

THE HOLLINGSWORTH - McCALEB QUARTERLY
*THE DESCENDANTS OF JOHN & ZILPHA HOLLINGSWORTH AND HUGH & ELIZABETH McCALEB
AND RELATED FAMILIES*

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STATEMENT OF PURPOSE & INTRODUCTION

My name is Larry E. Whitehead. I am a ggggrandson of Hugh and Elizabeth Holbrook McCaleb and a gggrandson of John and Zilpha Hollingsworth. I am married to Lora Juanita Tillman Whitehead and have two sons, Chris and Jeff. We also are the proud grandparents of three wonderful grandchildren, Lora, Taft and Travis. We live in Clay, Alabama which is a suburb of Birmingham. With the introduction out of the way, let me continue with the purpose of this editorial.

This newsletter is to inform those interested in the McCaleb and Hollingsworth families of past and current happenings in the family such as deaths, marriages, births, etc. Also to relay information about our ancestors and thus our heritage (which, I might add is a noble one). An additional purpose is to generate interest among the younger generations as well as the older ones in communicating with their kin. The last McCaleb reunion was attended by a very few folks.. Surely we can find the time to spend a few hours once a year with those who share our heritage. The last trip that I ever made with my parents was to the Whitehead reunion two years ago. It was the only one they ever attended. I wouldn't trade anything for having taken the time to take them. I will be reminding everyone in each edition of the time and place for the next reunion. **Block out the first Sunday in June, 2002 and plan to attend.**

I am not aware of past attempts to publish a newsletter focusing on either the Hollingsworth or McCaleb families in our area, nor am I aware of a newsletter devoted to two families at the same time. The two families are so inextricably linked together, that to cover one would of necessity cover the other. Most family newsletters focus on the genealogy aspect of the families. This one will cover current events, news about family members, humor and genealogy. In this issue under "**The Way Back When**" column, for instance, is an excerpt from a book by Thomas Perry relating his experiences growing up in the Hubbertville community in the 1920's and 30's..... The "**Remembrances**" column covers those of our number who have passed on recently. While our primary focus will be on the McCaleb and Hollingsworth families, we intend to include "**Related Families**". These families will include, McCollums, Logans, McDonalds, Ehls, Fords, Galloways, Fowlers and others from time to time. The "**Ties that Bind**" column will concentrate on a different McCaleb and Hollingsworth family each issue. The "**What If**" column will feature timely pieces both humorous and serious "**Random Shots**" will cover anything that comes to mind. From time to time Uncle Isaac will grace these pages with his words of wisdom and pithy comments in a column entitled "**Uncle Isaac Sez**" I hope to get others of our kin involved in this endeavor.

It is my intent to publish the paper on a quarterly basis. I solicit your input, ideas, anecdotes, criticism (not too much) and help. Feel free to offer suggestions on how to improve the paper. I am particularly asking you to send me obituaries, wedding and birth announcements. Also we will publish reunion announcements for the "**Related Families**". Fred McCaleb has agreed to assist in this effort, having spent a major part of his life researching the two families. Patsy Box Johnson has been into genealogy for a number of years. She grew up in the Hubbertville area and is descended from our McCollum ancestors. Several others have offered to help. If you would like to write an article or have one published please send it to me. My address is:

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There will be no charge for this publication. It is my hope that some of our "*well to do*" cousins will agree to underwrite the cost of mailing and printing. So here goes! I hope you will find it interesting and worthy of being called the..... **Hollingsworth - McCaleb Quarterly**. Enjoy....lew

The Ties That Bind.....

Hugh White McCaleb (McKillip) married Elizabeth Holbrook on August 13, 1803 in Stokes Co., North Carolina. Hugh was the son of Andrew McKillip and Elizabeth Lowery and Elizabeth was the oldest daughter of James Holbrook and Barbara Fair. He was named in the will of his grandmother, Isobel Lowery, dated 11 Dec 1809, probated in 1812, and that of his father Andrew Mckillip in June 1810. He signed a power of attorney in Logan Co Ky in 1818, when he sold land that he had inherited from his father to his brother-in-law, Michael Fair. From there, he moved by way of Lauderdale Co Tn and Morgan Co., Alabama, to Fayette Co Alabama. The family lived for several years in Morgan Co., near the city of Falkville. Three of the children were married there. The move to Fayette County probably occurred in the mid 1830's. All the children, with the possible exception of Lavinia, either moved with or followed them to Fayette Co. His descendants retained the McCaleb spelling. Hugh died in 1845 and Elizabeth lived until 1870. It is believed that they are buried in the Old Whitehead Cemetery on a hill above Berea Church of Christ, Fayette County.

They had the following children: (1) Jane, born abt.1804, married Robert Logan, lived in Fayette/Marion Cos. (2) John A., born 1805, married Mary Ann Hackworth, lived in Fayette Co., and Texas. (3) Lavinia, born ca. 1806, married David Gibson (4) Barbara, born 8/24/1810, married Thomas J. Lauderdale, lived in Fayette Co. (5) Andrew, born 2/3/1813, married Leah Catherine McCollum, lived in Fayette Co. (6) James H., born 11/1814, married Phoebe Hollingsworth, lived Fayette Co., (7) Hugh White, born 1818, married Mahala Richards, lived in Texas. (8) Elizabeth, born 1825, lived in Fayette Co. (9) Alfred Cowan, born 5/18/1827, married Mary Ann McDonald, lived in Fayette Co. (10) William Franklin, born 4/6/1830, married Caroline Ann McDonald, lived in Fayette Co.

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The Ties That Bind.....

John Hollingsworth was born 9/3/1792 in Franklin Co., Georgia. He married Matilda "Tildy" White in Franklin Co. on 11/24/1816. They moved to Fayette Co. in 1824. Together they had six children. Tildy died unexpectedly in 1825. John then courted and married Zilpha Galloway on 10/11/1827. Zilpha was the seventh daughter of Thomas and Jane Beall Galloway. She and John had fifteen children, three dying in infancy. John was a successful farmer and became one of the largest landowners in Fayette Co. He died on 11/30/1880. Zilpha lived until 4/15/1894. They are buried in the Hollingsworth Cemetery on Ford's Mountain, Fayette County. John and Matilda had the following children:

(1) Samuel, born 9/7/1817, married Martha Louise Galloway, lived in Fayette Co. (2) Thomas, born 9/30/1818, married Margaret Fowler, lived in Fayette Co. (3) Jephtha, born 5/28/1820, married Martha "Patsy" Ford, lived in Fayette Co. (4) Phoebe, born 1/9/1822, married James H. McCaleb, lived in Fayette Co. (5) Mary, born 11/8/1823, married Arthur Evans, lived in Fayette Co. (6) Matilda, born 8/25/1825, died young. John and Zilpha had the following children: (1) Sarah, born 7/17/1828, married Thomas Fowler, lived in Fayette Co. (2) Jane, born 12/24/1829, married Daniel "Newt" Ford, lived in Fayette Co. and Texas (3) Hannah, born 2/9/1831, married George "Jake" Reynolds, lived in Fayette Co. and Texas (4) Jacob, born 6/5/1832, married Sarah Frances "Sallie" McCaleb, lived in Fayette Co. (5) Greenbury, born 11/13/1833, died in infancy (6) Frances, born 3/1/1835, married Matthew Roberts, lived in Fayette Co. (7) Zilpha, born 4/12/1836, married Coleman G. Fowler, lived in Fayette Co. (8) John R., born 11/15/1837, married Elizabeth Jane McCaleb, lived in Fayette Co. (9) Henry, born 8/30/1840, died in the Civil War (10) James, born 8/11/1843, died in the Civil War (11) Wiley Jackson, born 6/27/1845, married Regina Ann McCaleb, lived in Fayette Co. (12) Martha Louise, born 10/9/1846, married Samuel Stephens, lived in Fayette Co. (113) Benjamin, born 9/22/1848, died in infancy (14) Franklin Pierce, born 10/29/1852, married Margeurite Ann McCaleb, lived in Fayette Co. (15) Marion Galloway, born 1/23/1855, married Sarah Alice McCollum, lived in Fayette Co.

JONAH AND THE WHALE

A little girl was talking to her teacher about whales. The teacher said it was physically impossible for a whale to swallow a human because even though they were a very large mammal their throat was very small.

The little girl stated that Jonah was swallowed by a whale. The teacher reiterated that a whale could not swallow a human; it was impossible.

The little girl said, "When I get to heaven I will ask Jonah."

The teacher asked, "What if Jonah went to hell?" The little girl replied, "**Then you ask him.**"

Way Back When.....

The following is the obituary of Andrew McCaleb that was written by Jimmy Woods, the local preacher at Berea Church of Christ.

Death of Andrew McCaleb (Gospel Advocate 1899)

On the morning of July 2, 1899, brother Andrew McCaleb died at his house near New River, Alabama. Uncle Andrew (as we all called him) was born on Feb. 3, 1813 in North Carolina, and moved to Fayette County, Alabama with his parents at an early age in which county he spent the remainder of his life. I have not been able to get the date of his baptism, but Uncle Andrew was one of the pioneer reformers in this county. Not more than three weeks before his death he told me that he had been a subscriber to the Gospel Advocate for more than 30 years. He was a man with a strong constitution and much will power, and believed there was a living for every man who would honestly work for it, and he showed his faith by his works. By industry and economy he prospered in life, but he never got too busy to attend church. Of the many meetings which it has been my privilege to attend at Berea church house, I do not remember to have ever attended one (and I have missed but few during the last thirty years) when Uncle Andrew was not there; and he contributed liberally to the support of the Gospel. At the time of his death he was making his home with his son in law, brother James Wade, his children all being married and his devoted wife having preceded him to the great beyond more than 14 years ago.

James S. Wood
Glen Allen, Alabama

More Way Back When.....

Dinner On The Ground

I always looked forward to each spring when the big meeting would begin at New River Church of Christ. After the morning service, we would gather under the big shade trees below the building for dinner on the ground. Tables would be spread with more food than I had ever seen. Fried chicken, ham, chicken & dumplings, vegetables of all kinds, biscuits, pies, cakes and it seemed that everyone brought my favorite, banana pudding. After eating all one could hold, the kids would play in the nearby woods while the grown folks visited. Soon everyone would go back to the building for an afternoon of singing, and what singing it was. I can remember two of the song leaders, Cogar Hubbert and Boss Tucker. Boss would come down from the White's Chapel church. He always conducted the singing with a pencil in his hand. I can see him now looking over his glasses as he led the congregation in a spirited number**Just remembering.....**lew

POLITICS.....

"Suppose you were an idiot...And suppose you were a member of Congress...But I repeat myself" -- *Mark Twain*

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Uncle Isaac sez.....

.....Saw a kid showing out the other day. His momma was wringing her hands like she didn't know what to do. Paw would have said the kid needed a good stropping..... Which got me to thinking bout new inventions and technology and such.New inventions sometimes has unintended long term consequences..... For instance...the invention of the safety razor did away with the straight razor which did away with the razor strop which did away with stropping the kids which did away with discipline which created the mess we have today...There you have it folks, blame it on the safety razor.....One of the ladies in the Missus' social circle allowed as how I had a bad attitude bout raisin kids.....Said she never raised a hand to her two boys....I said that uz obvious, seein as how one of'em served time and the other aughta be there.....Things are bout to get back to normal with the missus.....ummm..... Clem asked me the other day if I knowed what you call a bad lawyer.....He said "Senator"
...umm.....Speakin of politics.... Saw a bumper sticker the other day. It asked the question " If we all quit voting, will they all go away?.....The Professor says the problem with political jokes is they get electedCarried one of the grandkids to the doctor the other day.....Must have been twenty five or thirty kids in there ,all screaming and carryin on ..Wasn't much wrong with any of em that a proper application of a little Watkins White Linament along with a good dose of Castor oil wouldn't cure.One kid was climbin on the ceiling and his momma said he was "hyper".... Thought to myself that a good dose of Black Draught would "unhyper" emClem and his missus carried Bubba, a few years back, to see Santa Claus. Bubba climbed on a rockin horse while he was waitin to see Santa and wouldn't get off for the other kids to ride. They was all squallin and nobody could get Bubba off. Finally Santa Claus came over and whispered in Bubba's ear and he jumped right off. Clem asked him on the way home what Santa said to him. Bubba said Santa told him if he didn't get offen that hoss, he was goin to break his neck.....ummm..... ..nuthin beats tellin it like it is....Saw an old ad for Garrett's Sweet Snuff the other day... Brought back the memory of my Grandma Minnie.Belle. ... Garrett's was her favorite.....She used to send me out to find sweet gum branches to make her "toothbreshes" with.....She could spit across the room from twenty feet and hit a bullseye in the fireplace.....If they had snuff spittin in the Olympics, she would win the Gold....She used to keep the yard swept clean with a "bresh" broom....Everytime I have to cut the grass, I think she was wiser than I gave her credit for.....The Professor says "Ya know you're gettin old when you stoop to tie your shoes and wander what else you can do while your down there".....The Barber says he wants to die in his sleep like his Grandpappy, not yelling and screaming like the passengers in the car.... Cousin Jim, the rocket scientist, says I need to refine my writin style... Says I aught to quote a little Shakespere from time to time.....I don't know too much about Shakespere so I been searchin for a quote of his that I could understand and appreciate.....Finally found one....."Kill all the lawyers".....ummm.....Remember a clear conscience is generally a sign of a bad memorytil next time .

Fort Hollingsworth



Fort Hollingsworth is located in the small rural community of Hollingsworth, Georgia. This area is in the mountain country of northeast Georgia near Toccoa Falls. This home was built by Jacob Hollingsworth, John Hollingsworth's Grandfather, in the 1780's. It is the oldest standing home in North Georgia . Jacob was a carpenter by trade and the building is testament to the quality of his work. Young John, more than likely, grew up in this community. In his time it was Franklin Co., Georgia. The White family lived in this same community and John married Matilda White. Your editor visited Hollingsworth and Toccoa Falls this past summer. The area has a double meaning for me. My gggrandfather, Archibald Whitehead lived near Toccoa Falls about 1800. I believe that he probably married Nancey Smith while living there. They of course wound up in Fayette County, Alabama , living just a few miles from John Hollingsworth and his family. It is truly a small world. The following is excerpted from an article by Bonnie Hollingsworth, whose husband is a descendant. The article was written several years ago.....lew

As I stepped into the fort, now two hundred and five years old, I seemed to be emotionally transported back in time, to share the experiences of the families seeking shelter there. I stared into the fireplace, marveling at the masonry work that had endured so well through the many years. How many meals had the pioneer women cooked here; bending over the hot coals to stir food cooking in heavy iron pots? One small window to the right of the fireplace had been their only natural light; their only source of a breath of fresh air. There was a wooden track made to slide the window open, when it was safe enough and warm enough to do so. The logs used in the construction of the walls still visibly display the marks of the broad axe and drawing knife. I pause and wonder HOW these massive logs were raised into place. The craftsmanship is truly something to behold. Jacob Hollingsworth was obviously a master mason and carpenter, for this building to still be standing after two hundred years! I made my way up the narrow steps to the upper room. There, you can see the rocks and white mud "chinking" that was used to fill the cracks between the timbers. I inspected and touched each wall, noting the hand-carved wooden pegs that still held them in place. Each truss overhead also had a wooden peg to hold them together where they met at the peak of the roof. I wondered how many children slept in this room. Were they safe? Were they warm? Were they happy?

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How many times did they huddle together in fear of Indian attacks? After all, the primary reason for the building of the fort was to have a safe place to go when the Indians did, indeed, attack these "intruders".

I stood and gazed out the little window in the upper room, where the inhabitants of yesteryear stood watch for the movement of the Indians. It is a peaceful, wooded scene, but I could imagine the apprehension of the former occupants; not knowing when that peace would be shattered by an attack. It was a very moving and emotional moment for me. I lingered as long as I could, trying to soak up the history that surrounded me, and was sad to have to leave this place.B. Hollingsworth

Hubbertville School



I didn't know very much about Hubbertville School until I became interested in genealogy. As I researched the different families and their history, it occurred to me that Hubbertville is an outstanding school. I dare say that no other school of its size in this part of the country has produced as many graduates that have gone into the education field as this school. I can think of many who went on to become teachers and several who made careers in higher education. What an outstanding record. Those of you that attended this fine school should take pride in this great record. *lew*

More Random Shots.....

An Obituary

Today we mourn the passing of an old friend. He lived a long life but died from heart failure at the brink of the millennium. No one really knows how old he was since his birth records were long ago lost in bureaucratic red tape. He selflessly devoted his life to service in schools, hospitals, homes, factories, and offices, helping folks get jobs done without fanfare and foolishness. For decades, petty rules, silly laws, and frivolous lawsuits held no power over him. He was credited with cultivating such valued lessons as to know when to come in out of the rain, the early bird gets the worm, and life isn't always fair. He lived by simple, sound financial policies (don't spend more than you earn), reliable parenting strategies (the adults are in charge, not the kids), and it's okay to come in second. A veteran of the Industrial Revolution, the Great Depression, and the Technological Revolution, He survived cultural and educational trends including feminism, body piercing, whole language, and "new math."

But his health declined when he became infected with the if-it-only-helps-one-person-it's-worth-it" virus. In recent decades his waning strength proved no match for the ravages of over bearing federal regulation. He watched in pain as good people became ruled by self-seeking lawyers and enlightened auditors. His health rapidly deteriorated when schools endlessly implemented zero tolerance policies, reports of six year old boys charged with sexual harassment for kissing a classmate, a teen suspended for taking a swig of mouth wash after lunch, and a teacher fired for reprimanding an unruly student. It declined even further when schools had to get parental consent to administer aspirin to a student but cannot inform the parent when the female student is pregnant or wants an abortion.

Finally, he lost his will to live as the Ten Commandments became contraband, churches became businesses, criminals received better treatment than victims, and federal judges stuck their noses in everything from Boy Scouts to professional sports. As the end neared, he drifted in and out of logic but was kept informed of developments, regarding questionable regulations for asbestos, low flow toilets, "smart" guns, the nurturing of Prohibition Laws, and mandatory air bags. Finally when told that the homeowners association restricted exterior furniture only to that which enhanced property values, he breathed his last.

Common Sense was preceded in death by his parents, Truth and Trust; his wife, Discretion; his daughter, Responsibility; and his son, Reason. He is survived by three stepbrothers: Rights, Tolerance, and Whiner. Not many attended his funeral because so few realized he was gone.....*submitted by Foy Anthony*
I would have thought that common sense died at least a decade ago. In this age of political correctness and every other kind of foolishness, when one cannot make an utterance without the risk of being accused of being "insensitive". Thanks Foy, for reminding us.....lew

World Trade Center Attacks

Billy Graham's daughter was being interviewed on the Early Show and Jane Clayson asked her "How could God let something like this happen?" Anne Graham gave an extremely profound and insightful response. She said "I believe that God is deeply saddened by this, just as we are, but for years we've been telling God to get out of our schools, to get out of our government and to get out of our lives. And being the gentleman that He is, I believe that He has calmly backed out. How can we expect God to give us His blessing and His protection if we demand that He leave us alone?".....
Submitted by Barbara McCollum

Random Shots.....

During the first week in October your editor made a trip to the Northeast on business and the trip took us through New York City. As we approached the city, we could see the skyline has had a drastic change. The World Trade Center is no more. I have been to New York many times and have never particularly cared for it. This time was different. The people, whom I considered to be some of the rudest in the world in the past, could not have been nicer.

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Everywhere we went people would greet us warmly and with a "how do you do". For a fleeting moment, I thought they were all southerners. What a wonderful change. It is a shame that such a terrible tragedy had to occur to affect such a change. Also, everywhere were signs of the new found patriotism. I never saw so many American flags. They were on cars, apartments, houses, office buildings and street corners.

Even more amazing is the change in the attitudes of our politicians. For once in our lives, I believe they are interested in doing what is best for the country and not the party. It will be interesting to see how long this so called spirit of bipartisanship lasts.

For many years, many of us have been concerned and even appalled at how far the country had drifted away from what we believe our forefathers intended for it to be. Greed, immorality and voter apathy as well as the deterioration of the family have become the order of the day. This paper was begun for, and is devoted to the idea of the importance of family and all the marvelous benefits and experiences that go with it. I am convinced that the breakdown of the family is more responsible for the collapse of our value system than anything else. Other than our relationship to God, family is the most important ingredient in our lives. Too often our leaders have not set the examples that we should expect and we sat back and refused to hold them accountable for their shameful conduct. It appears that a major change across this great land is taking place with a general desire to "take back our country"..... Thank God!..... The unspeakable horror that we witnessed has caused many to reassess their lives and the things we have so long taken for granted. Maybe this is the silver lining around this horrible cloud and the dawning of a new day in our country. Lets all hope so and pray for our President and Armed Forces as they struggle to bring these evil people to justice. We should also pray that the positive changes we are beginning to see in our society continue.....*May God bless them and may.....GOD BLESS AMERICA.....* lew

If I Had A Second Chance

*I'd stop looking and start seeing,
And treat everyone as a human being.*

*I'd stop taking and start giving,
Stop hiding and start living.*

*I'd do more listening and a lot less talking,
Enjoy the world and do more walking.*

*I'd take my eyes off my watch and watch with my eyes,
To notice the trees and the beautiful sky.*

*I'd stop criticizing and show more love,
Be less forgetful and give thanks up above.*

*I'd be less angry and swallow my pride,
And share with the world what I have inside.*

*I'd stop hating and be more kind,
And give a little more of my precious time.*

*I'd give more encouragement and a lot more praise,
And do a lot less judging for I too have lost my way.*

*I'd get my priorities in order and straight,
Better now than never Lord, I'm just a bit too late.*

*I'd stop hopelessly chasing after the wind,
From this point on a new I begin.*

*I'd find my way back to the Lord's humble grace,
With a vow never again to lose my place,*

*I'm changing my life and I've made a stance,
Oh Lord, what I wouldn't give for a second chance.*

As one gets older and begins to reflect on his or her life, the things mentioned above become all the more meaningful. Things that were important a few years ago suddenly begin to fade and hurts begin to heal. Things that were never thought of before suddenly become important. This is my favorite poem. Thought I would share it with you. It just seems appropriate at this timelew

I Am My Own Grandpa

Many, many years ago When I was twenty-three,
I got married to a widow Who was pretty as could be.
This widow had a daughter Who had hair of red
My father fell in love with her, And soon the two were wed.
This made my dad my son-in-law And changed my very life.
My daughter was my mother, for she was my father's wife.
To complicate the matters worse, Although it brought me joy,
I soon became the father Of a bouncing baby boy.
My little baby then became A brother-in-law to dad.
And so became my uncle, Though it made me very sad.
For if he was my uncle, Then that also made him brother
To the widow's grown-up daughter Who, of course was my step-
mother. Father's wife then had a son, Who kept them on the run.
And he became my grandson, For he was my daughter's son. My
wife is now my mother's mom. And it surely makes me blue.
Because, although she is my wife, She is my grandma too.
If my wife is my grandmother, Then I am her grandchild.
And every time I think of it, It simply drives me wild.
For now I have become The strangest case you ever saw.
As the husband of my grandmother, ***I am my own grandpa!***
Adapted - author unknown

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Way Back When.....

Hubbert's Store

The only store within several miles of home was C. M. Hubbert's store near the church, school, cotton gin, and grist mill. Like most country stores, it carried in stock most of the necessities needed around a home or farm. Mr. Hubbert also owned the gin and purchased corn, cotton, and other commodities from the farmers living in the community. Much of his merchandise was sold on credit with payment due in the fall when crops were harvested. Many farmers were never able to get out of debt since their crops would not take care of all they owed. The first thing you saw when you entered the store was the candy counter. The candy was housed in a glass covered counter. Inside were Baby Ruth, Butterfinger, and Milky Way candy bars, gum drops, Jaw breakers, suckers, and many kinds of sweets. You could purchase small candy bars for one cent—if you had the penny, or brought an egg to pay for it (which we often did). As you proceeded down the left aisle you found tobacco, sugar in a barrel, crackers in a barrel, flour in 24- and 48-pound bags, coffee, canned goods, as well as buckets, dippers, etc. The farm supplies and equipment were kept in an addition in the rear of the store. The right side was devoted to dry goods such as overalls, shirts, piece goods, hats, shoes, coats, socks, etc. Motor oil was kept in a tank on the front porch and was pumped by hand into a quart measuring container to be poured into the automobile.

Kerosene (coal oil) was stored in 55 gallon drums on the side of the store. If you wanted kerosene—an absolute necessity for lighting—you brought a one gallon can and the kerosene was pumped into your can. A potato was added to the spout and away you went. Gasoline pumps had hand levers to pump into an overhead glass holding tank. Let's say you wanted to purchase five gallons of gas: the gas was pumped into the overhead tank until it reached the five mark then drained by gravity into your gas tank.

The store was a gathering place for the men in the community. You could find out the news there—who had died—who was sick—who had a new baby, etc. The men would sit on the edge of the porch and smoke or chew their tobacco and talk about the weather and what was happening. In the winter time they gathered in chairs or sat on nail kegs around the coal fired "pot bellied" stove. Mother often had me take a Rhode Island rooster or hen to the store to trade for soda, salt or whatever she needed. I would tie the chicken feet together, tuck it under my arm and head for the store a mile away. I always hated to walk in the store with a group of people gathered around with the rooster or hen under my arm. You had to be careful in holding the chicken so your clothes wouldn't get messed up.

AUTOMOBILES

The first car we owned that I vaguely remember was a 1923 Model T Ford. I remember the next car, a 1927 Model T Ford, much better. It was an open touring car, black as all T models were. The upholstery was black leather. Since it did not have side glasses, in rainy or cold weather, curtains were mounted over the low side doors. They had some small cellophane places so you could see out the side, somewhat. This car didn't have a speedometer, heater, or any modern equipment. It had three pedals on the floor. One was the low gear pedal, the center one was the brake pedal, and the other was the reverse pedal. You could expect at least one flat tire for each 100 miles traveled. The driver made his own tire repairs by

patching the hole in the tube with a repair kit he carried. He then remounted the tire and pumped it up with a hand pump. We often got stalled in the muddy roads we traveled in those days. It was better than the travel by wagon and buggy still used by many families. We took an exceptionally long trip for a Model T in 1928. We went to visit Mother's sister and her family near Shannon, Mississippi, a distance of over 75 miles from home. Boy, this was a long way to go with a family of six in a Model T Ford. The next car we owned was a 1929 Model A Ford. It was a classic in its day and even today, some 60 years later, is still classed as a classic. The car was a two-door sedan. Somehow, all seven of us were able to get into it. I may not remember what I ate for breakfast this morning, but I remember the cost of the Model A was \$631. It was an ideal car for rural areas and roads—reliable, high off the ground, economical, reasonably comfortable and durable. I learned to drive this car. In 1938 we traded the Model A for a two-door deluxe Chevrolet sedan. This was a real fine car. I drove this car thousands and thousands of miles between 1938 and 1946 when I purchased my first car,

Some of my fondest memories involve the visits by my Grandmother Hallmark and Uncle Arthur. He had an old (about 1921) Model T truck that was completely open. In fact, it didn't even have a windshield. The seat on which he and Grandmother sat was some old springs with quilts on top of them. To start the truck, he would jack up one of the rear wheels, turn on the switch, and using the hand crank, turn the motor until it started. He would then push the truck off the jack, run and catch up with it, jump on and drive off.

School buses were built on a plain truck chassis using a home built wooden body. The seats were benches mounted on each side with the children facing each other. A center bench was also used. Side curtains made from canvas were used to keep out the rain and part of the cold. Since we lived only one mile from school, we had to walk back and forth to school. Daddy would carry us and pick us up in rainy weather but in cold weather we walked.

Excerpted from "*A Walk Across The Stage*" by Thomas Perry. Mr. Perry grew up in the Hubbertville community.

A personal note: If my information is correct, my Father, Taft Whitehead, drove the first school bus in Glen Allen. He and his brother Benton, who was the schoolteacher, bought the truck and rigged the body as Mr. Perry describes above. I recall him laughing about having to back up the hill from Bazemore because of the gravity flow fuel tank. The model T didn't have a fuel pump. He said the kids would have to unload and walk up the hill.....lew

Prosecutor: "Did you kill the victim?"

Defendant: "No, I did not."

Prosecutor: "Do you know what the penalties are for perjury?"

Defendant: "Yes, I do. And they're a lot better than the penalty for murder."

THE HOLLINGSWORTH - McCALEB QUARTERLY
*THE DESCENDANTS OF JOHN & ZILPHIA HOLLINGSWORTH AND HUGH & ELIZABETH McCALEB
AND RELATED FAMILIES*

WHITEHEAD FAMILY CEMETERY, Fayette County, Alabama *(This cemetery probably should be called "The McCaleb - Whitehead Cemetery as there are more McCalebs here than Whiteheads.....lew)*

*This data was copied by Herb and Jeanie Newell March 25 1959.
The material in Parenthesis was inserted By Fred McCaleb.*

This cemetery is mostly an abandoned one with no recent burials. It is off on a high hill in the woods off Highway 129 about 3 miles above Hubbertville and just past the Whitehead Store on the right. It is also About ¼ mile from the relatively new cemetery at Berea Church of Christ. Most of the markings on the old original stones are gone and stones broken up. A sad cemetery. My deduction is that the original Hugh White McCaleb and his wife Elizabeth Holbrook are there, and that Alexander McDonald and Elizabeth Preschious Howell are there with perhaps some of the older Whiteheads. *Fred McCaleb*

Whitehead, M. D., dau. of Joseph & Elizabeth Whitehead - B Mar.5,1846-D.Apr. 8,1888
Whitehead, William S. - B. Apr. 6, 1831 - D. Apr. 26, 1873
Nichols, Ida - B. Sept. 5, 1921 - D. Oct. 14, 1921
Nichols, Ada - B. Sept. 5, 1921 - D. Oct. 4, 1921-
Nichols, Hassie - B. Dec. 10, 1900 - D. Oct. 15, 1921
-----, - B. Jan. 20, 1851 - D. Feb. 23, 1867
Whitehead, Luther, son of Nick & S.H.Whitehead - B.Apr.12,1876 - D.July 29,1900 (the S.H. Whitehead Sarah Hassie McDonald, dau of Alexander McDonald & Elizabeth Preschious Howell and she was a sister Of Mary Ann McDonald, Wife of Alfred C. McCaleb.)
Whitehead, Inf. of W.A.& M.J.Whitehead - B.& D. Dec. 23, 1912
Parker, J. T. - B. July 25, 1879 - D. Mar. 4, 1881
Lauderdale B (Barbary). - B. 1811 - D. Feb. 18, 1880 (daughter of Hugh White McCaleb & Eliz. Lowry.)
McCaleb, Tim -B. Apr. 1, 1871 - D. July 28, 1926 (Son of William F. McCaleb
McCaleb, Myrtice B. Sept. 14, 1904 - D. Jan. 21, 1927 (daughter of Sleetia Beauchamp & Timm McCaleb.)
McCaleb, Jacob A. B. Nov. 11, 1865 - M., to L.A.Campbell Jan. 1896 -D.June 15,1900
(Jacob above was son of William McCaleb Below.)
McCaleb, William F. - B. Apr. 6, 1830,- D. Dec. 6, 1910 (youngest son of Hugh White McCaleb)
Johnson, Columbus - B. Oct. 2, 1867 - D. Mar. 20, 1907
Perry, Velmer - B. May 7, 1899 - D. May 8, 1899
Perry, Bernard P. - B. May 23, 1895 D. Apr. 8, 1899
Perry, Chexy E. - B. Oct. 30, 1891 D. July 4, 1894
Whitehead, Jane - B. July 29, 1838 D. Aug. 18, 1896
Whitehead, J. P. - B. July 1839 - D. Apr. 28, 1887
Ham, M. E, B. Oct. 18, 1868 - D. July 18, 1893
Wade, S. F. B. July 1, 1861 - D. Aug. 17, 1884
Lauderdale, Barba - B. Aug. 24, 1810 - D. Mar. 4, 1846
McCaleb, Nancy C., dau. of J.T'. & E.S.McCaleb - B.Oct.27,1876 - D.Apr.16,1877 (John Tyler McCaleb was the son of Andrew McCaleb and was in the Union Army in the Civil War and E.S. McDonald was Elizabeth Sarah McDonald daughter of Alexander McDonald and sister of Mary Ann and Sarah Hassie, 1st wife of Nick Whitehead.)

McCaleb, Inf. of A.J. & V.C.McCaleb - B. & D. Feb. 14, 1882 (Virginia Caroline McCaleb, dau. Of Alfred C. was married to cousin Andrew Jackson McCaleb, son of Alfred's brother Andrew McCaleb.) McCaleb, Shannon C. B. Aug. 1, 1882 - Do May 27, 1896 McCaleb, Alfred C. B. May 18, 1827 - D. Jan. 14, 1891 (son of Hugh White McCaleb, 1st in Fayette County, Al.)
McCaleb, M. A - B. Nov. 16, 1830 - D. Apr. 12, 1880 (Mary Ann McDonald McCaleb)
McCaleb, Caroline - B. Jan. 15, 1835 - D. Feb. 14, 1898
Johnson, Elisabeth P. - B. Nov. 9, 1876 - M: to John C. Johnson Nov. 30, 1896
D. Apr. 27, 1899 (Daughter of Alfred C. McCaleb)

Fred's comments about this being a sad cemetery struck me. There is a lot of Fayette/Marion County history buried in this cemetery. This might be a project some of us could start to try and preserve this cemetery. How about it! If you are interested, contact me or Patsy and we will stir the pot. (Since this was written, Fred has received a donation from a McCaleb descendant to cleanup this old cemetery. Thank you Fred. Great job. We need to establish a small fund to take care of this cemetery each year. Any volunteers to take charge! Contact Fred or Larry or Patsy if you are interested.)

A word about Fred and Bettie McCaleb -- Fred has been into genealogy for 35-40 years. He and Bettie have traveled all over this country researching relatives. All of us owe them a debt of gratitude for the work they have done and continue to do.(See above example) Fred is more than a friend, he is a cousin "on my mothers side" He and Bettie have helped many novice genealogists that were just trying to get started building their family tree, including your editor. I love and appreciate both of them. Both of them have not been feeling well lately. Please remember them in your prayers..... lew

McCaleb House

Andrew McCaleb and wife Leah Catherine's first home, a small log house, was up New River from the McCoilum plantation, and across the bend of the river from Andrew's parents Hugh and Elizabeth (Holbrook) McCaleb's place. After the birth of the first two children, Andrew and Leah felt the need for a more spacious home; he built a two-story house similar to the one on the McCollum plantation ten to fourteen miles from the town of Fayette Courthouse, an early name for Fayette, Alabama. Elizabeth Jane McCaleb, called "Bet", was the first of the children born in the new house, 30 October 1842. She married John R. Hollingsworth, and is the great grandmother of Fred McCaleb, dedicated genealogist and historian of the McCaleb family. The house was still standing in 1985, unoccupied and deteriorating after one hundred and forty-three years, a silent monument to Boss Andy and Leah Catherine McCollum. The house burned shortly after 1985, while being restored. Alas, another important peice of our heritage was lost forever. What a shame!.....*Fred McCaleb*

THE HOLLINGSWORTH - McCALEB QUARTERLY
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Remembrances.....

Bobbie Lee Blaisdell, age 73, of Eldridge, died on Sunday, August 12, 2001. Survivors include her son, Stanley Dwight (Diane) Herren, Brilliant; daughters, Julia Faye White and Amelia Rae (Jimmy Dale) Tucker, both of Eldridge; 9 grandchildren; 15 great grandchildren; brothers, Felix Andrew McCaleb, Jr., Mulga, AL, and Charles Amon McCaleb, Clanton, AL; sisters, Mrs. O'Neda Campbell, Carbon Hill, Mrs. Eva Lou Craft, Mulga, AL, Mrs. Robbie Couch and Mrs. Willow B. Box, both of Winfield; host of nieces, nephews and other relatives.

Floyd P. Hollingsworth, 90, died October 31, 2001 at Fayette Medical Center. Services were held at New River Church of Christ. Burial followed in the adjoining cemetery. Floyd was a lifelong resident of the New River community of Fayette County. He was the son of J.W. "Bill" and Ada Hallmark Hollingsworth. He is survived by his wife, Hassie McCaleb Hollingsworth, children, Mary Joyce, Gloria Jean and Thomas and several grandchildren.

Reedie Dodd Hollingsworth, age 93 of Northport, formerly of Fayette Co. (White's Chapel area), died Tuesday, June 5, 2001 in the Baptist Medical Center Montclair at B'Ham. Mrs. Hollingsworth was born on October 11, 1907 in Fayette Co. a daughter of Virgil Ray Dodd and Laura Jane Whitehead Dodd, resident of the White's Chapel area most of her life, resident of Northport past nine years, widow of Tom Hollingsworth, and a member of White's Chapel Church of Christ. In addition to her parents, she was preceded in death by a daughter, Mary Jo Ingle and all her brothers and sisters. Survivors include her daughter Mrs. Ruby Couch, Northport; five grandchildren, Chad Ingle, Randall Ingle, Jeff and John Meredith Couch and Kathy Ann Hollis; three great-grandchildren; one great-great-grandchild; hosts of nieces, nephews and other relatives.

Lueva "Ned" Hollingsworth Dodd, 89, died November 24, 2001. She is survived by her son, Billy Dodd; daughter, Betty Gilreath, all of Glen Allen; granddaughters, Sharon Sullivan and Laura White, great granddaughter, Leigh Ann White; sisters, Irene White, Fayette, Bessie Sprinkle, Fayette; and other relatives.

Charles Spurgeon Deavours, 94, died November 22, 2001. He was preceded in death by his wife, Carrie Sawyers Deavours, in March of 1995. Charles was the son of Herschel and Carrie McCaleb Deavours. He is survived by five children, Ted, Norma Nabors, Wanda Barnes, Bonita Taylor and George E. Deavours and numerous grandchildren.

Announcements

Ruth McCaleb Ehl, widow of Clarence Ehl is recovering from a serious fall at her home. Her injuries required surgery and she was hospitalized for some time but is home now.

Ruth Ehl Wyatt, daughter of Lum Ehl and Belle Hollingsworth Ehl, has not been feeling well lately. She is largely confined to her home in Birmingham. She has her good days and bad ones.

Ada McCollum Box, Patsy's Mother, is recuperating at home in Winfield. She too has her good days and bad ones.

Please remember these good folks in your prayers....lew

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