



The Whitehead Journal

The Descendants of Archibald & Nancey Whitehead

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Volume No. 3

Issue No. 3

Date July 01, 2004

The first *Whitehead Quarterly* was dated July 1, 2001. With this Issue, we begin our fourth year of publication. We never dreamed that we would be sending out almost two hundred copies of each issue. The interest has been far more than we imagined. For this, we are delighted. We also thank those who have supported us financially. The costs continue as we increase our mailing list. We will continue to do our best to put out an interesting paper and hope that you continue to enjoy it. We receive emails, cards and an occasional letter, commenting on the content. Most are supportive. We probably receive more comments on Isaac's column than any other. Isaac says he will continue with his opining and wisecracks. With all the notoriety, his head may swell some and he may get harder to put up with.

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Thanks to Ray and Wilma Roby and to Joe Beasley for their contributions toward the mailing and printing costs. There may have been others. We had a disaster on May 31, 2004. We had just completed the Journal on that afternoon and were to take the copy to the printer the next day. Whether it was an electrical storm or your editor's stupidity, or both, the computer crashed and the entire copy of the Journal was lost. Needless to say, we did not have a backup. What you are reading is the second Journal to be written in the last month. Hopefully we have learned our lesson. If there were others who contributed, please accept our sincere thanks. All of our e-mail was lost. If you have emailed us in the last month, please resend same.

We have more obituaries in this issue than is normal. All are sad, but the sudden death of Cousin Jessie Cosby and almost all her family is especially so, as is Diana Dodd's death at such a young age and leaving three small children. Please remember all these good families in your prayers. It brings the point to mind how fragile life is and how short our time on this earth could be.

In This Issue: We continue to chronicle the grand children of Archibald and Nancey in *the Ties That Bind*. We begin a two part series by *Alma Whitehead Land* which is an autobiographical piece. Thanks to Judy Martin for sending it. Fred gives his take on some of Fayette County's old iron bridges in *Reminisces*. We have included a reprint of an article about one of our favorite cousins from the *Cahaba Times*. An article about a *College on Ford's Mountain* by Thomas Perry is interesting. A reprint of an article on *Hubbertville School* should strike a chord with those who attended there. An article about *Drew's* kids makes fair reading. *Griggs Place Cemetery* listing is finished. An article about *Newt and Idella Whitehead* is included and be sure and read *Charlie Daniel's* article which is timely with the elections coming later this year. Some pictures of interest are included and *Uncle Isaac* reports on a scandal in the family. All in all, it should be an interesting read...

...Editor

The Ties That Bind

Jesse Nelson was the fifth child of Alley and Pappy. He married Mary Elizabeth Waddell and they had the following children: (1) Andrew Jackson, born 1/1/1871. He married Sarah Elizabeth Hurn. (2) Alonzo L., born 1875. He married Sallie Bet Thornton. (3) Oliver J., born 6/6/1880. He married Laura Frances Estep. (4) Jesse Bolen, born 1882. He married Roni Newton. (5) Martha Alma, born 9/5/1886. She married Charles R. Tomlinson. (6) Moses, born 6/20/1895, died 9/11/1896.

Nancy Ann was the sixth child of Alley and Pappy. She was born on 3/29/1851. She married John Wesley Nugent and they had the following children: (1) Lucendia, born 11/25/1873. She married Thomas A. White. (2) Samuel Benjamin, born 12/9/1874. He married Adelaide White. (3) Ada Idella, born 1/29/1877. She married Lee Thornton.

In the last issue, I made a mistake in stating that Nancy, the fifth child of Archibald and Nancey, married Alexander Whitehead, her cousin. It was Rebecca who was the fifth child and who married Alexander. Also, I had Sarah Frances and Winston Pettus reversed as to the order of their birth. Nancy was the eighth child and married James E. Mills. They settled in Fayette County. The listing of their children and grandchildren follows:

Hannah Mills was born in 1849. She married Benjamin Anthony. I don't have any children listed.

Gracy Ann was the second child of Nancy Whitehead and James Mills. She married a Gaddis and I have no listing for any children.

Rufus S. was the third child of Jim and Nancy. He was born on 2/24/1851. He married Mahala Earnest and they had the following children: (1) William Madison, born 3/1875. He married Tilly Wakefield. (2) Mary Alice, born 2/15/1878, died 4/26/1900. (3) Martha Ella, born 5/15/1881, died 12/01/1903. (4) Nancy Ann, born 8/31/1882. She married William Galloway "Bill" Hollingsworth. (5) Lula F., born 2/1883. I have no further info on her. (6) Pearl, born 2/1889. I have no other info on her. (7) Bessie Belle, born 12/1890, died 1974.

Mary was the fourth child of Jim and Nancy. She was born in 1853. She married John Sargent on 1/13/1876. I have no listing for any children. Mary died 12/18/1930.

Martha A. was the fifth child of Nancy and Jim Mills. She was born in December, 1855. She married George A. Meherg/Meharg and they had the following children: (1) Mary, born 11/1879. She married Steve Cash. (2) Margaret, born 11/1881. She married Claudius Cash. (3) Donni, born 11/1883. She married Ross Graham. (4) Essie, born 5/1886. She married Preacher Johnson. (5) Arthur, born 12/1889. He married Vurla Franks. (6) Vicey, born 11/1894. She married Haden Franks. (7) Effie Mae, born 7/31/1899. She married Luther Box.

James Franklin was the sixth child of Jim and Nancy. He was born in 12/ 1857. He married Sallie LaFloy and they had the following children (I have no other information except the year of their birth): (1) Jesse M., born 12/1887. (2) Vester J., born 9/1889. (3) William F., born 11/1891. (4) Martin L., born 11/1893 (5) Grover, born 10/1895. (6) Chelcie, born 7/1899.

William Henderson was the seventh child of Jim and Nancy. He was born on 4/5/1859. He married (1) Marthan Bowles and they had the following children: (1) William Thomas, born 4/20/1881. He married Mary Lula Clark. (2) James Franklin, born 5/5/1883. He married Ida Gertrude Tucker. (3) Ella Drucilla, born 8/14/1887. She married William "Billy" Aldridge. (4) Martin Luther, born 9/1889. (5) Marthan, born 10/21/1894. She married Robert Webster. William Henderson married (2) Icie Elizabeth Smith after the death of his first wife. We will begin with those children in the next issue.

An Autobiography

The following are excerpts from the autobiography of Alma Whitehead Land. Alma was a great granddaughter of Joshua Whitehead, twin brother to Joseph and Son of Archibald and Nancey. Our special thanks to Judy Whitehead Marlin of Belton. Texas for sharing this with us. Judy is a grandniece of Alma's.

Forward

Changing eventful phases in my life prompt me to list a few events most vivid in my mind in the 19th century for my children. So from my little corner of the World on this day of November 16, 1960 I begin listing some special events of this day and then back as far as I remember.

President elect Kennedy flew by jet plane into Austin, TX today. Capital Plaza, a multimillion-dollar shopping center, located about two blocks from my home is opening in grand style with high officials and celebrities attending the ribbon cutting ceremonies. Sad news of Clark Gable's death just came in.

As I reminisce I can recall a few events vivid in my mind back to the year of nineteen hundred one and two. One was my great grand father discussing politics with my father. Then his death a few months later. My great grandfather's name was Joshua Whitehead, which was also my father's name.

I want to entitle this little message GOD IN THIS OLD HOUSE. I will illustrate with picture and memories of the past. Give God all the praise for being with me all of these days since June 10, 1897, until this day of November 17, 1960.

My life has been spiced with both bitters and sweets. Through it all I have talked to God morning, noon and night and I have felt his presence with me all the way. I admonish all of you to make God a very real member of your family. Make him a part of every single thing you do. You will find that your whole life will be different. Everything you do will be more meaningful. Your joys will be more thrilling, your fun keener. Your contentment will last. Your grief will be easier to bear. Don't take my word for it. See Matthew 6:33 "But seek ye first the kingdom of God, and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Alma WHITEHEAD Land

Chapter 1

Life began for me June 10, 1897. I was born in a small house near my grandmother's house, Mrs. Martha Whitehead, also near to my great-grandfather, Mr. Joshua Whitehead. I do have a faint memory of the house I was born in. My two brothers Lucas and Talmage Whitehead also were born in this house.

I remember my great-grand-father Mr. Joshua Whitehead with a long flowing white beard coming to this house and telling my father if a Catholic ever got in the White House as president it would be a great calamity for our country. He died within a year after this instance and then I remember going to his house where some men were making his coffin in his shop.

My father inherited his house, which was a big old log structure, and we moved to this house when I was six years old. This house then was my home for all of my girlhood years. Then my only sister Minnie Whitehead was born soon after we moved to this house. So in this house my two brothers, sister and I grew up.

I was the first grandchild to my grandmother Whitehead (Grandfather Whitehead died before I was born). I was also the first grandchild to my grandfather and grandmother Arrington. So I was a very petted and spoiled child. I recall many happy memories of times spent in grandfather and grandmother Arrington's home and also in my grandmother Whitehead's home. Grandmother Whitehead died while I was

still a child, but grandfather and grandmother Arrington lived together until I was a grown young lady and when grandfather passed away it was a sad day, but grandmother lived many years longer. She passed away in 1940. The location of these old homes was in Winston County, MS about 12 miles from Louisville, MS. the county seat. I have many happy memories of my school days there. I went to the ninth grade in high school and managed to pass the teachers examination and taught school one year. After this I started to finish high school at Louisville, but before finishing my father passed away November 22, 1918, so I didn't go back to school.

On December 25, 1919 I married W. C. Land. The wedding took place in our old home with a relative pastor officiating and relatives and friends attending.

Chapter 2

In this old house the W. C. Land family started to originate. Be it ever so humble it was Home Sweet Home.

Our first pet was a yellow kitten, which grew to be a real big tome cat, which we named Aubry for the little boy that gave him to us. The next pet was a cute little puppy, which grew to be a nice smart dog. We name him Rip.

On October 31, 1920, our first son was born, and great joy abounded in this old house. Even when he cried Rip barked and Aubry meowed.

This little 40-acre farm home joined my father and mothers old home. There were many happy visits back and forth during the almost five years we lived in this old house. On September 11, 1922 our second son was born and again great rejoicing reigned about the old place.

We named our first son after each of his grandparents Henry Joshua Land and were going to call him H. 3. but shortened it to Jay.

The second son was named for a captain in the army with his father whom he admired greatly. Capun Perry he called him. So we named him Perry Herchell.

July 16, 1924 a third son came, again much rejoicing. Again Jay and Perry were happy about their little brother. He was named for a Methodist preacher I had read about and admired very much. Also he took part of his fathers' name. Therefore his name was William Sheldon. The Methodist preacher was Dr. Charles Sheldon.

In September of 1924 we left this old home for Texas. The purpose for better health and to get rich. I am sure our health was better but as to getting rich we got so poor we could hardly gobble.

I well remember what our Methodist pastor said when he asked why we were coming to Texas. Pop said, "to get rich". He replied "Bill I am afraid if that's what you are after, the flitter tree and honey pool will always be just beyond." Well we often laughed about that for times got so hard for us, but really I guess we found the flitter tree and honey pool in many ways for we came to love the West Texas Plains even battling the sandstorms and droughts.

We started out in our old Mississippi home by reading the bible and having family prayer every day. Which I will advise to all of you. Try it and see what joy it can bring. I often think how true the saying THE FAMILY THAT PRAYS TOGETHER STAYS TOGETHER.

Life in Texas became so hard for us with our little ones to care for, our tensions grew and some how we got to neglecting our daily prayers, and of course we reaped results. One hardship after another.

Tension is one of the worst things of the spirit. A prolonged, high-tempo pattern of thinking and living draws off energy, leaving the spirit flagged and dull. Therefore our minds need to experience a depth of quietness in which tension will subside.

Therefore this scripture comes to mind. Be still, and know that I am God. Psalm 46:10

Continued next issue

The Shape I'm In (Ode to Old Age)

There's nothing the matter with me,
I'm just as healthy as can be,
I have arthritis in both knees,
And when I talk, I talk with a wheeze.
My pulse is weak, my blood is thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

All my teeth have had to come out,
And my diet I hate to think about.
I'm overweight and I can't get thin,
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

And arch supports I need for my feet.
Or I wouldn't be able to go out in the street.
Sleep is denied me night after night,
But every morning I find I'm all right.
My memory's failing, my head's in a spin.
But I'm awfully well for the shape I'm in.

Old age is golden I've heard it said,
But sometimes I wonder, as I go to bed.
With my ears in a drawer, my teeth in a cup,
And my glasses on a shelf, until I get up.
And when sleep dims my eyes, I say to myself,
Is there anything else I should lay on the shelf?

The reason I know my Youth has been spent,
Is my get-up-and-go has got-up-and-went!
But really I don't mind, when I think with a grin,
Of all the places my get-up has been.

I get up each morning and dust off my wits,
Pick up the paper and read the obits.
If my name is missing, I'm therefore not dead,
So I eat a good breakfast and jump back into bed.

The moral of this as the tale unfolds,
Is that for you and me, who are growing old.
It is better to say "I'm fine" with a grin,
Than to let people know the shape we are in.

Going In Style

A man woke up in a hospital bed and called for his doctor. He asked "Give it to me straight, doc. How long have I got?" The physician replied that he doubted that his patient would survive the night. The man then said "Call for my lawyer."

When his lawyer arrived, the man asked for his physician to stand on one side of the bed, while the lawyer stood on the other. The man then laid back and closed his eyes.

When the man remained silent for several minutes, the lawyer asked what he had in mind. The man replied "Jesus died with a thief on either side, and I thought I'd check out the same way."

Uncle Isaac Sez.....

Saw in the paper where another Whitehead brought a little shame on our good name...Nicole Whitehead is the Playboy Playmate of the month ...Realizing that a high toned literary Journal such as this, requires thorough research, I told the Missus to pickup a copy,... that I thot I needed to see the pictures ...Needed to see if there was any resemblance ...See if she had big ears...The Missus didn't buy into that...I then explained that Tallulah Bankhead said "there is some times less to a person than meets the eye" and I felt that I needed to verify Tallulah's statement. The Missus told me in no uncertain terms, what I could do with Tallulah, my research, my column and my literary whatchamacallitAfter 43 years she aughta be a little understandin....HMMMMM ...You can tell it's an election year.... The politicians are whuppin up the lying machines The professor says that if he had a dime for every lie told tween now and election day, he'd be goin to Wal Marts on a shoppin spree...He also says politics is supposed to be the second oldest profession. I have come to realize that it bears a very close resemblance to the first The Barber says his wife signed up for an exercise class ...Said they told her to wear loose fittin clothing ... She told em if she had any loose fittin clothing, she wouldn't need to sign up.. hmmm... .Got to thinking the other day, why is it our younguns can't read a bible In school, but they can In prison? hmmm....How bout this'un Why do we have to swear on the Bible in court when the Ten Commandments can't be displayed in the court building? Senator Kerry is the best fence straddler i've ever seen. He says he voted for the war in iraq before he voted against It Talk about havin It both ways ... What was that Maw Minnie said about "brass on their faces ? "The good Senator seems to be so angry all the time..I believe if I was married to a woman with as much money as his wife has, I'd at least smile every once and a while...Must not be easy beln a "Kept Man" Fact Is my Missus draws her payday every month and I start smiling a week ahead of time.... Clem said Kerrys the "Blue Collar man' s choice" ...Kerry wouldn't be caught dead with a blue collar on ...Fact is, if he saw a drop of sweat on his body, he'd panic and go to the Doctor. Don't think he's the smartest guy to ever run..Sort a reminds me of the Texas politician that said about his opponent "That low down scoundrel deserves to be kicked to death by a Jackass, and I'm just the one to do it"...hmmmm Signed up for Social Security the other day...Got to figurin with what their gonna pay me, I'd have to live to 118 Just to get back what I paid in ...Another example of the politicians takin care of us... Congress has been a Joke for a long time For instance Victor Hugo said in the 1860's" I don't care what Congress does as long as they don't do it In the streets and frighten the horses"hmmm... The Professor says he worries that the guy who thought up Daylight Savings Time is thinking up something else....hmmm...I Visited with Ray Roby the other day. Was telling him about a bit of gossip bout me belongin to an organization I had no busness bein in. Had me all up in the air... Ray studied for a while and allowed as how" Everybody's gotta be a member of somethin." Leave ft to Ray to put things in perspective Bought me one of them fancy chairs with wheels on it to sit in when I write this column at the computer ..Called the Missus down to see the chair..I started to sit down in it and It roiled out of the way and I fell bassackards in the floor., the Missus thot that was the funniest thing she ever saw ...Wanted to know if I'd do It again so's she could make a picture... .Remember. You don't stop laughing because you grow old, you grow old cause you stopped laughing... Til next time Isaac.

Drew and Mary Jane's Kids

Several of our readers have asked about the children of Drew and Mary Jane Whitehead. What happened to them? Where are their offspring? Below is a short answer for each

Nancy Elizabeth, "Sis" as she was known to her brothers and sisters moved with her husband Jim Northam to East Texas sometime after their marriage in 1876. Jim was a son of Benjamin and Nancy Jane Davis Northam. They may have decided to make this move in part because of the unpleasantness that possibly lingered caused by the ruthless murder of Jim's Father during the Civil War. It is worth noting that their oldest child was named after General Grant. This would leave no doubt as to their sympathies. They had five children. Sis is buried in Taft, Texas not far from Corpus Christi. Jim died in Taylor, Texas and is buried there.

William Joshua lived all his life in Glen Allen, Fayette Co., Alabama. He was a farmer by trade. He married Mary Ethel Tucker, one of three sisters that married three Whitehead brothers. Mary Ethel was a daughter of Thomas Franklin and Mary Jane Roberts Tucker. Josh and Mary Ethel had fourteen children, four of whom died in infancy. They are buried in Morris Cemetery, Glen Allen, Fayette County, Alabama. Several of their descendants still live in the Glen Allen Area.

George Buchanan, Buck, as he was known to his family and friends, married Martha Ella "Phopie" Tucker, sister to Mary Ethel listed above and of course, another daughter of Thomas Franklin and Mary Jane Tucker. She and Buck moved their family to Arkansas in the early 1900's. He is buried in Woodruff, Arkansas. They had seven children. As far as I know none of them are in this area today.

Abraham Perry, Perry, as he was known to family and friends, lived on a farm near his Father and brothers in Glen Allen, Alabama. He farmed in his earlier years and was evidently fairly successful. In his later years he rented his land to sharecroppers. He was another of the Whitehead brothers that married one of the Tucker sisters, his wife being, Dora Alice Tucker, the third daughter of Thomas Franklin and Mary Tucker to marry Whitehead brothers. Together they raised ten children of theirs and one, Sleetie, by Perry's first wife, Rebecca Tucker, a cousin of Dora's, who had died earlier. They are buried in Morris Cemetery.

Nathaniel, born 3/19/1861. He died on 1/8/1873. He was only twelve years old. We do not know the circumstances of his death. He is buried in Morris Cemetery.

Mary Alice, married James Jefferson Whitman, a son of Emmanuel and Martha Jane Duke Whitman. Jim was a Baptist preacher. They had five children. Shortly after their marriage, Jim and Mary decided to move to Lincoln Co., Tennessee. According to one of their descendants, they had some kin there. Some of Mary's Mills cousins lived in the area and indeed found them a house and helped them to move. Jim preached at Churches in the middle Tennessee and Northern Alabama area. He died at a relatively young age in 1910 in Huntsville, Alabama of Typhoid fever. His son Wesley had died a few days earlier of the fever and Jim caught the fever himself and died a few days later. Mary Alice never remarried and lived in Lincoln County until her death in 1917.

Sallie, married Jess Harper. Jess was a son of Thomas and

Mary Jane Grigg Harper. Together they had fifteen children. One of their daughters, Lou, lives in Winfield. Another, daughter, Iowa died on 4/11/2004. Her obituary is carried elsewhere in this issue. Jess was a farmer and they lived in the Glen Allen area all their lives. They have numerous descendants in Northwest Alabama. They are buried in Griggs Place Cemetery.

John Sherman, married Rebecca Sprinkle, daughter of Nathan and Sophia Sprinkle. He was named in honor of General William Tecumseh Sherman, John's father; Drew Whitehead had served under General Sherman during the Civil War. Drew named another son Grant obviously after General Grant. (Drew must have been making a statement to some of his neighbors) John, "Johnny" to most who knew him, bought a farm just east of Glen Allen, a short distance from Drew and lived there all his life. He and Becky, and later the boys, were able to make a living on the farm. Johnny and Becky had nine children, five of whom died in infancy. The youngest, Taft was the writer's Father. John died while on a visit to his son Benton in Georgianna, Alabama. They are buried in Morris Cemetery.

Martha Frances, married Joseph Turney "Joe" Box. Joe was a son of George Washington and Mary Anne "Polly" Tidwell Box. They were farmers and Joe worked at the Stave Mill in Glen Allen also. They had nine children. Several of their descendants live in the area. Aunt "Marthy", as my Father called her, was a small woman with a kindly disposition. She was a favorite of his and of her many nieces and nephews. She is buried beside her husband at Morris Cemetery.

Jenny Bell was a twin of Drury Grant Whitehead. She married George Washington Miles. George was a son of Calvin and Lavinia Ann Matthews Miles. Jenny and George lived in Marion County all of their married life. They lived for many years in the town of Brilliant. The writer can remember visiting them when he was a small lad. They raised five daughters. Some of their descendants still live in this area.

Drury Grant, twin of Jenny's, married Virginia Frances "Fannie" McCollough. Fannie was a daughter of William Henry and Susan Brasher McCollough. They had seven children. They moved to Arkansas in the early 1900's. Grant, as he was called, was named after General Grant. Another effort by Drew to make a statement. Grant and Fannie never moved back to Fayette County. They did, however, visit occasionally. Grant died in 1962 while living with his son in St. Louis, Missouri.

James Harold, was the youngest son of Drew and Mary Jane. He married Rosa Ella Abels in 1900. Rosa was a daughter of Thomas and Susan Ray Abels. They later moved to Booneville, Mississippi where they lived the rest of their lives. They had nine children. Several of their descendants live in the Bonneville area. Uncle Jimmy was a favorite of the writer's Father. I met him in his later years when I went with my Father to visit him. They had a good time talking about the "good ole days" and reminiscing about the Fayette County times.

Missouri Ida and her husband, Alec Tidwell lived all their married life in the Glen Allen area. They raised three children. Before she and Alec married, she made several trips to Lincoln County, Tennessee to visit with her sister, Mary Alice Whitman. She corresponded with them over the years and I have a copy of the letter she wrote to one of Mary Alice's daughters, giving a description of her mother's funeral. Missouri and Alec are buried in Morris Cemetery. Their descendants still live in the Glen Allen Area.

This article recently appeared in *The Cahaba Times*, a weekly newspaper serving East Jefferson County. The article is about one of our favorite people. Wilma is another in the long line of Hubbertville graduates who made a mark in the field of education. She and her husband of fifty four years, Ray Roby, are both Hubbertville alumni and residents of the Glen Allen community. As the article attests, Wilma made an impact for good on the many young lives she taught. "Prof" would be proud, I'm sure. Both Wilma and Ray have set examples for those of us who know and love them, with the lives they live and the standards they set. We are honored to be able to call them both "Cousin" and are proud to count them both among our very best friends. As Uncle Isaac would say "they're just plain good folks.".....lew

Hewitt-Trussville's Living Legend

The "Dreaded" Mrs. Roby

Probably no other name commands more respect – or affection – from many former Hewitt-Trussville High School students as that of Wilma Roby. Although she resists the notion that she is somewhat of a legend, there are many who would disagree. It seems all her students have memories of time spent in her classroom.

Although many found her to be incredibly demanding and strict, one thing remained the same: Mrs. Roby was respected because she held high expectations for her students. She demanded excellence, but she gave no less in return.

When Mrs. Roby called on students, they did well to give the right answers. No one would dare say "I don't know." Upon hearing that. The other students would cringe because they knew Mrs. Roby would counter "Yes you do know!"

No one would even dare yawn in her classroom. Commands such as "Stop that vociferous yawning!" can probably still be heard echoing down the hallways of Hewitt-Trussville High. Complacency was not an option.

Mrs. Roby was an only child who grew up on a farm in Marion County. She received her bachelor's degree in English Education from the University of North Alabama, her masters in Education from the University of Alabama, and her AA certificate from the University of Alabama at Birmingham. She worked for Chrysler Corporation in Detroit, Michigan for five years before beginning her teaching career at Hewitt.

She recently recalled that "teaching was something that I knew I could do. It felt like an old glove to me."

Her first teaching experience dates back to her days as a fifth grader when her elementary school principal couldn't find a substitute teacher. A frequent occurrence in small schools. Although her earliest teaching experience was voluntary, she earned money as a twelfth grader at Hubbertville High School when she substituted for the principal's wife for a week.

"Paul Hubbert (executive secretary of the Alabama Education Association) was in that fifth grade class," Mrs. Roby recalled.

When Mrs. Roby began teaching at Hewitt, Joel Hewitt Burgess was the principal, and the junior high school and high schools shared the campus where Hewitt-Trussville Middle School is currently located. Her career at Hewitt spanned 32 years, from 1959 to 1991, during which time she taught seventh through twelfth grade English. In her later years of teaching, she

taught only juniors and seniors. She also sponsored several clubs, including the National Honor Society and Future Teachers of America.

Although Mrs. Roby held high standards for her students, she still maintained a sense of humor and compassion. She was known for her high-pitched laughter, and for such antics as dressing as a witch on Halloween. Each year, after studying Dante's *Inferno*, students would post the quotation "Abandon all hope, ye who enter here" over her classroom door.

"At the end of the school year, the sign would disappear, only to reappear the next year when we studied *The Inferno*," Mrs. Roby laughingly recalled. "Every year, the students thought they were the first to think of it."

Mrs. Roby once received the Teacher of the Year Award from her colleagues for her outstanding contributions as a teacher. For this, she paid tribute to the teachers who helped her when she was a first-year rookie.

"When I began teaching, the older teachers at Hewitt were extremely helpful to me", she said. "I was very fortunate that they took me under their wing."

Mrs. Roby retired in 1991 to move near Winfield to care for her parents. She is very active in her church, and enjoys reading as well as spending time with family and friends, and even though she is modest about the role she played in the lives of her students, she does remember telling them she did not intend for them to forget her.

Those students would probably say, "Well done, Mrs. Roby, well done.".....Christy Aldrich Dooley

Some of Mrs. Roby's students from the class of '71 had these comments....



"Those who survived the strokes of her red pen possess this innate little mechanism that is similar to spell-check"
Jenna Polk Jones

(Recalling a time of personal crisis) "She offered wise counsel to a discouraged kid. I found acceptance when I needed it so much."
Rick Holcombe

"The teachers I hold in highest esteem are the ones who challenged me the most. Mrs. Roby is the finest example in this category"
Pam Perry Bedsole

"She is my role model for my own classroom today."
June Morgan Mack (now a UAB professor)

"She would give you one of those sly smiles that said she'd seen it all but you had somehow managed to come up with something original. Mrs. Roby, thank you for all you've given to the students who were lucky enough to have you looking over their shoulders."
Marsha Gilman Rea

COLLEGE ATOP THE MOUNTAIN

The following is an excerpt from Thomas Perry's book "*A Walk Across The Stage*" about life in rural Fayette County in the 30's and 40's. The following account of Hal McDonald's travails is both sad and strange. Sad because a dream of a lifetime was a total failure. One can only imagine the disappointment and heartbreak he and his wife must have felt. McDonald devoted his life to preaching as well as educating the young. He was one of the founders, and President of Berry Bible College located in Berry, Alabama, later to be moved to Montgomery and today is Faulkner University. Such men as Wiley Hollingsworth, John T. Lewis and Gus Nichols were students and or associates of his. McDonald's strange but true story follows... Thanks to Mr. Perry for allowing us to use this article...*lew*

Around 1935, a tall slender distinguished gentleman came to Fayette County. He and his wife appeared to be well educated. Some folks said he came from Texas and that he owned land back there where oil was produced. He did appear to have an outside income.

Near the center of the county stands Ford Mountain, rising some 500 feet above the surrounding area. Actually, it is the only mountain in the county.

The stranger, Hal P. McDonald, purchased 1,000 acres of land on top of Ford Mountain. He stated that he planned to build a college on the very top of the mountain.

He built a small three-room house for his wife and himself. He then began construction of a large three-story building to house the college. The building contained an auditorium, classrooms, a library, and on the top floor, a lookout room. From this room you could view almost the entire county in every direction.

Once the building was completed, Mr. McDonald set out to recruit students for the college. For the next twenty-five years he tried every possible way to recruit students. He had pamphlets printed, he made hundreds of speeches, traveled far and near in an effort to enroll students in the college. Yet, in spite of all this effort, he never recruited a single student! No lesson of any sort was ever taught inside the large building.

Most folks considered Mr. McDonald to be eccentric or somewhat odd. He often walked the ten miles from the mountain to Fayette and back carrying pamphlets for distribution. Summer or winter he always wore a lightweight, or seersucker suit, and a wide tie. His long, white hair added to his distinguished look.

The college which he chose to call "The Temple of Knowledge" contained hundreds of books. They lined the shelves of the library.

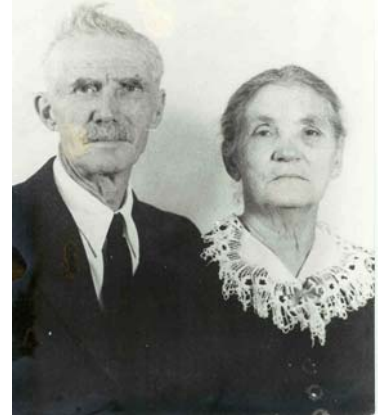
Thousands of visitors visited the college, mostly out of curiosity. Some came to see the man himself, and some to gain a glimpse of the view from the mountain.

Mr. McDonald died about 1960, I'm sure a sorely disappointed man that his lifelong dream of a Temple of Knowledge atop Ford Mountain never came into being. The buildings are now falling apart and wild animals and birds scamper about in the building of unfulfilled dreams.

I saw the man many times, heard him preach, and heard him make speeches. I truly am sorry that all his labor and all his plans went to naught.....*Thomas Perry*

Newton Sherwood & Idella Raines Whitehead

Newton Sherwood "Newt" Whitehead was born July 14, 1870 to William Smith and Nancy Caroline Harris Whitehead. He was a grandson of Joseph and Elizabeth Lacefield Whitehead. He was married to Nancy Idella "Della" Raines on October 10, 1895 in Winfield, Alabama by Ezra Trull. Idella was the daughter of Henry Alexander Raines and Martha Carolina Moss.



Newt and Della settled in what is today Winfield and began their family. Newton and Idella had four sons and four daughters. The sons were Mortimer Solon born 1896 and died 1974, Corless Lancaster born 1898 and lived only five months, Arlo Whitehead born in 1899 and lived to be one year old and Henry Kline born 1909 and died 1991.

The daughters were Agnes Joanna and she was born September 1902 and died 1989, Martha Maxine born 1904 and died 1976, Bula Mae Whitehead was born in 1906 and she lives in Texas. (Bula was the family historian and has worked for years on their family history and genealogy), and the youngest daughter was Mildred Idella born 1912 and died 1968.

At the age of eighteen he worked on the construction of the Frisco Railroad. This would have been about 1887, before the town of Winfield was established. He then taught school in Bonham, Texas between 1890-96. He moved back to Winfield where he later served as the postmaster for twelve years, completing his service in 1925. Newt and Della were charter members of the Winfield Church of Christ and Newt served as an Elder until his health failed. He was the last male charter member of the Congregation.

Newt died January 10, 1955 at the age of 84 in the home that he and Idella built in Winfield, Marion County, Alabama. They made a major contribution to the young City and were respected by all who knew them.

Idella died December 3, 1962. Both are buried in the Winfield City Cemetery, Winfield, Marion County, Alabama.

Information from their daughter Bula Whitehead Young and submitted by Patsy Johnson

Ways to Annoy Yankees

When they talk nostalgically about the North, tell them Delta is ready when they are.

Frequently bring up "The War of Northern Aggression" in conversation. If anyone ever says the words "Civil War" Always interject that "there weren't nothing Civil about it."

Fallacies

The other day I saw a letter from a lady who questioned just about every opinion I have. And that's all right. The problem is that I think she knows about as much about me as a cow knows about the theory of relativity.

Since I have neither the time nor the inclination to address people of her ilk separately I thought that I would write a kind of blanket letter letting them know what I stand for and what I believe in.

First of all, since this letter is not intended for everybody let me qualify the kind of people I'm talking about.

You think that illiteracy, street crime and the spread of Aids is caused from lack of federal funding.

You think that the murder of an eight and a half month old child falls under the heading of a woman's right to choose.

You think that Hillary Clinton hung the moon and that Bill Clinton's looking at the people of America through a television camera and lying to them was ok as long as he apologized.

You think that Al Gore was cheated out of the election by Jeb Bush.

You think that the United Nations is the end all, be all, answer to all the world's problems.

You think that Trent Lott should be seriously punished for speaking kindly of Strom Thurmond but Senator Dodd's fawning over a former member of the Klu Klux Klan is perfectly fine.

You think that anything that Jesse Jackson or Al Sharpton say is wonderful no matter how racist or degrading it may be.

You think that George Bush and assorted right wing personalities knew about the 9-11 attack before it happened.

You believe that President Bush went to war for the benefit of Halliburton.

You believe in revisionist history, rewriting it to suit your left leaning vision of the world.

You believe that guns should be locked up instead of the criminals who are causing all the trouble with them.

You believe that the wealthy should be taxed to within an inch of their poverty.

You believe that a person should be able to marry a duck if they want to and that the duck should receive benefits.

You believe that drilling for oil in Alaska could bring on another ice age.

You believe that there is a vast right wing conspiracy and you probably believe that grape nuts flakes is an incurable venereal disease.

OK having said that, just so you don't make a mistake in understanding me let me tell you how I feel about it.

You can't make somebody learn if they don't try to or aren't encouraged to. How can you expect a child to learn in a school surrounded by a no man's land peopled by punks, pimps and drug dealers who use the justice system like a revolving door, and the A.C.L.U. cries foul every time there is a serious effort to clean it up.

Aids are spread mainly by a homosexual lifestyle and don't take my word for it, look it up. The epidemic in the heterosexual community that was predicted never materialized.

Abortion is murder and no amount of intellectualizing can change that fact. If life doesn't begin at conception when does it begin?

Hillary Clinton stands against just about everything I believe in and I wouldn't vote for her to clean out a subway station in Brooklyn. I think I've said enough about Bill in this column for the last several years to let anyone know what I think of him.

I don't believe that Jeb Bush or anybody else for that matter could have stolen the election. The count is in, Gore lost, that's just the way the cookie crumbles.

I think the United Nations is about as useless as mammary glands on a boar hog. We know that the oil for food fraud reaches to the highest levels of the U.N. and if they are for sale at these levels, how do we know they are telling the truth about the weapons of mass destruction?

Trent Lott bragged on an old man who no longer has anything to do with the shaping of public policy and got soundly castigated for it. Senator Dodd lauded a former member of the Klu Klux Klan who still serves in the Senate and got nothing for it.

Jesse Jackson and Al Sharpton cause more racial division in this country than they heal. They blame everything on the white race and I know this will probably be an epiphany to some of you folks but the truth is that it just ain't so.

It's ridiculous to think that anybody in this country, with the exception of the terrorists who pulled it off, knew about 9-11 before it happened. It would be impossible, there's just too much technology and too many investigative reporters. They'd never get away with it.

If you don't believe that the war in Iraq is the war on terror, who are we fighting over there now?

There is an effort under way by those who want to rewrite history to make some of our national heroes criminals and racists. Well let me tell you something. The truth is the truth and you ain't gonna change it.

When the government gets a tax dollar they drain it through the beurocracy and have 28 to 30 cents left to do something useful. When an American citizen gets a dollar they spend 100 cents releasing more money into the economy resulting in prosperity for everybody.

Real marriage exists only between a man and a woman, and nothing anybody on this earth can do will make it otherwise.

There are a lot of people who think that the Holy Bible is irrelevant this day and age. I pity you because the Bible will never be irrelevant. Though heaven and earth pass away, God's word will never pass away

Pray for our troops.

God Bless America

Charlie Daniels

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All that is left to say about Charlie's article is Amen! And Amen!...Editor

Reminisces

THE KIRKLAND AND HOLLINGSWORTH OLD IRON BRIDGES

These bridges were built across the Luxapallila river in the western part of Fayette county about 1933 when Franklin Delano Roosevelt became president of the United States. I don't know where the money was obtained to build the bridges. Times were very hard and money very scarce at that time. It probably came from some of the New Deal monies charged to the future generations of U.S. Taxpayers. Anyhow big things could be done cheap in those days. The main span of the bridge at the Kirkland crossing was 66 feet from concrete pillar on one side to the concrete pillar on the other side with a 16 feet extension out over the bank on each end making the bridge approximately 100 feet long from end to end. The cost of all this was approximately \$5000. The concrete piers supporting the bridge were put about ten feet out on the banks and two or three feet below the level of the channel. Through the years the channel got wider and deeper. About 1990 a large tree growing south and east of the bridge fell over and bent the south part of the bridge. Since then there has been no Kirkland crossing. The county engineer told me it would take \$600, 000, a widening of the road, a bridge 600 feet long, an environment impact study. In 1995 one of the piers came from under the bridge during flooding conditions, and the bridge fell into the river. Later on the bridge was pulled from the river to the west bank where it sets at the present time (April 1996.) The bridge was recently sold at a county sale for \$250. The iron is bent in many places. It will probably be sold for scrap iron.

So the above is a short history of the Kirkland Bridge. It was a bridge one could cross over from about 1933 to about 1990. It was mostly crossed by mule and wagon and by foot at the start. People were not riding modern autos at a mile a minute back then. I was about 17 years old when the bridge and road were constructed. My dad H. McCaleb and Bura D. Kirkland gave the land for the road on the west side of the bridge. One could pay the poll and road tax in cash back then or work it out on the road. You had to be a responsible citizen to vote. My dad worked his tax out on building this road. Mr. Kirkland was the county road commissioner and had been for many years. He was the influence that got the bridges built across the Luxapallila. Mr. Kirkland had the road building equipment. It consisted of big mules, a big plow, and a mule drawn scoop dirt mover. My dad furnished his mules in order to get double time on his taxes due. I was an eager boy and they let me run the scoop part of the time. There were two wooden handles back of the scoop. To make it load a scoop of dirt one lifted up the right amount on the handles. If you lifted up too far it would dig in too much and throw you over into the tail end of the mules. Best I recollect I managed not to get pitched. After the earth and gravel had been moved in place on the new road, it was graded and smoothed out by the mule drawn county gravel road grader drawn by Mr. Kirkland's big mules.

I was an observer part of the time when the bridge was being constructed. First, after the road was built, two big cement piers had to be poured. This was done at the site with a gasoline powered cement mixer. The cement was reinforced with reinforcing rods. The two piers turned out to be exactly the right distance for the 66 foot span. I never knew how they got it that close. The pieces of metal were precut and drilled so as to be assembled into a bridge. Soon the bridge was in place. East had been connected to the west, and Luxapallila bottom could develop. My dad and I cleared about 15 acres of land north of the new road leading to the bridge. The road was a way to get to our fields. Even this road is now threatened to be cut off. Whether we will even be allowed access to our land may be in doubt.

Previous to building the bridges across Luxapallila creek, the bottomlands had been drained by a drainage channel. The channel was first dug by a steam dragline dipper floating in water as the channeling started upstream and floated on downstream. This ditch was twenty to thirty foot wide to start with and kept getting deeper and wider as time passed. It is more than 100 feet wide in places now. Luxapallila had

been two rivers and a swamp before channeling. The channel opened up dry farmland for farming after the big ditch. When I was growing up there were sandbars in the channel. Soft-shell turtles made their homes in the edge of the sandbars. Some people ate them for food during the depression years. I haven't seen a soft-shell turtle in the channel in recent years. There were also water moccasins around the channel. There were very few holes deep enough for swimming and for fish to live in.

The channel at the channel bridges has always been a place for people to go. I used to check out a 22 rifle from the new channel bridge. The channel was straight for 1/3 mile on side of dad's place. I would shoot straight upstream to see where my bullet would hit the water. It would hit about 1/4 mile upstream. Lots of people went to channel with bathing suits to bake in the sun and to take a bath before bathrooms came in style down here. People went down to hunt, to shoot, to talk and love or whatever. I never minded people being on my land as long as they asked me. I heard some boys and girls went skinny dipping year before last. I went down with my camcorder to get an interesting picture, but as far as I knew they never showed up again. I missed out. So what I heard might have been wrong.

We were down recently looking at the old bridge laying out on land, and while there two couples came up to the other side. I suppose they just came to look. The bridge was a memory place for a lot of people. We also went to the Hollingsworth Bridge and stayed about 30 minutes. This bridge still stands. While we were there three or four different groups of people came up and stopped at the bridge and looked. These bridges have meant a lot to many people. Now the Kirkland Bridge is no more. I would hope the road can be graded occasionally so the landowners can at least have access to their fields and other people can go and access the public channel. Maybe Fayette County isn't so strapped for the lack of funds that they can't run the grader over the road that remains.

This bridge served to bridge two different ages. It was built when the country was too poor to build bridges. It can't be rebuilt for lack of funds when the country is supposed to be the most wealthy and affluent nation on earth. We only owe about 5.7 trillion dollars and are telling people what to do all over the world. We have to take care of other nation's' business and can't afford a rural bridge serving people in our own country. This seems sad to me.....Fred McCaleb

JUST REMEMBERING

Recently, Clarence McCaleb was driving Ethelwyn Langston and me, to the old Wade Cemetery. As we crossed the old iron bridge below Berea Church it caused me to remember an incident from my childhood. My grandmother Ehl and I, had stopped by the shopping mall at Hubbertville (Curt Hubbert's store) for a visit and some shopping. I was playing outside and decided to go down the gravel road to the old iron bridge across the Sipsy River. Maw had warned me not to get my clothes dirty as we were going to a meeting at Berea that night to hear Brother Gus expound for a couple of hours on the good news which didn't particularly thrill me as it seemed like 5 hours to a four year old. While climbing around on the bridge, I spied some crawdads crawling around in the edge of the river. I climbed down to the waters edge and proceeded to try and catch them. I slipped and fell into the mud and water at the river's edge. Remembering Maw's admonition about getting my clothes dirty, I sat down to contemplate what to do; for I knew what was to follow was not going to be pleasant. Sure enough in a few minutes she came looking for me and saw the shape I was in. She had no sympathy for my condition and immediately grabbed a switch and switched me all the way back to the store. Mr. Curt felt pity for me and gave me a big peppermint ball to ease my pain. By the time Maw had finished her shopping, I had the red pepper mint sticky all over my face and clothes. She found her switch and reworked the whole show again. All this because of that old bridge*Just remembering.....lew*

Hubbertville School

The following article is an excerpt from an article in the "Times Record from 1998. Research for the article was done by Faye Dodd.

History, for most of us, is not something that directly affects our daily lives. If it does, we're not aware of it. Most of us tend to think of history as just another class we took in school. But at Hubbertville School, it's different. History is literally all around you. It's in the oak floorboards and on the walls of the school building, and more importantly, it's in the hearts and minds of a dedicated community that works hard to establish the school in 1923 and to rebuild it after fires in 1934 and 1939. This brown-frame building was the first incarnation of Hubbertville School. It opened on October 8, 1923. History of the school and the community is just as important to today's Hubbertville students as it was when the school was founded, every bit as much a part of their education as the history of their state, country, and world.

The principal when Hubbertville School opened its doors on Oct. 8, 1923 was L. G. Cantrell. Hubbertville School had been formed that year by the consolidation of four smaller schools -- New River School (1899-1923), which was held in the New River Church of Christ. Pleasant View School, (1911 or 1912-1923), also called the Jones School because it was built on land owned by John Jones. Hubbert School (1912-1923), which was located on Highway 129 and was also called Frog Heaven. And Hickory Rock School (1905-1923), so named because near the location of the school was a petrified hickory tree, a portion of which remains in the Hubbertville School library to this day. The four one-room schools were consolidated by an act of the Fayette County Board of Education on July 2, 1923. A citizen of the area, Houston Haney, was instrumental in bringing about the consolidation. He traveled to each community, meeting with trustees and families from each school to convince them that building and maintaining one school would be more economical.

After a fire destroyed the first Hubbertville School in 1934, principal Wiley Hollingsworth and community members worked to construct this 12-room building, which helped gain accreditation in 1935. Local citizens were persuaded because they were "education minded, believing that their children should have the opportunity to receive the best education possible," said Faye Dodd, Hubbertville School's librarian for the past 36 years.

The dream of parents in the area, said Dodd, "was to provide a school which would enable their children to obtain a high school education without leaving home to board in some other town. Local citizens went to work and succeeded in making their dream a reality." Board of Education member and area resident C.M. "Curt" Hubbert donated five acres of land across from his store for the school site. The school was named Hubbertville in honor of Hubbert's donation. The school enjoyed steady growth, and Hubbert and his wife, Mary, donated 10 more acres to the school around 1935. Their daughter, Edril Hubbert McCaleb donated the land that became the site of the school's present gymnasium in 1966-67, and sold the school more land in 1970. Her son, Hubbert Steven McCaleb, who teaches at Hubbertville, donated three more acres to the school in 1984, increasing the total campus to 21 acres.

Original plans called for Hubbertville School to be a three room building which would serve grades one through nine. The Board of Education gave \$100 for each room, and the people of the community raised the rest of the money and donated labor to construct the school. When classes started, enrollment was more than expected, so the community donated more money and more labor to make it a five-room school. The brown frame building had cedar shingles, and it housed classes for five months that first year.

After Cantrell left in 1925, E.C. Herren became the school's second principal, serving from 1925 to 1927. Clifton M. Kuykendall took the helm for the 1927-28 school year, and Hollis Hiten for the 1928-29 school year. John Holliman was the principal in 1928-29. Mrs. Dodd explained that teachers and principals were elected by

popular vote during those early years, "and they changed often. But a Board' of Trustees was set up in 1930, and they selected the teachers."

Also in 1930, the school was lucky enough to get the first of two long term principals named Hollingsworth. Rufus Wiley Hollingsworth, who had been principal at the Glen Allen school, headed Hubbertville School for 33 years, from 1930 to 1963. And when he moved on to become the county Superintendent of Education, Caldwell Hollingsworth, a teacher and coach at Hubbertville, took over the principal's job: Caldwell Hollingsworth was principal of Hubbertville School for 27 years, from 1963 until his retirement in 1990.

In their collective 60 years running the school, the Hollingsworths saw Hubbertville through many changes. Wiley Hollingsworth, who was known to his students as "Professor Hollingsworth" or "Prof" for short, added 10th, 11th and 12th grades at the school. The first senior class graduated in 1936. He also established the athletic department at Hubbertville and helped reorganize a Parent-Teacher Association. Wiley Hollingsworth also saw Hubbertville through the construction of its second school building after the first one burned on April 10, 1934. Community members built the new building on the same site, funded partly with \$5,100 in fire insurance on the first building. The community raised over \$3,000 toward the cost of the building. The new school was an 11-room white frame building constructed mainly with free labor from community members. Shortly after the building was constructed, Hubbertville applied for accreditation with the state of Alabama. One more room was needed to meet accreditation standards, and again the community responded.

Though it wasn't easy to come up with money during the days of the Great Depression, people sold calves, chickens, shelled corn, milk, eggs, butter or anything else they had in order to contribute money for the school room. The county Board of Education helped out by providing funding for library materials and a science laboratory that were also needed for accreditation. After the necessary funds were raised, the additional room constructed, and the library materials and science equipment installed, Hubbertville High School became accredited by the State of Alabama in December 1935.

Unfortunately Hubbertville's second school building burned just five years after the first one on Friday morning Oct. 6, 1939. Students and teachers were arriving for class around 7 a.m. as the fire blazed, many of the students were on new school busses that had been purchased that year. "Several of the bus drivers stopped their busses a safe distance from the school to protect the children, who sat on the busses and cried while they watched their new school building burn to the ground," said Mrs. Dodd. "Many of these students have since said that this was one of the saddest memories of their lives." Once again, the community rallied to rebuild the school. With the help of Fayette County Probate Judge J.M. Moore and school board member Chester Jones, who lived in Hubbertville, Wiley Hollingsworth and the Board of Education applied for a Works Progress Administration grant of \$46,000. Additional funds came from Fayette County's sale of \$50,000 in Capital Outlay Warrants. Each teacher at Hubbertville at that time made a cash donation, and C.M. Hubbert who had donated the land for the school site, matched the money donated by the faculty. He also paid for some of the labor for the digging of ditches and drain lines. The present split-level brick structure was constructed on the same site in 1940-41. Approximately 40 community members worked for 50 cents a day to help rebuild the school.

During the two years required to build the third school building some classes were held in local churches at Berea, Hubbertville, and New River. Classes were also held in homes owned by Chester Jones, Monroe Stough and C.M. Hubbert. High school students attended classes in the new school busses 'which were among the first real busses used by Fayette County schools. Earlier home made busses had been made from big trucks owned and driven by private individuals. Hubbertville's enrollment, which had been around 500 at the time the second building burned, increased to approximately 600 students in 1947 when the Glen Allen school burned and was not rebuilt?

Hubbertville's school program and its athletic program continued to grow, with the boy's basketball team winning the Class B state championship team with Wiley Hollingsworth as coach. Construction on the football stadium was begun in 1948, and after choosing a lion as the school mascot, the football team started in 1949 under coach R.L. "Bobby" Lott. In Lott's second and third years, the Lions celebrated two consecutive undefeated seasons, winning the Section Four championship in Class A. During Wiley Hollingsworth's tenure the school also established a vocational agriculture program and, in 1959, built Mary Hubbert Hall, which was to be used at the discretion of the school for social events, school activities, and as a health center. Caldwell Hollingsworth, a 1949 Hubbertville graduate, also oversaw many improvements to the school, including the construction of a new gymnasium, the remodeling of the old gym auditorium into the school's current library, the construction of a new lunchroom, and a softball complex. He was also instrumental in establishing such programs at Hubbertville as Advanced Placement and instruction in foreign languages and the higher sciences and mathematics, and he was responsible for setting up the high school's first computer lab. The elementary school was accredited by the state of Alabama, and the entire school was accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Schools during Caldwell Hollingsworth's tenure. The academic building at the school was named in his honor in February 1997 and was officially dedicated as the Caldwell Hollingsworth Academic building in August 1998.

Principals after Caldwell Hollingsworth's retirement were Steve Whitson, who served from 1990 to 1993, and William "Bill" Carothers, who served from 1993 until his retirement in June 1998. Dr. Espy was hired in July 1958.

Whitson headed efforts to establish a computer lab, for the elementary grades and also computerized student grades and demographics. He was involved in the community's efforts to build a park which today provides lighted baseball fields for all ages, a walking rail, concession stands and restrooms, and a playground area.

Carothers established a new high school computer lab at Hubbertville and helped get a Write to Read computer lab for kindergarten through second grade students. He also moved, elementary playground equipment to the Hubbertville Community Park and added new equipment. He raised funds through donations to construct a dressing room at the football stadium in 1997 for use by visiting teams.

The school's athletic programs have continued to prosper along with the academic program. Hubbertville won state championships in girl's basketball in 1980 and 1989 and girl's softball in 1989, 1990 and 1991. All during the tenure of coach Lamar Harris. Harris, who is in his 22nd year at Hubbertville, coaches every sport the school offers and serves as an unpaid assistant principal.

Hubbertville School continues to enjoy the support of organizations like the PTO, the Hubbertville Booster Club, the Lions Club, and the Hubbertville Senior Citizens Club, all of which sponsor many varied activities in the school and community. The school continues to be, as it has been throughout its history, the focal point of the community.

"The Hubbertville citizens of the 1920's, who dreamed of replacing the one-room frame schools in the community with a modern, comfortable facility where their children could obtain a high school education, have lived to see their dream come true," said Mrs. Dodd. "These people possess a tremendous pride in their school which few communities can equal or surpass. Strangers who visit Hubbertville School and community invariably remark that Hubbertville is just like one big friendly family," she continued. "Perhaps this is the one most important quality that has contributed to the success of the school".

Thanks to Patsy and Fred for finding this article.....Lew



Docia Whitehead and George Sullivan. Docia was a daughter of Joshua Whitehead by his 3rd wife, Mary Kemp. Joshua was a twin of Joseph. (Thanks to Cousin Sherry Callahan)



William Mack Guess, son of Talitha Whitehead and Elijah Guess. William served in the 1st Alabama Cavalry, USA with several of his cousins and his Uncle, Drew Whitehead. (Thanks to Cousin Glenda Todd)

Grigg's Place Cemetery *continued*

NIX, J. W. - 1890-1936
 HOUSE, _ay Nell -Dau. of J. R. & May House - B & D Feb. 19, 1926
 HEATHCOCK, Jack - 1879-1950
 HEATHCOCK, Della - 1882-1962
 HEATHCOCK, Marion - 1920-1955
 BACCUS, Thomas - 1880-1947
 BACCUS, Belle - 1878- ---
 BACCUS, Annie - June 29, 1902 - Aug. 12, 1971
 DAVIS, Inf. Son of Mr. & Mrs. Jos. C. Davis - May 10, 1952
 ALDRIDGE, Isham H. - Nov. 3, 1858 - Oct. 9, 1952
 MILES, Roland O. - Dec. 29, 1946

RAWLS, Florence Harbin - Sep. 12, 1927 - Nov. 16, 1947
 HARBIN, Alonzo B. - Jan. 20, 1898 - Nov. 13, 1967
 HARBIN, Jessie - Aug. 14, 1900 --- (Mother)
 HUGHES, Barbara Gail - June 12, 1966 - Sep. 29, 1975
 MILES, Belvie - Apr. 14, 1906 - ---
 MILES, Milton - Jan. 3, 1901 - Feb. 1, 1969
 MILES, J. B. - Aug. 12, 1929 - Dec. 24, 1929
 BOX, Turney - 1901-1961
 BOX, Hazel F. - 1908- ---
 KEETON, V. M. - 1882-1963
 KEETON, Mary C. - 1884-1954
 SULLENS, Infants of Mr. & Mrs. G. M. Sullens - 1930-1943
 HUGHES, Walter H. - Alabama Pfc. 504 - Parachute Inf. WW II -
 BSM-PH Nov. 15, 1920 - Feb. 19, 1954
 HUGHES, Leona - Sep. 23, 1880 - June 12, 1958 (Mother)
 HUGHES, L. L. - Feb. 23, 1878 - Oct. 4, 1940
 BUTLER, Clarence C. - 1912-1950
 BUTLER, Susie - 1912
 BUTLER, Rufus - Apr. 8, 1885 - Nov. 30, 1960
 BUTLER, Doshie E. - Wife of Rufus Butler - Aug. 7, 1886 - Nov. 2, 1951
 BOX, Belle - Sep. 16, 1885 - Feb. 2, 1969
 BOX, Robert W. - May 3, 1891 - Sep. 29, 1975
 MILES, J. F. - Sept 23, 1888 - Nov. 22, 1927
 MILES, Arnold - Sep. 22, 1918 - Aug. 6, 1920
 BACCUS, John W. - Dec. 20, 1870 - Nov. 24, 1923
 BACCUS, Belle Jeffries - Wife of John W. Baccus - July 9, 1880 - June 19, 1932
 BACCUS, W. H. - Sep. 17, 1882 - Feb. 3, 1902
 BACCUS, W. B. - Nov. 7, 1843 - Dec. 8, 1910
 BACCUS, Kizzie C. - 1852-1926
 BACCUS, Walter Franklin - Jan. 18, 1872 - Apr. 26, 1928
 BACCUS, Mary V. - 1882-1953
 HAWKINS, Austin Floyd - Mar. 21, 1897 - Aug. 13, 1968
 NIX, Grover - Died: Feb. 2, 1916
 HAWKINS, Lenora - Nov. 16, 1892 - Apr. 16, 1958
 HAWKINS, M. M. - Feb. 23, 1868 - July 16, 1954
 HAWKINS, w. T. - May 2, 1864 - Jan. 31, 1951
 SKELTON, Velma Hawkins - Sep. 4, 1903 - Feb. 22, 1938
 BACCUS, Florence H. - 1901-1960
 BACCUS, Lonzo - 1900-1963
 BACCUS, Floretta - Apr. 28, 1922 - Apr. 30, 1922
 BACCUS, Mack - 1917_1918
 HUGHES, Jackie - 1942 (Child)
 HUGHES, Billie - 1936 (Child)
 BOX, Robert Wendell (Son) - Feb. 27, 1941 - Mar. 15, 1941
 GLASCO, Preston - 1883-1971
 GLASCO, Della - 1886-1949
 WESTBROOKS, Infant Son of L. L. & E. L. Westbrooks - Sep. 20, 1938
 MILES, Vera - May 6, 1918 - June 3, 1968
 ALDRIDGE, Elzie - Apr. 4, 1887 - Jan. 17, 1976
 ALDRIDGE, Martha B. - Wife of Elzie Aldridge - Mar. 28, 1891 - Dec. 12, 1975
 O'MARY, Phebe C. - 1878-1950 - Married Wesley A. O'Mary 1905
 O'MARY, Wesley A. - 1886-19-
 DAVIS, Ruby Lambert - Sep. 29, 1918 - July 2, 1969
 DAVIS, James Olaf - July 17, 1916 - Dec. 21, 1955
 DAVIS, Florence Harper - Sep. 23, 1893 - Apr. 28, 1967
 O'MARY, Inf. of W. A. & P. C. O'Mary - B & D Feb 12, 1919
 O'MARY, Alonzo - Jan. 14, 1908 - Oct. 25, 1926
 BACCUS, Inf. of Mr. & Mrs. Luther Baccus - Apr. 9, 1925 - Apr. 1, 1925
 GLASCO, Casann - 1841-1941
 GLASCO, Chaxlie - 1853-1943
 MILES, Charles Oden - (Hot Rock) - Oct. 27, 1939 - Sep. 4, 1961
 MILES, James Ray - Aug. 16, 1918 - Mar. 26, 1961
 MILES, Robbie Rae - Jan. 23, 1918 - ---
 MILES, Martha - 1891-1933
 BACCUS, Virgia Ingle - Mar. 4, 1888 - Mar. 27, 1920 (Mother)
 HARBIN, Son of C. M. & Minnie Harbin - Born - Sep. 19, 1907
 MILES, Nealie C. - Mar. 2, 1901 - ---
 MILES, Andrew J. - July 26, 1900 - July 30, 1976
 MILES, Andrew Jackson - Apr. 2, 1891 - Feb. 7, 1976
 MILES, Cora Ann - Oct. 1, 1892 - Dec. 19, 1957
 MILES, Stella Mae - July 11, 1924 - Oct. 31, 1936
 MILES, Cleburn - Oct. 5, 1926 - June 16, 1928
 JORDAN, S. R. - Apr. 9, 1846 - Jan. 22, 1917
 JORDAN, Winnie - May 25, 1888 - Dec. 10, 1905
 JORDAN, o. C. - Son of Virgel & Maggie Jordan - Dec. 15, 1891 - Mar. 9, 1912
 ESTES, Gusta Perry - July 30, 1889 --- (Mother)
 PERRY, J. T. - Nov. 27, 1876 - Sep. 22, 1933 -- (Father)
 McLEMORE, Billie Joan - Dau. of Mr. & Mrs. Billy McLemore - July 27, 1950 Mar. 29, 1965
 McLEMORE, Billy - Dec. 30, 1930 - May 15, 1960 (Father)
 McLEMORE, Charlotte - Mar. 10, 1929 - ---
 McWHIRLER, Thomas E. - Oct. 18, 1930 - Oct. 22, 1931
 McWHIRLER, Grady - Jan. 19, 1925 - Jan. 4, 1929
 WILLCUTT, Jimmy - Dec. 2, 1954 - Aug. 8, 1973
 WILLCUTT, Norman D. - Feb. 4, 1917 - Nov. 29, 1972
 WILLCUTT, Clara M. - Dec. 11, 1918 - ---
 WILLCUTT, James Travis - Oct. 27, 1938 - May 18, 1962
 BLAKE, Meranda Mae - B & D June 26, 1973
 DOSS, Robert L. - Dec. 26, 1912 - Dec. 2, 1974
 DOSS, Mary J. - Oct. 24, 1923 - ---
 PICKENS, Mary A. 7 Mar. 18, 1883 - Apr. 24, 1947
 PICKENS, Pete - Apr. 20, 1873 - May 1, 1947
 MORGAN, Perry A. - 1900-1963
 MORGAN, Nola P. - 1903-
 HALCOMB, Edward U. - Son of J. F. & D. C. Halcomb - Jan. 21, 1911 - Sep. 25, 1911
 HALCOMB, Vergil H. - Son of J. D. & D. C. Halcomb - Apr. 25, 1904 - Nov. 8, 1922
 TUCKER, H. Frank - 1886-1960
 TUCKER, Etta B. - 1885-1963
 WESTBROOKS, J. W. Bud - Mar. 17, 1881 - Sep. 28, 1966
 HARBIN, Eunice Aldridge - Nov. 21, 1912 - Aug. 22, 1947
 HARBIN, Billy Gene - Sep. 5, 1945 - Aug. 7, 1960
 BEASLEY, Aldoph - Dec. 4, 1925 - May 3, 1953
 DODD, Allen Dale - Oct. 5, 1970
 ATKINSON, Christy Lynn - Mar. 14, 1974 - Sep. 27, 1974
 MILES, Raymond I. - Oct. 28, 1930 - Nov. 13, 1969
 ALDRIDGE, Lillie - June 10, 1884 - Aug. 18, 1956
 HARBIN, Noah - Jan. 4, 1904 - Nov. 11, 1969
 HARBIN, Annie L. - July 21, 1908 - ---
 McCLUSKEY, Jackie - Jan. 20, 1964 - Jan. 20, 1964
 BLACK, Grady Lee III (Our Baby) - B & D Oct. 29, 1977
 BLACK, Olien C. - Sep. 18, 1939 - Sep. 8, 1973 (Father)
 BLACK, Mildred Jean Davis - July 3, 1933 - Sep. 8, 1973 (Mother)
 BIRCHFIELD, Girdley - Mar. 28, 1908 - May 1, 1954 (Father)
 BIRCHFIELD, Delma - May 11, 1913 ----- (Mother)
 HICKMAN, Laura Ann - Dau. of Roger & Cathy Hickman - Apr. 10, 1977 - May 17, 1977
 GRIGG, William Edgar - 1917-1978 (Mason)
 SCRIVNER, Stanley - Nov. 26, 1900 - Apr. 29, 1963
 SCRIVNER, Alma - Oct. 9, 1915 - ---
 SCRIVNER, Hester - Dau. of S. C. & R. B. Tierce - Nov. 1, 1876 - Aug. 16, 1956
 SCRIVNER, Edgar - Mar. 13, 1897 - Apr. 29, 1967
 SCRIVNER, Carrie - Dec. 15, 1897
 BACCUS, Melisa Rose - Feb. 1, 1970 (Infant)
 BOSTICK, Ollie S. - Sep. 18, 1889 - July 2, 1966
 TUCKER, Betty Jo - 1941-1949

Remembrances

COSBY, JESSIE LEE, age 70 of Winfield died Sunday, May 30, 2004 as the result of an automobile accident. She is survived by one son, Kevin Ray (Vickie) Cosby of Eldridge; four grandchildren, Kelly and Sarah Dillard, Shaun (Ashley) Cosby, and Seth Cosby; one sister, Bessie Farris of Northport; her aunt, Ila Mae Herren of Eldridge; four nieces, and one nephew. Funeral services were held Wednesday, June 2, at 11:00 AM from Winfield Church of Christ. Burial was in White's Chapel Cemetery.

DILLARD, KAREN ANITA, age 50 of Winfield died Sunday, May 30, 2004 as the result of an automobile accident. She is survived by two daughters, Kelly and Sarah Dillard both of Winfield; one brother, Kevin Ray (Vickie) Cosby of Eldridge; two nephews, Shaun (Ashley) Cosby and Seth Cosby; five nieces, Whitney (Chad) Lawrence, Allyson and Karla Dillard, Stacie Dillard, and Tara Dillard; great nephew, Lathan Lawrence; and great niece, Kylie Dillard. Funeral service was held Wednesday, June 2, at 11:00 AM from Winfield Church of Christ. Burial was in Winfield City Cemetery.

DILLARD, RICHARD ALAN "RICK", age 50 of Winfield died Sunday, May 30, 2004 as the result of an automobile accident. He is survived by two daughters, Kelly and Sarah Dillard, both of Winfield; two brothers, Ronnie (Teresa) Dillard and Keith (Rogena) Dillard, both of Winfield; two nephews, Shaun (Ashley) Cosby and Seth Cosby; five nieces, Whitney (Chad) Lawrence, Allyson and Karla Dillard, Stacie Dillard, and Tara Dillard; great nephew, Lathan Lawrence; and his great niece, Kylie Dillard. Funeral service was held Wednesday, June 2, at 11:00 AM from Winfield Church of Christ. Burial was in the Winfield City Cemetery.

Wakefield, Iowa Harper, 100, of Cordova, died Sunday, April 11, 2004, at the Cordova Health Care Center in Cordova. Funeral service was held Tuesday, April 13, 2004. Burial was in the Mt. Carmel Cemetery in Cordova. She was born on Jan. 2, 1904 in Marion County. She was preceded in death by her husband, Huey E. Wakefield; son, J.D. Wakefield, daughter, Geneva Rutledge Hyche; father, Jesse Harper; mother, Sally Whitehead Harper; nine sisters; and five brothers. Mrs. Wakefield is survived by two daughters, Barbara Wheeler and husband Billy of Jasper and Rebecca Higginbotham and husband Jack of Cordova; one son-in-law, Richard Hyche of Cordova; one sister, Lou Sullens of Winfield; six grandchildren, Martha Russell and husband Bobby of Gadsden, Ed Rutledge and wife Melinda of Alabaster, Barry Wheeler and wife Koni of Jasper, Lana Watson and husband Tony of Ft. Payne, Amy Taft and husband Robert of Cordova, and Russ O'Rear and wife Brandi of Haleyville; 12 great-grandchildren, Robin Coleman and husband Scott of Fair Hope, Mandi Cooper and husband Chris of Birmingham, Blake Russell of Birmingham, Clint Rutledge of Hoover, Kali Wheeler of Jasper, Jess Watson of Ft. Payne, Jana Watson of Ft. Payne, Will Taft of Cordova, Olivia Taft of Cordova, Alli Jane O'Rear of Haleyville, Emma Grace O'Rear of Haleyville, and Payton O'Rear of Haleyville; and two great-great-grandchildren, Bo Coleman of Fair Hope and Elizabeth Coleman of Fair Hope.

WHITEHEAD, L.B., Jr. (Ben), 73, a resident of Zelda Road, Montgomery, AL, died Tuesday, April 6, 2004 in a Montgomery Hospital. Mr. Whitehead was a graduate of Auburn University and was employed by Blount Construction for 33 years. Mr. Whitehead was preceded in death by a daughter, Barbara (Babs) Drummond. Survivors include his wife Ann Maraman Whitehead, Montgomery; two daughters and son-in-laws, Jan and Ward Smith, Jill and Stan Head, both of Montgomery; son, Dirk Whitehead, Montgomery; brother and sister-in-law, Jimmy and Pat Whitehead, West Virginia; son-in-law, Rick Drummond, Atlanta, GA; granddaughters, Hunter Sanders, Tyler Drummond and Mary Fallyn Whitehead; grandson, Philip Benton Head and a number of nieces and nephews.

DODD, DIANA SUE BURLESON, died on February 3, 2003. Age 38 Years, 8 Months, 4 Days. Burial was in the Winfield City Cemetery. Survivors include her husband, Mike Dodd; 2 daughters, Kacie Michelle Dodd, and Kayla Brooke Dodd; son, Cody Bryant Dodd; parents, W.B. and Jeanette McCaleb Burleson; brother, David Burleson; host of aunts, uncles, cousins, nieces and nephews. Diana was the only daughter of W.B. and Jeanette McCaleb Burleson. She was a great granddaughter of Virgil and Laura Jane Whitehead Dodd.
