountain…"

Guild left his horse and the last of his companions in Smith County a few days after they departed camp. He went on foot, alone, to Gallatin.

"It was then near sundown. My first object was to get a boatman to paddle me across the river. I found much difficulty in this. I had on all my army equipment—gray uniform, two army pistols around me, and the haversack in which I carried all my papers as adjutant of the Regiment. But over these I had on a long linen duster, which somewhat concealed them from view. I had determined, if I was captured, to have no evidence upon me as a spy or to disguise the fact that I was a Confederate soldier, though the old duster would easily conceal me, and I posed as a Federal soldier when asking for information."

He came upon an old man driving an ox wagon in his direction and lied—not too convincingly—that he was a Federal soldier on furlough hurrying to get back to his command across the river.

"I noticed him eying me closely, and after a few words more he said to me: 'Come, get up on the tongue of the cart. I don't believe you are telling the truth…You are no Yankee, but a Confederate soldier. My name is Walton. Tell me what you are after.' He spoke so frankly that I concluded at once that he would do to confide in. I got on the cart, told him who I was, and that I wanted to go to Gallatin that night and return the next day…"

Guild wrote that Walton warned him, "'If you go to Gallatin, you will certainly be killed. The meanest kind of officer is in command there, and he kills every Confederate soldier he captures. Besides, I learned that they are greatly stirred up, are impressing the citizens to work in strengthening the fort and have drawn in their picket posts close up to the town.'

"This was a worse state of affairs than I had anticipated; still I replied that I would attempt it. At this he said, 'If you will go, get up and ride; I live about one mile down the road. Go by the house and get your supper, and I will put you across the river.' It was dark when we reached the house, and his wife had prepared supper. After supper I started; and after getting across the river, he gave me directions how to reach the Gallatin and Hartsville Turnpike, about four miles distant…"

Moving ever closer to home, Guild passed and spoke with two former acquaintances at different times. Neither seemed certain of his identity, and he—not knowing where their loyalties lay--carefully questioned them about the lay of the land. He learned that the Yankees still anticipated an attack from Wheeler, so all roads out of Gallatin were being scouted.

Tired and Lost, He Trudged On Toward Home

"I then began my travel down the pike toward Gallatin, about 14 miles distant, stopping to listen occasionally. At Bledsoe's Creek, six miles from town, I stopped on the hill near the tollgate to listen, and I thought I heard the sound of horses' hoofs on the turnpike. After waiting awhile, I moved across the bridge and, to avoid meeting anyone, got over the fence with a view of traveling parallel with the pike until I came to a lane that led from the pike to Cairo, my intention being when I struck the lane to travel along it back to the pike again. When I reached the lane, I sat on the fence, and to save me I could not remember which end to take…I was so exhausted from six weeks riding day and night that I became bewildered and chose the wrong end of the lane…"

He ended up near Cairo, realized his mistake and turned around, but once again he became disoriented in the dark and went too far back.

"I had gone at least four miles out of my way, and looking toward the east I could discover evidences of day breaking. I knew it would be death to be caught in that vicinity in daylight, and, tired, worn-out, and footsore, I struck a trot toward Gallatin with all the vim and strength I could command, determined not again to leave the beaten track. At Mr. Barry's I took the old Cairo Road to Gallatin. At the Chambers' farm I turned left and, passing Mr. Calgy's place, passed on to my father's farm and house, south of Gallatin, on the Lebanon road and about half a mile from the courthouse at Gallatin. The Hartsville Pike that I traveled down approached Gallatin from the east.

"As I got into the field near the house, day was evidently breaking in the east. I looked toward town and saw a camp fire…and saw soldiers standing around. I knew then that this was the picket base, and that the vidette stand would be near the front gate of the yard…The house stood in the opposite side of the road from the

direction I was approaching. Thus, the whole situation was before me."

Fearing that he might end up running for his life, he took off his heavy weapons and gear and hid them in some bushes, retaining only two small pistols.

"I looked up and down the pike and saw the pickets about a hundred yards off, standing at the upper gate of my father's yard fence and looking south with their backs toward me. Lifting myself quietly over the rails, I slipped across the road to the garden fence between the guard and vidette stand and, climbing over, fell into the garden."

Reaching his family's summer house near the backdoor, he shed his heavy, conspicuous cavalry boots to be able to move quietly forward.

"I proceeded to the yard and, going around the house, saw a light burning in my mother's room and felt then that she was with an invalid sister. I pulled up the back steps to a gallery in the rear, and going to my mother's room and making a smothered knock at the door, heard some one say, 'Who is that?'

They Couldn't Believe Their Eyes!

"In a low tone of voice, I whispered my name, when I heard my sister exclaim, 'Lord, ma, it's Brother George!' The door was opened, and I quietly entered. I could not, if I wanted to, tell what happened then. It was a sudden and unanticipated apparition. Both my mother and sister looked dazed and could not believe for a moment what they saw. If I had fallen from the skies, they could not have been more surprised…I asked for my wife and baby, and was told that they were on a visit to Nashville. I shall not undertake to describe the deep disappointment that this news created. I remember to have exclaimed in deep despair: 'Is it possible, afterall, that I will not be permitted to see them?'

"After a little while my mother said to me: 'My son, do you know the risk you are running? The soldiers are at the gate, and every day they are through the yard, and they frequently come into the house. There is not a negro about the place who would not take pleasure in informing them that you are here. The soldiers in town are expecting an attack. They are strengthening the fort in anticipation of this…Besides, if they capture you, they will kill you and burn up the house.'"

Guild calmed their fears. He would stay only that day, sleep until noon in a locked room upstairs, see only the immediate family and remain hidden until after nightfall when he would tell them good-bye and start back to the army.

"I had to pass a long and open porch before reaching this [upstairs] room. Daylight was then evident. Looking toward the front gate, the pickets were plainly to be seen, and to shelter myself from their view I got down on my hands and knees and crawled to the door…Without divesting myself of clothing, I fell across the bed, and in a few minutes was fast asleep…"

About noon, he awoke to find his wife in the room. Worried about rumors of Wheeler on the move, she and their son had returned early to Rosemont and had been amazed to learn George was there. His father, Judge Guild, was still in Nashville, practicing law and trying to meet the necessities of the farm, which lay in ruins.

"I then asked to see my little boy, but she answered, 'No,' saying that my mother and herself had concluded that it might reveal the fact to others that I was in the house; that the child was a great pet with the soldiers that came around the house; and that he was constantly telling them that his father had a gun too and a pistol and sword, and that he was coming home soon…"

So, instead of meeting his son, Guild watched him play from a window and kissed him while he slept that night. Family members slipped in to see Guild during the day, and all was well until late afternoon. He was alone and dozing, when he suddenly heard loud voices outside.

Horrified, He Thought He Was Caught!

"Glancing out the window, I saw Federal soldiers running through the yard in every direction…I at once concluded that they had been informed that I was in the house, and they were making their arrangements to kill or capture me. I concluded at once to meet it as best I could. I hobbled to a chair and, placing it in the room opposite the door, drew my army pistol, clicked the cylinder…and holding it under my coat so that it could not be seen, I awaited the issue. I remained in this state of suspense 10 or 15 minutes, I suppose, when my wife tiptoed into the room to inform me that a citizen of Wilson County had come into Gallatin that day, that the guard was after him to put him to work on the fortifications, that he had evaded them and had run through the large yard full of shrubbery to make his escape, and that everything was now quiet. I do not know that I was ever more relieved by a piece of information."

Late that night, still sore from his long walk home, he left the room and went to say good-bye.

"They were much distressed that I could not take clothing with me, which, of course, I sadly needed. However, they managed to get me a soft pair of shoes to take the place of the army boots…

"I shall never forget that scene. It remains in my memory yet as a 'death watch. All were weeping with smothered sobbing. There was no occasion to remain longer, so I immediately commenced bidding them farewell. The last to meet me was my mother, who as she arose from the old family rocker threw her arms about my neck and said in these never-to-be-forgotten words: 'O, my son! Do you not think your little army is already crushed and overwhelmed? I sit here day after day thinking and praying for you all and listening to the running of train after train of soldiers from the North, and feel that you cannot withstand such numbers.'

"I replied, "It is a gloomy outlook, indeed; but my duty is to return to my comrades, to share whatever fate may befall them.'"

"At that I stepped out into the dark and began my sad tramp again…"

Note: George's Guild adventures returning to his army post continue and will be reported in the next edition of this newsletter.

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