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Editor Larry E. Whitehead

Contributing Editor Patsy Box Johnson

When this copy of the *Quarterly* is mailed, it will be number four. What a delight it has been to attempt such an undertaking. The response from so many has been so encouraging. From Patsy and I, a big thank you to all.

As we stated in the first issue, the purpose of this publication was primarily to generate interest in our family heritage. We believe we have made progress in this effort. Only time (*and the turnout for the reunion*) will tell. If we accomplish no more than that, it will have been worth it all. The picture section in the last issue generated quite a bit of interest. If you want more, send us your pictures, folks. We continue to get comments about Uncle Isaac. We think Isaac's column is the most popular feature of the paper.

We continue to solicit your contributions for the cleanup fund for the "Whitehead Cemetery." Please send what you can to Fred McCaleb, 4146, County Rd. 51, Fayette, AL. 35555. This is an important project. We just must not let this cemetery go untended. If every family that receives this paper would send a single dollar, that would be enough.

This is the last issue of the "Quarterly" before the reunion, which will be held Sunday, May 19, 2002. We ask that you make plans to attend. If we don't have a decent turnout, this will probably be the last one held. That would be a shame. I doubt if any of us are so busy that we can't find the time once a year to renew acquaintances, meet new cousins and enjoy the fellowship. Fix a dish or buy some KFC and come on. We will have a great time and you'll be glad you came. I guarantee it.

Mail your articles and comments to:

Larry E. Whitehead e-mail: lw3000@aol.com
5559 Roberts Drive
Pinson, Alabama 35126 Pho 205-680-4669

In this issue... The "*Ties that bind*" column profiles five more of Archibald and Nancey's children, Rebecca, Sarah, Alley, Nancy and Archibald, Jr. and their families. The "*Way Back When*" column includes a letter from Alley Whitehead Grisham to her Brother Joshua. I believe this letter has been published before, but find it interesting enough to do so again. Another "*Way Back When*" column begins a two part report of the first murder trial in Elbert County, Georgia. It deals with Nancey Smith's uncle, Jasper Smith. The second part will follow in the next issue. As Uncle Isaac would say "lots of meanness goin on back then". In still another "*Way Back When*" column, we print another excerpt from Thomas Perry's book on his early life in Hubbertville. The "*Related Families*" section has a bio of one of our Anthony cousins. An article about cousin Gary Whitehead and his watermelon growing prowess is included. An announcement about the restoration of the Tucker-Griggs Cemetery and the Special Tucker reunion is also included. The "*Cemetery*" selection for this issue is the Elm Cemetery and the Anthony Family Cemetery. A "*Poem*" submitted by Patsy, should be required reading by every youngster. As always, I take a few "*Random Shots*" and *Uncle Isaac* once again graces the pages with his pearls of wit and wisdom. It is our hope that it makes for an interesting read.....lew

The Ties That Bind.....

Rebecca Whitehead was the third daughter and fifth child born to Archibald and Nancey. Rebecca was born in 1812 in Lincoln County, Tennessee. She married Alexander Hunter Whitehead, probably her first cousin, 9/05/1827 in Lauderdale County, Alabama. Rebecca died an untimely death about 1830. No children are recorded for this marriage. Alexander married twice more and had several children. His parentage will be discussed at a later time.

Sarah was the fourth daughter and sixth child born to Archibald and Nancy. She was born about 1815 in Lincoln County, Tennessee. Little is known of her life. Lauderdale County records have Sarah Whitehead marrying John Gibson on 5/27/1824. If her birth was in 1815, she would have been too young to be this Sarah. I have a theory that I am pursuing. If successful, I will report in a later issue.

Alletier "Alley" was the fifth daughter and seventh child born to Archibald and Nancey. Alley was born on 3/23/1817 in Lincoln County, Tennessee. She married Andrew Jackson "Pappy" Grisham (brother to Jesse Nelson Grisham who married Ally's sister Gracy) on 10/1/1838 in Lauderdale County, Alabama. They were farmers and lived the rest of their lives in the Whitehead Community in Lauderdale County. They had the following children: (1) Bailes (Bayless), born 8/29/1839. (2) Julia Ann, born 3/15/1841 (3) Winston Pettus, Born 10/25/1844 (4) Sarah Frances, born 9/28/1846 (5) Jesse Nelson, born 10/22/1848 (6) Nancy Ann, Born 3/29/1851. Alley and "Pappy" Grisham are buried in the Harvey Cemetery, Rogersville, Alabama. A letter from Alley to her brother Joshua, is to be found in this issue.

Nancy was the sixth daughter and eighth child of Archibald and Nancey. She was born in Lincoln County on 1/24/1820. She married abt 1848 to James E. Mills. They settled in Fayette County where they lived the rest of their lives. Nancy and James were active members of the Baptist Church and were instrumental in the establishment of the Old Hopewell Baptist Church at Glen Allen. Church records reflect their involvement until their deaths.

They had the following children: (1) Hannah, born 1849 (2) Gracy Ann, born 1850 (3) Rufus S., born 2/24/1851 (4) Mary, born 1853 (5) Martha A., born 12/1855 (6) James Franklin, born 12/1857 (7) William Henderson, born 8/5/1859. Nancy and James are buried in the Morris Cemetery at Glen Allen, Alabama.

Archibald, Jr. was the ninth child and third son of Archibald and Nancey. He was born abt 1822, more than likely in Lauderdale County, Alabama. He married Martha "Patsy" Anthony abt. 1845 in Marion/Fayette County. They had the following children: (1) George Washington, born 7/4/1846 (2) Nancy Jane, born 8/10/1848 (3) Alice Drucilla "Sally", born 4/19/1850 (4) William S., born 1853 (5) Talitha Elizabeth "Litha", born 1855 (6) Mary C., born 1858 (7) James Franklin, born 5/12/1859. Archibald, Jr. died an untimely death on 8/8/1861. There is much speculation that his death was the result of his involvement in the "Tory" movement at the beginning of the Civil War. Patsy never remarried. She was the older sister of Mary Jane Anthony who married Archibald, Jr.'s younger brother, Drury. They were the daughters of William and Jennie McMinn Anthony. Patsy and Archibald, Jr. are buried in the Morris Cemetery in Fayette County.....lew

Uncle Isaac sez.....

Seein the picture of Gary and that big watermelon elsewhere in this issue, got me to thinkin bout my Grandma Minnie Belle and her thimble. Grandma was a seamstress and she wore a thimble on her finger all the time. When us kids would cut up at the dinner table she would ease around behind us and thump us on the head with that thimble covered finger with the admonition to "hush up when grown folks were talkin". Boy howdy!. you'd see stars. To prove how powerful a thump she had, I saw her thump a water- melon in the field one time and it just split wide open. The professor asked the question..If progress means to move forward, what does congress mean?.....umm..... One of our cousins did'nt like my talkin bout stroppin kids last time.....Said it could make the kids "phsycologically impaired" ...If thats so, then you're readin an article written by a total idiotSpeakin of bein crazy, the Professor says one out of every four folks is crazy..Look around... if the other three are Ok.. you're it..... Think about it.....The barber says a married man should forget his mistakes, there's no use in two people remembering the same thing..... You know age is creeping up on you when you sit in a rockin chair and can't get it goin....ummm.....The Doctor says I need to go on a diet..no need to give me a copy, If it tastes good, just spit it out..... Clem's boy Bubba says he's decided to be a country songwriter. His new one is " My john Deere is breaking your field while you're dear John is breaking my heart"....aughta be a big hit...the flip side is "If my nose was full of nickels, I'd blow it all on you".... Now thats a real love song.....I Think Bubba's cheese slid off his cracker.. The Doctor said I needed to walk three miles a day..The barber said his grandmother started walkin five miles a day when she was 60. She's 97 now and they don't know where the heck she is....think I'll pass.....The professor says that in order to succeed in politics, it is often necessary to rise above your principles....ummm....Definition of A lawyer: Someone who makes sure that he gets what's coming to youSaw where the British newspapers was makin fun of the President and his Texas drawl...Met one of em several years back..The Earl of sumthin or nuther.. He said " I say old chap, how are things in the colonies? ...I said "if it weren't for the colonies you folks would be paying your taxes to Berlin and speakin German... Upset the missus..... Never did care for the British... Our GGGranpappies had to whip em twice way back yonder.....Give me a Texan over a Britisher anytime...Its time of the year for the big meetin at Church... Remember a few years back when the preacher came for a meetin... stayed with one of our cousins..had to sleep with little Johnny.. The first night little Johnny hopped down beside the bed. and the preacher thot "I aught to be ashamed.. Little Johnny is saying his prayers.. The preacher got down on the other side of the bed... ..Johnny said "what are you doin preacher"?.. The preacher said " the same thing you're doin," .. Johnny said."Mommas gonna be mad cause the pots on this side".....Weathers gettin warmer..Be summer before long... makes me remember visitin Uncle Leonard's down to Ford's Mountain.. Skinny dippin in New River..Corncob battles in the ole barn.....Ah, the good ole days..... Remember,money can't buy happiness but it sure makes misery easier to live with....til next time

Random Shots.....

The Storytellers

We are the chosen. My feelings are in each family there is one who seems called to find the ancestors. To put flesh on their bones and make them live again, to tell the family story and to feel that somehow they know and approve. To me, doing genealogy is not a cold gathering of facts but, instead, breathing life into all who have gone before. We are the story tellers of the tribe. All tribes have one. We have been called as it were by our genes. Those who have gone before cry out to us: Tell our story. So, we do. In finding them, we somehow find ourselves. How many graves have I stood before now and cried? I have lost count. How many times have I told the ancestors you have a wonderful family you would be proud of us? How many times have I walked up to a grave and felt somehow there was love there for me? I cannot say.

It goes beyond just documenting facts. It goes to who am I and why do I do the things I do? It goes to seeing a cemetery about to be lost forever to weeds and indifference and saying I can't let this happen. The bones here are bones of my bone and flesh of my flesh. It goes to doing something about it. It goes to pride in what our ancestors were able to accomplish. How they contributed to what we are today. It goes to respecting their hardships and losses, their never giving in or giving up, their resoluteness to go on and build a life for their family.

It goes to deep pride that they fought to make and keep us a Nation. It goes to a deep and immense understanding that they were doing it for us. That we might be born who we are. That we might remember them. So we do. With love and caring and scribing each fact of their existence, because we are them and they are us. So, as a scribe called, I tell the story of my family. It is up to that one called in the next generation to answer the call and take their place in the long line of family storytellers. That, is why I do my family genealogy, and that is what calls those young and old to step up and put flesh on the bones.

author unknown

This article is dedicated to the several storytellers among us. Patsy Johnson, Joel Mize, Glenda Todd, Fred McCaleb, Foy Anthony, Ronnie Haraway, Lori Knight, Evelyn Locke and Wanda Wilson and all others who are interested in preserving their noble heritage.....lew

SENIORS

As a senior citizen was driving down the freeway, his car phone rang. Answering, he heard his wife's voice urgently warning him, "Herman, I just heard on the news that there's a car going the wrong way on I-20. Please be careful!" "Heck," said Herman, "It's not just one car. It's hundreds of them!"

Parenting

Q: I'm two months pregnant now. When will my baby move?

A: With any luck, right after he finishes college.

Way back when.....

Letter from Alley Whitehead Grisham

This letter was written by Alley to her brother, Joshua Alexander Whitehead of Winston County, Mississippi.

Rodgersville, Ala.
Dec. 31st 1888

Dear Brother

I will answer your kind and welcome letter which I received a few days ago. I was truly glad to hear from you once more in life. It has been some time since I heard from Sister Betsey and John. They wrote in the last letter I got from them Betsey was coming out to see me this winter. I have been looking for them. I hope they will come with you for I would be so proud to meet with you all once more on earth. My health is tolerable good all though I cannot walk a step. I got a fall nearly four years ago have not walked any since Jack is in very feable health is not able to move himself about a tall is confined to the house only as he is heped a bout. He was struck with the paralisis about nine years the first attack he could ride about on horse back, but relapsed and has not been able to go by him self since. We are living with our son Winston and doing very well. My children all that are alive live close to me. I see them very often. They are well and doing well. Baliouis my oldest child is dead. He died eight years ago he left wife and a family of children. They live 3 miles from me I see them often. They are getting along well, his oldest a girl is married and doing well. Sister Gracy's children all that are alive live in this neighborhood. Alley, Prudey & Gracey are all that are alive. I want you to come if you can possible get here. come to Florence by rail road and there you can get conveyance up. It is twenty one miles from Florence to where I live. Any one in Florence can give you directions to the neighborhood of Whiteheads. We live at the same place you lived when you left this country. I hope to see you soon and then I can tell you more than I can write. The winter has been very mild so far but has been a goodeal of rain and has kep the farmers from gathering their crops some are not done gathering yet crops tolerable good. I will close by hoping to hear from you soon.

Alley and Jack Grisham

This is a poignant letter in that it tells us not only of the sadness of an old couple that long to see their kin before they die, but also the difficulty of communication and travel in this long ago time. Alley refers to her sister Betsy (married John Crow) and her sister Gracy's children and to her own children. It is clear that she doesn't expect to live much longer and would love to see them before she dies. It would be nice if we had more letters from other members of the family. Whiteheads just didn't write much.....That's a characteristic that has been carried forward to this day. Thanks to cousin Ronnie Haraway for sharing the letter.....lew

**NEWS ACCOUNT OF THE MURDER OF JASPER SMITH
Elbert County, GA**

The following is an account of the murder of Jasper Smith of Elbert County, Georgia, by his father-in-law, James Meredith. It was the first murder trial in the newly formed Elbert County. Jasper Smith was the son of John "Little River" Smith and moved from Montgomery County, NC to Georgia, as did his father in law. Smith's widow later moved to Franklin County, Ga.

The Augusta Chronicle and Gazette of the State Law Report of a State Trial, made to the Governer, according to the Act: The State versus James Meredith.

The prisoner being charged by the coroner's inquest with the murder of Jasper Smith, before the division of Wilkes County, was apprehended and committed to that jail and upon his writ of Habeas Corpus was remanded. After the commission of the act, the county was divided by law; and the place was found to be within the new county of Elbert. In riding the Western Circuit the Attorney General mentioned this case and another to Judge Walton, and suggested doubts where they were ultimately cognizable. The cases being considered, it was thought proper to direct the following Order, as they passed through Wilkes County. Chambers, Washington in Wilkes County, January 14, 1791. Upon motion of the Attorney-General, it is ordered. That all prisoners or persons recognized to appear at this place the ensuing term, for offences charged to committed in that part which now constitutes Elbert county, be turned over by the Sheriff of Wilkes to the Sheriff of Elbert county; and all papers touching the same be delivered by the Clerk of the one to the clerk of the other. Attenst, BEN. CATCHINGS, C. W. C.

The prisoner was of course removed into Elbert county. . . . Upon the trial, the first evidence produced on the part of the state was the daughter of the prisoner, and the wife of the deceased; Rebecca Smith. In coming to the book to be sworn she exhibited those demonstrations of distress which were to be expected from her sex; from a wife who had seen an affectionate husband murdered in her presence, and of their children; from a daughter who was to convict and bring to the gibbet, an aged father, to whom she owed her being. Encouraged by the Court, she deposed, That there had been a difference of some standing between her father and husband. That on Monday before the fact happened, her husband went to Petersburg with tobacco, and she went to meeting. That, in their absence, a wench of her father's came to their house, and whipped two of the children. That she sent to her father, and requested him to correct the negroe, or that her husband would when he came home; which he refused to do. That the next day, and before the return of her husband, her father sent for a dirk that had been at their house a long time. Then when her husband came home, she was telling him of the children being whipped, and one of them came in, and said that grand-daddy was coming down to an out-house close by. That her husband then proposed going down to persuade him to correct the negroe, which she approved of. That presently after she went down, and found them quarrelling; and the old man ordered her away, saying that he had as live kill her as her husband, and then ordered his negroe to get an axe, and kill her husband. That he had then the dirk in his hand, which he had sent for the day before, and swore bitterly that he would kill him. That her husband repeatedly desired to be at peace, and proposed to sit down on a log and talk the matter over. That her father refused, and told him to get a gun, and he would fight him equal. That her father had worked himself up to a violent rage, and having the dirk in his hand, her husband threw away a switch which he had broke, as she

supposed, to whip the negroes, and took up a small forked stick to defend himself. That he afterwards threw away this stick, and went to the house for another. That he returned, and still offered peace; and letting his stick fall, and turning from the old man, he rushed by her and stabbed her husband in the side. That, as he pulled the dirk from the wound, he said he was a dead man, and the prisoner damned him, and said he got what he deserved. That, after she had got her husband to the house, he began to be very ill; and she called her father; and that he came, with the dirk still in his hand, looked in his face, and said it was no matter, it was good enough. That her husband afterwards desired to see him, but he did not come. The deceased died of the wound the next day

To be cont'd next issue.....

FARMING AND CHORES

Most of the farms in Fayette county were small and referred to as a two or three horse farm, or whatever number of mules utilized to farm it. Preparation of the land for planting began in March with the cutting of the old stalks. The land was then "flat broken." A mule and turn-plow was used for this. One acre per mule and plow was considered a day's work. The rows were then laid off three and one-half feet apart for corn, and three feet apart for cotton. The corn was planted in the furrow after fertilizer had been applied. For cotton, the rows were bedded by a turn-plow (plowed into a ridge.) The ridge was flattened, fertilizer applied, and the cottonseed planted. All work was slow. No four to six-row tractors were used in those days.

Once the upland *was* planted, we moved to the bottom land in early May. The bottom land was very fertile and was subject to overflow by the Sipsey River. In fact, we didn't use fertilizer on this land. We owned forty-eight acres of bottom land about one and one-half miles from home.

We looked forward to work in the bottom. We would hitch the mules to the wagon, load up our plows and head for the bottom shortly after daylight. We would go by the school, church, and Hubbert's store, cross the river bridge and plod on to our fields.

It would take us about six to eight days to prepare the land and plant the corn. About three weeks later we would go back and cultivate and hoe the corn. In another three weeks, we would go back again and plow it for the last time.

Since it was too far to go home for lunch we took it with us. Mama would prepare some vegetables, bread and a pie or cake in a cardboard box; milk would be carried to drink.

At 11:30 a.m. we would cut loose from the plows and lead the mules across the field to the river bank. After watering and feeding the mules, we would spread our lunch on a sheet in the shade of a huge oak tree on the river bank.

After eating we would rest until 1:00 p.m. Then again water the mules in the river and head back to work. About thirty minutes before dark we would hitch the mules back to the wagon and head home, arriving after dark. By the time we had fed all the livestock and sat down to supper, we had gone through a long day.

Other crops were planted. Popcorn, peanuts, sorghum and sugar cane for syrup, soybeans for hay, velvet beans for livestock feed, watermelons and cantaloupes were also grown.

A year-round garden was maintained to supply food for the family. Bush, pole; and cornfield beans, lima beans, beets, cabbage, collards, corn, cucumbers, eggplant, mustard, okra, onions, english peas, field peas, pepper, Irish potatoes, squash, tomatoes and turnips were among the items planted in our garden. A good garden was a necessity in those days. Around 1932-1933 we planted an acre in strawberries. A strawberry growers association had been formed to

market. The market soon went sour, so we had plenty of strawberries to eat and give away to neighbors.

We always raised both sorghum and sugar cane to supply us in syrup. The sorghum matured in July and the sugar cane just before frost in the fall. The making of syrup was an interesting process. Daddy made not only our syrup, but also for others in the community for a toll charge of one-eighth of the syrup. Juice was pressed out of the cane by a cane mill powered by a mule which turned in a circle around and around the mill. One man fed the cane into the mill and the juice was collected in a barrel. The juice was made into syrup by cooking it in a long flat copper pan some six feet wide and fifteen feet long. A fire was maintained under the pan which was called an evaporator. Wood was used as fuel for the fire. The cane juice slowly dripped in at one end, and as it made its way through a series of baffles. It was slowly cooked into syrup by the time it reached the other end of the pan. The syrup was drawn off into stone jugs or tin syrup buckets. Thousands of yellow jackets attracted to the sweet flavor swarmed around the mill.

Apples, peaches, pears and figs were grown in the orchard. The apples were used in cooking pies, dried for tarts, or used to make jelly. The peaches were made into pies, dried for tarts, or canned or pickled. Wild black berries were picked for pies, jams and jellies.

In the wild we harvested chestnuts which were eaten raw, parched, or boiled. Chestnuts were delicious, but the blight of the mid-thirties killed all the chestnut trees. Other wild fruits and nuts eaten were wild grapes, persimmons, and huckleberries.

We kept about twelve or fifteen hives of bees for honey. The hives had two stoves (compartments.) The lower compartment was not robbed and the honey was kept as food for the bees. The upper compartment, called a super supplied the honey for us. I always helped my daddy rob the bees during the spring and summer months. We would take a large dishpan, a butcher knife to cut it out, and a smoker to keep the bees out of our way. The smoker had bellows that I would operate to blow smoke from burning rags so daddy could remove the honey. Occasionally we would get stung, but not too often. Neither of us were afraid of bees and that helped.

During the summer, overcrowding often occurred in some of the hives. An extra queen would be produced by feeding a female bee Royal Jelly. She would lead part of the colony away to form her own colony. This group would then swarm, buzzing around by the thousands, creating a noise that could be heard for a quarter of a mile. When we heard a swarm, we would rush to them and beat on pans and buckets with rocks to make them settle so we could get them into a new hive. When they settled they would form a cluster of bees as large as a cabbage on a tree limb, or some object. Once they had settled, we would spread a sheet under the swarm and a hive on the sheet for their new home. We would then shake the bees off the limb onto the sheet. By pecking on the hive we would get the bees to enter the hive. After dark the hive and bees were moved to a permanent location.

MID-SUMMER WORK

Crops were laid by" In early July. This did not mean that we loafed until fall harvest. Maintaining over one and one-half miles of pasture fence required replacing rotten poles, patching holes, and re-stapling barbed wire. The most time was spent cutting a year's supply of stove-wood and firewood. Hardwood trees were cut and hauled to the wood yard for firewood. The woods were combed for pine kindling to start fires.. The straightest pines were selected for stove wood because only they were easier to split. It took an enormous amount of firewood and stove wood to supply our needs for! a year.

Other summer jobs included sharpening tools in the blacksmith shop, shucking and shelling corn for sale, cleaning out the chicken

house and barn. In fact, we never ran out of jobs or work to do. Daddy was a very industrious worker and he expected us boys to be the same way.

FALL HARVEST

Fall harvest was an especially busy time. The years work depended upon harvest. Many times school would start in August and turn out for a few weeks in September or October so the children could help harvest the cotton. Cotton had to be picked by hand and since it was one of the few cash crops, it was necessary that it be harvested before winter weather set in. It took about 1,200 pounds of seed cotton to make a 500 pound bale lint cotton. Cotton was picked and put into a cotton pick sack about eight feet long made of cotton ducking and dragged along behind the picker. On my best day I could pick about 150 pounds of cotton. Many folks could pick twice that much. We usually planted a few hills of watermelons in the cotton rows. It was a real delight to come upon a watermelon without anyone else knowing about it. You would burst it and stoop low and eat the heart of the melon. The picked cotton was loaded into a wagon to be carried to the cotton gin. I always enjoyed carrying the cotton to the gin since I not only got out of picking cotton, but was able to meet a lot of folks as I awaited my turn at the gin. The cotton was sold and the seed picked up and carried home to be fed to the cows.

During the heart of the Depression, cotton sold for five cents a pound. A bale of cotton weighed about 500 pounds. That meant that a bale of cotton brought about twenty-five dollars before paying the cost of ginning. Since the average farm family produced about five to eight bales of cotton, you can see how scarce cash money was during those years.

The corn was pulled by hand and thrown into piles in the field. Later it was picked up and thrown into a wagon and hauled to the crib for storage. Much of the corn was fed to the horses, mules, cows, and hogs. About every two weeks we would shuck and shell a bushel of corn to be ground into meal for bread. Most times we would carry it to the grist mill at Hubbertville. Most folks thought bread from meal ground by a water mill was much better. so sometimes we carried it to one three miles away.

Hay cutting was a dreaded job. it came off during the hot summer months, The hay was not baled but loaded loose into the wagon and hauled to the barn. Unloading the hay into the loft of a barn under a metal roof with the tem-perature in the loft at least 120 degrees was terrible.

This is an excerpt from Thomas Perry's book "A Walk Across The Stage" about growing up in rural Fayette County.

MY SOUTH

I am always amused by Hollywood's interpretation of the South. We are still, on occasion, depicted as a collective group of sweaty, stupid, backwards-minded and racist rednecks. The South of movies and TV, the Hollywood South, and the Northern newspaper's South is not my South. This is my South:

- a. My South is full of honest, hard-working people.
 - b. My South is colorblind. In my South, we don't put a premium on pigment. No one cares whether you are black, white, red or green with orange polka dots as long as you carry your load..
 - c. My South is the birthplace of blues and jazz, and rock n' roll. It has banjo pickers and fiddle players, but it also has B.B. King, Muddy Waters, the Allman Brothers, Emmylou Harris, and Elvis.
 - d. My South is hot...and humid.
 - e. My South smells of newly mowed grass.
 - f. In my South we believe that the United States of America is the greatest country in the world...**ever, and Y'all better believe it.**
 - g. My South was creek swimming, cane-pole fishing, and bird hunting.
 - h. In my South, football is king, and the Southeastern Conference is the kingdom.
 - i. My South is home to the most beautiful women on the planet.
 - j. In my South, soul food and country cooking are the same thing.
 - k. My South is full of fig preserves, cornbread, butter beans, fried chicken, catfish and hushpuppies.
 - l. In my South we breakfast on biscuits, country ham red eye gravy and grits. Grits are not for Yankees.
 - m. In my South we are not ashamed to express our belief in God and get a lump in our throat when we hear the Star Spangled Banner or God Bless America or see Old Glory waving..
 - n. In my South, grandmothers cook a big lunch every Sunday.
 - o. In my South, family matters, deeply.
 - p. My South is boiled shrimp, blackberry cobbler, homemade ice cream, banana pudding, and oatmeal cream pies.
 - q. In my South people put peanuts in bottles of Coca Cola and hot sauce on almost everything else.
 - r. In my South the tea is iced and almost as sweet as the women.
 - s. My South has air-conditioning.....Y'all heah!
 - t. My South is camellias, azaleas, wisteria, and hydrangeas.
 - u. In my South, the only person that has to sit on the back of the bus is the last person who got on the bus.
 - v. In my South, people still say "yes, ma'am," "no ma'am," "please," and "thank you."
 - w. In my South we are proud of our heritage and will be more than happy to explain it to anyone that will listen.
 - x. In my South, we all wear shoes ... most of the time.
- My South is the best-kept secret in the country. Please continue to keep the secret..**it keeps the idiots away.**...*adapted and edited by..lew*

WAKE UP CALL

Being somewhat of a sleepy head, I often wondered how farmers could get up so early each morning and get started. I found out how after spending the night with Uncle Leonard and Aunt Mag in the dead of winter. I remember getting up the next morning and walking out on the porch to wash my face in the wash pan that had ice crystals floating in it...**HELLO!** If you think that wouldn't change your perception of the world ..cuz, ..think again.....*just remembering.....lew*



Gary's Watermelons

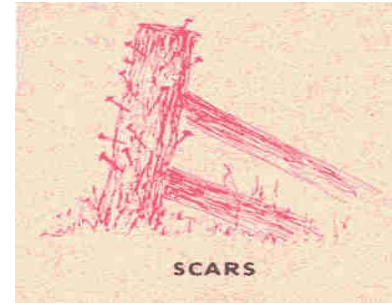
This is a picture of Gary Whitehead and his prize melon grown in 1984. The melon weighed in at 93lbs. Bet that one was some good "eatin". Gary enjoyed his watermelon patch and raised a crop every year as long as he was able. He was born and raised in Glen Allen and lived there all his life. He married Myrtie Belle Black and they had one child, Wilma Dean. Wilma is married to Ray Roby.

Gary loved to visit with family and maintained contact with many of them even as they moved to other parts of the country, and visited with them often. When members of the family came back to these parts, they always stopped by Gary and Myrtie's home. Gary was a big supporter of the annual reunion and was always there. Myrtie, Wilma and Ray carry on this tradition and will most likely attend the reunion. Be sure and get acquainted with them if you haven't already. They're good folks.

I can remember visiting Gary and Myrtie as a small boy. He and my father, Taft, grew up together and they would set on the porch and spin yarns about the old days. I don't think I ever met anyone that enjoyed a good laugh any more than Gary. I only wish that I had spent time with him, especially after I became interested in family history. Gary was descended from Archibald and Nancey through Drury, their youngest son and Missouri, Drury and Mary Jane's youngest. We lost Gary's wealth of knowledge about the family history when he passed away in 1996. He was a good man with a smile for everyone. He is missed by all who knew him.....
lew

The Mud Hole

A motorist, after getting his car stuck in a big mud hole, paid a passing farmer five dollars to pull him out with his tractor. After he was back on dry ground, he said to the farmer, 'At those prices, I should think you would be pulling people out of the mud night and day.' 'Can't,' replied the farmer. 'At night I haul water for the mud hole.'



SCARS

I would like to tell you the story of a very wayward lad, who ignored the loving counsel of his Godly Mom and Dad. But his folks were very patient, as all Christian folks should be; Patience still remains a Virtue. As you very soon shall see.

Just outside their bedroom window stood a weather-beaten post, And to carry out their program that's the thing they needed most. When the father told his youngster, he was very firm but kind; While explaining all the details of the plan he had in mind.

From today each time you're wayward or in any trust you fail, Here's the way I'll keep a record in that post I'll drive a nail. Things went on again as always, and the boy would stand and grin, Though he knew 'twas hurting father as the nails were driven in.

Father never lost his temper, never once did he get sore; But the truth struck home, when father had just room for one nail more. Then and there he ask forgiveness for his awful life of sin; And he said, "With God's assistance, that last nail shall not go in!"

Father said, "I'm glad to hear it, now I'll tell you what I'll do; I will pull each nail I've driven for each noble act of you!" He began to change his habits, righting all the wrongs he'd done; And the nails began to vanish from that fence post, one by one.

Father loved him very dearly, and how proud he knew he'd be On the day when he could tell him that the post from nails was free. By and by the post was empty, and this man with trembling voice Said, "My boy today I'm happy, we have reason to rejoice."

But the boy was far from happy as his father had implied; When he looked at that old fence post, he just hung his head and cried. Father couldn't understand it, so he asked the reason why; but the boy had seen a vision which had passed the father by.

So the boy with deep emotion, (and a sob or two between) Then revealed this little Moral which the father hadn't seen. You have changed my way of living which would lead to prison bars; You have taken all the nails out, but- you can't remove the scars.

Wilbert Harden - 1945

Submitted by Patsy

THE WHITEHEAD QUARTERLY

THE DESCENDANTS OF ARCHIBALD & NANCEY SMITH WHITEHEAD

CEMETERY @ ELM CHURCH OF CHRIST

Glen Allen, Fayette County, Alabama

Aldridge, Infant (Mr. & Mrs. GA's), 6/18/1913, 6/18/1913,
Anthony, A. F., 3/14/1862, 3/19/1943,
Anthony, Alice, 11/8/1902, 5/12/1980,
Anthony, Beatrice, 1910, 1967,
Anthony, Benton, 1896, 1968,
Anthony, Burgess, 10/11/1893, 1/28/1977, PFC US Army WWI,
Anthony, Cecil, 1907, 1909,
Anthony, Esther, 4/12/1914, 1/31/1988,
Anthony, Eunice, 9/6/1909, 4/19/1997,
Anthony, Grady, 3/1/1901, 9/20/1904,
Anthony, Lois, 10/27/1906, 1/30/1924,
Anthony, Ophelia, 1885, 1911,
Anthony, Rose Ella, 11/1/1882, 3/28/1970,
Anthony, Roy B., 1/24/1922, 6/18/1983, SSgt US Army WWII
Anthony, Ruth, 6/13/1897, 8/19/1988,
Anthony, Sarah C., 1/10/1859, 9/13/1905,
Anthony, Virginia, 9/6/1922,,
Anthony, William Clyde, 1/13/1902, 1/25/1983,
Barnett, Wilmer (son of JA & SE), 6/26/1910, 8/28/1910,
Barnette, Elizabeth (dau of JA & SE), 1/13/1904, 10/5/1904,
Billingsley, Evelyn, 7/10/1916,
Billingsley, Hertis, 5/13/1928,
Bly, Infant (Preston & Lucille), 6/27/1940, 6/27/1940,
Guyton Infant (Leon & Wilma), 12/18/1939, 12/18/1939,
Guyton, John W., 3/8/1876, 1/5/1965,
Guyton, Leon, 1912, 1997,
Guyton, Nancy A., 9/11/1880, 6/1/1973,
Harrison, Mertie B., 4/15/1908, 4/2/1991,
Harrison, R. P., 2/16/1926, 8/3/1981,
Harrison, Raymond W., 1/25/1902, 11/25/1991,
Harrison, Rozie Lee, 12/13/1927, 12/12/1971,
Harrison, William L., 10/1/1965, 10/1/1965,
Henderson, Daughter, 1927,,
Henderson, Decatur, 1912, 1925,
Henderson, Infant,,
Henderson, Mary Alma, 1889, 1960,
Henderson, William Cay, 7/15/1888, 5/5/1967,
Illegible Marker Behind Barnett Children,,
Kelly, Dock, 11/14/1907, 4/7/1963,
Kelly, Gasma, 3/4/1911,,
Perry, Alton V., 8/24/1910, 12/14/1981,
Perry, Delonia, 6/8/1881, 9/7/1969,
Perry, Elsie, 8/28/1907, 10/31/1998,
Perry, Fellingberg, 2/12/1906, 12/25/1991,
Perry, Infant Son of F. P. & Elsie,,
Perry, Joe Pershing, 5/13/1917,,
Perry, Joy, 10/12/1935, 1/1/1941,
Perry, Joy, 10/12/1935, 1/1/1941,
Perry, Kathleen E., 10/10/1923,,
Perry, Leland I., 2/12/1907, 1/24/1966, 1st Lt. US Army WWII,
Perry, Lorene V., 7/17/1920,,
Perry, Luther W., 7/24/1903, 3/23/1947, 1st Lt. US Army WWII,
Perry, Melba D., 12/29/1921,,
Perry, William, 9/30/1880, 9/22/1951,
Perry, Woodrow W., 11/23/1912, 8/2/1990,
Sexton, Infants of Mr. & Mrs. Richard H. Sexton,,
Sexton, Joe E., 1861, 1944,
Sexton, Mary E., 1861, 1948,
Sexton, Minnie Pearl, 8/21/1894, 7/24/1972,
Sexton, Richard Henry, 7/17/1884, 12/27/1967,

Sexton, William C., 12/3/1913, 4/7/1973,
Sloas, Jerome, 11/17/1947, 7/5/1967,
Smothers, June, 1/18/1938, 8/20/1993,
Smothers, Lon, 1893, 1950,
Smothers, Oda, 1896, 1983,
Smothers, William M., 9/10/1929, 5/1/1996, Korean - Vietnam
Veteran US Air Force,
Taylor, Archie, 10/8/1906, 7/17/1991, 10/29/1927, Military PFC
Army Air Force World War 2,
Taylor, Ruby E. K., 5/25/1908, 8/14/1990, 10/29/1927
Wakefield, G. D., 5/27/1871, 5/16/1921,
Wakefield, Lorena, 10/19/1895, 12/25/1909,
Wakefield, M. F., 3/23/1875, 3/2/1914,
Whitehead, Demus, 6/22/1897, 9/15/1953, Military Ala Pvt Stu Army
Tng Corps World War I,
Whitehead, Hassie, 11/17/1889, 5/9/1908,
Whitehead, Joseph P. Error, 2/18/1976, Military Joseph P. (B), Pvt.
US Army World War I,
Whitehead, Lona (Baccus), 1900, 1978,
Whitehead, Nancy C., 2/17/1862, 7/2/1946,
Whitehead, Nick, 2/22/1852, 11/5/1922,
Updated by Foy Anthony

ANTHONY FAMILY CEMETERY

(Located approx. 150 yards SW of Elm Church Building)

William Anthony B. 1788, D. 4/22/1871
Jane McMinn Anthony B. 1798, D. 7/10/1885
William Abraham McMinn B. 1772, D. 1829
Mary Margaret Byers McMinn B. 1779, D. 1860
Drewery Dallas McMinn B. 1817, D. 10/1864

Several graves (eighteen) are known to be in this cemetery but are unmarked. It is not certain that Drewery is buried here but a good guess. It must be assumed that William Abraham McMinn is buried here as he donated the land for the cemetery in 1822. It is also assumed that his wife, Mary Margaret is buried here.

Other McMinn and Anthony family members are probably buried here but it is impossible to determine this today.

Foy Anthony has done much research on this cemetery as well as the Elm cemetery and deserves our thanks for his efforts at preserving them. He has recently raised the funds and placed nice markers on William Anthony and Jane McMinn Anthony's graves. The McMinn's were some of the very earliest settlers in the Glen Allen area. Most moved away after the Civil War but their legacy lives on. *lew*

Foy preaches for the Elm Church. He and his wife, Ann, retired from Ohio back to Alabama a few years ago. They are great folks... Glad to have them backlew

Related Families

Robert Franklin Anthony

Robert Franklin Anthony was born on 27 November 1854, in Marion County, Alabama. He arrived in Faulkner County, Arkansas, near Barney in 1879. His purpose in migrating to this county was to acquire a teaching position.

He married Martha "Mattie" Pelona Polk in 1880. the issue from this union was 5 sons and seven daughters. Affectionately known as "Uncle Robert" in his latter years. he taught in many one-room schools, many of which no longer have a school or community center as such. These included: Enola, Barney, Nebo, Crossroads, Gravel Hump (near Buzzards Roost), Reves, Caney (near Conway), Pickle's Gap, Happy Hollow, Mt. Vernon, Garland Springs and Shiloh in Cleburne County. Although small in stature, he ruled his class with a firm hand and did not hesitate to use the hickory stick. This encouraged students to give attention. He usually taught grades 1 through 8. A number of former pupils living today who sat at his feet, attest to his good qualities as a man and as a teacher.

Lauded for his knowledge of the Bible and for being a religious man, he, along with J.C. Dawson and Will Harper was instrumental in establishing congregations of the Church of Christ in this area.

He was a farmer and practiced the best horticulture of the times. Apple trees grown from the original stock, sent to Arkansas by his father in the early 1880's still grow and produce fruit in this county. Another example of his determination to have the best was when he walked more than twenty miles to Conway from Barney to get a better variety of potato slips. He returned the same day, around trip of about fifty miles.

He served as Justice of the Peace for several years and was respected for justice meted. when school was not in session, he was the bookkeeper for various cotton gins to supplement his small teacher's salary and provide for his large family. he walked to the job regardless of the distance, because the mules were needed for farm work.

Robert Franklin Anthony was the eldest child of William Pickens Anthony and Mary Polly Logan.....*Jim Anthony*

Remembrances

Ila Mae Coy Tucker, 71, Winfield, Alabama, died on Sunday, Feb. 24, 2002. She was the daughter of William McKinley Whitehead and Lela Alice Dozier. She is survived by six daughters, ten grandchildren, twenty two great grandchildren, one great great-grandchild, one brother and one sister.

Announcements

Notice: Dedication of Tucker – Griggs Cemetery Renovation Project; all Northwest Alabama descendants of Tucker, Tidwell, Whitehead, Mize, Foster, Griggs, Dyer, are encouraged to attend

At 2:30 pm on May 18th, 2002 (**Armed Forces Day**), there will be a memorial dedication of the Tucker – Griggs renovation project, following adjournment of the Hopewell Cemetery annual meeting of the GTPDA (George Tucker, Patriot, Descendants Assn; meeting location about 2 miles SE of Glen Allen, Fayette Co AL.). Directions from Hopewell (drive south to Bazemore, cross RR overpass, begin looking for Tucker-Griggs on a knoll on the right, about ¼ mile beyond the RR overpass) will be available on the day of the event to any needing further assistance. All members of the GTPDA (and their guests) are invited to attend this tribute to the son of Lt. (Rev. War) George & Rebecca Leverette Tucker, War 1812 veteran Daniel Tucker, wife Prudence Foster Tucker, their son William Tucker (12th TN Cav, USV) and others of this family line, including all descendants. A highlight of the dedication ceremony will be a 21-gun salute performed by the Alabama National Defense Force, led by Captain Gus Stamos, in honor of the servicemen and women of this family line. All veterans, descending from Lt. George Tucker, *who attend this ceremony are eligible for presentation of a service appreciation medal – the Tucker Patriot Medal (a civilian award to the soldier/sailor/marine); candidates must to be forwarded to Joel Mize, 14010 W. Virginia Drive, Lakewood, CO 80228, to be received on or before deadline of April 15, 2002 (for timely ordering of engraved medals).* In the event said soldier to be honored cannot be present, then any member(s) of his/her family may be designated the recipient of said Tucker Patriot Medal in soldier's honor. [Emit & Gene Mize are both eligible, as descendants via George W. Whitehead's wife, Mary Jane Tidwell]

This dedication event of Saturday, May 18th, will be the center-point of a full day of memorials to include the following:

10:30 AM: Annual Descendants Meeting, Patriot, George TUCKER (Lt., North Carolina Troops, Revolutionary War service in NC, SC & GA, including battle of Cowpens). Meeting at Hopewell cemetery, located one mile east of Glen Allen, AL (just east of Winfield). George Tucker b 1745 Amelia Co VA d 1852 Marion/Fayette AL.

[covered dish luncheon]

2:30 PM: Tucker-Griggs Renovation Dedication; discussed above; Daniel Tucker b 1783 Wilkes Co GA d 1855 Fayette Co AL.

4:30 PM: Dedication of Memorial Stone for Samuel W. CARR (b 1823 NC) & wife, Sintha GILBERT; also David M. CARR (b 1855 GA) & wife, Fereby BURLESON. This memorial is particularly for CARR-GILBERT-MIZE-WHITEHEAD-LOGAN & BURLESON's including descendants of William Andrew "Bud" Whitehead and his wife Ida Carr Whitehead (she is daughter of David M.. & granddaughter of Samuel W.). The memorial stone will be located alongside the graves of Bud & Ida. The Whitehouse church cemetery location is at the SW corner (on hill) of US 278 & Hwy 129.

Then on Sunday, May 19th; let's all attend the Whitehead Reunion in Winfield.

THE WHITEHEAD QUARTERLY
THE DESCENDANTS OF ARCHIBALD & NANCEY SMITH WHITEHEAD



James Harold Whitehead



Idella & Newt Whitehead, Solon & Agnes



James Franklin Whitehead, Jr



The Talmadge Whitehead Family