



The Whitehead Journal

The Descendants Archibald & Nancey Smith Whitehead And Related Families

Editor
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The holidays have come and gone. It appeared that most folks had the right attitude this year. When you ask someone what their favorite memories are, more than likely they will say "Christmas at home." We hope this Christmas was a memory maker for you and yours. Patsy and I wish each of you a happy and prosperous new year with many more to come.

It seems as if Uncle Isaac raised a hackle or two with one of his recent columns. The "hacklee" wanted to know what Isaac meant by one of his comments. We don't have a problem understanding Isaac. It seems to us he is fairly plain in his comments. Granted he sometimes uses a little sarcasm to make a point and at other times a little humor and at still other times just plain talk. I have known Isaac for longer than I care to admit and he has always been a cranky smart aleck. I don't think he is going to change. Besides the pay around here is too good for him to quit. If any body else has a problem understanding him, let us know and we will try our best to explain or hire one of our "edjicated" cousins to translate.....*Editor*

You will note that we have changed our name from The **Whitehead Quarterly** to the "**Whitehead Journal**." Because of pressing duties and business demands, we do not want to be bound to send the paper at a set time. We can now feel comfortable in sending the journal when we find the time to put it together and when the mood strikes us, whether it be monthly, quarterly or otherwise.

Thanks to Lou Sullens, Euna Rhoads, Patti Ann Spann, Carla Bates and Barbara Wheeler for their contributions to the mailing and printing costs of the Journal. We continue to add to the mailing list.

We received a nice note from one of the family members of General Ennis Whitehead concerning the article we had written about him. He was indeed a great American. We are grateful for the kind words.

Our website www.fayette.net/pioneers/index.htm

Our email address: lw3000@bellsouth.net

In This Issue: We continue *The Ties That Bind* with more of the grandchildren of Archibald and Nancey.... The *Way Back When* column is an old time obituary of one of our Lauderdale County cousins... We carry an article about one of the darkest chapters in the history of Marion /Fayette County, the story of *Hartsook Prison*... An article about *Jacob* and *Jacob Whitehead, Jr.* and an article entitled "*A Statement of Policy*" is included, which states our views on genealogy research.....*Reminisces* by Fred McCaleb deals with one of his teachers and his impact on Fred's life.... An article about the search for our *Indian connections* and our findings is included. The cemetery listing for this issue is *Grigg's Place* ... An article from our sister publication on the *Good old days* should be interesting.... *The Oldest Whitehead Descendant* will be of interest... *Bubba's Love Poem* is touching. *Charlie Daniels* pays another visit and *Uncle Isaac* takes a few shots at the politicians and discusses Mule Day and the upcoming election..... All in all it should be an interesting read...*lew*

The Ties That Bind

Nancy was the fifth child and third daughter of Archibald and Nancey. She married Alexander H. Whitehead, her cousin. She died a few short years after the marriage, possibly from childbirth. No children are found for this marriage. Alexander married two times after Nancy's death. He fathered five children by his second wife and one by his third.

Sarah was the sixth child of Archibald and Nancey. She married David Price in Lauderdale County. I have not been able to trace this family at all. I believe they moved West, possibly to Texas. I am hopeful that we will eventually find the information on them.

Bailes (Bayless) was the first child of Allitier "Alley" and Andrew Jackson "Pappy" Grisham. He was born in Lauderdale Co. on 8/29/1839. He married Lucy S. Dean. They had the following children: (1) Benjamin, born 1861. He married zadie Comer. (2) Florence Adelia, born 7/17/1865. She married James Terry Williams. (3) James Henry, born 1870. He married Maggie Segars. (4) Eva Alabama, born 8/27/1874. She married William Moses Thornton. (5) Ida, born 1881. She married J.T. Patton.

Julia Ann was the second child of Alley and "Pappy." She was born on 3/15/1841. She married (1) William Jones Boston Whitehead, child of Alexander and Mary Boston Whitehead (See Above). They had one child, Lucy Jackson Whitehead, born 9/1/1861. She married Felix Kelley. After William's death, Julia Ann married (2) John Henry Thornton. They had the following children: (1) Elfrider, born 2/28/1869 - died 6/5/1892. (2) Jesse, birthdate unknown, married Fannie White. (3) Drew Allen "Dick", born 2/22/1872. He married Caldonia Tolitha "Callie" Waddell. (4) Sarah Frances "Dink", born 4/16/1874. She married George Vincent Kelley. (5) John Dee, born 9/18/1876. He married Pearl Jackson. (6) William, born 1877. He married Susan Butler. (7) Jack Grisham, born 2/14/1878. He married Lillie I. Harvey.

Sarah Frances "Puss" was the third child of Alley and "Pappy." She was born 9/28/1846. She married Benjamin Haraway. They had the following children: (1) Walter Jackson "Ander," born 5/25/1868. He married Sarah Ellen "Sallie" Yocum. (2) Sidney Alice, born 1/26/1872. She married John Ed Dean. (3) Martha Ellen "Lella," born 5/11/1875. She married James H. Brown. (4) Moses Harris, born 8/11/1877. He married Justin Williams McCain. (5) Cora Corrine, born 10/6/1879. She married Oscar Dean, Sr. (6) Thomas Benjamin, born 12/25/1881, died 10/30/1896. (7) Vivian, born 4/13/1884. She married Patrick Benton White, Sr. (8) Julia Ann, born 10/5/1886. She married Melvin Kennemer.

Winston Pettus was the fourth child of Alley and "Pappy". He was born on 10/5/1844. He married (1) Sarah Frances Whitehead, daughter of James Whitehead. They had the following children: (1) Dan Ella, born 9/11/1866. She married Benjamin Washington Springer. (2) Dessie Anna, born 5/1/1869. She married Patrick Benton White. (3) Luther Edward, born 9/16/1871. He married Lenorah Josepuine Snoddy. (4) Sarah Alma, born 9/25/1878. She married Thomas Jedderson Thornton, Jr. (5) Gertrude Jackson, born 5/5/1881. She married William David Butler. After the death of Sarah Frances, Winston married Emily Ann "Annie" Haraway on 4/15/1883. They had one child, Martha Virgilin, born 4/17/1884. She married Thaddeus Harvey White. Annie died, probably in childbirth, in April 1884. Winston then married Mary Ann Eliza Rice. They had the following children: (1) Nannie A., born 8/4/1888. She married E. Julian "Toddie" Harvey. (2) William Winston, born 9/23/1890. William never married and died 12/4/1934. (3) Ada Delanie, born 9/17/1892. She married Alison W. White. *Continued next issue lew*

Uncle Isaac Sez.....

**Saw where Congress just gave themselves another raise. They now make about a \$158,000 per year. The professor says we'd be a lot better off to pay them \$1,000,000 per year to stay at home. Will Rogers said "Be thankful we are not getting all the government we are paying for." To hear some of them tell it, every body is out of work. Maw Minnie allus said "they had more brass on their face than a brass monkey." Seems to get a little brassier near election time...
...Speakin of elections, I can't believe the President is as sorry as his opponents claim. They put folks in the pokey for a lot less than he's been accused of.....
...Course their all seekers of truth near election time...
Saw where our esteemed State Senator paid a visit down our way.. I asked The barber if he saw him and he said he didn't even see the rock he crawled out from underummm...Went to Mule Day in Winfield.
.....Saw some good looking mules and some ugly women.. I Can't believe the way some women dress these days..... There is nothing like a 250 lb woman wearin clothes that show things that ought to be hid for all eternity...Men are just as bad..Saw some guy with a beer belly showin with "MOM" tattooed on his belly with his navel as the "O"Lordy! Lordy! Lordy!.
.What happened to modesty?.....Asked the professor the other day what he thought about all the biased news in the news papers...He said his philosophy was "if the news papers are for it, I'm agin it".....mmmm...
.Saw in the paper where a group of scientists in California headed by Dr. Eric Villain, have determined, after a 3 year study, that men and women are different ...No kidding!. We are all indebted to the good Dr. and his team for enlightening us.....Probably cost several millions of the taxpayers dollars...The world gets crazier every day.....The professor says "life not only begins at forty, it also begins to show."Clem says Bubba has found a new career...He's decided to be a poet..His first poem is on page 7 of this issue.. Sure is romantic....The weathers turned cold....The barber said it was so cold one day last week, he saw two lawyers with their hands in their own pockets ..mmm...The missus bought me a pair of corduroy britches.....Sure are warm.. Noisy too..Now I know where the term "Whistlebritches" comes from. Heard some commentator sayin the other day that one of the issues in the Presidential campaign next fall will be "same sex marriage... Are you kidding me?.....
....Course when you see some of the "men" wearing pony tails and earrings and some of the women with tattoos, etc...mmmm...The Lord might aughta come on back before things get so sorry he might decide not to come back after all.....Took a bad spill the other day..Got me all stov up...If I find that guy who called old age the golden years I'm gonna give him a good whuppin...Ain't nuthin golden about 'em.....
.Remember, good judgement comes from experience and experience comes from bad judgement... Til Next Time..... *Uncle Isaac***

Way Back When....

Eliza Whitehead Harvey

Eliza was the daughter of James and Elizabeth King Whitehead. She was born in the Whitehead community of Lauderdale County, Alabama. She grew up with Archibald and Nancy;s children and of course was a cousin. Her sister, Elizabeth, also married a Harvey. The Harvey Cemetery in Rogersville, Alabama, where so many of our kin are buried, is named for this family. Her husband, Hugh Harvey, like so many of their generation, decided to heed Greeley's admonition to go West. They moved West and settled in Texas. The following is her obituary written by her preacher. I thought our readers might find this article of interest. She was evidently thought of very highly in her community.....*lew*

Obituary

June the 5th, 1822 – July 17, 1916. Between these dates, 94 years, 1 month and 12 days, lived Mrs. Eliza Harvey, known and loved by a large circle of friends in and around Alto, Texas. Her maiden name was Whitehead. She was born in Lauderdale County, Alabama, where she was married in the year 1840, moving from there to Texas in 1860.

It was this writer's privilege to have known this good woman continuously since 1870. Looking back over these 46 years of neighborly friendship are many pleasant memories of kindly visits and meetings at public gatherings and other places. Our first meeting occurred at the Methodist Church in Alto, Texas. The writer had just come to Texas, a stranger in a strange land. He had brought with him his church letter, and appeared at worship to present same. Dr. Young preached a warm sermon, after which the letter was presented and the congregation was dismissed in the regular way. Mr. and Mrs. Harvey spied the stranger and invited him home with them. The hospitality was of genuine type. Acquaintance ripened to a friendship which has strengthened throughout the years. Brother Harvey went to Heaven in the year 74, leaving sister Harvey and their nine children to battle on in life until God calls. Many friends gathered about them to give comfort which she and her assessed companion had so often given to others. They had sown the good seed of kindness and it was her privilege to reap the love of neighbors till their hands tenderly laid her tired form away amid a concourse of friends and relatives in Palestine Cemetery near Alto, Texas, July 18, 1916.

Mrs. Harvey was one of the few "historic souls" who belonged to the Methodist Church before the separation in 1844, she having joined in 1840. She loved her church and until age crept on to dim her vision of things terrestrial was interested in all its moves. Like most old people who love God and his cause, her mind for the last few years had largely broken with the things that are seen and had been fixed on the unseen. Hence for a little while before her death she lived in Heaven while others looked on. We shall see her again.....Rev. D.D. Banks

Thanks to John Skipworth for sending this piece to us.....

When I was a boy I was told that anybody could become President. Now I'm beginning to believe it.

Clarence Darrow (1857 - 1938)

Reminisces

On Wednesday September 16, 1998, I visited the corpse of one of my former school teachers, Mr. John Hall Holliman, I had at Kirkland Jr. High School in 1932. He was at Norwood Chapel Funeral Home in Fayette, Al. He had died in Jefferson County, Al. at the age of 93. He had been around the most of this century. I hadn't seen him since attending Kirkland. He was an energetic young man of about 26 or 27 years of age when I knew him and he was helping to shape my life. I wanted to see him one more time and pay my last respects. I thought he was an old timer at 26 while I was about 15. He managed to get my respect long ago. Very few friends survived Mr. Holliman since he had outlived nearly all of them. His wife was gone. His 95 year old sister was at the funeral along with her caretaker. He had a daughter that lived in Colorado that was present. She had already retired. It was a little lonely. A few like me that used to know him were there.

We had moved from Miss. back to Alabama and I had the privilege of riding my first school bus to school instead of walking. Ala. was ahead on transportation but not on school. We rode a T-Model Ford bus to school. It had a long wooden seat down each side of the privately owned and converted truck. It went very slow up the hills and Murry Barns would sometimes get out the back, run along behind, and make out like he was pushing. The sides and back had curtains that were open in good weather but closed in bad. No modern windows. Murry was a basket ball player and a comedian and got our attention. He would remark that he was as active as a cow.

The thirties were the time electricity had not come to the farms in Alabama. I was acquainted with a flashlight and its batteries and the ring em up country telephone hand cranked generator. Electricity fascinated me. I shocked my little sister Clara Jean McCaleb with the phone generator. It's a wonder I didn't kill her. The phone generator put out 90 volts AC I learned later. We unhooked our telephone line when storms came up and threw it on the ground to keep lightning from coming in on the house. If we didn't hook back the line was grounded and others on the party line had a hard time getting anyone else to answer. Therefore no spread of community news. We had kerosene lamps to give light for studying by. On arriving from school I helped with farm chores such as slopping the hogs, feeding the mules and chickens, chopping stovewood and firewood and drawing well water. We had running water. The farm boy or girl ran to the well with a bucket or the spring if they had no well and ran back with a bucket of water for the kitchen dishes, drinking, washing dirty feet etc. Our toys were all home made by a boy like me that thought he needed something to play with. I made truck wagons for us to ride down steep hills and dodge trees around here. We shared them with the Dodson boys which were younger and sometimes they would hit a tree with them. It's a wonder they didn't kill themselves.

One of my home jobs was to help my dad clear ten or 15 acres of land near the channel on Saturdays by pulling one end of a cross cut saw to cut down trees and wielding a chopping axe to trim up the brush and pile into brush piles. We did 3 or 4 acres per winter and had log rollings in the spring. The neighboring men and women came to the log rolling. Men to help pile the logs for burning and the women for helping prepare the big dinner feast for the rolling. Everybody got to talk and work. It took strong bodied men. I could shoulder a 200 lb sack of nitrate of soda and walk across the field with it at that time. Some men could pick up a 500 lb bale of cotton. Not much concern was given to being safe. I was going bare footed and plowing a mule and wearing short hair in the summer and wearing long hair and a pair of brogan shoes for the winter. We warmed by a wooded fireplace. One side of you would burn while other froze. Stiff warning from my dad was not to burn up your shoes or you might have to finish the winter barefooted. Our standard week day clothing wear was a blue chambray (or something) shirt and blue denim overalls. We had brown or black long stockings to wear with shoes in winter. It was an era of make do on your own or die. Not much choice- "do or die."

This was an era of ignorance and adventure for me. I picked up in John Hall Holliman's health class that we were to keep our room well ventilated. My brother Hubert and I kept our little back room ventilated

winter and summer. We slept together on a home made cotton mattress in the summer and a feather mattress in the winter. Plenty of home made quilts and the feather mattress kept us warm in the winter and summer heat kept us warm in summer. I learned in the health class things that stood by the ignorant farm boy for the rest of my life. Things like not drinking alcohol and getting rest at night etc. One just about automatically got his rest at night. The world was not lit up at night back then. At least the country wasn't. The small oil light became tiresome by about 8 pm. And one hit the bed. My dad required the ones going to school to get up about 4:30 each morning in winter to start a fire in the fireplace and in the kitchen stove. It was below his dignity to get up and do that when he had a couple of big boys. My mother helped us in our school work until we got above the 7th grade. That was as far as her schooling knowledge went. My dad's school knowledge didn't go near that far, but he knew lots about using reverse psychology on his children though he had never heard of psychology. We grew up as a family in poverty and never knew the difference. Everyone was in the same boat. Such fellows as Rockefeller, Mellon, Carnegie, and Vanderbilt had the money. My mother said Rockefeller's money is tainted, it "taint for you or it taint for me."

The John Hall Holliman days are gone. His early days were before sulfa drugs, penicillin, the radio for everyone, motorized transportation for all, before television, before computers, before any income to amount to anything, before degrading of women's rights, before pay above \$21 per month for armed services and pay to bring spouse along. It was before most everything we think we have to have today. There were no refrigerators, but a block of ice could be bought to make ice cream for the 4th of July. We had ice cream if it snowed in the winter and most of the time on the 4th of July. We kept from starving by eating our home grown products. .

One thing John Holliman asked in a science class was "If something that can't be stopped hits something that can't be moved then what happens.? I could not answer that question then. During my life I decided there might be an atomic explosion. A similar thing to that happened in Siberia when an object from space came in at 240 thousand MPH. It leveled the forest for several miles around. Another question asked was "If a tree falls in the woods and there is no one around to hear it Did it make a noise. " I couldn't answer that one. I think the scientists decided the tree made waves and the waves struck the ear and made sensation of sound. Maybe Mr. Holliman succeeded in arousing some curiosity in me. I didn't know much back then and still don't claim to know very much after being exposed to advances of most of this century. My brother Hubert and I got interested in parachuting. We jumped off the barn with momma's umbrella. It turned wrong side out and ruined. We got punishment for that. We survived the 10 feet jump.

At the funeral home visit of John Hall Holliman I met one of his nephews named Theron Holliman that was in my class at Kirkland. I hadn't seen him since the 30's either. He informed me of the Kirkland bully named James South. Said James South started bullying me. I got a brick bat and supposedly used it on James. I am glad I didn't hit him in the head and kill him. He said James said I would kill a fellow and James cut out his bullying. I didn't recollect being that mean back then. I wasn't in the habit of bothering anyone and didn't expect to be bothered. Sometime along about that time I became a member of the Church of Christ at Mt. Olive. Maybe I was trying to atone for the sins I had committed as a youngster. Who knows?

Anyhow the Kirkland and Mt. Olive days are gone and most of this century is gone and the John Hall Holliman and Fred McCaleb era is a thing of the past. Maybe the 1929 stock market failure will not repeat itself. There was another boy I recollect being at Kirkland named Theron Black. He was smart and decent. He Joined the Navy and was on one of the ships that the Japanese sunk at Pearl Harbor. The ship is a memorial there. His name is on a monument in front of the Fayette Court House. He enjoyed very little of this century. Maybe that will not happen to someone's future schoolmate.....*Fred McCaleb*

Hartsook Prison

The Confederate government passed the Confederate Conscription Act in 1862. This was the first “draft law” ever enacted in America. It was designed to force young men into the rebel armies. Many young men in Northern Fayette, Marion and surrounding counties, refused to sign up. The State Legislature authorized the local county governments to form militia type groups to hunt these slackers down and force them into the service. These groups were known as Home Guards, Partisan Rangers and Impressments Men. As the war dragged on and these slackers or Tories, as they were called, continued to refuse to serve in the Confederate forces, drastic measures were called for. The decision was made by the “powers that be” to build two prisons in Marion County for the purpose of incarcerating those who refused to sign up. These prisons were Hartsook, located just South of present day Winfield, and Stamford Prison, near Mitchell’s Fort in Northern Marion County. We will discuss Hartsook primarily.

The fear of capture was a daily occurrence as the Home Guard roamed the countryside searching for the men. They sometimes used dogs to hunt them down. Daniel Smith of Glen Allen referred to the hunters as “Dog Soldiers.” When captured, the men were then sent to Hartsook and placed in the most unbelievable of conditions. Wes Thompson in his book “*The Free State of Winston*” describes the situation thusly,

“The jail or prison houses were small one room structures made of large hewn oak logs, carefully notched at each end and fitted together at the corners so as to make a solid wall and leaving small cracks. The log walls were reinforced by thick oak planks which ran crosswise to the logs and reached from the rough puncheon floor to the equally rough ceiling. The walls were secured against attempts to saw or chop through them by being driven full of square cut nails, both interior and exterior. The only openings in the walls were a large rectangular hole for a door and a small hole a couple of feet off the floor which slanted downward from the inside to the outside to be used for a privy slot. All the body eliminations were either disposed of through this slot or left inside to torment the inmates.”

The main purpose for this terrible treatment is clear. It was to intimidate and induce fear in the populace to try and get them to sign up for service in the Confederate Army. When they were brought to Hartsook after being captured, they were informed that they would be “liberated” if they signed up. As time went on, the conditions in the prison became intolerable. The prisoners were forced to sleep on the floor if they could find the space. They were fed only the crudest of meals and then only once a day. With no sanitation and conditions of the worst kind, more than likely disease was common. Once a day they were taken outside and asked if they were ready to join up. If the answer was yes, they were given a shave and a uniform and sent to their new unit. If the answer was no, they were sent back to the “hell hole” or in some instances put before a firing squad. Sometimes entire families were sent to the prison. One of the surest ways to intimidate the men was to threaten their families. Many times this ploy had the desired effect.

There is no way of knowing how many men served in the Confederate Army because they were forced to do so because of this kind of treatment or because their families were threatened and persecuted. There is no record of these atrocities, only the memories that have long since faded and have been handed down through the generations. I believe that I can safely say that

members of our family that are “on record” as fighting for the Confederacy, did so as a result of either fear of treatment as noted above or served because they were captured and forced to do so.

The Home Guards and Impressments men continued to roundup the slackers and to harass their families. Many of the men joined the 1st Alabama Cavalry –USA in order to get away. Some were fortunate enough to have the U.S. Government move their families to the North, primarily Illinois. Others were not so fortunate. As the war dragged on, the intensity of the hunters increased. Assassinations and murders were not uncommon. When known Union sympathizers could not be found, pressure was applied to their families. Fred McCaleb’s 2nd great grand father, George Hallmark, was murdered in his front yard for refusing to tell where his youngest son was hiding. When his daughter attempted to go to his rescue, she was gunned down also. This incident occurred near present day Brilliant. Drew Whitehead’s neighbor, Benjamin Northam, was murdered in Glen Allen, evidently because he was AWOL from the Confederate service.

As the passions heated even more, the Unionist formed guerrilla bands to fight the Home Guards and to reciprocate against their families. The brutality was not one sided. As has been mentioned in earlier articles, Mary Jane Whitehead’s Uncle, Drury McMinn, a Confederate Army Officer, was murdered by the Unionist guerrillas, probably near Glen Allen. Anarchy became the order of the day. Neighbors and friends of a lifetime became bitter enemies. Hatred seemed to consume many on both sides and lasted for a generation. Atrocities, too horrible to mention, were committed.

It is almost impossible for us to imagine that this kind of passion could be generated over politics. There may be some merit to the argument, put forth by the great David Lipscomb in the aftermath of the Civil War, that politics is an evil on society and therefore sinful. There is no doubt, even today, that great passions are generated over politics. The next time we hear a politician spewing his particular brand of hatred, we need only to remember the time in our country when politics “ran amuck.”

Credit must be given to many of those involved, that when the war was over, forgiveness was asked for and received. Friendships were restored and life moved on. Several years ago, Dr. Margaret Storey, PhD of Emory University, interviewed me about this period of our history. She asked what, in my opinion was the reason these people were able to put the bitterness and passions aside after the war. My response was that most of them were God fearing folks and realized that what they did was wrong. Most belonged to conservative religious groups and worshipped together and over a period of time accepted one another as brethren again. Unfortunately some were not so forgiving. They were determined to get revenge. Consequently, much of our history was lost because children of that generation were cautioned against discussing the family’s involvement.

There is hardly any mention of Hartsook in the history books. One must search the records to find any word of it. The prison was in existence for only two or three years. Today there are only a few stones left from the original foundation. The prison was evidently destroyed immediately after the war, probably because of the shame, otherwise it would have been a symbol of the cancer that grew in the community during this, the darkest chapter in our history.lew

Our Indian Heritage

Sometime ago, Cousin Carla Bates approached me about aiding her in her search for her Indian ancestors. Thus began an odyssey of several months of intensive work by the two of us and her friend Leigh Downs. We started with Nancey Smith's line. Carla is descended from Nancey through Joseph Pinkney Whitehead and his daughter, Clara. After much research and consideration, we decided that Nancey and her siblings were probably grandchildren of a prominent Chief of the Cherokees. We based this on our findings and the work done by many others. We also came to the conclusion that William, her Father, was more than likely part Cherokee. We contacted several of our kinsmen who had come to similar conclusions, such as Glenda Todd and Bill Dover.

I will not attempt to cover all our findings at this time, however three points relating to Nancey stand out. (1) Why would the chief of the Cherokees give to Joseph and Anna, Archibald's brother and Nancey's sister, a huge tract of land, on which was located some of the most sacred land of the Cherokees? The Chief certainly would not have given this kind of gift to strangers. (2) Nancey's father, William, left most of his estate to Nancey. This was unheard of among the white establishment but was common among the Indians. (3) The lawsuit that we published in the last Issue was more than likely brought about because the crooked attorney attempted to take advantage of the fact that Nancey was Indian and probably illiterate. As an Indian, there was some question about whether she could legally own property. (4) There is no known record of Anna's and Nancey's mother. There is information on the rest of the family. Likewise there is no information on William's mother. It would seem that they just vanished. This was a common occurrence among the Indians, that is to hide their identity. (5) We found records of William being permitted by the Bureau of Indian Affairs to travel among the Indians. We came to the conclusion that William was probably part Cherokee himself. In fact he may have been a signatory for the Cherokee to one of their treaties in East Tennessee in the early 1800's.

We discovered that many of the Marion/Fayette County families were descended from both the Cherokee and Creek Indians. Such families as the Berryhills, Hendersons, Wards, Weeks and Perrys all have Indian blood. Carla is descended from all these families. In addition to the above, the Guess family, one of whom married Nancey's daughter Talitha, were Indians. In fact we discovered that North West Fayette and West Marion Counties were more or less a conclave for Indian families, probably trying to escape the persecutions of the early 1800's. In almost all cases, these families came from Cherokee Country and Creek Country in Georgia, most from Franklin County. Some of these families later made the move to Oklahoma and are prominent leaders of the Native American movement to this day. We discovered affidavits that were given by some of Carla's ancestors, attesting to their Creek ancestry. Carla was able to contact some of her cousins in Oklahoma who in turn verified some of our findings.

The simple fact is that most Southerners can trace their heritage, to some degree, to various Indian tribes with the Cherokees and Creeks being the most prominent. The code words used by these Native Americans in referring to one another as "Black Dutch" or in some instances "Black Irish," have been handed down from generation to generation. Just over the Thanksgiving Holidays, I was at a family gathering and the subject came up when one of the cousins informed me that her grandmother always said that "we are descended from the "Black Dutch." This is from a family that has been documented back to mid 1600's. Only one person could have been a Cherokee Indian and that was John Hollingsworth's mother, Mary Garner. I guess I am off on another odyssey.

It was and is a most interesting study. We have submitted our findings to the Cherokee and Creek Councils. Carla and I would like to thank Glenda Todd, Bill Dover, Debbie Gregg and Jimmie Lou Clinton for their assistance in this effort and many others who shared time and information with us.lew

Small Town Lawyering

OR

Why a lawyer should never ask a question of a witness if he isn't prepared for the answer.

In a trial, a southern small town the prosecuting attorney called his First witness to the stand - an elderly grandmother. He approached her and asked "Mrs. Jones, do you know me?"

She responded "Why, yes I do know you, Mr. Williams. I've known you since you were a young boy, and frankly, you've been a big disappointment to me. You lie, you cheat on your wife, you manipulate people and talk about them behind their backs. You think you're a big shot when you haven't the brains to realize you never will amount to anything more than a two-bit paper pusher. Yes, I know you."

The lawyer was stunned. Not knowing what else to do, he pointed across the room and asked "Mrs. Jones, do you know the defense attorney?"

She again replied "Why yes, I do. I've known Mr. Bradley since he was a youngster, too. He's lazy, bigoted, and he has a drinking problem. He can't build a normal relationship with anyone and his law practice is one of the worst in the entire state. Not to mention he cheated on his wife with three different women. Yes, I know him."

The defense attorney almost died! At this point, the judge brought the courtroom to silence, called both counselors to the bench, and in a very quiet voice, said "If either of you asks her if she knows me, you'll be jailed for contempt."

The following statements were copied from several Church Bulletins around the country. They prove what we have discovered, that no matter how thoroughly that you check your writings, mistakes get through.....lew

1. Bertha Belch, a missionary from Africa, will be speaking tonight at Calvary Methodist. Come hear Bertha Belch all the way from Africa.
2. Ladies, don't forget the rummage sale. It's a chance to get rid of those things not worth keeping around the house. Don't forget your husbands.
3. The ladies of the Church have cast off clothing of every kind. They may be seen in the basement on Friday afternoon.
4. Low Self Esteem Support Group will meet Thursday at 7 PM. Please use the back door.
5. Please place your donation in the envelope along with the deceased person you want remembered.

To ease another's heartache is to forget one's own.
Abraham Lincoln

Jacob Whitehead, Sr.

Jacob Whitehead, Sr. was a well known landowner and speculator in and around Edgecombe Co., North Carolina. He was a Lt. Colonel in the North Carolina Militia and is believed to have been involved with this unit during the Revolutionary War. DAR records refer to Lt. Col. Jacob Whitehead and his unit with the N.C. Militia. It is believed that he finally settled in Anson/Montgomery Co., North Carolina abt 1770. Jacob, along with his Brother, William, were the administrators of their Fathers estate.

It is interesting to note, and many believe, that the John " Little River" Smith family moved to this same area at about the same time. These men must have been close friends and it seems that their children followed the same pattern as Jacob, Jr. and William Smith moved from Franklin Co., Ga. to Lincoln Co., Tennessee at about the same time. The following note from one Whitehead researcher of note gives the general view of this line of Whiteheads during this period.

** My ancestor is Joseph Whitehead (born 1779 NC) of Franklin/Habersham County, GA. It is believed that Joseph, William, Tobias and Archibald Whitehead were brothers and sons of Jacob Whitehead Jr., who died in Lincoln County, TN in 1817. Jacob was probably the son of Jacob Whitehead and the grandson of Col. William Whitehead of Halifax County, NC. This is all unproven but makes a lot of sense if you study the records. I believe Jacob Sr. moved to Anson/Montgomery County, NC abt 1770. From there his children and grandchildren moved to the Franklin County, Ga area in the 1790's. Joseph remained there. The rest moved on to Lincoln Co., Tn 1805-1810. *Bob Irwin, Atlanta, Ga. 1999*

Jacob Whitehead, Jr.

Most researchers put Jacob Whitehead, Jr.'s birthdate as 1755. I believe he was born earlier than 1755 as the deeds shown below would indicate. These deeds were issued in 1762 and 1764 and if his birthdate was indeed 1755, he would have been a young lad. Therefore I believe his birthdate to be earlier, possibly 1745. Jacob, Jr. was from a long line of land traders and speculators. (See records for Jacob, Sr. and William). His Father and Grandfather were constantly buying and selling land. Records of that many transactions for Jacob, Jr. have not been found. Maybe that was not his "talent". He moved several times during his lifetime and finally settled in Lincoln County, Tennessee where he died in 1817. as noted above, it is believed that he was the father of Archibald.

"NOTES FROM ESTATE SETTLEMENT-1817 LINCOLN CO., TN. Abstracts of Wills - Lincoln County Tennessee 1810-1895 Among Names: Wm. Smith, Tobias WHIED, Jessee Pierce

Jacob WHITEHEAD, Decd-Inventory: Stephen Loyed; John P. McConnell; Thos. Everet; S. McLemon; James Campbell; Elizabeth WHITEHEAD; Wm. C. Thompson; C. Slaten; Thobias WHITEHEAD; John Boyles; John A. Chapman;; Dated: 6 Aug 1817 Signed:

Tobias WHITEHEAD, Admr. Brice M. Garner, Clk.

Mrs. WHITEHEAD-Widow's Allowance Page 170 ("Jacob, Jr.'s Widow" lw 2001)

Signed John H. Zirley; Barnard Pratt; George Walton, commissioners

Dated 8 May 1817

Archibald, William and possibly Tobias, moved with their families to East Lauderdale County, Alabama shortly after Jacob, Jr.'s death. It is believed that James, the older son of William, had settled in the area that is today known as the Whitehead community, near Lexington, Alabama. Archibald and Nancey lived in this community for about 20 years, before moving to Marion/Fayette County about 1840, where they lived the rest of their lives.....*lew*

Statement Of Policy

There are those who do genealogy as a hobby and there are those who are serious genealogists. Organizations such as the DAR have stringent guidelines for proving one's ancestry. This is as it should be. However in the face of overwhelming circumstantial evidence,(which the DAR does not recognize) we will use LEW'S rules which states "that assumptions can and will be made when merited."

Most of the Whitehead researchers in both camps believe that Jacob, Jr. was the father of Archibald, Joseph, William and Tobias. Many have searched for years for the elusive document that gives the absolute proof. It has not been found and I for one, believe it will never be found. The Whiteheads were not known for their elaborate recordkeeping. Such men as the aforementioned Bob Irwin and many others, have long ago decided that Jacob, Jr. was indeed the father of Archibald and his brethren, mentioned earlier. I realize that there are, and will always be, those who disagree, not necessarily with their beliefs, but with the fact that the definitive proof has not been found.

The internet has opened a new and wonderful tool for those seeking to know more about their heritage. Researchers can find information on the net that a few years ago would have required many hours and days of time and travel to locate. There is a downside, however, to this grand new avenue. When someone's pedigree is published on the net, it is almost as if it were chiseled in stone. It is most likely there forever. We should be careful about that which we publish on the web, realizing that the whole world has access to our findings.

In the case of the early Whiteheads, I have been careful to qualify my comments about Jacob, Jr. and his sons by stating that the relationship has not been proven but most researchers agree that the circumstantial evidence strongly leads one in that direction. There is almost unanimous agreement, as far as I know. The following is taken from an article that I wrote in Issue # 5,

"When I began this journey back in time, I immediately discovered that it was going to be difficult to establish Archibald and Nancey's ancestors without some doubts as to the accuracy. That has proven true. There are no records that have been found to prove that Jacob, Jr. was Archibald's father. However, there is much circumstantial evidence to satisfy all but the most skeptical that this was Archibald's line. The same holds true as far as his relatives in Lauderdale County. I firmly believe that James Whitehead, Sr., of Lauderdale County was Archibald's nephew and the son of William Whitehead which of necessity makes William, Archibald's brother. This would establish the linkage between the other Whitehead families in Lauderdale County and until someone proves to me otherwise, which I don't expect will happen, I will stand on these assumptions. This will not please everyone. Some will not be satisfied until the absolute proof is laid before them. This I understand, however, I will stand on my decision. The same holds true for Joseph Whitehead and Anna Smith of Toccoa, Georgia. The evidence is clear to me, that Archibald and Joseph were brothers and that Nancey and Anna were sisters. Again some will not be satisfied. They are welcome to their opinion, same as I. I also believe that Burrell was a brother to Archibald and that he married Nancey and Anna's older sister, Frances, upon the death of her first husband, Joseph Nail."

Putting out a journal of this size is a time consuming and burdensome task. I do it because I enjoy it and because I want to share the information that I find with others. It has also led me to meet many wonderful people. I try as hard as I can to make sure that every article that we publish is true unless otherwise indicated. I know that we have probably made some mistakes, although I am not aware of any. There was only one perfect man and I don't have any nail holes in my wrists.

We will continue to chronicle the Whitehead and related families as best we can as long as there is interest. We will be as accurate as we possibly can be in our reporting. If you disagree with our findings, feel free to let us know and if we feel your argument has merit, we will publish the same.... *.....lew*

Bubba's Love Poem

Collards is green, My dog's name is Blue And I'm so lucky
To have a sweet thang like you.

Yore hair is like cornsilk A-flapping in the breeze. Softer than Blue's
And without all them fleas.

You move like the bass, Which excite me in May. You ain't got no
scales But I luv you anyway.

Yo're as satisfy'n as okry Jist a-fry'n in the pan. Yo're as fragrant as
"snuff" Right out of the can.

You have some'a yore teeth, For which I am proud; I hold my head
high When we're in a crowd.

On special occasions, When you shave under yore arms, Well, I'm in
hawg heaven, And awed by yore charms.

Still them fellers at work, They all want to know, What I did to deserve
Such a purdy, young doe.

Like a good roll of duct tape Yo're there fer yore man, To patch up
life's troubles And fix what you can.

Yo're as cute as a junebug A-buzzin' overhead. You ain't mean like
those far ants I found in my bed.

Cut from the best cloth Like a plaid flannel shirt, You spark up my life
More than a fresh load of dirt.

When you hold me real tight Like a padded gunrack, My life is
complete, Ain't nuttin' I lack.

Yore complexion, it's perfection, Like the best vinyl sidin'.
Despite all the years, Yore age, it keeps hidin'.

Me 'n' you's like a Moon Pie With an RC cold drank, We go together
Like a skunk goes with stank.

Some men, they buy chocolate For Valentine's Day. They git it at Wal-
Mart, It's romantic that way.

Some men buy fine diamonds From a flea market booth. "Diamonds are
forever," They explain, suave and couth.

But for this man, honey, These won't do. Cause yor'e too special,
You sweet thang you.

I got you a gift, Without taste nor odor, More useful than diamonds.....
IT'S A NEW TROLL'N MOTOR!

In his book *Applied Imagination*, Alex Osborn refers to a Swiss gentleman who meticulously reviewed his eighty years on earth and calculated he had spent twenty-six of them in bed and twenty one working. Eating consumed another six years. So did being angry. He frittered away another five more waiting for tardy people. Shaving took up 228 days, scolding his children twnty-six days, tying his neckties eighteen days, blowing his nose eighteen days, and lighting his pipe twelve days. He added mournfully, "I figure that I laughed for only forty-six hours in all my life."*Submitted by Fred McCaleb*

Washington Is.....

By Charlie Daniels

An open letter to The New York Times, The Washington Post, The Los Angeles Times and all the rest of you Bush hating, socialistic, blame all the ills of the world on America publications who are willing to give a distorted account of what's happening in Iraq for your own selfish political purposes.

I challenge you, defy you, in fact, I double dog dare you to print some letters from the troops who are serving over in Iraq.

I dare you to print a first hand account of what's actually happening there which has been written by the people with the guns and the body armor who volunteer to put themselves in harm's way so that you have the freedom to belittle everything they do and make it look as if their hard fought efforts are not working.

How about an account from a real American and not some jaded, scotch swilling correspondent with a Marxist ax to grind.

I also dare you to acknowledge that more Americans die a violent death on the streets of Washington D.C. than they do on the streets of Baghdad. Why aren't the front pages and Sunday talk shows inundated with finger pointing at the politicians who run that city? Could it be that they are of the same political persuasion as you?

I will gladly supply the letters written by soldiers on the front lines and I'm sure we can find hundreds of men and women in combat who will give you a factual, real time account of what they are doing in Iraq.

Why do you isolate one or two tragic events and ignore the hundreds of good and positive things which are happening in Iraq.

Rome was not built in a day or a year and for that matter neither will Iraq. But it would happen a lot faster if the terrorist faction was not trying to blow up all the new infrastructure our people help to put in place.

And who are these people who fire the rocket propelled grenades and carry out the suicide

Do you really believe that these depraved scum bags would hesitate to blow up you and your printing press?

I don't question your constitutionally guaranteed right to print anything you want to. But it's the American way to show both sides of a story.

Suppose the press had suppressed the black side of segregation, the non corporate side of Enron, or kept the shenanigans of the Watergate fiasco off the front pages?

I was under the impression that freedom of the press carried with it a code of responsibility.

So I challenge you to shine the light of truth on the entire situation in Iraq, not just on the part which fits your partisan political purposes.

I have the letters, the offer stands, but they must be printed in their entirety.

You know how to contact me.

Pray for our troops. God Bless America

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The Oldest Whitehead Descendant

Iowa Harper Wakefield was born on 1/02/1904. She is the oldest living child of Jess and Sallie Whitehead Harper. She married Huey Edward Wakefield on 7/03/1919. On 1/02/2004 she celebrated her 100th birthday. She is a great grand daughter of Archibald & Nancey Whitehead.....



Iowa "Memaw" Harper Wakefield January 2, 2004

Iowa and Huey had the following children: J.D., Mary Geneva, Barbara Ann and Rebecca. Many friends and relatives attended and a good time was had by all. The celebration was tempered, however, by the sadness over the loss of her daughter Geneva, just a few days before her birthday

Iowa was born in Glen Allen, Alabama and lived all her life within a few miles of home. She was one of fifteen children born to Jess and Sallie Harper. Huey was the son of George D. & Mary Frances Hollingsworth Wakefield. It is this writer's good fortune to be related to both of them. Both were descendants of pioneer settlers of the area.

Some believe that the 20th century has been the greatest century of all in terms of the advances in medical science, industry and technology. With the exception of the first three years, Iowa lived the entire century. She has lived through two World Wars, Korea, Viet Nam, the great depression and eighteen Presidents. She has seen the development of the automobile, radio, movies, TV and the computer age. The Wright brothers had the first flight of the airplane just days before she was born. The exploration of space, the last frontier, was born on her watch. She truly was witness to some of the great events in the history of mankind.

In the last issue of this paper, we carried an article about the year 1903 and that years comparison with today. Iowa was born the next year and been a part of it all. What an amazing accomplishment. Today, she can reflect back on a century of memories, surrounded by a loving family including 6 grand children, 12 great grandchildren and 2 great great grand children HAPPY 100TH BIRTHDAY, Cousin Iowa and congratulations on beginning your second century.....lew

The Good Old Days

Often we hear people talk about the "good old days," meaning of course that things were much better then than now. The following is taken from an interview with one of Jephtha and Martha Ford Hollingsworth granddaughters, published in "*The Annals of Northwest Alabama*," by Carl Elliot in 1957.

"My grandmother Hollingsworth had eleven girls and two boys. During the war between the States, my grandmother Hollingsworth took a square black oilcloth and fashioned a rain cape for her husband, lining it with jeans she had made from wool cut from their own sheep. She spun thread from the wool, and dyed it brown with the leaves and hulls from the walnut tree. This dye she brewed in a washpot and it made a dark brown color. She also made a grey dye by mixing the brown with indigo. The family grew the indigo in the garden. They also grew the madder plant which produced red dye. From the swamps they gathered leaves from the laurel trees to make yellow dye. Copperas was also used for dyeing thread brown. Sumac leaves were used for making black dye. Thread was spun on a homemade spinning wheel and was wound by a reed into a hawk. Four cuts were in a hawk. This made a yard. Petticoats, called balmorals, were made from two widths of cloth, varicolored with a dark border.

Grandmother said she and her daughters (eleven in number) made clothes and shoes for her husband and two sons in the war. They killed the animals, removed the hair with the lye from the ashes and tanned the hides for the shoes. They soaked the leather for days in a large vat in the ground, using red oak ooze for this tanning process. Then they spread out the skins and rubbed and rubbed them to soften them. Calf skins were used for making the soles of the shoes. Tiny blocks of maple were made into pegs to tack the soles to the shoes. These tacks were sharpened at one end. A pegging awl was used for making holes in the soles for the tacks to be driven in.

Grandmother and the girls knitted socks and underwear and made a suit and a pair of shoes each to send to their menfolk in the war. When they heard that the Yankees were coming, they took two boards off the piazza and hid the clothes underneath until after the soldiers were gone. Grandmother, who had been accustomed to cooking over an open hearth fire, was approached with the idea of getting one of those new fangled stoves. She was quick to make reply. "Wouldn't have one of those stoves, too much like child's play."

This shows that the good old days weren't all that great. Kind of reminds me of Uncle Isaac saying that "There ain't nuthin golden about the golden years." He was referring of course to getting older. Seriously, we sometimes forget how lucky and how blessed we are to live in this modern age of convenience. In talking with Fred McCaleb recently, who is in his 87th year, it was amazing that in his lifetime he has witnessed the development of the automobile, electricity in every home, telephone, television, computers and before that radio and on and on.

I read this interview to my wife and she said she didn't believe the good old days were so good, after all. She believed she would just take the here and now. I agree. So how about it girls. Want to make your husband's next pair of shoes and save \$50-75.00. Isaac says he'll pay the \$75.00 just to "watch'em bein made".....lew



William McKinley Whitehead ca.1918

8/27/1896 – 9/13/1958

William was the oldest child that lived to adulthood of Johnny and Becky Sprinkle Whitehead. He lived all of his life in the Marion/Fayette County area. He and his first wife had one child. After her death he married a second time and he and his wife had eight children. He was a grandson of Drew & Mary Jane Whitehead.



Do you know these men? If so, please let us know. They are thought to be Whiteheads from the Glen Allen area....Isaac says "one of em has to be a Whitehead, cause he's got big ears."



Autie Serena Whitman Mullins 10/23/1889 – 12/14/1975

Autie was the daughter of James J. & Mary Alice Whitehead Whitman. She married Andy Mullins and they had seven children. She was a granddaughter of Drew & Mary Jane Whitehead.



The William Henderson Mills House – Glen Allen – ca. 1913

William was a grandson of Archibald & Nancey. He moved to Oklahoma ca. 1915 and lived there until his death.....



Andrew Jackson "Pappy" Grisham, Husband of Allitier" Alley" Whitehead Grasham and son-in-law of Archibald & Nancey.



Winston Pettus and Third Wife Mary Ann Rice and children Ada and William



Nancy Ann Grisham Nugent & Husband, John W. Nugent



Jesse N. Grisham and wife, Bet Waddell Grisham

These pictures are of three of Alley and Pappy's Children. Many thanks to Ronnie Haraway for allowing us to publish them. They were copied from his book "Grishams of East Lauderdale County."

(GRIGGS PLACE CEMETERY)

aka

PLEASANT GROVE CEMETERY

This listing is through 1978

MILLS, William P. - Aug. 4,1884 - Sep. 26,1961
MILLS, Lula A. - June 5,1892 - ---
ALEXANDER, Dalton - Apr. 1, 1875 - Sep. 4, 1958
ALEXANDER, Erastus G. - 1867-1941
ALEXANDER, VirgIe, Jr. - Son of Mr. & Mrs. V. G. Alexander - Feb. 8, 1962 Dec. 12, 19
ALEXANDER, Hill- May 23, 1908 - Apr. 17,1941
BEASLEY, Ira - 1901-1968
BEASLEY, Berthy - 1895-----e;
BEASLEY, James Ray - Aug. 23, 1930 - Feb. 16,-1956
BEASLEY, W. T. - June 24,1906 - July 13,1908
BEASLEY, Arnold - Mar. 6, 1904 - Dec. --, 1929
BEASLEY, James M. - Oct. 18, 1870 - Sep. 15, 1944
BEASLEY, Martha A. - Oct. 6, 1873 - Feb. 14, 1951 (Mother)
McCALEB, Dora Howell - Dec. 25, 1874 - Dec. 7, 1939
HOWELL, Ernaline - Mar. 23, 1858 - Feb. 25, 1918
DICKINSON, Nannie - 1880-1945
HOWELL, Clark - 1900-1949
DICKINSON, Olin M. - Alabarna Pvt. 1473 SVC Comd. Unit WW II - Nov. 13,1915 May 17, 1966
LYONS, Roxy D. - Dau. OI G. S. Lyons - 1870 - (Unlegible)
LYONS, Birdy I. - Dau. OI Theo Lyons & Rebecca Lyons Nov.11,1873 - May20,1874
LYONS, John - Dec. 23, 1809 - Apr. 28, 1877
BOX, Ricky Dale - Son OI Mr. & Mrs. Billie Box - Dec. 28, 1955
BURGESS, C. J. - Feb. 2, 1880 - May 26,1900
BURGESS, Georgia Mae - Jan. 24, 1901 - Mar. 3, 1905
BURGESS, Annie E. - Jan. 5,1860 - Dec. 8, 1907
BURGESS, Charles P. - Oct. 17, 1858 - Dec. 27, 1922
PATE, J. Wayne - No dates
MILES, J. P. - Sep. 27, 1896 - July 8,1948
BOX, James Shannon - (McGraw Funeral Home Marker)
BEASLEY, Johnny O. - June 12,1895 - Jan. 6, 1962
MILES, J. Holt - Oct. 28,1927 - June 25,1929
HOLCOMB, Joe M. & Hattie Holcomb - Mar. 16, 1929 - Apr. 25,1929
HOLCOMB, Ellis E. - Dec. 21, 1926 - Sep. 12, 1928
McWHIRTER, Inf. Of Hamilton & S. L. McWhirter - July 10, 1913 - July 13, 1913
WORTHY, J. W. - 1854-1924
WYLIE, John W. - Alabama Tec.5 MD WW II - Jan. 20, 1913 - Apr. 24, 1949
WYLIE, Milton - 1911-1938
MANN, Sarah Jane - Dau. OI W. R. & S. E. Mann - July 4, 1862 - Nov. 17, 1880
HAWKINS, Etta F. - Sep. 7, 1903 - Feb. 2, 1946
HAWKINS, Inf. Son OI Mr. & Mrs. Holley Hawkins - 1943
HAWKINS, Mary E. - 1936
BACCUS, Ann - 1818- June 10,1906
LETSON, w. H. - 1847-1937
LETSON, S. E. - 1853-1943
BUTLER, James - June 9,1924 - Dec. 27,1924
WYLIE, Rob - 1868-1918
WILEY, Minnie - 1906-1912

WILEY, James - 1902-1902
JOHNSTON, Mary - Feb. 8, 1807 - Dec. 3, 1889
JOHNSTON, John - May 18-'? ----- 1893
JOHNSTON,----- - 1861-1906
WORTHY, Sarah R. - Sep. 11,1810 - Mar. 13, 1907
ANDERSON, "TOMPI e" - May 19, 1909 - ---
ANDERSON, Minnie L. - May 6, 1909 - ---
ANDERSON, Son OI T. T. & Minnie Anderson - B & D Aug. 12, 1943
MILES, Frank G. - Dec. 23, 1904 - Feb. 21, 1974
MILES, John P. - Aug. 27,1896 - July 15,1948
MILES, Icy E. - 1895-1945
STREETY, Pearl Pineger - Sep. 28,1872 - Dec. 30, 1953
UPTAIN, Calvin Terrell - Jan. 2, 1892 - Aug. 13, 1937
UPTAIN, Lizzie Pinegar - July 16,1895 - ---
ESTES, Geroge W., Sr. - 1886-1962
ESTES, Mary J. - 1886-1950
UPTAIN, L. T. - Oct. 14, 1933 - Dec. 2,1936
MANLEY, John R. - 1897-1942
HARPER, Jess H. - 1861-1942
HARPER, Sallie - 1867-1949
HARPER, Green - Aug. 14, 1883 - Apr. 2, 1902
HARPER, D. Thomas, Son of J. & S. A. Harper - Died: Aug. 26, 1885
4 mos. 24 days
HARPER, J. R. - May 20, 1909 - Jan. 4, 1916
HARPER, Elzada - Sep. 18, 1904 - Jan. 19,1905
GRIGG, G. T. - June 16,1946 - Oct. 11,1918
GRIGG, Allie D. - Apr. 22, 1850 - Feb. 15, 1934
GRIGG, Jessie R. - Aug. 13, 1868 - Dec. 30, 1956
GRIGG, Emma Alice - June 20,1876 - June 23,1952
BOX, John H. W. - Nov. 12, 1889 - Jan. 7, 1893
BOX, Awney - Sep. 16, 1877 - Sep. 16, 1899
BOX, William L. - Sep. 16, 1899 - Nov. 29, 1901
BOX, John - 1863-1954
BOX, Martha J. - 1860-1942
BOX, Dollie - Sep. 8,1896 - Aug. --, 1955
GRIGG, Joel - 1876-1949
GRIGG, Nancy - 1873-1943
SMOTHERS, Myrtie Chloe - July 19,1901 - Apr. 16, 1976
WAKEFIELD, J. O. - Aug. 8, 1920 - July 19,1922
ESTES, Clovis - Jan. 31,1911 - July 28,1912
ESTES, Noan, Son of G. W. & H. J. Estes - Feb. 2, 1917 - Feb. 4, 1917
MANLEY, Mary S. - 1927-1928
GRIGG, G. A. - Oct. 20, 1889 - Oct. 19, 1967 (Mason)
GRIGG, Silla - Mar. 30, 1897 - Mar. 27, 1963
MATHIS, Elizabeth Grigg - Mar. 7, 1903 - Sep. 11, 1967
SPRINKLE, Mose J. - 1884-1952
SPRINKLE, Sarah L. - 1889-1977
WEBTBROOK, Flavel H. - 1916-1953
WESTBROOK, Mary F. - Sep. 3, 1881 - Oct. 16, 1965
WESTBROOK, Danny Lee - Sep. 19, 1967 - Nov. 15, 1968
HARBIN, William J. - 1892-1943
HARBIN, Emma J. - 1890 - Mar. 14, 1979
WOOD, Inf. of Mr. & Mrs. S. N. Wood - No dates
WOOD, Jessie L. -1915-1916
DOWNEY, Eddie - May 1, 1947 - Sep. 3, 1949

Continued next issue

Remembrances

DODD, BILLY GENE "BILL, Mr. Billy Gene "Bill" Dodd, age 73 of the Glen Allen area of Winfield, passed away Thursday, December 25, 2003. He was survived by his wife, Faye Sumerel Dodd of Winfield; daughters, Sharon (Johnny) Sullivan and Laura White, both of Winfield; granddaughter, Leigh Ann White; sister, Betty Gilreath of Winfield; and other relatives. Burial was in White's Chapel Cemetery.

COSBY, RAY HUBERT, age 75, of Winfield, died Saturday, December 20, 2003 at his residence. Burial was in White's Chapel Cemetery. Mr. Cosby is survived by his wife, Mrs. Jessie Lee Dodd Cosby of Winfield; one son, Kevin Ray (Vickie) Cosby of Eldridge; one daughter, Karen (Rick) Dillard of Winfield; a brother, Joe Mac Cosby of Northport; four grandchildren, Kelly and Sarah Dillard, Shaun (Ashley) Cosby, and Seth Cosby; and 13 nieces and nephews.

HYCHE, MARY GENEVA RUTLEDGE, Died December 17, 2003 at her residence. Burial was in Walker Memory Gardens. She is survived by her husband, Richard E. Hyche, her mother Iowa H. Wakefield, daughters Martha Russell (Bobby), Hollace Cook (Jim) and Jan Shipley (Pat). Also a son, Hansel Edward Rutledge (Melinda), sisters, Barbara Wheeler and Beck Higginbotham. Six grandchildren and four great-grandchildren are among the survivors and a host of friends and relatives. She was preceded in death by her father, Huey Edward Wakefield.

VICKERY, WILLIAM ELLSWORTH, age 70, of Brilliant, died December 10, 2003. Burial was in Brilliant Memorial Gardens. Survivors include his wife, Donna Davis Vickery, Brilliant; daughter, Delilah Burleson, Brilliant; step-sons, Billy Cagle, Jasper and Jonathan (Michelle) Cagle, Brilliant; stepdaughters, Tina (Tim) Barnett, Tonya Cagle and Monica Key, all of Winfield; nine grandchildren; sisters, Amelia Key, Winfield, Ivalene Beasley, Kingston, TN and Imogene Dodd, Haleyville; nieces, nephews, and other relatives.

MIZE, GENE HOWARD, age 84, of Double Springs, died November 13, 2003. Burial was at the Winston Memorial Cemetery. Survivors include his wife, Anna, sons, Joel Sanford, Elwyn Darrel, Gary Wade and Claiborne Jackson. Also a daughter, Rebecca Jeanette Masdon and a host of relatives and friends. Mr. Mize was well known and appreciated in the area in which he lived, having been a local businessman all his adult life. At the time of his death, he was serving as an Elder at The Thornhill Church of Christ.

BUTLER, SUSIE LEE, age 91, of Winfield, died Saturday, November 8, 2003. Survivors include her sons, Clarence "Buddy" Butler, Columbus "Toad" (Janice) Butler, Sammy "Sambo" Butler, and Tony (Margene) Butler, all of Winfield; daughters, Loretta (James) Wyers of Winfield and Linda (Lloyd) Perry of Jackson, TN; ten grandchildren; six great grandchildren; sisters, Mrs. Vereda Lee and Mrs. Agatha Aldridge, both of Winfield; and nieces, nephews, and other relatives. Burial was in Griggs Place Cemetery.

Remember all these good families in our prayers. Each of these deaths occurred near the holiday season which made the loss even more difficult.....*lew*