



The Quill



T H E C H E A T H A M C O U N T Y A R C H I V E S N E W S L E T T E R
S P E C I A L H O L I D A Y E D I T I O N

1915 OLIVER TYPEWRITER

The Oliver Typewriter Company existed from 1895 to 1928. During that period, it was one of the largest typewriter producers in the world. Oliver Typewriter Company did not last through the 1920s. Competition and financial issues were its downfall.

The company's assets were purchased by investors who manufactured typewriters under the "British Oliver Typewriter Company" until 1959.

You may ask, "This is interesting, but what does a failed typewriter company have to do with Cheatham County?"

The Cheatham County Public Library is now in possession of a Number 9 model Oliver Typewriter.

Sam and Allison Balthrop of Ashland City, recently donated a Model 9 typewriter. The Model 9 was produced from 1915-1923. It was the most produced model of the Oliver brand.

The Model 9 was one of the first "visible print typewriters". It was a down strike typewriter. The keys struck down from above on the machine instead of up as many typewriters do. This allowed the typist to view text better as it was typed.

The Model 9 also allowed for specialty typing. Specialty typing included making stencils or using carbon paper for copies.

The ability to use the machine as a good use for copies probably has a large role in its history and its use by its owner, Sam A. Marable.

Sam A. Marable (1889-1983), was Sam Balthrop's grandfather. Mr. Marable was born in Montgomery County. He attended school in Montgomery County, Battle Ground Academy and Cumberland Law School in Lebanon, Tennessee.

Mr. Marable arrived in Ashland City in 1912 at the invitation of L.J. Pardue, a prominent local attorney. The two men formed Pardue and Marable Law Offices. The Pardue family home was located where Hardee's now stands.

In 1914, Mr. Marable married Pearl Chambliss (1890-1978). She was the daughter of James Carroll and Nannie Allen Chambliss of Ashland City. The Chambliss' home was a two story white house on Cumberland Street which was demolished in recent years. J.C. Chambliss was president of Ashland City Bank and Trust at one time.

The Marables had one daughter, Nancy (1923-2009). Nancy married J.C. Balthrop (1919-1998). They had two sons, James and Sam who both became lawyers.

Mr. Marable had a long and productive life. He was a World War I veteran and served in the State Guard during World War II. In the early 1920s, he served a term in the Tennessee State House of Representatives and in the early 1930s the Tennessee Senate.

In 1938, Sam Marable became Judge Sam Marable. He was a chancellor in the Sixth Chancery Division in Middle Tennessee and served until he retired in 1959.

The Marable's Oliver typewriter probably served as an important tool in the legal career of Judge Marable. We wish to thank Sam and Allison Balthrop again for sharing and helping to preserve their family history with their donation.

~Walter Pitt, Archivist

1915 OLIVER TYPEWRITER

(continued from page 1)

House of Representatives
State of Tennessee

S. A. MARABLE
Ashland City
Representative Cheatham, Robertson
and Williamson Counties

NASHVILLE

Ashland City, Tenn., Feb. 2, 1922.

L. J. PARDUE

S. A. MARABLE

PARDUE & MARABLE
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW
TELEPHONE NO. 70.
ASHLAND CITY, TENNESSEE

March 19, 1930



PAULINE HEATHMAN GUNN MEMOIRS

*The following is continuation of "Chapter Two" from Pauline Heathman Gunn (1898-1991). Contained in the Volume IV, Issue 2 Newsletter pages 4 and 5. Mrs. Gunn was married to James Noble Gunn (1900-1986) for over 60 years. She was a teacher for over 40 years in Cheatham and Robertson Counties. *Note: Transcribed as written.*

Early Days at Home

Directly across the road from our house Mammy Chambliss' sister Henrietta (Aunt Etta) and her step-mother, Susan, (Granny Hyde) lived. I loved both of them and went over there when I pleased. The first grief I knew was when Granny died. She died the summer I was six years old. Aunt Etta lived only two months longer.

I had playmates who would come with their mothers when they visited Momma. Then I'd go with Momma when she visited them.

One of my greatest joys was going to Pappy Chambliss'. Sometimes I'd spend a week there, and Henry, Ruth and I would play.

After Aunt Etta died, her house was rented. Miss Fannie England and her brother Willis were the first renters. A young doctor, Dr. Thomas F. Woodruff came to Pleasant View to start his medical practice, and he boarded with Miss Fannie.

I was soon much in love with him and claimed him for my sweetheart. He went back to Adams, TN and married his sweetheart, Carrie Crosby. When he returned to Pleasant View with his bride, they stayed with Miss Fannie several months before he bought his future home.

Dr. Woodruff rode horseback when he went into the country to see his patients. Sometimes, he'd lift me up in front of him, and let me ride out the road a piece. Then he'd put me down and I'd run back home.

Uncle Blount and Aunt Bettie Hyde lived beyond us a little way. I loved to go there with Momma. Aunt Betty had a son, George Rudolph, by her first marriage. He was only four when Aunt Bettie and Uncle Blount married. Uncle Blount loved him as his own son. George made a lot over me and I loved him. He died when I was five. He was twenty-four. Aunt Bettie and Uncle Blount were deeply grieved. Uncle Blount had already made his will leaving everything to George.

Small children have to be taught good manners many times. I had to be. One time I went with Mammy Heathman to see Mrs. George Basford. Soon after we got there, I began begging to go home. Mrs. Basford asked, "Why do you want to go home?" and I said, "I'm hungry." Of course she got up and fixed me something. I'm sure it embarrassed Mammy. When we left, Mammy told me how ill-mannered it was to hint for something to eat when I was visiting. I never again asked for anything to eat when away from home.

Another incident I remember that taught me a lesson: Pappy Chambliss' sister Mary would come every year and spend a month or six week with him and his & her brother Robert (Uncle Bob). She would always visit us some and I loved Aunt Mary. One day Momma took Lucille and me with her to spend the day at Mammy Chambliss'. Aunt Mary was there. This event is firmly etched on my mind. Aunt Mary was sitting by the dining room window sewing. I stood by her, watching her. Finally I said, "Aunt Mary, you are mighty ugly, but you're a heap of help." Well it tickled Aunt Mary, but not Momma. She gave me good lecture about respecting others, especially old people. I never again did such an ugly thing. In fact, I began to love older people and soon had several older (old I thought) friends I visited.

One of my happiest places was my home. Momma was such a sweet understanding mother. Papa was fun. He would play with us, tell us funny stories and sing silly songs. Then there were Mammy, Pappy and Babe.

One of my Papa's songs that I liked was 'Jennie Jenkins'. It went like this: will you cook Jane, oh Jane will you cook Jennie Jenkins? Before I cook, I'll read a book and buy me a turley earley izer—Buy me a double turley-hurley-burley rolly-bolley, sing Jennie Jenkins over.

He'd use different words—like milk—silk—Before I'll milk I'll dress in silk. I'd think of words & tell him to make up a verse. Will you plow? Before I plow I'll milk a cow—

School Days at P.V.

Nothing to do Nellie Darling, nothing to do you say!

Let's take a trip on memory's ship, back to the by gone days.

Sail to the old village school house, anchor outside the school door—

Will look in and see, there's you and there's me, a couple of kids once more.

(continued on page 4)

PAULINE HEATHMAN GUNN MEMOIRS

(continued from page 3)

School days, school days, dear old golden rule days,

Readin' and writing and 'rithmetic, 'rithmetic, taught to the tune of a hickory stick.

You were my queen in calico, I was your bashful barefoot beau.

You wrote on my slate, "I love you Joe,"

When we were a couple of kids.

My school days were happy days. I could hardly wait to start to school, and when the day arrived I was anxious to see who would be my teacher.

She was Mrs. Williams, the principal's wife. I fell in love with her immediately. She was a kind carking person. She was in our home many times during the school year.

I had not been taught anything like a, b, c's—counting, etc. Momma had read to me a lot and I especially loved the Bible stories. I had memorized all of Mother Goose Rhymes and a lot of poems. Mammy Heathman and Pappy Chambliss had told me a lot of interesting things about their childhood. I asked questions about everything. I was a curious (interested) child.

I think I was ready for school. I learned to read easily and quickly and could memorize. In fact I read so well that when the term ended, Mrs. Williams promoted me to the third grade. However my spelling and number work were not third grade level. I could write but not a straight line, nor very good.

When I started school the next year, so happy and excited, I found my teacher a pretty young Miss Williams. Prof. and Mrs. Williams had moved to Kentucky and Mr. Josia Kellar was principal. Miss Williams didn't remain pretty to me for long, when I told her I had been promoted to the third grade, she hurt my feelings—saying I thought I was smart—shouldn't be in that grade, etc. I remained hurt—didn't enjoy a day I was in her room. I know now, I should not have been in that grade until I had caught up with my other subjects, but she could have explained in a kind, caring way and I would have been satisfied.

Miss Williams married during Christmas holidays and quit teaching, and I surely was glad.

Mrs. Sophia Jinette (Pennington) took her place. I had known and loved Miss Sophia all my seven years. She lived in P.V. and was a near neighbor.

My school friends were Kathleen Walker, Bettie Mayo, Pauline Lowery, Ruby Mai Murrah, Maggie Perry, Ethel & Hattie Webb and others. Mr. Jessie Mayo had bought Aunt Etta's place and moved in early in my second school year. He and Miss Sallie had three children: Aldo, Bettie and Paschal. Bettie was my age and we soon became best friends. At school, she Kathleen and I were always together. My cousin, Nannie Chambliss was a grade ahead of me, but she often played with us.

We played "dropping the handkerchief", "London Bridge is Falling Down", "Ring Around the Roses" - we built play houses—bringing our dolls from home.

There were a lot of oak trees around the school, and in the fall when the leaves fell, we'd play burying one another in a big pile of leaves. No wonder we had colds and sniffles.

The school house was very near the Methodist Church, and the cemetery on one side of the church. Often, when there was a funeral, the teachers would line us up and have us march over to the cemetery. We would stand quietly while the grave service was conducted.

I've often wondered why such a practice was allowed. They'd always sing and we'd see the family weeping. No wonder I didn't want to hear a "burying song".

(continued on page 5)

PAULINE HEATHMAN GUNN MEMOIRS

(continued from page 4)

In the fall of 1907, Kathleen Walker was stricken with the much dreaded malady of diphtheria. There was no preventative at that time, but antitoxin was in use, and if given in time was usually cured. Someone had to go to Nashville to get it, and as there were no cars in P.V. it took quite some time to "go and come". Even tho' the antitoxin was given, Kathleen died. She died on her tenth birthday, Oct. 1, 1907.

Betty and I were lost without her, and we grieved for a long time.

I loved to visit my friends. I spent the day with Kathleen a lot of times then she would come and spend a day with me. We really seemed like kinfolk as my grandmother Chambliss and her grandmother Bidwell were step-sisters and had grown up together.

Betty and I ran back and forth daily. I loved to go to Ruby Mai Murrahs. She had a rope swing and I could swing so high—if some one pushed me.

Papa and Mr. Shepherd Webb had been in the undertaking business together until Mr. Webb's death. Ethel and Hattie were Mr. Webb's little girls. Papa said, "Pauline, you should invite Ethel and Hattie to come home with you and Lucille some Sunday." I did the next Sunday and we had a good time.

Ethel's nose was real flat, and one day I said to Henry, "I wonder what made Ethel's nose so flat." he said, "I guess she fell down and mashed it on a rock." Well, the Sunday she was my little guest, I asked, "Ethel, did you fall down and mash your nose on a rock?" She said, "No, its always been like this." she didn't seem to mind my asking.

When I told Papa, he gave me some sound advice about what I should or shouldn't say. I learned some practical lessons during my "growing up".

I loved to visit "old people". I thought any one fifty or more was old.

Just below our house the Clarksville to Springfield Hwy crossed our road going to town—now Main St. There was a house on each corner. Mr. John Bradley lived in one—the other three were homes of these elderly people (I thought). Mrs. Betty Scott Bradley—widow of Mr. Joh Bradley's daddy, Mrs. Jennie Wilson, widow of Tom Wilson and Mr. & Mrs. Dick Williams. Mrs. Williams was "Miss Nannie" to me. I loved to visit each one of them. Miss Nannie never failed to give me one of her big ginger cakes.

I liked to go to go to Uncle Ray and Aunt Jennie Heathman's. Mai, their youngest daughter was the age of Momma's sister, Ruth. She wanted me to spend the night with her almost every week. One time I was there and barefooted. I got my toe under Rena's chair and she rocked on it. It hurt and I cried. Rena said, "You had no business with your foot under my chair." I didn't like her for a long time after that.

Lena Pitt lived beyond me and almost every afternoon she'd stop at my house as we came from school and ask Momma to let me go home with her. Sometimes Momma would let me go, but usually she'd say 'no'. Then Lena would start to beg, "Please 'Miss' Maude, please let her go—please"—on, on—Momma was patient, but didn't change. However she said she'd like to give Lena a spank.

There were often entertainments of some kind at the school house. Papa would get up a minstrel once a year. I remember one time a magic lantern picture show. The local grown-ups gave an "old folks concert". Momma and Papa were in it.

Our Methodist preacher was dressed like a little boy. He chewed gum all the time. He'd go up to different ones and ask, "Do you wanna chew my wax?" I thought that was the best part.

The night of my first year's school closing, I was in a Tom Thumbs Wedding. I was the bride & Bob Williams the groom. I had a long recitation to recite also. Mr. Phil Duke, the County School Supt. was there. After the program, he asked Mamma if she'd let me go to Ashland City and recite that recitation when the Teachers' Institute met, and she told him she would. Then, I had to say my piece every day lest I forget it.

When time came for the institute, Papa took me to Aunt Jerdie Norris' in Ashland City. When the day came for me to recite, my cousin, Ruby Chambliss took me to the Court House. (The high school hadn't been built.).

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PAULINE HEATHMAN GUNN MEMOIRS

(continued from page 5)

At the proper time, Mr. Duke led me to the front, introduced me. I said my piece and didn't forget a word.

I went to Sunday School every Sunday, and when we had preaching, I stayed sitting with Mamma. I enjoyed the singing, but didn't get much out of the sermon.

Bro. Gerald Harper and Bro. Lovell are the two P.V. pastors I remember. Bro. Lovell had two sons, who became missionaries to Africa. One was born at P.V. Bro. Harper had a son born at P.V., who became a minister and at one time was given the P.V. church. Bro. Harper was a brother to Dr. T.S. Harper, who practiced medicine in Ashland City.

There were three doctors in Pleasant View when Dr. Woodruff came. Dr. Winfield Scott was an older doctor. Dr. Maydell Dowlin was his son-in-law. The other Dr. was Dr. Hallums—grandfather of Bud & Snookie Hallums.

Dr. Scott was reared in Robertson County in the Barren Plains community. His two brothers were also doctors and remained in the Barren Plains community.

In 1906, Uncle Jim Cage, Mammy Heathman's brother, moved from Sango to P.V. Lucille and I were pleased. Beatrice was Lucille's age and we had fun. Lucy and Marion were older, but I loved to be with them.

There were several families of Bradleys. Mr. Vernon Bradley was a well-educated man—for several years he represented his district as state senator. He married into the Dowlin family—his wife was Mary, sister of Dr. Dowlin and daughter of Harris Dowlin, a very prominent land owner.

Mary Frank Tucker and Louise Pace were the daughters of Ed Bradley and were reared in P.V. They had a brother who married Morene Nicholson.

Mary Frances Bradley's father, John was the son of 'Squire' John Bradley and brother of Uncle Ben Bradley.

Peter Woodson was one of the early settlers and owned quite a lot of land. He had two sons and a daughter. His sons were Arch and Maroe. His daughter married Dr. Scott. Arch married Fannie Bradley, sister of Ed and Wash Bradley. They had a large family—Felix drowned when a young man. Agnes married Elias Murphy—Carrie married Gilford Morris. Esther married Russel Herndon. Henry never married—Walter married Corinne Tipton and Gertrude married Bro. Ernest Blessing, a Methodist minister.

Uncle John Justice had a large tract of land—probably inherited from his father. Several people farmed it every year. I never knew Uncle John to do any work on it.

The Clay Murphy family lived on a farm near P.V. His wife was a sister to Uncle Ben & John Bradley. His children were: Fannie, who married Dr. Connell and lived in Adams, TN. Maggie married Dave Harris and a daughter married a Winters. They were all friends of Mamma's. His sons were Emmet, Ernest, John and Elias. John was the father of Virginia M. Van Hook & Louise Murphy.

There were Balthrops all through the near-by on Robertson Co. farms—Sam Balthrop's family were: Robert, father of Lloyd, Zellos, father of J. C. and Nannie who married John Murphy.

The Abner Bidwell family lived on a big farm about 1 1/2 miles from P.V. His large family were: Emma—married Tom Walker, brother of Everette, Beuna married Martin Walker—another brother—Charlie, Paul, John—married Mamma's sister Carrie, Marion and Mable.

There were Felts—Williams, Harris and others.

(to be continued in the next issue of the Quill)



RECIPES FROM CHEATHAM COUNTY'S PAST

Old Fashioned Chocolate Fudge**Gayle McLaughlin**

2 1/2 sticks Parkay margarine	3 cups sugar
3 1/2 T cocoa	3/4 cup can milk
3 T white Karo syrup	1 tsp vanilla
Pinch salt	Nuts (optional)

Melt margarine, add cocoa, syrup, sugar, salt and milk. Bring to a boil and let it boil for 7 minutes. Remove from heat. Add vanilla and set in cold water until ready to pour out into an 8 1/2" x 8 1/2" dish.

Fruitcake Cookies**Virginia VanHook**

1 lb. candied fruit, mixed	1 can coconut (3 1/2 oz.)
1/2 cup flour, plain or self-rising	2 cups chopped pecans
1/4 tsp salt	1 can sweetened condensed milk

Dredge fruit in flour. Add salt, coconut, nuts and milk. Mix thoroughly. Drop by spoonful on greased cookie sheet. Bake 25-30 min. in 275° oven. Store cooled cookies in airtight container about 5 days before serving. Makes about 4 doz.

Penola Chambliss Jam Cake**Carriabel Balthrop**

1 c. sugar	3 eggs
3 c butter (not oleo)	2 c. flour
1 c. jam	1 tsp. soda
5 Tbsp. buttermilk	1 tsp. cinnamon

DO NOT USE MIXER. Cream butter and sugar; add jam; add eggs to mixture. Sift soda, cinnamon and flour together. Alternate dry ingredients with milk. Pour into 2 (9-inch) pans and bake at 350° for 25 minutes.

** Note: Recipes transcribed as written by their original contributors.*



ASHLAND CITY TIMES

WINTER 1968-69

Looking Back...

The winter of 1968-69 saw tragedy, the arrival of Santa Claus, a retirement and a record setting basketball game.

December 1968 started with the shocking death of Cheatham County Central Principal Thomas Capley, 35 and science teacher Otis Mabry, 40, near Kingsport, Tennessee. Mrs. Karen Capley, also in the accident, lived one day before succumbing to her injuries. The Capley's car crashed into a truck. Scott Capley, their 13 month old son, survived the crash and was recovering at a Kingsport hospital. The Capleys had been visiting Mrs. Capley's family for the Thanksgiving holiday.

The weekend of December 7, 1968, saw Santa Claus arrive in Ashland City. A throng of excited citizens greeted Saint Nick as he appeared at the Ashland City 5 & 10 store on Cumberland Street.

A few yards down from where Santa was appearing, Midway Supply Company opened its doors for the first time. The grand opening was hosted by owner Bruce Batson. The store is located at the railroad tracks across from the Co-Op on Cumberland Street.

The county and town were saddened by the death of Albert Clifton. The former County Trustee and past partner of the towns Chrysler dealership, died December 9. Mr. Clifton was at present co-owner of Gupton-Clifton Chrysler in Springfield. He was an active member of the Ashland City Methodist Church. He is survived by his wife, Ada Ruth (Tootsie) Clifton and children, James and Janice.

As 1969 arrives, Chapmansboro will be looking for a new postmaster. Lucille Hunter, retired after 24 years. Mrs. Hicks Allen will serve as the interim postmaster. The office has one carrier, Mr. H.P. (Buddy) Shearron.

The construction of the new house of worship for the Sycamore Chapel Church of Christ was taking shape. The church, founded in 1847, will be moving into its third building.

January came to a close in a big way for Linda Mays. The Kingston Springs Elementary School seventh grader scored 61 points in a game against West Cheatham.

The second week of February 1969 saw the arrest of Robert Haskins for the murder of his son-in-law, Phillip Adcock. Mr. Adcock was shot at the Adcock's home. Sheriff Les Binkley arrived as Mr. Adcock lay dying. The victim identified his father-in-law as the man who shot him.

We will look at news highlights from another year in the past in the spring edition.

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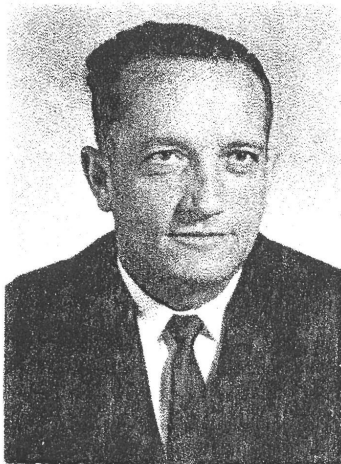


ASHLAND CITY TIMES WINTER 1968-69

The Cub Scripts

Vol. XIV No. 4 Cheatham County High, Ashland City, Tenn., Dec. 1968

Crash Takes Two CCHS Officials



Mr. Otis Mabry

Cheatham County High was shocked with the death of principal, Mr. Thomas Capley, and teacher, Mr. Otis Mabry, on December 1.

The tragic accident occurred near Kingsport, Tennessee, when their car crashed into a truck. The Capleys and Mr. Mabry had been visiting Mrs. Capley's family during Thanksgiving. They were enroute home.

Mrs. Capley lived until December 2. Scott Capley is improving and should recover shortly.



Mr. Thomas M. Capley

Memorial Assembly Remembers Dedicated Leaders

A memorial assembly was presented in memory of Mr. Thomas M. Capley and Mr. Otis Mabry on December 6 in the high school auditorium. After the devotional reading, by Beth Evans, Milton Bell and Richard Hughes sang "How Great Thou Art."

Joseph Maxey and Connie Ferrell gave speeches on behalf of the student body. Mr. Maxey expressed the feelings of the faculty. Mrs. Bruck sang "This is my Task." Mrs. Christian extinguished the candles representing life and replaced them with live roses, symbolic of the living memories of Mr. Capley and Mr. Mabry. Following this, a trumpet trio played "The Battle Hymn of the Republic" while the students and visitors sang.

Speech, Music Presents "Gifts"

The speech and music departments of CCHS, sponsored by Mrs. Bruck and Mrs. McCarty, presented the Christmas play, The Gifts We Bring, on December 19.

The main characters were: Tommy Webb, Jackie Bates, Gary Mraz, and Mitchell Roberts.

The chorus sang several Christmas carols while Mrs. Hyde played the organ, which was

donated by the Shearons.

Miss Dozier and David Hunter were in charge of the art work and the costumes for the play.

Band Performs; Receives Plaque

The CCHS band received a plaque from the Clarksville Chamber of Commerce for its participation in Clarksville's November 24 Christmas Parade.

The band also performed Friday, December 13, on the Courthouse lawn in a program presented by the Ashland City Jaycees and Jayceetes and the Chamber of Commerce. Also appearing on the program were the choirs of several area churches.

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CHEATHAM COUNTY ARCHIVES

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The Cheatham County Archives houses, maintains, & provides public access to County Government records and historical documents; and serves as the primary repository for these records.

It is the mission of the Cheatham County Archives to support and provide public access to County Government records in our custody and control.

We have a vision of promoting innovative approaches to historical preservation and research.

We desire to expand the accessibility of historic resources to the community.

HIGHLIGHTS FROM OUR FACEBOOK PAGE



Senior Class, Central High School early 1920s: Mr. Palmer Smith, teacher, SENIOR CLASS MEMBERS: (Not in Order): Guy Allen, Julia Duke, Elsie Hewitt, Edith Mayo, Thelma Pack, Ruby Sloan, Corrine Tipton, George Clark, Vivian Frazier, Nina Jarrell, Lorene Moore, Mary Parrish, Tom Stump, Nannie Felts, Stella Harper, Corinne Lenox, George Murff, Victor Sensing, Ruse Tucker, Lizzie



CCCHS class of 1942-43 photograph.



Bottom Row L-R
Randy Johnson
Bobby Binkley
Jesse Hogue
Gary Hale
Lewis Simpkins
Joyce Winfrey
Buddy Cantrell
Charles (Butch) Tucker
Johnny Hagewood

Second Row L-R
Barbara Jean Simpkins
Virginia Glasgow
Kathy Cummins
Emily Nicholson
Eugene Darrow
Billy Harris
Ernestine Davis
Nancy Batey
Kay Nicholson
Buford Danley

Top Row L-R
Roseanna Joseph
Evelyn Hooper
Shirley Denney
Donna Wayman
Larry Ellis
Ray Biggs
Barbara Bowker
Bill Christian
Audrey Biggs
Miss Bess Harper

1st Grade Class. Ashland City Elementary School. 1950-51