

THE WHITEHEAD QUARTERLY

THE DESCENDANTS OF ARCHIBALD & NANCEY SMITH WHITEHEAD

thought to be somewhere else, however it has been verified that she is buried next to Benjamin Henry Allen.lew

Uncle Isaac Sez....

The Professor was braggin bout his new grand boy the other day..Said if he was above average intelligence, they would send him to school to be a preacher of the gospel..If he was below average intelligence, they would send him to law school and if he was a total idiot, they would run him for Congress...Any way, he'd be a successmmm... ..Speakin of idiots, did you hear all the whining by the losers in the election. Blamed their losses on the voters for not fallin for their lies agin My only question is, WHAT TOOK 'EM SO LONG?..... Ole Harry Truman said "if you can't stand the heat, get out of the kitchen"..... ..Saw where the Guvner's race in Georgia was about the Rebel Flag. The one who lost took it downMakes you wander if the South truly will rise again... DIXIE might be a popular sang agin.....The Professor also says that married men live longer than single men do, but married men are a lot more willing to die.....mmm.....The Barber says the definition of a shotgun wedding is a case of wife or death... ..mmm The preacher came by the other day....Crawled my case bout goin to church.....I told him going to church doesn't make you a Christian any more than going to a garage makes you a mechanic.....He agreed...But said both places would get you started up again....mmm... ..Hadn't thought about it thataway..... Brother In law came by the other day..Said he was concerned that the President wanted to lower taxes too much.....I told him since he loved payin taxes so much, I'd be glad to share my load with him... He ain't the brightest bulb in the lamp.....If the politicians would quit stealin and wasting the tax dollars, we'd all get a nice refund..... He's worried bout the deficit...I been livin with a deficit all my life.....makes me wander what he's been smoking..... reminds me of the old sayin..." It is better to keep one's mouth shut and be thought a fool than to open it and remove all doubt"..... Will Rogers said he never met a man he didn't like...Will never met Brother in law.Saw in the paper where the war protest movement is starting up againBlaming the USA... ..If things are so bad ...Why aren't all these folks scrambling to get out of hereIn fact I haven't seen any of them immigatin to Iraq or N. Korea or anywhere else... They take advantage of our milk and honey and complain ...LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT, FOLKS... ..Clem says he bought a new lawn mower the other day... ..Says he's about wore it out tryin to teach the Missus how to use it.....Says she ain't mechanically inclined...mmm..... Says she complains cause he don't tell her he loves her anymoreSays he told her he loved her when they married forty years ago and if he changes his mind he'd let her know..... ..kinda romantic, and all...Ole Clems got a big heart... Clem's boy, Bubba says he bought one of them new fangled computersSays he don't know how to use it, but wanted something smarter than him in the house.... I allowed as how he could have brought a tree stump in and accomplished the same thing ...Been a whole lot cheaper..... Clem says Bubba has been waitchin his finances lately.. Says he carried him and the Missus to a fancy restaurant the other day....Called the waiter's hand on the bill....allowed as how they hadn't et no gratuity... Says the owner told em not to hurry back... Remember Age is a very high price to pay for maturity....Til next time

THE UN-CIVIL WAR

As a student of the Civil War, I have come to realize that this horrible period in our history is not a romantic time, as some have portrayed it, nor a "gentlemen's war" as others believe. It was a cruel and inhumane time. Brother against brother, father against son and so and on. No place in the country was the populace more divided than northern Fayette County. One example is the three Wakefield brothers. They lived on adjacent farms. One joined the Union Army and two joined the Confederate forces. One of the latter two was killed in action.

The following is a poignant story, illustrating the terrible plight of a divided family. No romance here. Only sorrow.

lew

The following is from a report of a Union officer.

"I had a Sergeant Driscoll, a brave man, one of the best shots in the Brigade. When charging Malvern Hill (July 1, 1862), a company was posted in a clump of trees, who kept up a fierce fire on us, and actually charged out on our advance. Their officer seemed to be a daring, reckless boy, and I said to Driscoll, 'if that officer is not taken down, many of us will fail before we pass that clump.'

"'Leave that to me,' said Driscoll; so he raised his rifle, and the moment the officer exposed himself again bang went Driscoll and over went the officer, his company at once breaking away.

"As we passed the place I said, 'Driscoll, see if that officer is dead—he was a brave fellow.'

"I stood looking on. Driscoll turned him over on his back. He opened his eyes for a moment and faintly murmured 'Father' and closed them forever."

"I will forever recollect the frantic grief of Driscoll; it was harrowing to witness. This was his son, who had gone South before the war."

"And what became of Driscoll afterwards?"

"Well, we were ordered to charge, and I left him there; but, as we were closing in on the enemy, he rushed up with coat off, and clutching his musket, charged right up on the enemy, calling the men to follow. He soon fell, but he jumped up again. We knew he was wounded. On he dashed, but he soon rolled over like a top. When we came up he was dead, riddled with bullets."

Captain C.P. Conyngham-USA

A lawyer awakened after a serious operation only to find himself in a room with all the blinds drawn.

"Why are all the blinds closed?" he asked the doctor.

"Well," the surgeon responded, "They're fighting a huge fire across the street, and we didn't want you to wake up and think the operation had failed."

THE WHITEHEAD QUARTERLY

THE DESCENDANTS OF ARCHIBALD & NANCEY SMITH WHITEHEAD

THE LEGEND OF THE LOST DUTCHMAN'S GOLD

The following is an account of our ancestor, Abraham Kuykendall. Abraham was the ggggrandfather of Martha "Patsy" Anthony and Mary Jane Anthony. These sisters married brothers, Arch, Jr.. and Drew Whitehead. The story has been fostered through the years and one can buy maps and search for the gold even today. I am not certain, but I believe the following was originally published in the Fayetteville, N.C. newspaper. I also believe it was published in an earlier Whitehead newsletter. In either case, it bears repeating.....lew

The most fascinating account is that of Abraham, whose life spans the colonial, revolutionary, and frontier eras of the United States. Even more intriguing are the mystery of a pot of buried gold and tales of Abraham's ghost still said to haunt a creek called Pheasant Branch near Flat Rock, North Carolina. Born in Deerpark and baptized on October 18, 1719, Abraham moved to the Minisink area with his parents, then south into Pennsylvania, then down into western North Carolina through the famous Cumberland Gap. He married his first wife, Elizabeth, about 1743 and fathered eleven children between 1755 and 1792.

Abraham's story begins with the Revolutionary War, during which he mostly served in civil rather than military roles. Listed as a member of the North Carolina Militia in 1770, he was also a member of the Safety Committee for Tryon County, North Carolina, from July, 26, 1775. Historical records of Tryon County list Abraham as Captain Kuykendall on and after July 1776. Very little of the war was fought in North Carolina and records suggest Abraham served in procuring supplies in North Carolina and sending them to Washington's army farther north. Shortly after the war began, he was also appointed Commissioner of Tryon County, responsible for building a court house, prison, and stocks, and for establishing a boundary line between Tryon and Mecklenburg Counties. He also became Justice of the Peace of Tryon County in December of 1778, and continued in these roles when Rutherford County was formed during or after the Revolutionary War. These appointments show Abraham to be a man held in high regard by his fellow citizens.

He stayed in this area east of what is now Asheville until about 1800 when, for unknown reasons, he moved further west to sparsely populated Henderson County, closer to Asheville. By this time he was over eighty and having lost his first wife Elizabeth, he had quickly remarried a young, attractive woman named Bathsheba. As a veteran of the Revolutionary War, he was given a grant of land of six hundred acres by the State of North Carolina in an area that was primarily virgin timber. In time, he came to own over one thousand acres, including all of the Flat Rock communality. There he established a tavern to accommodate travelers along the Old State Road used by people driving herds of cattle, horses, and mules from Kentucky and Tennessee to the markets in lower South Carolina and Georgia. It was a busy road because it was one of the few that linked the mountain areas of western North Carolina and eastern Tennessee to towns further east.

Abraham built the tavern and holding pens for livestock; we are told the inn was unusually large and its accommodations better than the average pioneer inn offered in those days. Family tradition also makes much of his beautiful young wife Bathsheba who bore him four sons and helped entertain travelers. He had a reputation for serving good food and drinks of strong, raw whiskey made at his own still. The tavern was established sometime between 1800 and 1804, and its reputation for good lodgings made Abraham a rich man.

He insisted travelers pay in gold or silver coins and only accepted gold when selling parts of his huge tract of land. Soon the old soldier-pioneer innkeeper had accumulated quite a fortune and began to fear

for its safety. There were no banks in this remote area or anywhere in the state of North Carolina, so valuables were kept in strong boxes, large trunks made of thick white oak, held together with strips of iron and locked with large padlocks. These precautions did not satisfy the aging Abraham, especially since his young wife had a habit of spending her husband's treasure on frivolous goods brought in by pack peddlers. Family tradition maintains that Bathsheba liked to dress in bright colors and wear lots of rings, bracelets, necklaces, and earrings. The peddlers served as traveling department stores, bringing all kinds of goods to frontier women in isolated areas, and they must have realized what a good customer Abraham's young wife was, with all her husband's wealth at her disposal.

One dark night, old Abraham secretly transferred his gold and silver coins from his strong box to a large iron wash pot, an item common to pioneer households. He then awoke two of his slaves who were very strong and young. He blindfolded them and ordered them to carry the pot down the road and into the forest with only a pine knot torch lighting the way. He guided them through the dense forest where he removed their blindfolds and told them to dig a hole under a bent white oak tree near a clear sparkling branch. When it was deep enough to satisfy him, Abraham had the two slaves bury the pot, covering the spot with leaves and brush to hide it. Again he blindfolded the young men and led them back to the inn. On pain of death he warned them never to tell a soul a single word of what they had done for him that night.

Some time after, when Abraham was 104 years old, he set out alone to get some of his treasure for a business deal. Taking a shovel, he left the inn, never again to be seen alive. When he failed to return, a search begun and he was found dead, lying face down in a mountain stream that flowed through the forest. Those who found him concluded that he had stumbled or tripped while trying to cross the branch, probably hitting his head. Either badly dazed or unconscious, he had rolled into the stream and drowned.

Only then did it become common knowledge that Abraham had buried his wealth in a large iron pot. The two frightened slaves told the family what they could of that strange night, but all they could tell was that the money was beneath a large white oak near a mountain stream. Thus began frantic searches along the banks of Pheasant Branch where Abraham was found, and some still search today.

Soon after the old man's death, stories began to be told at campfires and hearths around Flat Rock. People traveling at night during the full moon told of seeing the figure of a bent old man frantically digging first in one place and then another. Those brave enough to go after the phantom recalled how it disappeared before their very eyes. Stories persisted and grew. One terrified traveler on horseback told of crossing Pheasant Branch just as he heard the rattling of a wagon just ahead and then saw a solitary figure of an old man in a one horse wagon, beside which sat a large black wash pot. As the traveler drew along side, the wagon, horse, man and wash pot suddenly vanished.

Soon only the most foolhardy traveled after dark near the vicinity of Pheasant Branch, and family traditions kept the story of the gold and the ghost alive. Many have searched in vain for the treasure, including descendants of the two slaves Abraham blindfolded and led through the woods to bury the pot, but none of it has ever been found.

WEDDED BLISS

After a quarrel, a wife said to her husband, "You know, I was a fool when I married you."

The husband replied, "Yes, dear, but I was in love and didn't notice it."

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REBECCA ROSENA SPRINKLE WHITEHEAD

Rebecca "Becky" was born on July 7, 1866 . She was the seventh of ten children and the youngest daughter born to Nathan and Sophia Ann Sprinkle. She was descended from Peter Sprencel who immigrated to America from Germany in the early 1700's and settled in York, Pennsylvania. She was also descended from Olive Branch Roberts of Wales and later Virginia. This made her a cousin to John Roberts Phillips of Winston County fame, of whom much has been written concerning his exploits with the 1st Alabama Cavalry USA, during the Civil War. Becky was born and lived all of her life in Fayette County near Glen Allen, Alabama.

Growing up in rural Fayette County in the aftermath of the Civil war was not easy. Public education was not available as it is today. Girls learned to cook, sew and keep house and to work in the fields when necessary. Becky evidently learned her lessons well, especially cooking. I have heard her sons many times bragging about their mother's cooking. Many who knew her have told me what a great cook "Aunt Becky" was. She must have inherited the "Pennsylvania Dutch" knack for preparing great meals.

Becky was courted by, and married Johnny Whitehead, son of Drew and Mary Jane Whitehead on 9/25/1888. The following year their first child, Drew Nathan was born. He lived only a short time. He was followed over the next five years by three more, each living only a few days. What sadness and pain must have enveloped this young couple. Finally their fifth child, William McKinley was born and survived. He was followed by a girl, Malinda who also died within a few days. These infants are buried side by side in the old Sprinkle Cemetery. It is so sad to visit this cemetery and see five small graves., all in a row. It is a tribute to Rebecca that she had the courage to persevere. She and Johnny had three more sons that lived, Luther Benton, Travis Moody and Howard Taft..

Becky and Johnny lived all their married life on a farm at Glen Allen, near their parents and many family members. Theirs was a simple farm life, struggling to raise a family and they succeeded nobly in that effort. Life was hard on a one or two horse farm in those times. Many years later I heard Taft's grandson ask him "how it was, growing up in the depression". Taft's response was "we didn't know when it got there or when it left". I thought at the time that short comment spoke volumes about life in the rural south during the early 1900's

Becky's youngest son, Taft, is the writer's father. I never knew my grandmother. She passed on some six years before I was born, but I heard my father speak of her often, almost in reverential terms. He said she was a kind and gentle lady who worked hard to raise her family. She was an invalid in her later years and being the youngest and still at home, it was his job to take care of her. He stayed at home to care for her when most his age had left home to make their mark in the world. He cared for her dearly. The love and respect that he had for her showed clearly when for many years, he could not go by the cemetery without shedding tears. She has a gggranddaughter named for her, Rebecca Ann Dickinson, and a gggranddaughter Lora Rebecca Whitehead. Rebecca died on 6/4/1935. She is buried beside Johnny in Morris Cemetery... *Lew*

Related Families

SPRINKLE DOLLARS

The following is a story that I recently found. It should be of special interest to those of us who are descended from or related to the Sprinkle family. Thought you would enjoy this story from the "History of Lewis County, Kentucky". Josiah Sprinkle was a distant cousin of Nathan Sprinkle of Fayette County, Alabama.

lew

I saw by the paper the other day where three of the famous "Sprinkle" dollars had shown up,' said F. L. Strowbridge, of Peoria Ill., to a Washington Times reporter. Do you know what the "Sprinkle" dollars were? No? Well Josiah Sprinkle, the man in question, lived in one of the roughest sections of Lewis County, Kentucky. Washington, the county seat of Mason, was then a thriving town. One day Sprinkle, then an old man, appeared at Washington with a buckskin pouch full of silver dollars of his own make. In every respect they appeared the equal of the national coin. The weight was more than at present, and the quality and the ring were all that could be asked for. He spent them freely and everybody accepted them upon the assurance of Sprinkle that they were all right, except that they were not made by the United States mint. Upon being asked where he got the silver, he replied, " Oh, it don't matter! There is plenty of it left." The inscriptions on the coins were rudely outlined, in no wise was an attempt made at imitating the national coin. On one side was an owl, and on the other a six-pointed star. The edges were smooth. The coins were considerably larger and thicker than the United States coin.

Whenever Sprinkle came to town he spent his own make. At one time he volunteered the information that he had a silver mine in the West, but the old man refused to tell any one where it was located. Finally the Government agents heard of the matter and came on to investigate. Sprinkle was arrested and brought into court, but the dollars were proven to be pure silver, without alloy, worth in fact, a trifle more than one dollar each. After an exciting trial, he was acquitted. When the verdict was announced Sprinkle reached down in his pockets and drew out a bag of fifty of the coins and paid his attorney in the presence of the astonished officials. Sprinkle was never afterward bothered, and continued to make the dollars until the time of his death. He died suddenly and carried the secret of his silver mine with him. This was in the early thirties, and it has been twenty years since a Sprinkle Dollar has been found. *Edited*

POLITICS

A member of the United States Senate, known for his hot temper and acid tongue, exploded one day in mid-session and began to shout, "Half of this Senate is made up of cowards and corrupt politicians!"

All the other Senators demanded that the angry member withdraw his statement, or be removed from the remainder of the session.

After a long pause, the angry member acquiesced. "Okay," he said, "I withdraw what I said. Half of this Senate is not made up of cowards and corrupt politicians!"

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Related Families

DODD FAMILY



BUSH & OLLIE

The Dodd family connection with the Whitehead family goes back at least 175 years. William Dodd married Ally Whitehead, daughter of Joseph and Anna Smith Whitehead in Franklin County, Georgia ca. 1830. Joseph and Anna were bother and sister to Archibald and Nancey Smith Whitehead.

Over the years, many members of both families migrated to Northwest Alabama. The Whiteheads settling in Lauderdale and Fayette Counties and the Dodds in Winston and Fayette and Walker Counties. It appears that both families were similar in their beliefs and especially politics. The Dodd family was deeply involved in politics in Winston County during and after the Civil War. William Dodd, an Uncle of George Franklin "Bush" Dodd, was a leader of the Unionist movement in Winston County as well as a prominent merchant. Wes Thompson chronicles the Dodd family involvement in his books "*Tories Of The Hills*" and "*The Free State Of Winston*". Donald and Wynelle Dodd, both Professors at Auburn University, put together the most definitive history in their work entitled "*Winston: An Antebellum And Civil War History Of A Hill County Of North Alabama*". Each of these works detail some members of the Dodd family's involvement in this great event. If you haven't had a chance to read one of these books, they are available in the genealogy section of the library in Winfield.

George Franklin "Bush" Dodd married Ollie J. Box in Fayette County. Bush was the son of Franklin Dodd, who died in the Civil War. Ollie was the daughter of George Washington Box and Mary "Polly" Tidwell. They had eleven children. Four of the eleven married Whiteheads. Ollie had several brothers and sisters that married into the Whitehead, McCollum, Roby, Gilliland, Fowler and Sprinkle families. Trying to figure all the kinship with out the aid of a computer would be a bigger job than I would want.

The children of Bush and Ollie are as follows: (1) Lemuel Franklin, born 1880, married Nicie Gilliland, (2) Joe Cephas, born 1882, married Sleetie Isadora Whitehead, (3) Virgil Ray, born 8/29/1884, married Laura Jane Whitehead, (4) William Oscar, born 1887, married Idella White, (5) Drusilla "Silla", born 1889, married Lester Franklin Whitehead, (6) Ann "Gurly", born 1892, married Sim Tidwell, (7) Aretha "Arthie", born 1894, married Bill Patterson, (8) Cordie, born 1897, married Felix Whitehead, (9) Foster, born 4/17/1900, married Margaret "Maggie" Tucker, (10) Walter, born abt 1901,

married Alma Herren, (11) Floyd, born 10/17/1902, married Ethel Estelle Sprinkle.

These are the offspring of George Franklin and Ollie Box Dodd. Bush and Ollie lived all their married life in Fayette County. Bush Died in March of 1940 and Ollie died in January 1941.

On a personal level, I am related to as many of the Dodds as any other family as I am descended from the Hollingsworths, Sprinkles, McCollums and McCalebs as well as Whiteheads.

If my information is correct, in the beginning, the reunion each year was known as the Dodd-Whitehead Reunion. The Whiteheads have kind of "hogged" it. Nevertheless it is always great to get together with our kin regardless of the name. ...*lew*

Getting Older

I'm Fine - How are you? 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.

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First Memory

Over the years, I have read some articles written by psychologists who state that a child has no permanent memory before age 5. Perhaps it's the perseverance of my Whitehead ancestry or maybe it's just plain old stubbornness, but I seem to have proved the psychologists wrong.

For as long as I can remember, I have had a vision or maybe a snapshot in time frozen in my memory. I've never known exactly what to call this--it is merely something I have seen from time to time. I see someone who is wearing a pair of overalls and a floppy hat. This person is always at a considerable distance from me in my mind's eye. The person looks like he might be drawing nearer for just a moment, but I have never been able to see a face or hear a voice. And that's simply it--someone very distant wearing overalls and a floppy hat.

I always assumed this was a man but who could it be? Was it someone that I had actually seen in my lifetime, or was it something I had imagined? I never felt fear of this vision but I did feel a bit haunted after the vision stayed with me year after year and I had no idea who it was or why I had this snapshot that I remembered from time to time.

While visiting my mother a few years before her death, I asked her to listen to me explain my vision and to offer any suggestions or recollections she might have as to why I had this memory. I also asked Mama if she knew who it could be. After I related my story, Mama immediately said, "That's your Granddaddy." She meant my paternal grandfather, Alec Tidwell. It seems that my grandparents had their mail delivered to my parents' mailbox because our house was the cut-off for the rural route. Papa came every afternoon to pick up the mail, and as a toddler, I stood in the doorway watching him walk up the road. As soon as I saw him, I began yelling "Ek-ick" which Mama said was the best I could say as a name for him at my young age. Mama said "Ek-ick" would yell back and we would continue yelling at each other until he walked up to me and picked me up. His afternoon "mail runs" often led to time for my grandfather to play with me. Mama said he also would often ride me on his shoulders--apparently something I loved.

I wish I could see the face or hear a voice from the man in this snapshot in time that is frozen in my memory, but I cannot. I was simply too young. Papa died before I was quite 2 years old in 1952. I am grateful that I have a memory of him, however small, because that memory is quite special and unusual all unto itself. My Papa, my "Ek-ick," my play pal before I was 2 years old! And the psychologists can just eat the papers they write when memory begins!!
Regina Burgess

A Woman's Touch

A woman's car was stalled in the middle of a busy street, and the man behind her honked continuously as she tried to restart it. Finally, she got out and walked to the man's car.

"I can't seem to get my car started," she said, smiling. "If you'll go and start it for me, I'll stay here and lean on your horn for you."



Missouri Whitehead Tidwell ca. 1961



*John Earl Tidwell & Grandsons, Ricky and Ronnie Sprinkle
Ca. 1961*

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Ruth Morris Box and Luther Franklin Box



John Harrison Box and Virginia "Jennie" Wakefield Box



Effie Mae Meheg Box, Freddie, Patsy and Luther



Jennie Bell



Sleetie



Eckford



Virgil



Rayburn



Joseph Turney and Martha Whitehead Box

Joseph Turney Box or Joe, as everyone called him, was born July 19, 1862 in Fayette County, Alabama. His parents were George Washington "Wash" Box and Mary Polly Anne Tidwell. He married Martha Francis Whitehead daughter of Drury and Mary Jane Whitehead on March 25, 1887. Martha was only thirteen years old when she married Joe. They were married at her parents home with the consent of her father.

Joe and Martha had ten children during their married life together. The first child was John Harrison Box. He was born in 1889 and married Jennie Wakefield. Their second child was named Drury Washington Box. He was born in 1891 and lived only two years. Their third child was Luther Franklin Box. Luther was born in 1893. He married Ruth Morris, daughter of Nicodemus F. and Susan Whitehead Morris. (Luther and Ruth are my grandparents). Joe and Martha's fourth child was Virginia Bell "Jennie Bell" Box. She was born in 1896. She married John Oscar Beasley. Their fifth child was Sleetie. She was born in 1899. Sleetie married Alfred Hood. The sixth child was little Silvia, born in 1900. She only lived to be two years old. The seventh child was Eckford. He was born in 1904 and married Beulah Hallmark. Their eighth child was born in 1906 and his name was Virgil. He married Vera Hawkins. Little Reedie was born in 1909 and died in 1913. The tenth child was Rayburn who was born in 1912 and he married Ela Whitehead.

Joe died in 1929 of Cholera and is buried at Morris Cemetery, Fayette County, Alabama. Martha lived twenty nine years after Joe died. She was at her son John's home when she was taken ill and died in February 1958. She is also buried at Morris Cemetery.

I can remember Great Grandma Martha. She always rotated her visits among her children, staying a week here and a week there. Martha was a very small woman who didn't eat very much at meals. I remember her putting a few peas on her plate and mashing them up in her cornbread. She had a little "bitty" tooth brush that she dipped her snuff with. I liked to see her in her long dress with an apron always tied around her waist. She would wear a bonnet when she went out in the sun. She was probably really lost after great grandpa Joe died.....Patsy

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Narcissa Cora Morris Lee and Charles Samuel "Bud" Lee



Johnny Whitehead and Sallie Whitehead Harper



William Henderson Mills

Narcissa Cora was the daughter of Nicodemus Morris and Susan Whitehead.....William Henderson Mills was the youngest son of James E. and Nancy Whitehead Mills..... Johnny Whitehad and Sallie were children of Drew and Mary Jane Whitehead..... Jess Harper was the Husband of Sallie Whitehead



Jess Harper

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Cemetery at Berea Church of Christ

Northeast Fayette County, Al. Turn right a mile or two above Hubbardville off highway 129 into county road 43 and Berea is on the left about mile away.

Bly, G. Preston 1915-1975
 Bly, Lucille H. 1913- 1972
 Bobo, Sarah McCaleb June 27, 1940-Jan 11, 1988
 Box, B. Eckford Jul. 2, 1904-Jul. 23, 1973
 Box, Beulah Hallmark Dec. 27, 1911-----
 Box, Charlie F. Dec. 9, 1922-March 31, 1986 Pfc US Army WW2
 Box, Louis Frank Aug. 14, 1902-March 27, 1992
 Box, Bertha A. Mills April 5, 1905-April 12 1992
 Box, Robert R. May 29, 1927-June 12, 1970 Cpl. 1601 At Sq AF WW2
 Davenport, Vance Infant son of Mr. & Mrs. Ray Davenport 1955
 Dozier, Verlon J. Jan. 12, 1928-Jan. 24, 1987
 Dozier, Nannie B. Brazil Sept. 9, 1931-----
 Dozier, Ashley Nicole Inf. Dau. Of Jacky & Teresa Dozier Dec. 15, 1989
 Hallmark, Felix 1887-1966
 Hallmark, Susie Perry 1886-1954
 Hallmark, Clyde B. Nov. 10, 1916-Dec. 15, 1990
 Haney, Houston D. 1882-1974
 Haney, Leah Kate McCaleb 1883-1972
 Hawkins, Virgil Denton Dec. 23, 1904-Nov. 26, 1997
 Hawkins, Elsie Jennie Nov. 8, 1905-April 14, 1978
 Hill, Frank E. Jr. Mar. 27, 1945-May 6, 1993 Beloved son and brother
 Hill, Frank E. May 11, 1916-Sept. 26, 1968
 Hill, Ruby E. May 22, 1922-Aug. 3, 1994 Rest in peace
 Hill, Jimmy Nov. 15, 1950-May 15, 1965
 Hill, Nevaldie April 28, 1893-Jan. 13, 1993 She was a Christian
 Hollingsworth, John A. 1877-1952
 Hollingsworth, Ida 1877-1947
 Hollingsworth, William G. 1879-1965
 Hollingsworth, Nancy Ann 1882-1962
 Hollingsworth, Rufus Wiley Nov. 5, 1905-June 6, 1982
 Hollingsworth, Pauline C. Sept. 7, 1910-Jan. 27, 1989
 Hollingsworth, Vergie Nov. 21, 1895-May 25, 1973
 Hollingsworth, Caldwell Dec. 2, 1931-Dec. 19, 1996 Lt. Col. US Army
 Hollingsworth, Thomas W. 1902-1975
 Hollingsworth, Hazwl B. 1909-1997
 Hollingsworth, Walter Frankie Oct. 23, 1902-Jan. 3, 1974 Pvt. Army WW2
 Hollingsworth, Pearl Lee May 1, 1907-Oct. 14, 1977
 Hollingsworth, Marion W. July 19, 1910-April 3, 1969
 Hollingsworth, Gladys July 19, 1907-Aug. 29, 1995
 Hollingsworth, Travis L. Daddy Sept. 11, 1905-Feb. 14, 1995
 Hollingsworth, Tina L. Mother Dec. 17, 1909-April 14, 1984
 Hollingsworth, Seburn W. (Big Dan) Sept 17, 1914-June 11, 1989
 Hollingsworth, Susie M. Oct. 25, 1916-April 17, 1992
 Hollingsworth, Louise M. June 6, 1942-----
 Hollingsworth, Pervie March 1, 1910-Sept. 28, 1991
 Hollingsworth, Birdie H. Nov. 28, 1912-Aug. 29, 1992
 Holmes, James Leon Sept. 7, 1912-May 16, 1992 Pvt. US Army WW2
 Holmes, Oma Lean 1925-1997
 Hugley, Wilburn R. Aug. 5, 1911-Aug. 2, 1987 Pfc. US Army WW2
 Hugley, Edity Aug. 23, 1913-June 23, 1988
 Jelks, Fred Oct. 7, 1902-Dec. 28, 1982
 Johnson, Jacob Emmett Jan. 20, 1890-March 15, 1965
 Johnson, Minnie H. Hollingsworth Feb. 16, 1900-Sept. 11, 1973
 Jones, J.T. Jul. 20, 1919-Nov. 10, 1944 Al Agt 12 Inf. 4 Div. WW2
 Jones, John Curtis April 18, 1925-Feb. 15, 1969
 Jones, Gary W. Jan. 10, 1960-June 28, 1975
 Jones, Cleophas E. Nov 11, 1917-Aug. 24, 1971
 Jones, Chester Burgess Mar. 20, 1893-Mar. 30, 1976
 Jones, Ethel Hubbert April 24, 1900-May 6, 1978
 Jones, Robert L. April 16, 1895-Jan 15, 1966
 Jones, Ada B. Oct. 23, 1900-Jan. 20, 1989
 Kirkley, J.C. Sept. 21, 1928-Dec. 10, 1988 Wed. July 18, 1953
 Kirkley, Oneeda Sept. 12, 1937-----
 Kirkley, Ruby Lee July 13, 1926-----
 Marcum, Bryan 1912-1992 Our loss is Heaven=92s gain
 Marcum, Ollie Irene 1914-1979

Marcum, Cleaburn May 6, 1941-June 17, 1992 In loving memory
 McCaleb, John T. 1863-1949 (Foxhunting John)
 McCaleb, Roy Jan. 4, 1903-Jan 14, 1975
 McCaleb, Edril Hubbert Feb. 16, 1905-March 10, 1982
 McCaleb, Sletia Mother 1883-1966 (wife of Timm)
 McCaleb, Thomas Edison March 25, 1916-Sept. 12, 1991
 McCaleb, (Roebuck) Kenneth June 8, 1941-Jan. 16, 1986
 McCaleb, Alton Jan. 14, 1911-Mar. 25, 1971 Our daddy is at rest
 McCaleb, Jessie W. Jan. 27, 1922-Aug. 10, 1996 Cox. US Navy WW2
 McCaleb---Gore -----
 McCraw, Bobbie S. Nov. 17, 1945-----
 McKay, Georgia June 5, 1905-Oct. 12, 1988
 Nichols, Robert E. Jan. 23, 1944-Sept 17, 1978 S Sgt. US Army
 Nichols, Ina J. Nov. 22, 1945-----
 Nichols, Grady Father Jan. 28, 1894-Sept. 3, 1976
 Nichols, Kate Mother July 22, 1916-Oct. 13, 1970
 Nichols, John C. Dec. 30, 1937-Sept. 6, 1965
 Nichols, Wynell Dec. 20, 1941-----
 Pyle, Infant son of Mr. & Mrs. A.W. Pyle 1956
 Smith, Mabel McCaleb Oct. 26, 1900-June 8, 1989
 Sprinkle, H. J. Nov. 16, 1875-Feb. 2, 1961
 Sprinkle, Curley J. 1889-1978
 Sprinkle, Bessie M. 1891-1965
 Sprinkle, Merlin Joseph Aug. 22, 1926-----
 Sprinkle, Mary Eleese Feb. 11, 1928-Aug. 10, 1996
 Sprinkle, Charles Kenneth Aug 12, 1936-Sept. 5, 1965 Al. Sp5 Co A 877
 Engr. Bn.
 Sprinkle, Evalene July 17, 1941-----
 Sprinkle, James Curley (J.C.) Jan. 17, 1932-May 11, 1996
 Sprinkle, Basil Sept. 11, 1909-Nov. 4, 1974
 Sprinkle, Stella June 15, 1911-Oct. 2, 1996
 Sprinkle, Charles L. Sept. 25, 1927-----
 Sprinkle, Ethel M. July 3, 1928-Nov. 15, 1991 In loving memory
 Sprinkle, Edgar April 1, 1903-Nov. 2, 1969
 Sprinkle, Lucille Oct. 12, 1908-April 16, 1993
 Tidwell, Keith Oct. 18, 1963-----Wed. March 29, 1983
 Tidwell, Anita G. Haley July 26, 1962-Feb. 10, 1984 We will meet again
 Tidwell, Andrew J. Daddy April 5, 1921-April 10, 1989
 Tidwell, Louise J. Mother Jan. 2, 1926-----
 Tidwell, Earl May 11, 1914-June 7, 1976
 Tidwell, Kathryn May 24, 1909-Nov. 21, 1987
 Tucker, Edward Buck Daddy July 12, 1918-Oct. 8, 1993 US Army WW2
 Tucker, Ruby Reed Mama Dec. 19, 1917-July 25, 1994
 Tucker, Lawrence (Buddy) March 29, 1918-May 25, 1989
 Tucker, Hilda W. Feb. 11, 1927-----
 Wade, Carl M. July 20, 1893-March 29, 1973 Pvt. US Army WW1
 Wade, Essie 1895-1959
 Watkins, Rodney Joe infant son of Mr. & Mrs. Joe Mack Watkins Nov. 26,
 1980-July 13, 1981
 Ward, Marie McCaleb Feb. 11, 1914-July 4, 1976
 Webster, James Hollis Jan. 10, 1910-Jan. 11, 1974
 Webster, Carol McCaleb Jan. 12, 1938-April 12, 1979
 Webster, Ray July 17, 1929-March 17, 1989 In Memory of
 Webster, Grady March 10, 1905-Nov. 30, 1976
 Webster, Pauline May 6, 1910-Nov. 30, 1998
 Webster, Keith, Son of Mr. & Mrs. Phillip Webster, March 3, 1966
 Winters, John 1889-1961
 Winters, Anna 1901-1974
 Winters, Emma Jean 1929-1962
 Whitehead, Arch Feb. 22, 1879-July 8, 1942
 Whitehead, Jane Dec. 20, 1885-Oct. 30, 1946
 Whitehead, Mother Mary F. May 10, 1929-Oct. 29, 1970 To know her was to
 love her.
 Whitehead, Virgil W. Oct. 8, 1877-Mar. 6, 1959
 Whitehead, Leah Hollingsworth Oct. 18, 1883-Feb. 8, 1970
 Whitehead, Rena Ann Nov. 24, 1975-Nov. 24, 1975
 Whitehead, Sanford Sept. 11, 1911-----
 Whitehead, Willie H. May 18, 1921-Feb. 28, 1996 We will meet again.
 Whitehead, Elzo May 19, 1942-----
 Whitehead, Frances Oct. 13, 1947-Nov. 30, 1996
 One new unmarked grave.

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THE DESCENDANTS OF ARCHIBALD & NANCEY SMITH WHITEHEAD

RADICAL ISLAM

I received an e-mail from someone the other day titled, "Should we investigate Muslims?". It was a one sided piece with more spin than a Tom Glavine curve ball, touting Islam as a religion of peace and humanity. While I'll admit that I don't know all there is to know about Islam let me list some of the things I do know.

1. Over three thousand people were slaughtered on September 11, 2001 by followers of Islam.
2. Muslims who have absolutely no regard for innocent children regularly blow up buses full of Israeli citizens.
3. Muslims in the Philippines regularly carry out kidnappings and murder.
4. The wanton murder of innocent tourists in Indonesia was carried out by Islamists.
5. The first bombing of the Trade Towers, the destruction of two of our foreign embassies and the bombing of the U.S.S. Cole were all done by Muslims.
6. The killing of United States Marines in Lebanon and the crash over Lockerbie, Scotland were perpetrated by Muslims.
7. Women living under Islamic rule are not second or even third class citizens. They are treated like animals, beaten with sticks and put to death at the whim of the authorities.
8. Islam does not allow freedom of religion, freedom of speech nor freedom of the press. Anybody promoting any other faith is subjected to harsh punishment. And anybody criticizing Islam could be convicted of blasphemy and put to death.
9. Almost every shooting war on this planet is between Islam and somebody.

And the list could go on and on but I'm sure you get the drift.
If Islam is such a peaceful religion why do they refuse to denounce the violence and denial of human rights?

Even some of the Islamic clergy in America advocate the overthrow of this nation.

I know that some of you are going to counter what I've said by saying that some of the worse atrocities on earth have been done in the name of Christianity. I know this to be true and vehemently denounce every incident from the Spanish Inquisition to the present day cult activity. None of these things represent true Christianity. The present day Christian church also denounces them.

But until I see the majority of the practitioners of Islam step forward and fully denounce the violence and carnage that is done in the name of their religion, save your "Islam is a peaceful religion" e-mails.

It just doesn't ring true. What do you think?
God Bless America

Charlie Daniels

Remembrances

J.C. McDonald, 79, Hubbertville, died on Saturday, 11/23/2002 at the Fayette Medical Center. He was the son of William and Mary Donzella Whitehead McDonald. He was preceded in death by a son, J.L. McDonald and 2 sisters, May McDonald and Kathryn Tidwell. Burial was in the Old Brand Church Cemetery in Fayette. He is survived by his wife, Verna Box McDonald and daughters Dean Davis, Anna Watkins and Donna Collins. One son Jerry McDonald, 7 grandchildren, 1 greatgrandchild, and 1 daughter in law, Mae Doris McDonald.

The following was written by Regina Burgess as a tribute to J.C.

Remembrance

Do not visit my grave and cry
As long as you remember me, I did not die.

Instead, remember my welcome for friends at the door
"Come early and stay late; come soon; come more."

Just remember how much I loved having a good laugh
Remember all the pies that I could eat half!

Remember the sweets I just loved to taste
It's ok to forget how they went to my waist!

Remember me in my overalls of denim so blue
Remember my happiness in just talking to you.

Remember when I got tickled, my leg I would slap
Remember my bald head always wearing a cap.

Remember my dear mother whose love I never knew
Remember one gift she gave me, all she lived long enough to do.

Remember "William Frank," the name given and legally mine
Remember how I loved it; it would have suited me fine.

Remember curiosity with new things the boy within never
outgrew
Remember that by looking at a set of tire tracks, I could identify you!

Remember the good, lovely woman who was 60 years my bride
Remember her good deeds, her caring, and her beauty inside.

Remember not disease but the love that was in my heart
Remember the good life well-lived--and not my depart.

Let me live in your memory for just a short while, and then
Remember a time will come when we can meet once again.

Again I say, "Do not visit my grave and cry."
As long as you remember me, I did not die. *RB/Dec 2002*

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THE DESCENDANTS OF ARCHIBALD & NANCEY SMITH WHITEHEAD

Remembrances *cont'd*

Euna Harper Patton, age 93, passed away Friday, January 3, 2003 at Decatur, Alabama. She was a daughter of Houston Harper and Emma Frances Box Harper. She was a lifelong resident of Marion County; member of the East Winfield Church of Christ; devoted homemaker and mother.

Survivors include daughters, Evelyn Winter of Memphis, Tn. And Loena and her husband, Charles Boling of Decatur; six granddaughters; and ten great grandchildren; numerous nieces, nephews and other relatives and friends. Burial was in the Winfield City Cemetery, Winfield, Alabama.

Charles Wesley Patton, age 95, passed away Sunday, January 5, 2003 at Decatur, Alabama. He was born on April 10, 1907 in Buford, Georgia, a son of Marion Brooks Patton and Minnie Frances Legg Patton. He was a resident of Winfield for over 50 years; WWII US Army Veteran; member of Masonic Lodge # 100 at Winfield and a member of the Glen Allen United Methodist Church; devoted husband and father.

Survivors include daughters, Evelyn Winter of Memphis, Tn. And Loena and her husband Charles Boling of Decatur; six granddaughters; ten great grandchildren; numerous nieces, nephews and other relatives and friends.

A combined service for Charles and Euna was held Tuesday January 7, 2003 in Winfield with burial in Winfield City Cemetery, Winfield, Alabama.

Thanks

Thanks go to Cousins Patsy Johnson, Louise Hanson, Lula Sullens, Regina Burgess and Carol Ditmore for allowing us to use their pictures in this issue..... We need more of you good folks to send us copies of your pictures so that we can share them with our readers.In the next issue, which will be the last before the reunion, we will print a family worksheet. For those who are willing, we would like to update our files (births, deaths, etc.) and also correct any mistakes we have made. Thanks in advance.....

Personal

I am still trying to complete my files on the Mills family and relations. If you have any information on this family or know anyone I can contact, please let me know. Cousin Carol Ditmore is descended from this family and is researching this and other lines. Her e-mail address is Mowglidit@aol.com. Cousin Pam McCaleb Parker also is descended from this family and is researching some of the same lines. She can be contacted at pamip@bellsouth.net.

Several cousins have been working on the family of George Arthur. Meharg/ Meherg family. I am sure he must have been related to the other Mehargs/Mehergs of Fayette County. Some of these folks married other relatives of mine, but I have not been able to make the connection with them and George. He was the husband of Martha A. Mills and the father of Effie Mae Meherg Box, wife of Luther Box.

Cousin Louise Hanson is researching the Harper Family as well as the McWhirter and Arcibald Whitehead, Jr. lines. She would appreciate any information anyone can provide. A special thanks to Louise for the help she has given your editor.....

Our new website (listed on page 1) includes the newsletters that we publish on the McCaleb and Hollingsworth families. Many of these have a Whitehead connection or one of our related families. Be sure and look these over on your visits. We will add more information to this website in the near future. If you have any suggestions for things you would like us to put on the website, let us know.

Several times, we have appealed for you to send us your pictures to share with our readers. I am convinced that somewhere, there is a picture of Drew and Mary Jane Whitehead. This would be a great find. Also it would be great to have pictures of any of Drew's siblings. The only one that we have seen is the one we published earlier of Joseph. If you know of anyone that might have a picture of members of this generation, please let us know and we will beg, borrow and whatever to get a copy.

Special Announcement

The recent devastating tornado that came through the Hubbertville area destroyed many homes and inflicted severe damage on many others. Fortunately, most had insurance or otherwise received help and support from the government. We are aware of one who was not so fortunate. We have raised some money to aid this situation and have been somewhat successful. However, the need persists. If you would like to contribute to this cause, please contact me at **205-680-4669** or contact me at either my mailing address or my e-mail address, and I will tell you who to make your check too. I see no reason to embarrass the individual by announcing their name in this forum. Your help will be greatly appreciated. Once again, I have been so proud of my several cousins for their generosity and goodness.

A special thank you to Cousin John Skipworth for his help on, and for "straightening" me out on, the article about Susannah Whitehead. John has also supplied us with other information that we will publish in the future. I look forward to visiting with him again and taking advantage of his vast knowledge, especially about our Lauderdale County kin.

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BELIEVE IT OR NOT?

Can you imagine working for a company that has a little more than 500 employees and has the following statistics:

29 have been accused of spousal abuse

7 have been arrested for fraud

19 have been accused of writing bad checks

117 have directly or indirectly bankrupted at least 2 businesses

3 have done time for assault

71 cannot get a credit card due to bad credit

14 have been arrested on drug-related charges

8 have been arrested for shoplifting

21 are currently defendants in lawsuits

84 have been arrested for drunk driving in the last year

Can you guess which organization this is?

Give up yet?

It's the 535 members of the United States Congress.

The same group of wonderful people that crank out hundreds of new laws each year designed to keep the rest of us in line. These are the public servants that collect our tax dollars, spend our money and set examples for the rest of us to follow. And they have the "brass" to complain that they get no respect from the American people. When are "We The People" going to get enough and take back our country.

America has no native criminal class, save congress

Mark Twain

No man's liberty or property is safe when Congress is in session..... *Will Rogers*

_____ *lew* _____

Do you know how many lawyer jokes there really are in the world?

Only three. The rest are true stories.
