



No. 399

May 2026



Old Huntsville

HISTORY AND STORIES OF THE TENNESSEE VALLEY

Hard Life on the Tennessee River

The sharp sound of an ax cut cleanly through the morning air. Dressed in faded overalls, the old man was chopping wood. A few feet away from him was his wife, rocking slowly back and forth in her rocking chair. It could have been some rustic scene from an old Norman Rockwell painting - had it not been for the length of rope securely tied to the woman's leg...



***Also in this issue:* Growing Up in Paint Rock; A Mother's Love; How a Church was Born; The Avon Lady; Tips from 1894; The Teacher; My Grandmother; My Other Mother; Snooky; Pet Tips, Easy Recipes and much much more!**

The U.S. Veterans Memorial Museum is Expanding to Add Many More Fascinating Military Displays for You to See!

Just west of Airport Rd. and Memorial Parkway - Call for more information
256.883.3737 - www.memorialmuseum.org

"We're Growing!"



FALL 2025 GROUND BREAKING

FALL 2026 COMPLETE CONSTRUCTION

WINTER 2026 MOVE IN / SOFT OPENING

SPRING 2027 MUSEUM GRAND OPENING

A NEW FACILITY IS COMING SOON!

- 27,000+ SQ FT DISPLAY AREA
- 3,000+ ADMINISTRATIVE AREA
- 11 NEW PIECES OF EQUIPMENT
- EXPANDED DISPLAYS FOR CIVIL WAR, VIETNAM, OIF/OEF
- CURRENT MUSEUM BUILDING TO BE THE HOME OF OUR AVIATION COLLECTION

WE INVITE YOU TO PARTNER WITH US!



WHILE THE NEW MUSEUM BUILDING CONSTRUCTION IS FUNDED BY THE CITY OF HUNTSVILLE,, MOST NEW EXHIBIT DISPLAYS WILL NEED TO BE INTERNALLY FUNDED BY THE MUSEUM.

Hard Life on the Tennessee River

by Tom Carney

Will Kendricks, hidden by the thick underbrush, sat patiently watching the scene in front of him. Across the small clearing, with the Tennessee River flowing in the background, an old man, dressed in faded overalls, was chopping wood. Every few minutes he would glance reassuringly at the shotgun leaning against a nearby tree. A few feet from him was his wife, rocking slowly back and forth in a rocking chair.

It could have been some rustic scene from an old Norman Rockwell painting had it not been for the length of rope tied to the woman's leg. Every few minutes she would get up and walk toward the woods, only to be brought up short by the rope. The old man would go over and talk to the woman and then, taking her by her

hand, would lead her back to the rocker.

Suddenly the old man froze, looking straight at the woods where Kendricks was hiding. Grabbing his shotgun, the man began yelling loudly, ordering the unseen intruder off the land. After firing a shot in the air as a warning, he ran to where his wife was sitting, and untying the rope, hurriedly led her into the house.

"He's crazy," thought Kendricks as he fled the woods. "He's absolutely crazy!"

Walking back to the road where his truck was parked, Kendricks began thinking about the events that had led to this bizarre confrontation.

Since the beginning of time the Tennessee had been a wild untamed river stretching from the Smoky Mountains, down through northern Alabama and up to the Ohio River. While the river provided food and transportation for the early settlers it also became a curse for people living too close to it during the flood seasons. Rising flood waters devastated farm lands and often made travel on the river impossible.

In one memorable winter in the early 1900s, the Tennessee River near Decatur, Alabama, had swollen to a width of almost a mile.

As part of his New Deal, Franklin Delano Roosevelt,

The best part about living in a small town is that when you don't have any idea of what you're doing, many others do.



L. Thomas Ryan, Jr. Attorney At Law

2319 Market Place, Suite B
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

Telephone (256) 533-1103 Fax (256) 533-9711

**ESTATE PLANNING, LIVING TRUSTS,
WILLS, PROBATE**

"No Representation is made that the quality of the legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers."



Old Huntsville, Inc. (USPS #8510)

P.O. Box 4648

Huntsville, AL 35815

(256) 656-5321

Email - oldhuntsville@gmail.com

(Website) www.oldhuntsville.com

Publisher - Cathey Carney

Advertising - (256) 656-5321
Sales & Mktg. - Cathey Carney

Editor - Cheryl Tribble

Gen. Manager - Sam Keith

Copy Boy - Tom Carney
(in memory)

"Old Huntsville" magazine is a monthly publication. Annual subscriptions are \$50 per year for print copy and \$25 per year for digital. Copies can be found in boxes and machines throughout North Alabama.

For subscription change of address, mail new information to the above address.

All material contained within is copyright 2026 and may not be reproduced or copied in any form without written permission of the publisher. Old Huntsville, Inc. assumes no responsibility for unsolicited manuscripts or content of solicited articles..

**Blinds, Shutters, Drapery
Woven woods, Cellular &
Roman Shades & More**

**Your Total Window
Treatment Provider**



Bus: (256) 650-0465

Aesthetically Pleasing

Interior Window Treatments

Visit us at:

www.randsblinds.com

in the early 1930s began construction of a series of dams throughout the entire length of the river to provide flood control and also generate a cheap source of electricity. For a region of the country in the midst of the greatest economic depression it had ever known, the influx of jobs provided the only hope of survival for countless people.

In 1932, even before the location of Guntersville dam was announced, the TVA (Tennessee Valley Authority) began making plans to purchase the lands adjacent to the river. Though many landowners vigorously fought the idea of moving, they realized they had no other choice. Either they took what the TVA offered them, or their land would be taken by court action.

Much of the land was occupied by sharecroppers and arrangements were made to find other landowners who needed farm hands, with the TVA often providing trucks to move the families.

By 1935, the TVA had acquired title to enough land, and construction of the Guntersville Dam was started. This was the largest construction project ever attempted in the valley. An entire town was built to house the thousands of workers employed on the project.

The village, known as "Dam Town," was built on the north side of the present dam and consisted of nearly a hundred buildings, complete with mess hall, hospital, school and barracks. Within a few short months Dam Town had become a large community with its own stores and police force (hired by the TVA).

The planners in Washington had planned for everything, or so they thought.

Even before Dam Town was completed the project began running into trouble. Although the landowners had been paid for their land, and the sharecroppers had been relocated to other farms, no one had

given thought to the old people.

In a custom dating from Medieval times in Europe, landowners normally let longtime employees remain on the land after they got too old to work. Much of the riverbank was worthless for planting so if an old couple built a shanty and took up residence, the landowners simply looked the other way.

Removing these people from land they were squatting on was proving a daunting challenge for the TVA.

At first, officials visited each of the families trying to reason with them.

"We ain't got no place to go," most of the people would reply.

The TVA officials had no answer. Unless the old folks had some sort of income, or relatives to take them in, the only alternative for them was the county poor house.

The TVA next tried to get the local authorities involved but the sheriff, after being made aware of the old people's plight, refused. He pointed out



Discover the Comfort of Hospice Family Care

In challenging times, hospice can provide compassionate support and specialized care for patients of all ages and their families.

For more information, call (256) 650-1212
or visit hospicefamilycare.org

Hospice Family Care

Serving Madison, Marshall, Morgan,
Limestone and Jackson Counties

"The IQ and life expectancy of Americans recently passed each other in opposite directions."

Read in local magazine

to the TVA boys that it was "Gov'ment land," and he had no jurisdiction there.

In a few instances the TVA tried to use its own police force to forcefully evict the people. But after one case where they were met with gunfire, the ensuing negative publicity made them back off.

Next they tried to force the people to move by more peaceful means.

For many of these country people, with no way to travel to town, the rolling store was their only way to purchase supplies. The TVA police visited the rolling store owners and told them if they continued selling to the squatters they would be forbidden to sell their products at Dam Town or any of the other construction sites. Faced with the possibility of losing a major part of their income, the rolling store operators reluctantly agreed.

By 1937, only a handful of squatters remained. Progress on the dam had reached a point where it was imperative the people be moved, otherwise the whole project would be thrown behind schedule.

Will Kendricks had worked on the Norris Dam project in Tennessee and while there had established a reputation for being able to solve problems in difficult situations. In one case where a family refused to move, Kendricks was able to win the family's trust and discovered they had a brother who lived in Chicago. After contacting the brother, he put the family in his car and drove them to Chicago.

Kendricks had rightfully guessed the family did not have the money for bus tickets and would not accept charity.

When Kendricks arrived in

Dam Town he first asked for a list of all the families remaining. Next he asked for a list of all the employees who might know the families. By questioning the employees he was able to get a fairly good idea of the different situations and backgrounds.

Most of the cases were fairly typical of what he had dealt with before; poor elderly people who had no place to turn to. Only one name, Moses Lamn, seemed to be different.

"He's crazy," one of the workers exclaimed after being questioned. "I was just walking through the woods when he appeared and started yelling and waving his gun!"

Immediately a chorus of voices spoke up as other workers recalled meeting the old man. "He keeps his wife tied up all the time and won't let her out of his sight," one man said. "She seems all right but she stays in the house most of the time and no one's ever talked to her."

From the little information available Kendricks determined the couple were in their late eighties. They had moved to the riverbank about a dozen years before and had subsisted by growing a small garden and fishing in the river. At first the couple were friendly with their neighbors but as time went on, they cut off all contact. By the time the TVA began purchasing the land no one dared approach the old man for fear of being met with a shotgun.

Early the next morning Kendricks drove to where the trail leading to Lamn's house began. After parking his truck on the edge of the road he began slowly walking up the narrow path, not knowing what to expect.

Reaching the edge of the clearing, where he saw Lamn chopping firewood, Kendricks stopped. Not wanting to startle the old man, he called out in a loud voice: "Mr. Lamn, my name is Will Kendricks and I need to talk to you!"

Immediately the old man dropped his ax and grabbed the



looseendsbymj.com

e-mail: mjailor@looseendsbymj.com

Do you need to settle an Estate?

Downsizing to a smaller house?

Organizing and running your Estate Sale?

Let us clean out-pack up-sell off or donate your items!

Got loose ends to tie up? Let Loose Ends by MJ help tie them up tight!

Mary Jim Ailor

256-658-2718.

shotgun lying nearby. "Get out of here!," he yelled. After firing a shot into the air he ran to where his wife was sitting, and after untying her, led her inside the house.

Lamn's actions only confirmed what Kendricks had already been told. The old man was probably a mental case. Several days later Kendricks drove to Huntsville to talk to the probate judge. After explaining the situation, Kendricks asked for advice.

"Well," the judge replied in the slow Southern drawl that seemed to be typical of Southern judges, "there ain't much we can do. We can't make the old man go to the county poor farm if he doesn't want to. And if he's able to take care of himself and hasn't actually hurt anyone we can't have him committed to a mental institution. There ain't no law against being eccentric or even tying your wife up if she don't complain!"

"It would be better," he continued, "if the woman was nuts. Then you could have her committed and the old man would probably leave of his own accord."

Kendricks returned to Dam Town and met with the project supervisors, where he relayed what the Judge had told him.

The news was met with a stony silence. The dam was nearing completion and in a few weeks the whole area would be flooded.

"You have ten days," one of the supervisors told Kendricks. "The day after Christmas we're sending our men in there to tear the house down!"

The next morning Kendricks returned to Lamn's cabin. Again he was met with shotgun blasts in the air and loud yelling. And again he retreated to the safety of the nearby woods.

Every day Kendricks traveled to the cabin and every day was a repetition of the previous day. After about a week, and with time

running out, he decided on a bolder course of action. He had noticed that Lamn always fired the shotgun in the air, rather than at him, so hopefully, the old man did not have any real intentions of hurting him.

Boldly, and without yelling to announce his presence first, Kendricks walked into the clearing to within a few steps of where the old man was working.

Sensing Kendricks' presence, the old man whirled around to where his shotgun was lying and while screaming at the top of his lungs, fired a shot into the air.

Though scared to death, Kendricks stood still, refusing to run.

Quickly the old man reloaded his shotgun and fired another shot. Kendricks remained motionless.

Realizing Kendricks was not going to run away, Lamn paused and looked at the young man intently.

"You don't scare easy, do you?"

Though petrified with fear Kendricks was determined to stand his ground. "Look," he said. "All I want is to do my job and go home for Christmas. I don't want to hurt you or anyone else."

Trying desperately to keep the conversation going, Kendricks asked for a drink of water. Reluctantly, the old man led him to the porch and gave him a glass jar full of cold water.

While drinking the water and looking around Kendricks' glance fell on the old woman sitting at the other end of the porch. The first thing that captured his atten-



**The Best Move
You'll Make!**

Oxford Townhomes

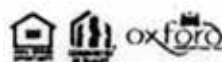
Choose from large 2 and 3 BR townhomes or 1 BR garden style apartments in a great central location. Lots of living space with private fenced patios and storage rooms.

Best of all, we're a NO SMOKING community.

Call today — 256-536-1209

No Application Fee

email: oxfordtownhomes@ophsv.com



2516 12th St. SW, just off Bob Wallace Avenue

tion was the length of rope tied to her wrist and the other end tied securely to the porch railing. She was rocking back and forth slowly and seemed to be cuddling a doll made from corn shucks.

Suddenly he understood. Kendricks wheeled around and looked at Lamn. "She has Alzheimer's disease doesn't she?"

Kendricks had helped care for his grandmother, who suffered from Alzheimer's, and he recognized the symptoms.

"She's just having a bad day." Lamn reluctantly replied. Noticing Kendricks looking at the rope he explained, "If I don't do that she might wander off while I'm doing the chores."

Slowly the reality of the situation dawned on Kendricks. It was not the old man who had mental problems, but his wife. The old man had been scaring people off the place to keep them from knowing. If the authorities had known, they would have had her committed.

Having gained a certain amount of the old man's trust, Kendricks began explaining why he was there. Another week, he explained, the whole place would be under water.

After listening to the young man talk for almost 30 minutes, the old man summed up his situation in several words.

"Ain't got no place to go. If I go to the poor house they will have her committed. We been together for almost seventy

years and I ain't gonna let them put her in some place by herself."

"Please don't tell anyone," the old man begged with tears in his eyes.

Sleep was impossible for Kendricks that night as he lay in bed trying to decide what to do. He could go to town in the morning and get a judge to commit the woman and then her husband would have no reason to stay on the land. She couldn't take care of herself and her husband wouldn't be unable to after they were evicted. Another possibility was to simply say nothing and let the TVA forcibly evict them. Deep down in his heart, Kendricks knew that neither one was a real choice.

Giving up on trying to sleep, Kendricks decided to get dressed and drive back to the old couple's cabin. "There has to be another way," he kept telling himself.

As he approached the cabin the first thing he noticed was the faint sound of Christmas caroling coming from inside. Quietly he made his way to the window and looked in.

There was a small tree sitting in the middle of the table, decorated with bits of tinsel and foil. Sitting in front of the tree was the old couple holding hands and singing the Christmas carols he had first heard on approaching the cabin. Every little bit the lady would hesitate and her husband would patiently coax her on the words. Though Christmas was still several days away, remnants



LAWREN'S *

820 Regal Drive
Huntsville, Alabama 35801

BRIDAL REGISTRY

China, Crystal, Silver, Pewter, Table Linen, Cookware
Decorative Accessories, Invitations and Announcements
Lenox China & Crystal
Fine Linens & Cottons For Bed & Bath

(256) 534-4428

Hours: Tues - Friday 10 - 5:00 Sat 10-2
Sunday and Monday - Closed

**"Why is a man who invests
all of your life savings
called a Broker?"**

Louise Avery, Huntsville

of wrapping paper were scattered about the table where the woman had opened her presents. She lifted her face to him and he kissed her on her cheek.

Unwilling to interrupt the peaceful scene, Kendricks left.

Early next morning as the heavy fog was still rolling across the Tennessee River, the peaceful quiet of Dam Town was interrupted by the loud ringing of a bell. "Fire," men shouted, "The Lamn place is on fire."

Hurriedly getting dressed, Kendricks joined the men rushing out to the scene. By the time he arrived the fire had been extinguished, though it had completely gutted the rear of the house. After making sure the old couple had not been caught in the blaze, he began looking around the clearing for them.

They were nowhere to be found.

Although a search party was organized and spent two days in the nearby hills, no trace of the old couple was ever found.

Later that week Kendricks made one final trip to the site of the burnt out cabin. While walking around the clearing his attention was drawn to a nearby rock. Lying next to it and wrapped in cloth were several old, faded photographs of the Lamns along with their marriage certificate from almost three quarters of a century before. Kendricks sensed that these things had been placed there on purpose, to make sure someone would find them, and maybe remember who they were.

As he stood looking at the old photographs, he became aware of a faint and soothing sound coming from the nearby hills. The sound seemed to permeate the clearing, finding its way into every corner and dark crevice. Maybe it was just the wind, or maybe it was his imagination, but Kendricks later swore, that just for a second, he heard what surely sounded like Christmas carols.

Years later when Will Kendricks was asked about their fate, he simply replied, "They stayed together."

"The church is holding a potluck dinner after Sunday services. Prayer and medication to follow."

Seen in local church bulletin

Dallas Village Upset Over Cow Law

from 1907 newspaper



There is a popular outcry in Dallas Village against the enforcement of the city ordinance which forbids allowing cows on the streets of Huntsville and it appears likely that a test case will be had in the courts at an early date.

Since Mayor Smith gave instructions for the strict enforcement of the ordinance there have been about fifteen or more cows belonging to residents of Dallas taken up.

Several of the owners have been placed under arrest when they appeared to pay the fine for impounding and they have been fined in the city court.

The residents of the Village allow their cows to graze on the common and they claim that the animals ought not to be taken up because of this.

Some of the people of the village have set about to make up a purse with which to employ a lawyer and take the question into court.

Gibson's Books

We have stocked our shop with a general line of used and rare books and ephemera as well as other antiques. Our specialties include Local History, Southern History, Southern Cookbooks and Southern Fiction. We also have postcards, sheet music, advertising, photographs and other ephemera.

We will be happy to answer any questions you have by either email or phone. Our open shop West Station Antiques is in Downtown Historic Owens Cross Roads in Northern Alabama.

Phone (256) 725-2665

email gibsonbk@hiwaay.net

website - www.gibsonbooks.com

Large selection of local history books as well as hard-to-find & rare books

Hours 1-5 pm Sat & Sun

3037 Old Highway 431 Owens Cross Roads, Al



Mysterious Photograph Appears After Lightning Storm

from 1886 Newspaper



During a heavy thunderstorm that visited Sand Mountain on the evening of July 18, Miss Lillian Paul was in the dining room of her father's house when she noticed a gleaming tray about which reflections from the lightning flashed incessantly almost like a flame.

Reaching for the tray to remove it, there came a flash of extreme brilliance when she placed the tray under the table and left the room. The next morning it was noticed that the tray bore upon its centre a profile of the young lady's head and face.

Mr. Leo Doft, the inventor of the electrical motor which bears his name, holds that "the picture was printed by light and not by heat, and that the flash was reflected from the face to the inside of the opposite window pane and thence thrown upon the tray, producing an actinic portrait."

However curious this may be, this result is not peculiar to Alabama lightning, as the following incident, related by a northern newspaper:

"We have heretofore published an account of a portrait supposed to have been photographed by lightning on a pane of glass in the window of an old farm house in this county."

Another instance of the same curious phenomenon has been found in the window of the Mansion House on the "Mount Eagle" farm, more generally known as the "Gentry Place."

The portraits of four persons are plainly discernible - two men, a woman and a child. The faces are not all on one pane, that of one of the men and the woman being on adjoining glasses, the face of the other man on another, and that of the child on one of the lower panes; and the theory is that the party were all looking through the window during a thunderstorm, when a sudden flash of lightning, by some mysterious process, instantaneously fixed their features on the glass.

The existence of the portraits are of comparatively recent discovery, and have attracted many visitors as well as experts from across the Southern states who all express their bewilderment.

Berryhill Funeral Home

"The Service of Quiet Elegance and Affordable Quality"

Personal, Professional Service
Servicing All Cemeteries
Honoring All Burial & Cash Policies
Honoring Pre-Need Transfers
Crematory



(256) 536-9197

Southern Comfort HVAC Services

AL Cert# 02229

"Take Control of Your Comfort"

David Smart

Puron

Phone: (256) 858-0120

Fax: (256) 858-2012

Email: schvac@hiwaay.net

www.southerncomforthvac.net



Turn to the experts



My Other Mother

by Tommy Towery

I cannot celebrate Mother's Day without thinking about my grandmother.

I can't remember when my maternal grandmother came to live with my family. It was probably when I was eight and my parents had just gone through a divorce. My father lost a leg when he landed at Omaha Beach on D-Day and stepped on a land mine. Because of his injuries he was in and out of a Veteran's Hospital many times. My mother was also in and out of a tuberculous sanatorium during the same time frame. I guess that was

why my grandmother, Ethel Roden, moved into our house on East Clinton Street. That would be around 1953 when she was about 50. She had been a widow since 1941, five years before I was born. I know we were always close, and most of my memories of my early life included her.

Both of my grandfathers died before I was born. The one who married my Grandmother was 33 years older than she was. In fact, he was older than her father. She was 20 years old and he was 52 when they wed. Early in her life she worked at one of the cotton mills, but by the time she moved in with us, she was a short-order cook at The Rebel Inn in West Huntsville. It was located on the corner of 9th. Avenue and Triana Boulevard, an intersection that also included the Center Theater and Brown's Grocery store. She would ride the bus to work each day, starting around 4 pm and work until 10 pm. On days when she could not get off in time to ride the bus back home she usually took advantage of a Drake cab. Mr. Drake happened to be her boss at The Rebel Inn.

When I was about 12, my father had moved away, and my mother had to make another extended trip to a hospital in Florida. That left my grandmother the only adult in our household. Many times during those days I and my brother Don, who was three years older than me, were on our own from after school until she got home after 10:00 pm. Still she kept me on a straight line.

I remember she was addicted to the morning Soapbox operas, like Days of Our Lives, The Edge of Night, The Guiding Light, and As the World Turns. The opening credit music still haunts me. Every Monday she would set up the ironing board in front of the TV and do the family's ironing as she watched them. It's funny how you remember things

Center for Hearing, LLC

7531 S. Memorial Parkway Suite C Huntsville, AL 35802
Phone (256) 489-7700



Maurice Gant, BC-HIS
Board Certified Hearing
Instrument Specialist

- Free Hearing Tests and Consultations
- Zero down financing with low payments
- Competitive pricing
- Service and repair of all brands and makes of aids
- Hearing aid batteries
- Appointments - Monday thru Friday from (8:00 am until 5:00 pm) and Saturday upon request

00508041

like that. I also remember her routine was altered on Mondays after New Year's Day when she believed the story that not doing laundry would avoid washing away luck. When I joined the Boy Scouts, she taught me how to sew on her Singer treadle sewing machine.

When we moved to McCullough Avenue in 1960, she moved with us. She still rode to work on the bus. She never learned to drive a car. Buses and cabs were almost her only forms of travel for her whole life.

We moved again when we qualified for a low income apartment in Lincoln Village in 1961. While living there my brother married and joined the Navy and my mother remarried and moved to Memphis. When that happened I was starting my senior year at Lee and did not want to move to Memphis with my mother and have my whole senior year spent with new faces. So, I stayed in Huntsville with my grandmother so I could finish high school with my friends.

Grandmother was still working at the Rebel Inn, so I was on my own from the time I got out of school until she got home from work. Many times I had to skip supper and so I would call her and have her bring me home two hamburgers or chili dogs. You would find me eating a chili dog supper at 10:30 or so each night those days.

All in all, my grandmother raised me just about as much as my mother did. We did a lot of things together. She loved John Wayne movies so we often walked to town to attend a viewing at the Lyric or Grand Theaters.

When I was seven she took me to see Disney's Alice in Wonderland. The scene with Alice falling down the rabbit hole scared me so bad she had to take me home before it was over.

On New Year's Eve of 1963, my plans to go dancing at Bradley's Cafeteria got cancelled, due to the heaviest snow fall in Huntsville for many years. Instead of partying with my friends, I spent the evening with her. That would be the last New Year's night I spent with this woman, who was so important in my growing up.

The day after I graduated from high school I packed up my belongings and moved to Memphis to attend college. That left her alone for the first time in my life. She eventually moved into Richardson Towers and I visited her there as often as my Air Force career would allow me to do so.

I was stationed in Texas when she died. I could not attend her funeral because my wife was due to have our first baby at any moment. She passed away at age 75 and was buried at Maple Hill Cemetery next to her husband Luther. I have already made arrangements to be buried next to her when my life ends. She was that important in my life.



Ad run in Old Huntsville Magazine in 1996

HUNTSVILLE'S OWN IRISH PUB

Visit with the ladies & gentlemen of

FINNEGAN'S IRISH PUB

And Enjoy Your Heritage
South Parkway
(Next to Joe Davis Stadium)






May 1st is better known as May Day. This is the only three-letter month in the year. All the others are four or longer. Weather-wise, this should be one of the best months of the year. No more frosts, so plant the tomatoes if you haven't already. At our house, we usually use "income tax day" of April 15 for planting our outside tomato plants. But now for sure.

We haven't reached the consistent hot summer days yet, like mid-90s every day, so if you've been putting off a picnic outdoors, this is the time to do it. There are some glorious spots in and around Ditto Landing, among other places in town.

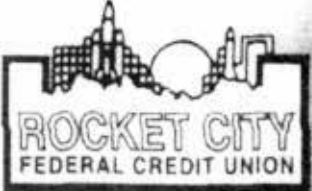
April has brought the glorious flowers we longed for during the past wintry days. Oh, how I love them. They just make you feel good. What a privilege to be alive to enjoy the beauty of it all. The days just seem to fly by.

Graduation is just around the corner, and some begin early this month. What our young people have to challenge them, so many decisions to make, either what college to attend or what occupation to begin after graduating from college. We have a grandchild graduating in a couple of weeks, and the excitement is building.

I just wish I could be around in twenty years so I could see what these young people have achieved. Please think of these young people in your thoughts and prayers and give them all the encouragement you can.

Mother's Day is May 10th. Anna Jarvis honored her mother in 1908, which officially established this day. President Woodrow Wilson declared it a national day to honor mothers in 1914. Do something special for your Mom this day, I know she will appreciate it, no matter what you do for her, whether it is a written note, card, flowers, or maybe just a call to let her know you are thinking of her. She will love whatever you do; just do it.

With Memorial Day on May 25th this year, I want to encourage every one of you to purchase and fly the U.S. Flag. Let's get in the spirit. I want to see lots of Old Glory flying on everyone's porches!



ROCKET CITY
FEDERAL CREDIT UNION

Main Office
2200 Clinton Ave.
Huntsville, AL 35805

(256) 533-0541

Office Hours
Mon, Tues, Thurs, Fri
8:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m.
Wednesday
8:00 a.m. - Noon

www.rocketcityfcu.org



O'LE DAD'S BAR-B-Q

"It's Cooked In The Pit"

(256) 828-8777



HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY TO ALL THE
BEAUTIFUL MOMS OUT THERE -
WE LOVE YOU!

Hours:

Wed - 10am - 4:30pm
Thurs - 10am - 7:00pm
Fri - 10am - 7pm
Sat - 10am - 6pm
Sun-Tues - Closed



Check Our Facebook Page
for Weekly Updates!

Health Rating 98%

14163 Highway 231/431 North
Located in the beautiful city of Hazel Green

GO ASK YOUR MOM

by Gerald Alvis, *The Poet of Greenlawn*



Seems Moms have all the answers, from skinned knees to broken hearts. It's true they are great with boo-boos, but they also watch us get back up, all frustrated or even angry, and we show her we can do it all by ourselves! Safety with boundaries that continually get extended, that's the goal, but it goes further than that.

She continually monitors and pours into the child so they can enjoy opportunities that might otherwise have been missed. With this miniature version of herself, she explores the world anew, but how things change with time, but do they really?

Yes, she may need help now with technology or physical tasks as she ages, but she supported you with your first steps, taught you the ABC song, and helped you learn to count using fingers and toes. And each of us has or will be

transitioning through the cycle that has gone on for millennia. It starts with the safety of love being held close to the heart, then comes the need to be independent (as it should be), and possibly the feeling that she is dated in her ways and customs. Then, as we have our own, getting a grasp on how much she cared and what she taught is still applicable, well, except for the VCR part.

You made her cry when she was alone over a hurt she never told you about, she worried you might make the same mistakes or miss out on what might be. Knowing how much to let go when is the hallmark of a good Mom. She gave to you when she hadn't for herself and did it with a smile. There is also a reason behind the adage, "Don't mess with a momma bear!"

She lived in a time that will never be again, a library of wisdom and history, but she chose to listen to you instead. You will go where she cannot; this is why lessons and cautions are issued repeatedly: she has to make sure she has prepared you for every contingency she knows how to handle.

And no, she didn't get it right all the time; we, in our short-sightedness, forget or ignore that she is human and this is her first time being a mother, a role where the dynamics of self get trumped by a tiny bundle of potential.

She walks more slowly now and not as assuredly. She can go down the list of known relatives in 10 seconds flat until she gets to the correct name, but I promise hers is not the first generation to do so!

Wow, all this effort and energy given to another human being, it must be exhaustive, and it is, but that's not how she sees it. It's an investment, for in just a few years she will get her return, a lap full of happy grandchildren, and that's where you will see the real change.

A woman you won't recognize will emerge, rules will be vanquished, hugs endless and a knowing smile when she looks back into your eyes!

And finally, a quote from ancient text. "Every wise woman buildeth her house; but the foolish plucketh it down with her hands."



CLARK ELECTRIC CO.

Experience Matters

For All Your Electrical Needs

No Job Too Big, No Job Too Small
We Do It All!

Breaker Panel Changeouts and Service Upgrades

(256) 534-6132

SERVING HUNTSVILLE AND
NORTH ALABAMA SINCE 1939

Visit us at www.clarkelectrichuntsville.com



Remembering Snooky

by Doug Clark

Sometimes a warm memory from our childhood unexpectedly pops into our thoughts and causes us to reflect and smile. Today, that memory was about my neighbor "Snooky" who lived directly across the street from us in the late 1960s to mid-70s on Keel Mountain. She lived at home with her mom, Mrs. Gladys Bruce, who always seemed bedridden, and her dad Mr. Otey Bruce, who took care of them.

The Bruces were near seventy back then and Snooky was about 30 years old. Everyone on the mountain knew their neighbors and had frequent contact with them, whether it was to borrow a loaf of bread or just to pop over and say "Hello." If you popped over to the Bruces, you might see Mr. Bruce spraying his apple trees or watching major league baseball on TV.

Mrs. Bruce would be in bed working on a crossword puzzle and Snooky would be watching TV and eating a bowl of popcorn or simply doing what she loved most, which was swinging on the front porch-swing with her guitar in hand and singing as loud as she could. She did not make any chords with the strings; she just simply strummed and sang from the heart.

Anyone that visited could always count on Snooky greeting them with a big smile, calling you by name and giving them a big hug. She loved people coming over and she would respond as if she had not seen you in years. She had unconditional love for everyone.

In the summer, we would often be playing

baseball or basketball in our yard with neighborhood kids, while Snooky would serenade us with guitar and song from across the street. We took her singing for granted and mostly ignored it as we played sports.

But looking back I see what a blessing it was to have a neighbor like Snooky that showed us how to love our neighbor. See, Snooky was a special-needs girl. I never knew her exact disability, but she had a mental capacity of a child. Her speech was not perfectly clear, but you could easily talk with her and she would always answer, while at the same time smiling big or laughing.

As much as she loved everyone she met, everyone that met her loved her more. It's a great memory for me.

"I have to walk real early in the morning before my brain can figure out what I'm actually doing."

Pat Riley, Huntsville

Op' Heidelberg

**SERVING HEARTY GERMAN FARE
IN HUNTSVILLE SINCE 1972**

Celebrating 56 Years In Business!

Service Options: Dine-In * Curbside Pickup * No Delivery

**Hours: Tues - Thurs 10:30 am - 8 pm
Fri - Sat 10:30 am - 9 pm
Sun 10:30 am - 8 pm
Closed Monday**

**6125 UNIVERSITY DRIVE
(256) 922-0556**



My Grandmother

by Dickie Hale

I was reading an old issue of the Old Huntsville paper and I ran across an article written by Gerald Alvis about Grandmothers. It started me thinking about mine and how lucky I was to have her.

My Grandmother's name was Lillian Esslinger and she was an old fashioned southern woman who did things the old fashioned way and had old fashioned beliefs. For example, she was a die-hard Church of Christ member and if you were not, you would not go to heaven. Had one man her entire 93 years of life. Never flew in a plane and never drove a car. Cooked all her meals on a cast iron wood burning stove including the best pies you ever put in your mouth.

My dad left me and my 2 sisters and brother when we were very small. Mom was killed in a head-on car wreck when I was 9. We were going to be put up for adoption until my grandmother stepped up to the plate. My grandfather died when I was 5 so this left grandma alone. This didn't stop her from adopting the 4 of us.

Grandma raised 6 of her own children and you would think this would have worn her out, but not my grandma. The only income we had was a small Social Security check totaling \$115.00 per month. This started in 1956 and lasted until 1964 when I joined the service, but "grandmom" always found a way.

Grandma took in extra work like picking cotton, ironing, and sewing cloths, fixing meals for a handicapped lady. I would go to the commodity line on Holmes Avenue, under a large tent with her and we would hold open a large flour sack while people would throw in non-perishable food items in the sack.

At Christmas time the church

would bring over fruit baskets for us. We would go food shopping at the A&P market in down town Huntsville to buy only necessities.

She made lunches for the 4 of us in a brown paper bag and we had to use it all week. It would fold up perfect and fit in my back pocket. By Friday, it was soiled and used up. She made potted meat, peanut butter and banana, bologna and cheese, and peanut butter and jelly.

We caught the bus to school and to church because we never had a car.

We moved to Sparkman Holmes because it was low rental housing. I think our rent was \$17.00/mo. Soon as we were old enough, we had to get some type of a job to bring money back to the family. My sisters would babysit and my little brother and I cut grass at Sparkman Homes. We would check out push mowers and cut grass for 25 to 35 cents a yard.

I also worked at the blind man's store in the back of the project, was bus boy at the Plantation Restaurant and a bell boy elevator operator at the Russel Erskine Hotel.

Grandma was a very devoted Church of Christ person. She had us all catching the bus to West Huntsville every Sunday morning, Sunday night and Wednesday night Bible study. We gave thanks before mealtime and at bedtime.

You learn to love your grandmother when she irons for someone else, cooks for someone else, cleans for someone else, picks cotton for someone else and still finds time to help you with homework. Did all this to keep us together as a family. We were very poor but we always had clean clothes that she sewed and mended and made simple food to eat. She did all of this in her mid-sixties and seventies after raising 6 of her own children.

I can still hear her today saying "Now Richard, you know better than to do that."

Love you, Grandma.

"If I had thought about it, I wouldn't have done the experiment. The literature was full of examples that said you can't do this."

Spencer Silver on the work that led to the unique adhesives for 3-M "Post-It" notes



M S Masonry

Customer Recommended

STONWORK
STUCCO
REPAIRS
PAVERS
CURBS
WALKWAYS
BLOCKS



"No Job is too Small"

MICHAEL SYLVESTER
(256) 694-2469

LICENSED - INSURED - REFERENCES



Sarah "Sallie" Nash, daughter of Malinda Nash

The Incredible Resilience of Malinda Nash

by Tanjie Kling

There are mothers who lived before us and mothers who live among us, who have shown incredible strength and resilience, while walking through great adversity. One of these ladies was Malinda Evans Nash.

Malinda was born in 1844 in Talledega County, Alabama to James and Aravilla Evans. During 1858, the family moved to St. Clair County, Alabama, as Malinda's father purchased a farm there. By 1860, the Nelson Nash family moved to St. Clair County, Alabama and purchased a farm next door to the Evans'.

Malinda Evans and Nelson Nash's son, Isaac, met and fell in love with each other. The couple married on June 26, 1861. They resided in the Greensport community of St. Clair County, where they purchased a farm and had 8 children.

Tragedy struck their family, as Malinda lost her husband Isaac, during early 1879. Upon Isaac's death, Malinda was left with 8 children to take care of, as well as 225 acres of land. About the same time, her parents and her siblings had moved to Hazel Green, Alabama, so they were of no help to her. Malinda had to summon her strength and her

children to undertake the strenuous work on the farm without Isaac. Somehow, she made a way.

The 1880 agricultural census indicates that Malinda, as a 36 year-old widow, worked her St. Clair County farm, presumably with her 4 daughters (aged 3, 8, 16, and 18) and 4 sons (aged 6, 10, 12, and 14). Her 225 acres of land was comprised of 25 acres of tilled land and 200 acres of woodland and forest land. The farm was valued at \$250, and she worked the farm with farm implements and machinery worth \$20. The value of her livestock was \$100.

She spent \$30 during the year to repair fencing. She owned one mule and during 1879, her farm produced \$130 worth of goods. She owned 3 cows, 2 bulls, had 11 pigs, 5 chickens that laid 30 eggs, produced 125 pounds of butter, and she delivered 3 calves that were born in 1880.

She planted 20 acres of Indian corn yielding 200 bushels, 3 acres of wheat producing 21 bushels, 2 acres of cotton yielding 1 bale, 1/4 acre of land yielding 18 gallons of sorghum, 1/4 acre of land yielding 20 bushels of potatoes, and she cut 20 cords of wood worth \$20.

Eventually, she sold her farm and in December of 1883, she loaded her possessions and her children in a wagon pulled by oxen and drove her family from Greensport, Alabama to Hazel Green, Alabama, so she could be near her family. This journey was about 110 miles in the winter cold. They arrived in Hazel Green in time for Christmas.

After they arrived in Hazel Green, arrangements for the care of Malinda's children needed to be addressed. In October 1884, a guardian for her minor children was appointed by the Madison County, Alabama court. Under State law at that time, persons under the age of 21 were considered infants, and children who lost their father were considered orphans, even though their mother may be living.

Women were not allowed to be in charge of their money or households, and courts appointed men, male friends of the family, or male family members to oversee the finances and well-being of the minor children. A \$400 bond was posted for the care of the Malinda's minor children, and Mr. Thomas Bailes was appointed by the court as guardian.

Malinda's 8 children were: Nancy Jane Nash, Clarissa "Clercie" Nash, Holden Milton Nash, James Isaac Nash, Thomas Franklin Nash, Sarah "Sallie" Elizabeth Nash (pictured), Joseph Wesley Nash, and Patience "Pacia" Nash. In 1884, Nancy was not considered a minor since she was 22 years old.

This Mother's Day, I am remembering the widows of minor children, who in the midst of their grief must juggle new responsibilities as well as create and retain a new and different support system. It has been said that our reaction to adversity defines us, and the stories and legacies that we leave behind. You are stronger than you can imagine, and are writing your own story of resilience and strength.

When times are tough, remember this story of my great-great grandmother, and know that you can do hard things.

Heard On the Street



by Cathey Carney

I hid a tiny pair of pliers in the April issue and many calls came in but only the first wins. And that was **Randall Brown** of New Market. Randall will be 75 next month and he worked for 45 years with so many farmers and Madison County Co-op in spreading fertilizer, also Lily Flagg gin, really a hard worker and made so many good friends over the years. Congratulations Randall! The hidden pliers were on p. 28 on the Inter-south Properties ad - see it now?

Many families are buying beautiful lily plants for their Mom's this Mother's Day but remember that any lily plant is deadly to cats! Just be careful.

We wanted to mention a very special birthday last February - Valentine's Day. **Sandra Brown** of Huntsville turned 90 and celebrated with her sweet family. When you talk with her on the phone she sounds like a teenager! Happy Birthday on a special day to you, Sandra!

You know how when you bump into something and you need a cold compress to put on the spot that got banged so that you don't turn black and blue? I found the best thing! A small bag of cut kernel corn, in the freezer, works perfectly. It molds to the spot and doesn't have sharp edges

like a bag of ice would. It just stays in your freezer and hopefully you won't need it. Don't eat it!

Ernest E. Goens, age 89, of Old Hickory, Tennessee, passed away on November 24, 2025. He grew up in Lincoln Mill Village in Huntsville, where he formed friendships that lasted a lifetime. He graduated from Butler High School. Ernest married his love **Joann** on Jan. 30, 1960 and he passed away just short of their 66th wedding anniversary. Ernest lived a life full of purpose and joy. He was proud to serve as a member of the Masonic Order, the Scottish Rite, the Shriners, and the Order of the Eastern Star. Among his greatest joys was bringing laughter as a Shrine Clown, known affectionately as "Smiley."

Ernest was a faithful reader of Old Huntsville magazine and for over 20 years looked forward to getting his copy of the latest issue in the mail. A devoted husband and father, Ernest worked tirelessly and held multiple jobs over the years. He spent many evenings as a projectionist at local theaters, creating cherished memories with his children. Later, he built a successful career as a millwright at Dupont, retiring after years of dedicated service.

Retirement opened a new chapter of service for Ernest. Through the United Methodist Church Volunteers in Mission Program, he embarked on twenty mission trips abroad, sharing his love and compassion with communities around the world. He delighted in bringing joy to children in distant villages as "Smiley."

Ernest was an avid Vanderbilt football fan and spent many years ushering at the games in the 1970s and 1980s. He leaves behind his loving wife of 65 years, **Joann Medlin Goens**; three children, **Jennifer Cammuse (Wendell)**, **Danielle Midgett (Robin)**, and **Ernie Goens Jr. (Cyndi)**; grandchildren **Bryan Parkerson (Shurree)**, **Kai Parkerson**, and step-grandson **K.C. Moseley**; his sister, **Linda Bonner**; and brother, **Ron Goens (Patti)**. He was a faithful husband, good father and never met a stranger. He will be so missed.

Thank you councilman **Bill Kling** for constantly walking through your neighborhoods and finding problems to fix, like dangling old cable lines, fiber boxes left like garbage, dangerous roads and sidewalks. You show that you really care about the residents of Huntsville and it's why you keep being re-elected!

Elizabeth Wharry is one of our writers, and she sings in the Rocket City Chorus. She called to let us know that the Chorus will be performing at the Veterans Memorial on Memorial Day, Monday May 25th.

Metro Painting and Roofing

Customer Satisfaction is our #1 Goal

Home Services include:



METRO Painting and Roofing

- * House Painting, Inside & Outside
- * Wood Repairs / Siding
- * Pressure Washing
- * Wood Staining
- * Sheetrock
- * And much more

Licensed & Insured * Residential & Commercial * Free Estimates

Justin Bzdell (256) 316-9986

www.MetroPaintingHSV.com

Getting older certainly has its challenges but one of the ironies is you tend to drop things more, which means you have to get down to pick it up. If you get all the way down, you have to find some furniture to pull yourself back up! I'm trying to find some good leg exercises to combat that!

Lots of May birthdays including **Matt Pressley of Celebrating Appalachia**. If you're not watching their YouTube show it's so good - just everyday people who love gardening, cooking, playing music and living in northwest Appalachia. I highly recommend it. You'll get great cooking and gardening tips and it's a good break from everyday news!

May is my birthday month too and I've been 65 for a number of years now but that's what I'm staying with!

I wanted to send out a special and heart-felt Thank You to our **writers** who have continued to send in their family stories year after year. This issue has some really memorable stories. **Tom** was the writer of our family and he always wanted to write but didn't know if he would be good at it. When we started Old Huntsville in 1989 it gave him the chance to try it out, and he just got better and better. He never knew how to type so all his stories were done on his computer, with him typing

with his 2 index fingers. It took a while to type out a long story but he was mostly proud of the finished work. A few times he would get to the end of a long story he had just typed out and when the computer prompted him to SAVE he clicked Don't Save accidentally and had to start completely over. If that had happened to me I would have thrown the computer out the window, but he was so patient and pragmatic - he'd say "OK, I'm starting over."

So there will be a story by Tom in each issue of the magazine as long as it exists.

How proud are we to know that Huntsville had such a large part in the the Artemis II Orion spacecraft mission., named Integrity by the crew, when it successfully splashed down in the Pacific Ocean on April 10, 2026, concluding a historic 10-day mission around the Moon. The crew were safely recovered by Navy teams near San Diego after a high-speed re-entry. It was a nailbiting experience to just watch it unfold during the 10 days. SOO proud of NASA and its subcontractors and all who worked on this very important mission.

Something you might want to do with the kids - if you love green onions in your food. Buy a couple bunches of green onions, cut the roots off with about 2" of

stem. Get a medium garden pot and fill it with good dirt, plant your cut onion roots with just a bit of the top sticking out. Water and put in sun either out or indoors. In a week or so you'll see sprouts developing and in no time you'll be able to cut the green stems and use them in your dishes! They will continue to grow probably year-long even in freezing weather.

All of the **farmer's markets** are open now and there are so many in Huntsville and Madison area. Also Saturday mornings at Lowe Mill and the Ayers Farmers market on Cook Avenue, Oakwood College, many more. Just Google Farmers Markets and you'll find them.

I have hidden a tiny Artemis II capsule within these pages - be the first to find it and you win a year's subscription to OHM!

There have been some very serious accidents lately with **car vs. bicycle** and bike riders killed or severely injured. PLEASE watch out for them when you're driving - with the influx of thousands of people into Huntsville you've got to be a defensive driver. May is bike month and **Spring City Cycling Club** would love to welcome more members. Contact them at (214) 538-7427 for more info.

Sending love to all the Mom's out there, the earthly ones as well as the heavenly ones!

You'll find a kaleidoscope of color, shapes and sizes of perennials and annuals to plant in your garden, and our knowledgeable staff will be there to answer all your gardening questions. Walking through the gardens at Bennetts is like fresh-air Therapy to brighten your day!



BENNETT NURSERIES

At Bennett Nurseries, you'll find a relaxing, park-like atmosphere. Here you can get ideas from our landscaped display areas, and walk through acres of greenhouses. We carry a complete selection of trees, shrubs, flowers, bulbs, vines and plants for this area.

(256) 852-6211

Right Next Door to Across the Pond

7002 Memorial Parkway No., Huntsville, AL 35810



Amish Favorites

Breaded Pork Chops

1/2 c. milk
1 egg, lightly beaten
6 pork chops
1-1/2 c. crushed saltines

In a bowl combine milk and egg. Dip pork chops into egg mixture, coat with cracker crumbs. Put 1/2 inch oil into skillet and heat. Fry pork chops til golden brown, about 6 minutes depending upon thickness. Season lightly and serve.

One Dish Oven Meal

Sliced raw potatoes
1 lb. hamburger, browned
Sliced raw carrots
Sliced fresh mushrooms
Sliced onions
Velveeta cheese, sliced

Place ingredients into casserole in order listed. In a small bowl mix:

1 Cream of Mushroom soup

1/2 c. milk

Pour this over the hamburger mixture. Bake in covered dish at 350 degrees for 1-1/2 hours.

Barbeque Green Beans

10 slices bacon
1/4 c. chopped onions
3/4 c. catsup
1/2 c. brown sugar
3 t. Worcestershire sauce
3/4 t. salt
4 c. green beans

Fry bacon, break into pieces. Saute onion in bacon drippings. Mix the catsup and brown sugar with the Worcestershire sauce and salt, add the onions and bacon pieces. Pour over the green beans and mix lightly.

Bake in a 1 quart covered casserole dish at 300 degrees for 40 minutes and all is heated through.

Lemon Bars

Crust:

2 c. plain flour
1/4 c. powdered sugar
1 c. butter

Filling:

2 c. sugar
4 T. flour
4 T. fresh lemon juice
4 eggs, beaten fluffy

For crust, mix and press into pan. Bake at 325 degrees for 20 minutes. For filling mix the sugar, flour and lemon juice. Add the beaten eggs, mix well. Pour over the hot crust and bake at 325 degrees for 25 minutes. Remove from oven and dust with powdered sugar while still hot.

Sweet Bundt Rolls

1/2 c. butter, melted
1/2 c. maple syrup
3/4 c. brown sugar

Star Market and Pharmacy

Old Fashioned Service & Courtesy

Your Friendly Neighborhood
Pharmacy & Grocery Store

Located in Historic Five Points
702 Pratt Ave. - 256-534-4509



- 1/2 c. nuts, chopped
- 2 tubes buttermilk biscuits

Mix first 4 ingredients in a bowl. Grease a tube Bundt pan and place half of the syrup mixture in the bottom of the pan.

Place biscuits on end around the pan, and pour remaining syrup over the top of the biscuits. Bake at 350 degrees for 30 minutes and let stand for 5 minutes. Remove from pan.

Coconut Cream Cake

- 1 white cake mix with pudding
- 1 can Eagle Brand milk
- 1 8.5 oz. can Cream of Coconut
- 1 reg. carton Cool Whip
- 1 can flaked coconut

Bake cake as directed on box. While it is still hot, punch holes in it with small sharp knife. Pour Eagle Brand milk over cake, then pour over the cream of coconut. Cool and spread with Cool Whip. Top with flaked coconut. This is moist and delicious!

Peanut Butter Popcorn

- 12 c. warm, popped corn
- 1/4 c. butter, melted
- 3 T. sugar
- 2 T. peanut butter
- 1 T. light Karo syrup

Mix butter, sugar, Karo and peanut butter. Pour over the warm popcorn and mix well. Cool thoroughly and store in gallon Ziploc bags, if it lasts that long.

Layered Dessert

Crust:

- 1 c. plain flour
- 1/2 c. butter, softened
- 1 c. chopped nuts

1st Layer:

- 1 c. powdered sugar
- 8 oz. cream cheese
- 1 c. Cool Whip

2nd Layer:

- 1 pkg. vanilla instant pudding

- 2 c. whole milk

Mix crust and spread into a 9 x 13" pan. Bake at 350 degrees for 20 minutes. Cool. Mix powdered sugar, cream cheese and Cool Whip, spread on cooled crust. Mix pudding and milk, spread over first layer and top with more Cool Whip.

Honey Almond Cookies

- 2 large egg whites
- 1 pinch cream of tartar
- 2 T. honey
- 1/2 t. vanilla extract
- 1 t. lemon zest
- 1 pinch salt
- 1 c. ground almonds

Preheat oven to 300 degrees. Lightly butter a regular cookie sheet. Beat egg whites and cream of tartar til stiff peaks form, and gradually beat in the honey, vanilla and lemon zest.

Gently fold in the ground almonds. Drop 1 tablespoon of batter at a time onto the greased baking sheet, spacing about 2 inches apart. Bake for about 30 minutes. These cookies are soft out of the oven but they will harden as they cool. You'll see they won't last long!

Trav-Ad Signs Salutes Our Veterans

**Thank You For
Your Service to
Our
Country**



Signs We Specialize In:

- Digital Displays
- Monument Signs
- Pylon Signs
- Directionals
- Hospital/Educational Facilities/Interior & Exterior
- Custom Fabrication
- Specialty Graphics/Design Assistance Available
- Sign Restoration/LED Retrofit
- Sign and Lighting Maintenance

(256) 536-4232



Follow us on Social Media



www.trav-adsigns.com

Veteran and Women Owned

58 Shields Rd, Huntsville, Al



A Letter to Mom

by Cathey Carney

I miss you, Mom. I miss your hugs, and how your face lit up when you'd see us come to visit you. I miss how proud you were of Old Huntsville magazine and the stories people sent in.

You'd tell me, "Work hard, always." I miss when something would tickle you and you would laugh so hard it would make all of us laugh. I miss your strength, going through the war in Berlin as a young medical student, in an underground shelter while bombs were going off, not knowing whether you'd find a home when you came back up. I loved the way you loved your Mom and your brothers and always grieved for the one brother who never came back from war.

Your time working at Fox Army Hospital was remembered by everyone - several (who are older now) who worked in Civil Service on the Arsenal would go to you for physicals and being a German medical doctor, you were very thorough. Those friends say they still remember those physicals!

I know you're in my heart and my memories but what I wouldn't give to see you and tell you about what's going on now. To get your opinion on this virus and some good common sense advice. I even miss the days when Ken and I would try to tell you we were sick to get out of going to elementary school and you'd bring out your stethoscope and check us all over because you had your equipment at home. We'd always end up going to school.

I just miss you, your gentleness, how much you loved little animals and little plants. If there was a bit of green on any plant, we would be ready to throw it away but you would nurse it back to health. I miss your common sense and that you really listened to us when things went wrong. I miss the great advice you'd give, even while my heart was breaking. I miss how you would be so calming when situations seemed out of control.



Your Neighborhood Coffee Shop

(256) 763-0805

8402 Whitesburg Dr.
Next door to Lily Flagg Furniture

You always saw a better day.

You and Dad decided to move into Redstone Village, even though Ken and I wanted you to stay in your home. I thought you would miss your gardening and looking out the window to see your plants. But you moved, and were there for 12 years. They were so good as you and Dad got older. We lost Dad, and you remained there.

When your doctor first told us you had Dementia, you were very matter of fact about it and we all took every day as a gift. You remembered us to the end, we were very lucky.

But you couldn't remember what happened yesterday, and you lost the ability to read. I remember when you and I would try to send birthday cards to the great grandkids, you would write it very slowly, "Love, G'ma". Those cards are treasures now.

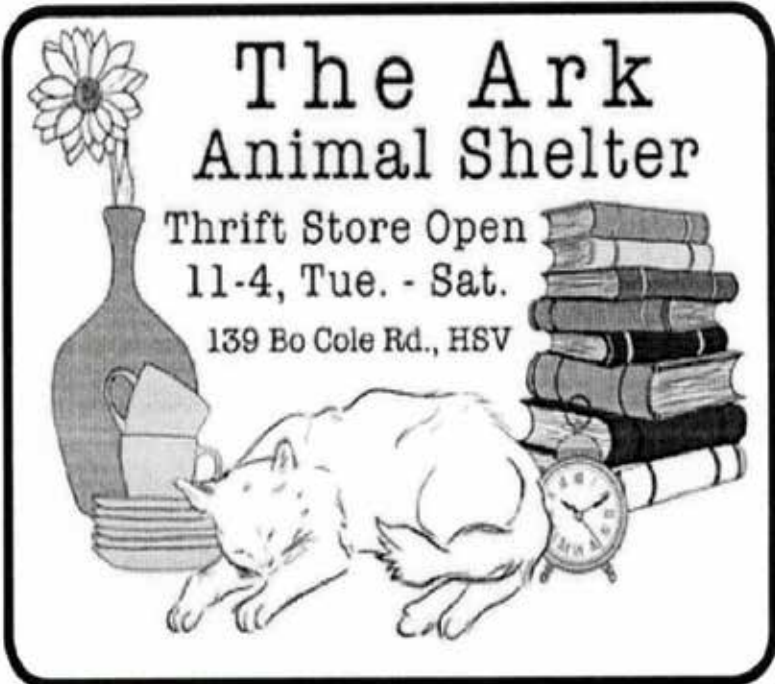
I remember I'd show you videos of little kittens and puppies on my cellphone and you would love those. Then you weren't able to see them anymore. Then when we visited you at Redstone Village, all we could do was hug you and talk with you.

Your advice to me was always so pragmatic and sensible, even when you couldn't remember what happened an hour ago. But sometimes you would be afraid of what was happening and would need reassurance from us.

I know I'll see you again Mom, but it still is really hard not to be able to hear your voice, hear your laughing, and to just hug you again.

Vanilla for Burns

If you burn yourself and don't have an aloe plant handy, grab a bottle of vanilla extract. The extract will ease the pain and keep the area from blistering.



**The Ark
Animal Shelter**
Thrift Store Open
11-4, Tue. - Sat.
139 Bo Cole Rd., HSV

The illustration shows a white cat lying down next to a stack of books and a clock. To the left is a vase with a flower and a small cup.



Ford Motor Company
Designing and operating coal and iron mines, rubber lands, sawmills, coke ovens, foundries, power plants, steel furnaces, manufacturing industries, lake transportation, garment mills, glass plants, wood distillation plants and silica beds.

OPENING THE HIGHWAYS TO ALL MANKIND

Back of all the activities of the Ford Motor Company is this Universal idea — a whole-hearted belief that riding on the people's highway should be within easy reach of all the people.

An organization, to render any service so widely useful, must be large in scope as well as great in purpose. To conquer the high cost of motoring and to stabilize the factors of production — this is a great purpose. Naturally it requires a large program to carry it out.

It is this thought that has been the stimulus and inspiration to the Ford organization's growth, that has been incentive in developing inexhaustible resources, boundless facilities and an industrial organization which is the greatest the world has ever known.

In accomplishing its aims the Ford institute has never been daunted by the size or difficulty of any task. It has spared no toil in finding the way of doing each task best. It has dared to try out the untried with conspicuous success.

Such effort has been amply rewarded. For through this organization, the motor car which is contributing in so large a measure toward making life easier, pleasanter and more worthwhile has been made available to millions.

The Ford Motor Company views its situation today less with pride in great achievement than with sincere and sober realization of new and larger opportunities for service to mankind.

Woody Anderson Ford
WoodyAndersonFord.com
256-539-9441
2500 Jordan Lane, Huntsville, AL 35816





REMEMBERING MY MOTHER

by M. D. Smith IV

Mother's Day is the second Sunday in May, and it causes me to remember my mother when I was in grade school.

Early on, I found enjoyment in talking to my seat mate, often a girl. The teacher liked to mix us up. Once we started talking to each other, it was hard to stop. After the third time the teacher interrupted her class to tell us to stop, she sent us both to the principal's office, and our parents were promptly called to come pick us up, suspended for the rest of the day.

My mother came, apologized profusely to both the principal and my teacher for my egregious actions and flagrant disregard for the rule about not talking in class. I was concerned about what my mother might do, even more about my dad when he got home.

The car was quiet, and I guess the silence worried me more than hearing a lecture. At home, she sat down in a chair and looked me in the eye. "Oh, boy," I thought, "I'm going to get it now."

Mother said, "Son, there's nothing wrong with talking to a girl. I'm glad you have friends. But the schools have rules. It's hard for a teacher to teach when there's mumbling among class members. It's distracting and difficult for her to concentrate on the lessons. You'll just have to wait till recess, if you don't want to keep getting into trouble. Now go out and play."

My entire attitude of "gloom and doom" lifted, and my spirit rose along with a wide smile.

"Okay, Mom. I'll remember."

That's the kind of school trouble I had in the 50s. My parents always supported the school with their rules and assured them that when I got home, I'd get properly punished. That satisfied the teachers and the principal.

I'd receive a reprimand, and that'd be the end of it.

Now, there was one time, much later in grade school, when I got into more serious trouble. In class on the third and top floor at the end of the hall, I had to



SIMONS

COINS • FINE JEWELRY • REPAIRS

We Buy Estate Jewelry, Rare Coins, Gold

- * We ship to PCGS weekly
- * Complete Jewelry Repair
- * Silver, Diamonds, Bullion, Quality Watches

(256) 859-8475

10 to 6 Mon - Fri

10 to 3 Saturdays

2315-A Jordan Lane SW - Corner Bob Wallace & Jordan Lane

*Simon's Employees have nearly a century of combined experience
and will give you an honest appraisal of worth.*



be excused from class to use the restroom nearby. I was alone, relieved myself, and looked around. There was a bucket full of clean water and a mop nearby, where I assumed the janitor would soon mop the floor. It was spring, and the gigantic windows were open. I leaned out and looked down. Three younger girls were sitting and chatting on a bench below the window, three stories down. I glanced at the water, and the devil shouted to me on my left shoulder, "It's only water... Do it." The angel on my right shoulder was on a break.

So, I picked up the bucket, leaned out the window and turned it upside down. I watched with awe because the instant the water began to fall, all of it collected into globular balls of various sizes as the speed picked up. My heart pounded as it headed for the girls below, knowing I shouldn't have done that. Just before it got to the girls, all the little globs of water, because of its speed, fanned out into a large single spray which drenched all three of the girls. I ducked back inside before they looked up. Put the bucket on the floor and hurried back to my seat in the class, thinking, "They didn't see who did it." Anyone could have been the one. I'm probably safe.

It might have been five minutes, but it seemed like only a few moments when the principal walked in with her hands on her hips and an angry face that would scare smaller children. My teacher stopped in mid-sentence as both the principal and the assistant principal stood in the doorway, and Mrs. Haines said, "Do you have any boy that's left your room to go to the bathroom in the past ten minutes?"

"Only one," and she pointed at me in the back row, "M.D. Smith, about five minutes ago."

"No one did from the other room," the principal said, "so we have our culprit." She pointed at me with palm up, and motioned with her forefinger, saying, "Come with me."

Yes, I was terrified. Got the lecture of my life about the poor little wet girls who were all going home to change and return, how their parents felt, and much

more until my mother arrived to take me home, getting a similar lecture from Mrs. Haines.

At home, Mother said she'd wait till my father came home tonight, and together they'd decide my punishment. I was confined to my room, but heard them chuckling when Dad arrived, then they came to my room with stern looks, gave me a lecture, said I'd have no dinner that night, no allowance for a month, and have to apologize to each of the three girls the next time at school after my three-day suspension.

That night, my mother came to my bed with an apple for me and said, "You just can't do things like that at school, and thank God it was only water. Sleep tight. I love you."

I didn't die after all. And I loved my mother all the more.

She's been gone for thirty-seven years, but I think about all her love and kindness to me when I misbehaved and all her positive support long after I was grown and married.

Minuteman Press.
WE DESIGN, PRINT & PROMOTE...YOU!

Vinyl Banners Are a BIG Deal!

**CALL TODAY!
(256) 859 - 6161**

DEAL OF THE MONTH

**20% OFF
SCRIM VINYL
BANNER**

13 oz. scrim vinyl with reinforced edges and grommets

EXPIRES MAY 31, 2026

Some restrictions may apply.

My 1930 Model A Ford

by Judy C. Smith, Jan. 2020

After church I decided to have some fun and it was such a beautiful Sunday afternoon. I had gotten up and made waffles for breakfast, made it to church on time, and gone to lunch with three of my favorite lady friends. So now was my time. When I got home I announced to M.D. "you want to do something fun", and he said, "what's on your mind?" I said that I was getting my Washington Blue 1930 Model A out of storage and going for a spin, "You want to go?" I asked.

"No" was the reply.

"OK, I'm off, see you for supper" and out the door I went, singing I'll be down to get you in a taxi honey and don't be late.

Didn't matter that I didn't know all of the words because when you are by yourself you can sing as loud as you want to and make up any words and if it sounds good to you that is all that matters. I called my son Martin, who was going canoeing in five minutes but said that he would wait to let me in the gate at Smith Storage and have Lizzie (Model A) running and waiting for me. I was out at the storage buildings in record time, having made all of the lights, must be my lucky day I thought to myself as I put my Mercedes in park, jump out and get into Lizzie.

Martin questions me again and again are you sure that you know how to shift gears and drive her, as you have driven her only once and that was around the parking lot. I inform him that I was over 21, blond and went to the University of Alabama and I could do most anything. "Ok," he says, "but remember that you lost the only key to your 37 Plymouth."

I had to have a wrecker haul it in and pay a locksmith to pull the steering column to make you another (3 Keys to be exact). Yes, I replied and that cost me big bucks, I must be a slow learner, but it is hard to keep up with keys they just keep trying to get away from me. It is more fun than I anticipated driving her, everyone waves to me and gives me a thumbs up. I head to the golf course at the club to hit a few balls, just so happened that I threw my golf clubs into the rumble seat just before taking off. Just in case someone might ask do you want to play a round of golf.

I'm sitting with my purse to my back along with a two liter bottle of water (never can tell when Lizzie might need some more water) and I need a little more help to touch the pedals. Upon leaving the golf course I remember Martin's last words to me - check the water before you leave the golf course and don't lose the KEYS. I'm so proud of myself as I have accomplished both. I head down Oakwood Avenue with many thumbs up and horns honking.

At the intersection of Meridian Street and Oakwood a nice Southern gentleman by the name of Bob T. got out of a red Chevy truck, he wanted to make sure that I got to wherever I was going with no problems. To be on the safe side he decided it would be best to follow me over the mountain to Smith Storage. He got behind me, with his flashers on and off we went. On Andrew Jackson we turned and were on the last stretch home I kept saying to myself, I Think I Can, I Think I Can, I Think I Can and now, the song changed to I knew I could, I knew I could, I knew I could.

We turn into the storage facility, but have forgotten the gate code, M.D. came to my rescue with the numbers and through the gate we went. We parked Lizzie and were about to drive off when

we noticed the tail lights were on, not wanting to run the battery down we turned around and were on a mission to figure out how to turn off the rear lights. We call Scott and Martin and were told we know you can figure this one out after all you went to Bama, didn't you? We both turned every switch that we could find but to no avail.

Finally, I jumped into the car one last time, I found that by moving one lever just a little bit the rear lights were out. I gathered up all of my stuff, golf clubs, water bottle, purse and most important the big black umbrella. I start the Mercedes up and away I go being so thankful for a smooth ride with lots of air conditioner turned up on high. M.D. was waiting at the door ready to go out to dinner, saying what took you so long? What a fun afternoon and I don't even have to fix supper.

Might take Lizzie out again next Sunday, if you see me coming just honk and I will get out of your way.



Spry Funeral and Crematory Homes, Inc.

*Family owned and operated
since 1919*

(256) 536-6654

Valley View Cemetery

*open with 100 acres reserved
for future development*

(256) 534-8361

Local News - Feb. 1915



A Bunch of our good Shingles

Would last a long time in a family with only one child and quite a long time in one having a bunch of kids. They shed water like a duck. It always pays to buy the best because you get best results. We will nail them on well.

Dealer in Lumber and Building material,
Huntsville Alabama A. M. Booth

Busy Night for the Police

Patrolmen Walter Sanders and Frank McKissack last midnight raided a crap game on Winston Street and arrested seven men, all of whom found lodging later in the city prison, where these same officers also furnished accommodations for the four drunken men and two others who mixed up in an affray on west Clinton Street. This was one of the busiest nights the police have had since the Christmas holidays.

Worst Sleet falls here in many years

North Alabama is beneath a mantle of sleet and snow, making this the worst winter day that has been experienced in this part of the south in many years. Both telephone and telegraphic service are partially crippled and street car traffic is difficult because the trolleys fail to perform their duty. Trees are hanging with icicles and in every way the entire outdoors presents a frightful sight of winter.

Huntsville is Growing

Yes, it seems Huntsville really is big enough to do more than one thing at a time. She can go ahead bringing in new people, factories, capital, Fair Association, packing plant, corporate limits extension, celebrations etc etc and then have time to cooperate in Mussel Shoals development and other worthy undertakings.

Wanted to see Foot come off

John Murray, of Athens, an aged and well known man, recently agreed to submit to the amputation of his foot and insisted that it be severed without the aid of any anesthetic. The old man gritted his teeth and watched the doctors as they cut thru flesh and bone as they used to do in the old days before the discovery of ether.

The operation was entirely successful and Mr. Murray recovered but a few days afterward he began to have excruciating pains which seemed to be localized beyond the end of the severed limb just where the foot used to be. The amputated foot was dug up carefully, straightened out and wrapped in cotton and reburied with the result that Mr. Murray is now resting in perfect comfort.

W. H. Walton and prominent citizen of Athens vouches for the truth of the above facts.

"Whenever I fill out a medical form, in the part that says 'In an emergency, notify:' I put DOCTOR."

Cheryl Tribble, Utah

SIP FINE SPIRITS & CIGAR LOUNGE



**After a long day,
you owe this to yourself!**

Our lounge offers an exceptional collection of world-class whiskeys, handcrafted cocktails, and premium cigars sourced from the most distinguished regions across the globe. SIP delivers an atmosphere of elegance, comfort, and exclusivity. SIP is the ideal place to gather with friends.

More than an upscale lounge, our cocktail bar offers an extensive array of fine spirits including scotch, bourbon, whiskey, tequila, vodka, rum, gin, rye, brandy, and cordials.

As our way of showing our gratitude to the men and women who serve, we offer a 10% off military discount, every day.



(256) 858-1244

Email: kelly@siphuntsville.com

HOURS:

Monday - Thursday 3:00 PM - 11:00 PM

Friday and Saturday 3:00 PM - 1:00 AM

Sunday - Private events only - Call to rent out a space

SIP Fine Spirits & Cigar Lounge
111 Greene St NE
Huntsville, AL 35801

The Best Mother's Day Ever

by Charles Flanders

When I was 8 years old and my brother was 10 we decided to do something special for Mother's Day. Having no money, but having the knowledge that you could get 2 cents for every coke bottle you returned to the store, we went bottle hunting. We searched down the ditches, along the streets, in alleyways, where garbage cans were, and around city parks, where people would picnic. It took us 2 days to come up with enough coke bottles to trade for 4 cupcakes and 4 ice cream cups. Cupcakes were 2 for a nickle and ice cream cups were 5 cents each. So for 30 cents we had a party.

Then, just after lunch, we surprised Mom with our ice cream and cupcake Mother's Day celebration. I never did understand why she cried, when she saw what we had done.

Now fast forward 40 years. We got the family together to take Mom out to a fancy restaurant on Mother's Day. When we were finished eating, we took Mom outside where we surprised her with a new car. We had made her ride with us to the restaurant, knowing she would have her own ride back home. When I handed her the keys, she said she couldn't accept something like this. I told her that Sue and I wanted her to have the best, and the Cadillac was just perfect for her.

Then I said, we want this to be your best Mother's Day ever. She then replied, "I'm sorry, but even though I really appreciate this, this isn't my best Mother's Day ever. You will never be able to top the Mother's Day I had when

you were just little boys, and you kids worked so hard to earn the money to buy me a cupcake and an ice cream.

Then she said "That was the best Mother's Day ever."

And then I realized why she cried on that Mother's Day so long ago.



Spring City Cycling Club

WE ARE ROLLING



ENTHUSIASTS FOR CYCLING

Road | Trail | eBike
Mountain | Tandem | Recumbent

- NoRider Left Behind
- RideWithGPS routes
- Standing rides
- Various skill levels

Ride with Us Today

Group Rides Schedule

springcity.org/events

Club Information

springcity.org

"They used to photograph Shirley Temple through gauze. They should have photographed me through linoleum."

Tallulah Bankhead



InterSouth

properties

"Leasing and Managing Huntsville's Premier Office Buildings"

Phone (256) 830-9160

Fax (256) 430-0881

* Park West Center

* University Square Business Center

* 8215 Madison Blvd.

* Highland Office Park

Visit us at www.intersouth-properties.com

A River Runs Through It



by Bill Alkire

We were visiting friends in Clinton, Louisiana just east of Baton Rouge for Mother's Day in 2007. Our retired Pastor traveled with us often. He arranged for us to stay with his sister. She lived a short distance from the community of Clinton. Their local church had planned a special celebration of Mother's Day. We made special friends there and felt it was a perfect opportunity.

People in Louisiana love to party, never meet a stranger, and never need an excuse to get together. About fifteen people meet at my friends at 3:30 pm every Tuesday afternoon for Coffee Time and snacks. The snacks include French or Cajun dishes, however that is not a requirement.

Everywhere you venture, everyone you meet, you are considered family. At the time of this event I am about to tell you, it was a picture-perfect day, a Louisiana Chamber of Commerce Day. We had planned to visit my friend's childhood friend, also a retired minister.

Bobby was also one of the attendees at Coffee Time, he was more of an "Ole Time Preacher Man." As a storyteller he was the greatest. He had a slow southern Louisiana drawl, and mind like a steel trap. He was naturally humorous. I always liked the delightful stories and I was excited about visiting Bobby all the time.

Bobby enjoyed people visiting his home and farm. Bobby recently lost his wife and he and his dog Rickey enjoyed visiting people. After the church service

and hefty dinner, we traveled that afternoon for a visit. The discussions found themselves to baptism. The various beliefs and customs of the different denominations decided what was right for them. The two ministers critiqued each situation they had met during their ministry.

Both men were raised together, grew up together, went to college and seminary together and were retired Pastors. The conversation got around to individual baptism and preferable/traditional method. My wife mentioned she had no confirmation of being baptized.

The decision was made that my friend and Bobby would do a joint ceremony... today - Now! The four of us and Rickey got in Bobby's truck and headed to the backside of his farm to gain access to the Comite River, a tributary to the Amite River in Eastern Louisiana. Arriving at the riverbank - we had a short walk to the river entry point.

My friend picked up a stick (tree limb) that had fallen, to use as a walking stick. I took pictures of the monumental event. Coming up out of the river with the stick in his hand, he resembled Moses getting ready to part the Red Sea. We started back home and realized Rickey was not with us - he was spotted running through the field after the truck. We stopped and my wife picked him up.

Rickey was so excited he couldn't thank us enough - especially my wife. He always thought that she had come to visit him and usually ignored the rest of us. Rickey's favorite treat was candy orange slices - and he got his share when we arrived home.

**Advertising
The Way
It Used
To Be**

**When
It
Worked!**

Old Huntsville

**For Your Ad in Old Huntsville Magazine
call or text Cathey at 256.626.5321**

How a Church was Born

by Bruce Walker

L.C. woke early on a Saturday morning, still thinking about what he had seen the night before.

Near midnight, he had been walking down McCullough Avenue when he heard shouting and crying coming from a small mill house on the corner. "Save me! I'm not ready, I'm lost!" What startled him was who he saw crying. Otto was the angriest man L.C. knew. The two men had nearly come to blows more than once during their shifts at the cotton mill.

Otto carried bitterness from childhood. His father had fought for a Pennsylvania regiment during the Civil War and was killed at Bull Run. After the war, the family returned to Huntsville, but Otto came back with something heavier than luggage: anger and a chip on his shoulder.

Standing on the porch, a white-haired grandmother stepped beside him, "Son," she said softly, "would you like to come inside?" "Well, alright," he muttered. "Just for a little while."

Two cane-bottom chairs sat along one wall, and three coal-oil lamps hung from the ceiling with bright reflectors. The room was simple, but the welcome made it feel like the finest house in Huntsville.

L.C. planned to say a quick prayer and slip out. But when he bowed his head, several gentle hands rested on his shoulders. Something broke loose inside him; years of frustration and regret poured out. "Lord, forgive me," he prayed. "Help me be a better husband and a better father."

When the prayer ended, tears ran down his face. As he stepped

outside, a familiar clink sounded in his pocket, a whisky bottle. L.C. pulled it out and poured the remaining liquor into the dirt road. In his other pocket were two fistfuls of silver dollars he had won in a card game that night, those he kept.

The next morning, his wife Beulah was already at the stove pulling cathead biscuits from the oven, when L.C. sat down. Beulah smiled and asked, "Would you say grace?" It had been a longtime since he had done that on a Saturday morning. Later, he stepped outside to go to the Square for a haircut. The first man he saw was the last one he wanted to meet, Otto Garner.

"L.C.! Hold up!" Otto called, too late to escape. Otto rushed across the street and stuck out his hand. L.C. shook it cautiously, ready if trouble started. Instead, Otto wrapped him in a bear hug.

"Sure glad you came to that prayer meeting last night," he boomed. "The same thing happened to me two weeks ago. I'm a changed man."

Linda's
**PRINTING
SERVICES
INCORPORATED**

*Office Printing
Labels & Tags
Promotional Items
Full Color Printing
Koozie Products
Business Checks
Social Invitations
& So Much More*

Still serving Huntsville and surrounding areas with the same great service and products you have come to expect for the last 38 years!

Our Address

106 Henry Thompson Road, Taft, TN 38488

256.534.4452

931.425.6709

www.lindasprinting.com

linprint@lindasprinting.com



Dine-In or Carry Out!
Yes We Cater!

*Open Mon-Sat 10am - 9pm ** Closed Sunday*

Some of the best tastin' chicken anywhere!

(256) 533-7599
800 Holmes Ave.
Five Points

(256) 585-1725
815 Madison St.

(256) 721-3395
527 Wynn Dr. NW

(256) 464-7811
101 Intercom Dr.

Soon, a local teacher arranged permission for the group to meet at Clinton School. That first Sunday felt like a real church gathering, singing, praying, preaching and testifying. Among those who came was Eula Criner, the white-haired widow who had invited L.C. inside that first night.

After her son died in a farming accident, she moved to Huntsville seeking fellowship. She found a family. Dr. Haden came as well, an old-fashioned country doctor who believed medicine was about healing, not money. He treated everyone, the poor families on Steel Street and even Mollie Teal's "ladies of the night." In the big churches, he felt the stares, but in the little schoolhouse, he felt at home.

One Sunday, a young woman named Rose slipped quietly through the door. She had come to Huntsville expecting to marry her sweetheart, but he never met her at the train. Nearly penniless, she found lodging at Mollie Teal's boarding house and soon realized what kind of house it really was. Ashamed but desperate, she came to the prayer meeting anyway. Some men shifted uneasily when they recognized her. Eula, Dr. Haden and Beulah walked straight toward her with open arms. "Welcome," they said. Soon, Rose was singing in the choir. She became the first person baptized.

Another newcomer was Toomer Johnson, a man who spent thirty years in slavery. When pneumonia nearly killed him, Dr. Haden stayed by his bedside for weeks. Toomer recovered physically and spiritually. When he later walked into the schoolhouse meeting, people surrounded him with hugs and welcomed him as family.

A nearby Episcopal congregation had a building for sale, though not the land beneath it. The young church bought the building. One Saturday more than forty men brought mules and rolled the entire structure through the cotton mill village on great pine logs. People lined the streets watching the strange procession. By sundown, the church reached its new home on Holmes Avenue.

For the dedication service, Bishop Davis came from Nashville. Eula and L.C. rode by mule wagon to her farm

near New Market, where her roses were still blooming red, pink and white. They cut roses all day and piled the wagon high. That evening, the congregation decorated the sanctuary until it looked like a cathedral garden. Two fistfuls of silver dollars clinked loudly when the offering plate was passed. What began as a prayer meeting in a small mill house in 1904 continues today.

An angry man on his knees.

A mill worker pouring whisky into the road.

A broken woman walking through a church door hoping someone would welcome her. From that little prayer meeting a church was born.

Sometimes the greatest things God builds start in the smallest houses.

Contact bruce.walker2@gmail.com

"When buying and selling are controlled by legislation, the first things to be bought and sold are legislators."

P. J. O'Rourke

THE MICROWAVE DAVE MUSIC EDUCATION FOUNDATION
INVITES YOU TO JOIN US IN CELEBRATING

IN LOVING MEMORY, WITH GRATITUDE



1946  2026

JOIN US IN CELEBRATING THE LIFE OF
MICROWAVE DAVE GALLAHER
MAY 17, 2026 | 4:00 PM
VON BRAUN CENTER - PROPST ARENA

FREE AND OPEN TO THE COMMUNITY
FOOD + BEVERAGES AVAILABLE FOR PURCHASE

Ice Cream and More Ice Cream

by Iolanda Hicks



Yes, ice cream weather is right around the corner and May is the time I really get antsy for ice cream. It's true. I love ice cream any time but the month of May really amps up my craving! I guess my taste buds know that the really hot, smoldering weather is just around the corner.

I didn't realize it, but I read that the earliest evidence of anything close to ice cream was made in China around 618 to 907 AD but it is said that ice cream has been around since the 4th century B.C.E., originating in Persia.

Here in the U.S., Augustus Jackson, an African-American, has been called the "Father of ice cream". He worked as a chef for the White House from

1817 to 1837. He cooked for 3 presidents during that time. One of the President's wives, Dolly Madison, had introduced a Strawberry ice cream made by the White House chefs, during her husband's term. Who knows? Augustus might have had a hand in that! He perfected or he is said to have revolutionized ice cream by 1837! When Augustus left that chef position, he moved from Washington D.C. soon starting a catering and confectionery business in his home town of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. His ice cream recipe was a custard-based, eggless ice cream known as Philadelphia style.

Today, even though he did share his methods with five close ice cream parlor owners during his life time, there are no written copies of that recipe found. While making his famous ice cream, Augustus created a better and efficient method for controlling freezing, using salt with ice to lower temperatures. He must have loved what he was doing because by the time of his death, Augustus was one of the wealthiest business owners in the area!

In the U.S., one of the oldest, remaining ice cream companies, Bassetts Ice Cream founded by Lewis Debois Bassett, was established in 1861. He was a Quaker farmer and teacher who started producing his ice cream in Salem, New Jersey. In 1885, Lewis moved to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania and continued producing his ice cream. His business was located at the Reading Terminal Market where it still remains a family business through 6 generations of his family. Amazing!

When I was so much younger, I can remember my Dad going to Gardner Drug store located on Whitesburg Drive next to the Jitney Jungle Grocery Store. Jitney Jungle, I think, was owned

Old Ad run in #64 Old Huntsville Magazine, dated Dec. 1996



Personal Injury

No fee is charged
if no recovery

Divorce & Custody
Criminal Cases
DUI, Etc.

34 Years Trial Experience

David L. (Dea) Thomas

Attorney At Law

301 Franklin St.

536-0732

Alabama state bar regulations require the following in all attorney's ads: "No representation is made that the quality of legal services to be performed is greater than the quality of legal services performed by other lawyers"

or managed by Leon and Inez Fanning. I know Mom and Dad would run into that grocery store off and on to pick up items they were low on, especially ice cream. It's crazy, but ice cream, at our house, was usually always in the freezer!

We lived on Hastings Road off of Dunegan Lane (Drake Avenue today), so both places were convenient. Gardners Drug Store next door to Jitney Jungle was where Dad had to pick up prescriptions. Cecil Gardner owned or leased the store and was the pharmacist. His brother worked there too and Dad always said "Curtis" lived upstairs over the drug store. I can remember always wanting to go with Dad when he had to go to Gardners. They had an ice cream soda fountain and I always enjoyed a treat. I couldn't tell you who made those ice cream sodas for me or if Dad had to pay for them (since Dad knew the brothers for several years) but I always had an ice cream surprise when I visited Gardners!

I had a childhood friend around that same time who would come visit her grandparents in the summer and stay for at least a month or two. Her grandparents lived on the same side of Hastings Road as we did, just a few houses down. Marilyn and I would often catch the city bus that stopped on the corner, catty-corner to her grandparents' home. You could safely ride the bus in the 1950s, when you were around 10 or 11, regardless of your destination: so different than it is now!

Marilyn's grandfather worked in town at a drug store. I remember it being on one of the north corners around Jefferson Street and Clinton Avenue if my memory serves me right. In fact, I really can't remember what it was called but I believe it was located in the Struve Building after doing some research.

I do remember checkered floors, round tables and tasty ice cream, but that is about it. For

certain, I don't know who bought us those ice cream sundaes, floats or cones, but we would sit down at the soda fountain inside, after saying hello to Marilyn's grandfather, enjoying wonderful treats. Those were the summers that really challenged my "weight-bearing skeleton"!

I want to share a surprise that my David sprung on me recently: a special day trip. He found a place in Scottsboro that I really never noticed, as many times as I have visited there in my lifetime. It's called Payne's Sandwich Shop and Soda Fountain, operated today as I understand, by a mother and daughter team. It opened, in 1869, as W. H. Payne Drug Co. at a location around the railroad track. Today, its present location, where it moved to in 1891, is not that far away.

We drove there on a Friday and the place was packed. Evidently, after talking to some of the young servers, the place stays packed. Except, it's a bit slower on Mondays. We are definitely going back but on a Monday! The sandwiches are delicious but you have to save room for any number of cold desserts made from about 26 flavors of ice cream.

David counted the flavors listed on the wall and taking a sideways glance at his face, I could tell he was trying to figure out how he could try every flavor at the same time! That's my David! Ice cream in this world makes one happy and like my grandsons say "It is sooo good!"

What better quote to share than this one, by Jessi Lane Adams: "Ice cream is happiness condensed."

Ice cream, like running barefoot in our youth, brings back those memories of free and fun times with no cares or responsibilities.

Have some ice cream, take a break and love the feeling!

"Marriage is like a game of chess, except the board is flowing water, the pieces are made of smoke and no move you make will have any effect on the outcome."

Jenny Seinfeld

downtown rescue mission

thrift stores

**SHOP, DONATE,
& VOLUNTEER!**



**CALL NOW TO FIND THE
LOCATION NEAREST YOU! 855-DRM-SAVE**



WHAT WAS YOUR NEIGHBORHOOD LIKE?

by Jim Vann

The neighborhood I grew up in was very common back in those days.

Discipline was very strict. All my neighbors had permission to punish (spank) me if I misbehaved.

We played in the street and watched out for each other. Most everybody my age rode their bicycle everywhere they went. There were vacant lots that turned into our ball fields.

There were City provided playgrounds with ball fields and equipment for sports of all kinds.

Everybody got along. There were a few bullies that you either avoided or taught them a lesson by confronting them and sometime whipping their butt.

My grandfather built me a wooden basketball backboard and my Dad got a pole like a small telephone pole to put it on. We dug a hole the size of the pole and a man from my dad's workplace brought out a small wrecker that we used to lift the pole and backboard into place and put it in the ground.

This turned out to be the neighborhood Gymnasium. You could always tell when it was basketball season because there would be no grass on the lot that made up the basketball court. There's no telling how many millions of shots I made toward that goal. Basketball turned out to be my best sport and I was honored to be elected co-captain of my high school team my senior year.

We played outside at night when weather

permitted. We played "hide and seek", "red rover" and "kick the can". We played cork ball in the street with a straight stick and a cork that was wrapped in tape. It was like baseball but the cork didn't go far and we had bases like in regular baseball.

Everybody got along well even though there was heavy competition in all the sports activities.

We had a clothesline across our backyard where my Mom hung out clothes to dry on sunny days.

One time one of the neighborhood boys rode through our yard and my dog ran after him. He was standing up peddling trying to out run the dog. The clothesline caught him, turned him a flip and he landed on my dog. The dog squealed and although I was about 5 years old, I ran out and jumped on the 12 year old and started beating him because I thought he had hurt my dog. We raised rabbits, chickens and ducks for food. A lot of people in the hood had animals and gardens for raising food to eat. If we ever had a rabbit for dinner, we had to tell my sister Sarah that it was chicken because she loved all the rabbits.

Our next door neighbor was Mr. May Ray. He was the Assistant Chief of Police. He was very creative and developed several toys for his grandchildren. He had some apartments on his property that he rented out and we had some interesting neighbors from that arrangement.

One couple was Ted and Betty Finley. Betty had several miscarriages and so they adopted twin boys through the state system. Of course she became pregnant again shortly after that and had a healthy baby boy.

My wife Michael (Mike) and I visited them a few years after that and those 3 boys were really a handful. The boys had bunk beds and Ted had nailed them to the wall because they would push them away from the wall as somebody was always falling out of bed.

The boys were really rambunctious and Betty who was always the tense one was as calm as she could be with toys flying overhead constantly. Mike and I had to keep ducking.

We played outside in the evenings and no telling how many jars of "lightning bugs" I caught. My jar would just light up. We caught June bugs. I would tie one of the legs with a piece of thread and let it fly around like it was my airplane.

I could catch bees in my cupped hands. As long as you didn't mash them or let any light in your cupped hands, they would not sting.

I built all sorts of things out of scrap pieces of wood. We made "rubber guns" using a gun shaped piece of wood and a clothespin. We would cut slices of rubber from an old inner tube and tie them in a circle. We'd hook the rubber band around the end of the "gun" and secure the other end in the clothespin. When you released the clothespin the rubber band would fly off the end of the "gun" barrel at what ever you were aiming at.

These are just a few of my remembrances of my childhood neighborhood.

How to Make Yourself Feel Better



1. A lady I know swears by this - if she is feeling down in the dumps one day, she just sits down in a quiet place where she won't be interrupted, and begins writing her innermost thoughts - how she feels, what she thinks may be making her feel sad, what somebody may have said to her to hurt her feelings, if she is angry about something, if something has happened that is especially frustrating..

She splurged and bought herself a Waterman fountain pen, has different color cartridges, and uses different colors depending upon what kind of mood she's in. She has a journal that she bought just for this purpose. She found out that once she put it all down on paper, her mood is lifted almost immediately. Sometimes what she originally thought was making her sad turns out to be something totally different.

2. Exercise - even just a brisk walk for thirty minutes a day can help. You'll begin toning up, get fresh air, and get out in the daylight. All of these activities are mood-lifters. But the most important part, look at it as doing something just for yourself - not as a chore you have to do. You'll be very surprised when you find out how much you're looking forward to walking the next day.

3. If you are feeling especially low, go out and do something for someone that may be less fortunate than you - it'll take your mind of yourself and it's amazing how good you'll feel afterwards.

4. GET a PET! Especially if you get one from the pound or Humane Society - if you are alone and feel lonely from time to time - a pet will get your mind off yourself, make you responsible for taking care of something else other than you, and give you laughs as well. Some pets can be very entertaining, but very sweet as well. And I have heard over and over that most dogs or cats know that you have saved it from death, when you pick one out from the pound.

4. . Get well from a flu or cold faster by trying to imagine the smell of homemade

bread just taken from the oven - the thought just by itself can make you feel warm inside. Or try the real thing and bake some bread.

10. If you are a married man, a four-year study of married couples found that men who did the housework were healthier than men who didn't do any housework. It seems that the willingness to use a little elbow grease is representative of how you would solve other pressures in your life - and it makes you proud of yourself.

11. Make your bedroom an escape - don't have harsh lighting but surround yourself with soft, flattering lights and a good night light. Buy the best cotton sheets you can afford - polyester-cotton sheets are coated with formaldehyde which causes insomnia.

If you can, wash your pillowcases and let them dry out in the sun - the fresh smell at night will help you go to sleep faster.

12. When you feel that your blood pressure is going up and you are really stressed - take a deep breath - hold for 5 seconds or so and let it out slowly. Oftentimes when we're under pressure we don't breathe right, actually we breathe in a very shallow manner and your blood is not getting the oxygen it needs.

13. Use music to lift your mood - your favorite music with a good rhythm will help while you're doing housework, soothing music can get you out of a bad mood, lower your blood pressure and make the worst task seem almost pleasant.

U. S. Veterans Memorial Museum



**Huntsville's Treasured
Veterans Museum**

Call for Info and Directions
(256) 883-3737

*A Non-Profit, Tax Exempt
Museum you Need to
Experience*

Visit our website at
www.memorialmuseum.org

Hours: Wed-Sat 10-4

3650 Alex McAllister Dr.
(AKA 2060 Airport Rd.)

email: info@memorialmuseum.org



It Happened in Huntsville, Alabama



by Tom Carney

One of the most popular forms of entertainment in Huntsville's early history were the traveling troupes of magicians, spiritualists and hypnotists who traveled from town to town performing one night stands.

Edward Young, or the "Great Galvani - Master of the Hypnotic Trance" as he was more popularly known, was a frequent visitor to Huntsville in 1911, performing at the Elks Theater.

His show consisted of selecting volunteers from the audience and after placing them in a trance, having them perform various tricks. The highlight of the show always came when Galvani placed a small bowl filled with water on the floor and told the subject he was drowning.

The resulting antics always brought down the house.

Unfortunately, the Great Galvani was also a master of the whiskey bottle, consuming prodigious amounts of the fiery liquor at every opportune moment.

Oftentimes the show would have to be delayed while a search party scoured the neighborhood bars for him.

Despite Galvani's shortcomings, he attracted a large group of admir-

ers. One of them was Carlisle Davis, an employee at a nearby carriage shop.

To Davis, Galvani represented everything he had always dreamed of being. The allure of traveling, being idolized by admiring fans, and performing on stage was more of an attraction than anything Huntsville could offer to a young lad.

The biggest attraction for Davis, however, was the awesome power Galvani seemed to hold over his subjects while they were hypnotized. Davis began spending every spare moment with Galvani. Before long he had committed the whole act to memory.

The Great Galvani was scheduled to appear at a local park as part of the 4th of July celebrations.

According to a Huntsville newspaper of the day, over two thousand people thronged the park to see the Mystic.

Unfortunately the great man had mysteriously succumbed to a quart of Kentucky Bourbon and could not be aroused.

The committee in charge of staging the event was frantic. There seemed to be no alternative except to call the show off.

Suddenly their gloom was interrupted by Carlisle Davis. "I can do the show!" he proclaimed. "I've been watching him and I know exactly what he does."

The offer was met by a stunned silence and disbelief.

Finally one of the men who had been standing in the back of the room stepped forward.

"The boy's right," he said. "I been seeing those two together every day for the past week."

Any other qualms the committee had were probably dispelled by the angry rumblings of two thou-



SCOTTY FIX IT

Let me help you with any type of household repair or remodeling jobs!"

- * Painting, 1 room at a time or whole house
- * Drywall Repair, Small and Large

28 Years Experience

Cell for text message
256.503.2922

email - sbsmith2300@gmail.com



sand people clamoring for the show to begin.

"Get your stuff," he was told, "you're on in five minutes."

And it came to pass that Carlyle Davis, a local small town boy with dreams of stardom, was magically transferred into the "Great Davisini."

Davis was superb. He had copied Galvani's patter exactly. After a brief "lecture" he chose Ivan Benson from the audience to be his subject.

Again, everything went perfectly. Davis had Benson crow like a rooster, bark like a dog and even forget his own name.

The audience, though skeptical at first, begin to warm up to the budding star. Many of the crowd seemed to believe Davis had found a new career and would soon be headed toward riches and fame.

The grand climax of the show finally came. Davis carefully placed a small teacup of water in the middle of the stage. Now, turning to the subject, he announced in a loud voice that the teacup was the Atlantic Ocean and he was out in the middle of it about to drown.

Benson, the subject, immediately threw himself on top of the teacup and began thrashing about, as if he was swimming.

The effect was everything one could have hoped for. The whole audience were on their feet laughing outrageously.

And Benson swam. And Benson continued to swim, and swim and swim. After about five minutes of swimming, the audience became silent, waiting for Davis to waken Benson.

The committee was waiting too. Finally one of the members approached Davis on the stage and told him it was time to stop.

It was evident Davis was in trouble. He was sweating profusely and his eyes kept darting about as if searching for a hole to crawl into.

"I said that's enough!" This time the committee member's voice left no doubt that he was to be obeyed.

"I can't!" Davis cried in a trembling voice.

"What do you mean you can't! I want

him wakened right now!"

"I can't!" repeated Davis once again. Galvani always whispered those instructions and I never got a chance to hear them!" Realization dawned on the audience at about the same time. First there were a couple of cat calls, and then a few hurled insults, followed closely by a barrage of rocks and bottles aimed at the Great Davisini.

Davis, deciding that escape was his only alternative, quickly took to his heels, leaving the hapless Benson lying on stage - still swimming.

With the angry crowd in close pursuit, Davis took refuge under the floor of a nearby house.

Fortunately for all concerned. Dr. Westmoreland, a noted Huntsville doctor, had observed what happened. After dragging Davis from his hiding place, the doctor marched him back to the park where he coaxed Davis on how to waken Benson, who was still swimming.

It was the Great Davisini's one and only performance. The next week Huntsville's city fathers passed an ordinance barring hypnosis from being used for entertainment.

**Moms come in all shapes and sizes,
but their love for their families is
never-ending!**



**With Love to All Moms, and to the
Huntsville High School Class of 1966
from Oscar Llerena**

A MOTHER'S LOVE

by Kimberly Lang



It's May the month we celebrate all the mothers, stepmothers, grandmothers and mothers-in-law. The birthstone for May is the beautiful emerald and the flower is the Lily. How will you be celebrating this day?

Mothers are special to God because they nurture life. They create homes and shape futures. Nobody can understand the deep meaning of the term mother; it extends beyond birth to unconditional love, profound sacrifice and unwavering support. It is a fundamental role in a child's life acting as a life long source of comfort and guidance nurturing through hardship. Mothers carry a child for nine months and then give birth to another human life is more rewarding than words can express. There is a bond with that child that is unbreakable. When a Mother becomes a grandmother she doesn't think she could love another one so much until that child is born. It is an honor to me to be a grandmother.

I am blessed to be a mother-in-law also and I accept that position as much as I do a mother. A mother will endure pain along the way - I didn't realize how much it would hurt to raise my children and then to have to let go. But that is one of the most hardest things to do, to let them go into this world and live their lives hoping you have done all you could to prepare them for what is out there.

Another time is when they get their first heart break - it tears you into pieces because it's a part of life that is unavoidable and all you can do is be there for them.

A Mother's love goes far beyond what anyone can imagine. On Mother's Day if you are blessed to have your mother, stepmother, grandmother or mother-in-law take the time to say I Love You and show her you care for her. If you have a special person that is like your mother, show her too. Motherhood in any form is a true blessing from God that we are lucky to be a part of.

I will close now and I want to tell all of you **HAPPY MOTHER'S DAY** and **I HOPE YOU HAVE A WONDERFUL DAY!!!!**



B&W AUCTION - May Auction

Saturday, May 2nd @10 am

(256) 837-1559

ABSOLUTE - NO RESERVES!! Be Sure to Follow Us on Facebook for More information!
 Several LOCAL and OUT-OF-STATE Haulers, Estate,& Consignment Lots, including (but NOT limited to): Oak, Mahogany, Maple&Walnut Dining Room & Bedroom Pieces, China Cabinets & Breakfronts, Sideboards, Several Chests & Tables, Chairs, Dressers & Chests, Beds & BR Suites, Sofas, Dining Room Suites, Bookcases, Occasional Tables & Stands, Glassware, Advertisement Signs & Items, GOLD/SILVER Coins & Jewelry, STERLING SILVER Flatware Sets, Antique Firearms & Militaria, Antique/Vintage Toys, Framed (Original) Artwork & Prints, Tray Deals, Lamps, Lots of Smalls, and other Unique & Hard-to-Find Items. **USE THE INFORMATION BELOW FOR MORE DETAILS & UPDATES!!**

Free Registration and Free Admission! As Always, the building will be full!

*For pictures, listings, details and directions log onto www.auctionzip.com ~ Auctioneer Locator I.D. #5484. Call us for any questions, inquiries, and seating at 256-837-1559!
 Video Overviews & Sample-lot Pictures will be uploaded the week of each sale.

356 Capshaw Rd., Madison, AL 35757

*Climate-Controlled
 Smoke-Free Facility*

Wilson Hilliard, ASL #97

Rod Schrimsher, ASL #2650

ANTIQUES - FURNITURE - COLLECTIBLES - GLASSWARE

PET TIPS FROM ANGEL

Your Butterfly Garden



Butterflies have long fascinated humans. The ancient Egyptians, and later the Romans, believed they were symbols of the human soul. To make a wish come true, Native Americans suggested whispering it to a butterfly.

To invite butterflies to your garden, you will first need to understand their life cycle. Butterflies have four stages of development: egg, caterpillar (or larva), chrysalis and winged adult. Accommodate the needs of each stage for greatest success.

Host Plants

Adult butterflies lay eggs on host plants so the larvae will have the necessary food to mature. At the end of this larval stage, they need a sturdy, protected place to attach and form the chrysalis. Milkwood, Fennel, Parsley and Dill are good choices for egg laying.

Flowers

Annuals and perennial flowers provide the nectar and food for adult butterflies. Butterfly bushes are really good. Here are a few other plants you'll want to add to your host plants (above):

- * Bee Balm
- * Zinnia
- * Sunflower
- * Purple coneflower
- * Sedum
- * Lantana
- * Verbena
- * Aster
- * Dahlia
- * Petunia

There are more but these will get you started. Plant the flowers in groups of the same, and also have them planted close to your host plants. In other words, when I do it I'll plant parsley all over the yard but have it next to groups of Verbena, Sage, Coneflowers, etc. You'll have lots of color!

You can plant many of these in large pots as well, maybe putting a larger flower in the center and surrounding it with Parsley and dill.

Pesticides

To avoid harming butterflies, which are insects, I would not use pesticides. Spot treating pest insects with insecticidal soaps

or oils leaves no chemical residue to harm caterpillars. You can handpick some pests, such as beetles. A regular, hard blast of water can remove other plant pests, such as aphids. Do this carefully.

Another advantage of decreased garden chemical use is the presence of other garden helpers, which pesticides can kill. These are beneficial critters, such as spiders, lacewings, ladybugs and ground beetles that eat the plant pests. There are also other pollinators, such as honey bees, that benefit from reduced chemical use.

Shelters

Include a few blooming shrubs in your butterfly garden or have evergreens nearby for shelter. Butterflies will hide in these areas on cloudy days or at night and find protection from the rain and wind when needed. You can find wooden butterfly houses that they can take shelter in. Your garden might even be located near the garage, gazebo, or garden shed. These permanent structures also give protection.

Puddles

Male butterfly adults need to puddle. They obtain water and minerals from the shallows of these wet places. To make a permanent puddle, bury a shallow pan of wet gravel or sand to its rim. Fill it with liquids, such as fruit drinks or plain tap water. You might even sprinkle it periodically with liquid fertilizer when boosting the garden plants. Some butterflies, such as the viceroy, like to drink from rotten fruit. Locate the compost pile nearby and allow rotting fruit to occasionally stay on top.

Location

Butterfly gardens should be in full sun. All insects are cold-blooded. Their body temperature is dependent on the environmental temperature. Enhance the sun's warming energy with stepping stones or a gravel path. Butterfly adults will bask in these areas to warm themselves from the radiant heat. Your garden will also benefit, because most of the plants used by butterflies grow best in full sun.

From the Desk of Tom Carney

The Teacher

by Tom Carney

Floyd Hardin figured that he was one lucky man. He had built up a good business, made more friends than one man had a right to. Yes, Huntsville had been good to Floyd.

One day, Floyd is in his barber shop, just cutting hair the way he always does, when he hears some of his customers talking about all the people that can't read or write. Now, the more Floyd got to thinking about it, the more he began to realize that he had found a way he could really do something special for the community.

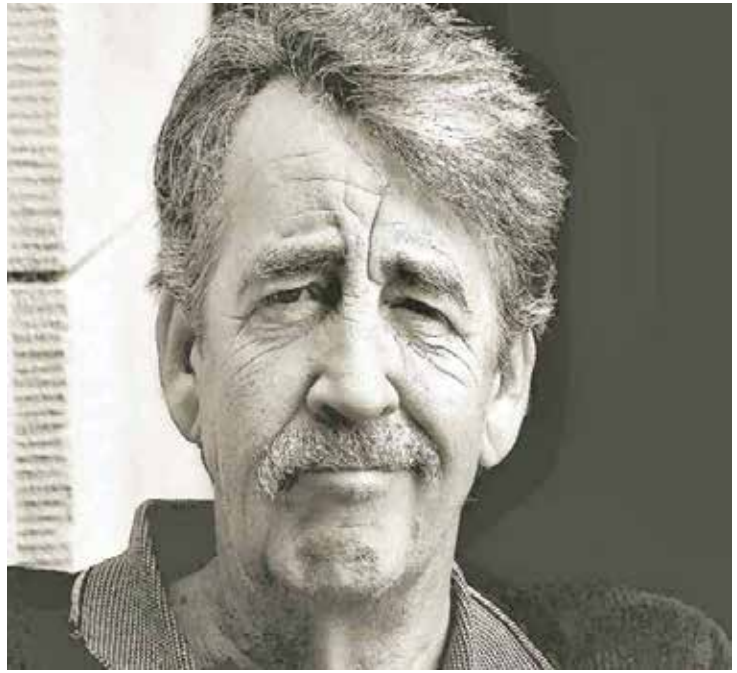
First thing the next morning, he begins to spread the word that he's going to start teaching reading and 'riteing in the back of his barber shop. He went out, bought a bunch of desks, books, paper and pencils and it wasn't long before his barber shop started looking like a school room.

Floyd's night school was an instant success. First night, he had almost twenty people there and he's got them all up there doing their alphabets on the blackboard. Well, almost all of them.

There was this one old codger, he came in late, pulled up a chair in the very back of the room, and never opened his mouth. He would just sit there, night after night, staring at Floyd and listening to him doing his teaching.

It didn't take long before this old guy started getting on Floyd's nerves. The man never spoke to anyone and Floyd began to take this old codger as a personal challenge on his ability to teach, so he started taking extra special pains to try and reach this old man.

Sure enough, it wasn't just a couple of weeks before the man had moved his desk up to the middle of the room. By this time you could see that the old guy was hanging on to every word that Floyd said. Come the end of



the month, his desk was sitting on the very front row, not five feet from where Floyd was standing and doing his teaching.

It wasn't long after that, a few weeks maybe, while Floyd was gathering up his books after class one night, that he noticed that the old gentleman was hanging around, waiting for all the other students to leave.

After making sure that everyone else had left, the old guy walks over to Floyd's desk, hat in hand.

"Mr. Floyd," he says, "I surely do want to thank you. I'll be 83 years old come this next winter, I sure never thought I'd make it this long. And I ain't never even been able to write nothing until you started helping me."

Now, you gotta know Floyd to know how proud he was.

He stood there, chest poked out, one hand on his suspenders, and his other arm around the old man's shoulders. He was really proud of himself. He figured that he could teach, but he didn't have any idea that he was this good.

"Old Man," says Floyd, "I'm mighty proud of you. What did you write?"

"I don't know," says the old man, "I can't read yet."

**"I once decided not to date a guy
because he wasn't excited to meet my dog.
I mean, this was like not wanting
to meet your mother!"**

Bonnie Schacter



DARK STAR 1953

My Trip to the Kentucky Derby

by L D Rogers

My brother was a member of the National Guard in Paducah, KY. I wanted to join also but there was one drawback. You had to be seventeen to join and I was sixteen on February 17, 1953 so I told a little fib and joined. I knew every year our company sent people to Louisville on the first Saturday of May to help with the crowds at the Kentucky Derby.

I got to be one of the people to make the trip so early that Derby Day we took off to Louisville. When we got to Churchill Downs, I had never seen so many people in one place in all of my sixteen years. Everyone

was dressed in their finest and the hats the ladies were wearing were something else. We didn't have to do much, just stand around and look important.

This one man came up to us and was talking and I could tell that he'd had too much to drink. He asked which horse he should bet on. Gosh, I had no idea but a couple of guys with me started going over the horses and they decided he should bet on Dark Star. He told us if Dark Star won, he would split the winnings with us. He went and made the bet and the race came up but he kept on drinking. To make a long story short Dark Star won the race, but our new friend with the winning ticket spilled a drink and fell down and the police arrested him and took him to jail. We didn't know what to do so a

couple of the guys went to the Louisville Police Station to see if they could get him out. They were too late, he had already paid his fine and was gone.

That was the last we saw of our fortune. We ended up going back home without our winnings. But it was worth the trip and like Irvin S. Cobb said, "If you've never been to the Kentucky Derby, you ain't never been nowhere and you ain't never seen nothin'."

Big Ed's Pizza

Serving You Since 1961



Check Our Daily Specials!

Wednesday Meatball Special:
Meatball pie,
Meatball appetizer and
Meatball subs

Thursday Wing Special:
8 wings, fries & drink
for \$15

Hours of Operation:

Monday - Closed
Tuesday - Thursday 11am - 10pm
Friday & Saturday 11am - 11pm
Sunday 11am - 10pm

(256) 489-3374

www.bigedspizza.com

Like us on Facebook



255 Pratt Ave. NE - Huntsville AL 35801

**Worry is a conversation
you have with yourself
about things you cannot
change.**

**Prayer is a conversation
you have with God about
things He can change.**

HUNTSVILLE IN THE 30s



East Clinton School 1932

*by Elwanda Henley Hallman
Published in Oct. 2009 in OHM*

Four months ago I moved back to Huntsville after sixty-three years in Birmingham. Huntsville is a very changed city, an unusually beautiful city, and every day brings back memories of friends and family and of a very simple life back many years ago.

One place I wanted to visit was the Huntsville Library because it meant so much to me in my early life. I remember Miss Frances Jones, whom we children loved dearly in the old library. I can still remember checking out books and reading, walking the long walk home to Pratt Avenue, and reading "Heidi" as I walked. Huntsville had a bad polio outbreak back then and Mama wouldn't let us go anywhere except to walk to the library and get books.

I like to go to School Street and remember the blocks we walked to get to East Clinton Elementary School. I used to love the wild violets that grew along the side of the streets there.

We went to Junior High School a few blocks from the old Huntsville High School. I remember one day being called to the office. They said I had a telephone call but it turned out they got the names mixed up and the call was for another girl. It scared me though because I had never spoken on a phone before, in my life.

Huntsville High School had some great teachers, my two favorites were Miss Annie Mertz and Miss Annie Dix. Most of us walked to school in those days and it got pretty cold walking in the winter. I still remember more than 60 years later how motherly and kind Miss Dix was to a cold and wet

15 year-old girl. Miss Annie Mertz was very strict but she was always fair, always had integrity and it made such an impression on me. Through my life I kept a journal and wrote down the names of people who had an impact on my life, like these two ladies, even though they probably never realized it.

I remember one day in the mid afternoon, years ago, the world suddenly turned dark. That was the day a destructive tornado went through Paint Rock Valley. Many were injured and many homes were destroyed.

One day we all heard the rumor that the Court House in Huntsville was sitting on a lake. All the children were convinced that the entire city would cave in. It's funny what stays with you, after all these years.

Our special times were very simple. Mama loved to walk up the mountain with us kids (she had 5) to Fagan's Hollow. There used to be a Toll Gate on upper Wells Avenue. My Daddy would take us fishing

Windsor House

Nursing Home / Rehab Facility

Our team approach to rehabilitation means working together to enhance the quality of life and by reshaping abilities and teaching new skills. We rebuild hope, self-respect and a desire to achieve one's highest level of independence.

- *Complex Medical Care
- *Short Term Rehabilitation
- *Long Term Care

Our team includes Physicians, Nurses, Physical Therapist, Occupational Therapist, Speech Therapist, Activity Director and Registered Dietician

A place you can call home....

4411 McAllister Drive
Huntsville, Alabama 35805
(256) 837-8585

"I would like to apologize to anyone I have not yet offended. Be patient - I'll get to you shortly."

Butch Emmons, Athens

and nearly every Sunday we'd all go to Big Spring Park. On many of those Sundays, we'd witness baptizing of people in the Spring.

I didn't realized the importance of it at the time, all I remembered was how pretty the girls looked who got baptized, with their beautiful colored hair bows.

Before Christmas we'd go on a community bus to our Mayor's celebration with the Senior citizens followed by a ride through the botanical gardens. The decorations were so beautiful and I remembered how Daddy drove us around when there weren't so many as there are now. Coca Cola was always decorated, and a huge star could be seen shining up on Monte Sano.

I still expect to see Dunnavant's where people bought more stylish clothes back then, and I remember Kress and Belk Hudson stores downtown.

Of course I remember when we had to kiss our brothers and sweethearts and husbands goodbye as they went off to war. I still remember one woman saying, scornfully, "Some of them cry like theirs is the only one leaving!" I couldn't believe she would say that.

I cried the day our country dropped the atomic bomb over Iwo Jima. My friends thought I was being unpatriotic. Today I still hate wars of any kind. I pray for the leaders and the men and women who go to war and put their lives on the line for us.

I remember the glorious day the soldiers came home. My sister's husband was killed, we missed him so much. My brother came home and married a girl we all loved.

My husband came home and we were so thankful to just be together again. Jobs weren't easy to find back then, but we all made it somehow.

When you have good memories, you have roses that bloom in January!

Avoiding Falls

Common Causes of Falls

As we age, changes in the body can increase the risk of falling.

Falls often happen because of everyday issues, such as:

- Weak muscles or poor balance
 - Trouble seeing clearly
 - Side effects from medications
 - Loose rugs or poor lighting at home
 - Wearing shoes that slip or do not offer support
- Knowing your personal risks is the first step to staying safe.

Simple Ways to Prevent Falls

You can reduce your risk of falling with easy, smart steps.

Improve Strength and Balance:

- Gentle exercise helps build strength and balance
- Walking or chair exercises help maintain mobility
- Stretching keeps joints flexible

Make Your Home Safer

- Remove loose rugs and clutter
- Add grab bars in bathrooms
- Improve lighting in hallways and on stairs
- Use non-slip mats in the shower

Manage Your Health

- Review medications with your health care provider
- Get regular vision and hearing checks
- Wear supportive shoes with non-slip soles
- Use glasses or hearing aids as needed



SIMON

Hello, my name is Simon. I am a gorgeous and sweet young male black kitty. I am about 2 years old. I came to the Ark animal shelter with another cat that has already been adopted. Our owner lost our home and had to move away. She didn't want to give us up but she had no choice because she could no longer take care of us. So she brought us to

the Ark Animal Shelter hoping they could find us a good home. I have been neutered and have had all my shots and been micro-chipped. Since coming here I have happily greeted every volunteer and visitor who comes to my room. I share the room with another cat and we get along great.

I love to be with people and like to play and be petted. If you come to see me I will sit in your lap and show you how affectionate I can be. I would love to get a forever home with a family where I can be myself and never have to worry about being homeless again. Please consider coming to see me at the Ark Animal Shelter. Ask to see Simon, that's me!

A No-Kill Animal Shelter

The Ark

139 Bo Cole Rd.

256.851.4088

Huntsville, Al 35806

Hours Tues. - Sat. 11 am - 4 p.m.



THE AVON LADY

by Lisa White

My mother, Emma "Jean" Avery Swafford, was born on October 1, 1926 in Tunica, Mississippi to James (Jim) and Myrtle Avery and big sister Annie Ruth. This small family moved to Maysville, Alabama around 1930 to start a new life after losing everything they owned in a house fire.

Jim worked for the County and Myrtle owned a store. Jean attended Central School and it's been said more than once that she was the prettiest girl there at the time. Jean fell in love at the age of 15 and married Norman Swafford on October 27, 1942 in Tupelo, Mississippi four days after he was inducted into the Army and 26 days after she turned 16. Norman left shortly after for Northern France.

Emma Jean stayed in Maysville waiting on Norman to come home on leave. It was told that their oldest son was conceived when Norman was given a pass that belonged to one of his best friends, Morland Tipton, so he could see his pretty young wife.

Nine months later Emma Jean suffered through a horrible breech delivery - her parents were even asked by the doctor if you could choose, which one would you want us to save? Emma Jean finally gave birth on April 3, 1944 to Chuck who weighed over 11 pounds and was referred to as "little soldier." He was relatively healthy except for broken bones in both arms.

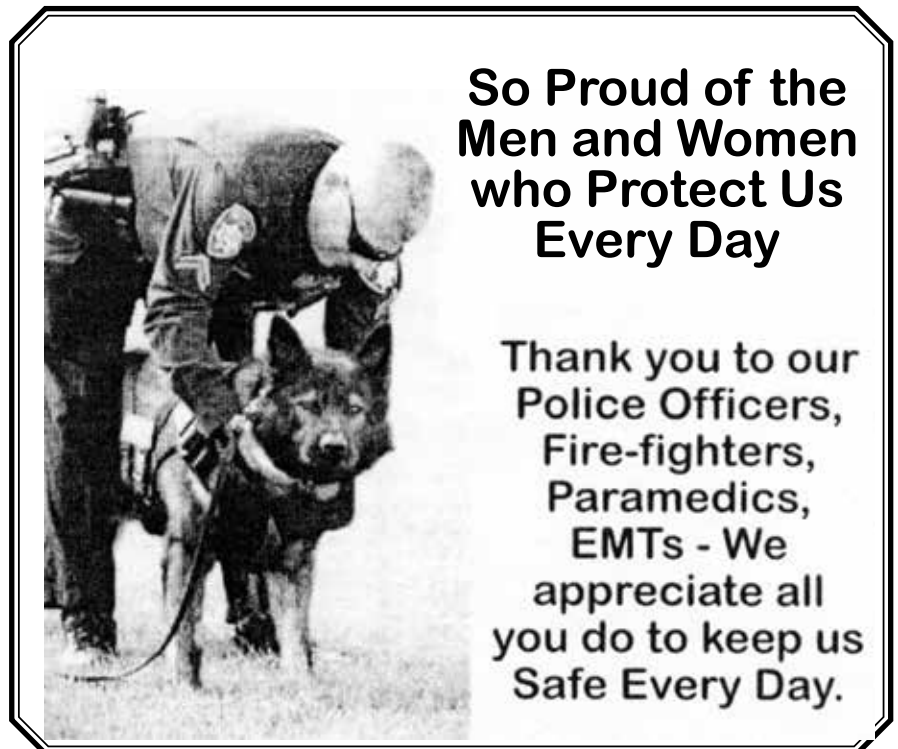
You would have thought that giving birth to an 11 pound breech baby would mean Chuck was an only child but this was not the case. Two years later Emma Jean gave birth to Dennis. Five years after that he was followed by Janice and ten years after that Lisa was born. The following year Emma Jean started selling Avon.

Avon was not only a job for Emma Jean - it was her life. She won many awards for her sales - usually ranking in the top three in her district.

During her Avon career she never missed sending in an order. Even in 1974 when she was in a terrible car accident (she was hit by a drunk driver) while out selling Avon. The accident was followed six weeks later by the devastating April 3 tornadoes, one of which destroyed the Swafford home. Most of the people Emma Jean sold Avon to were not only her customers, but her friends. To some of the older customers, Emma Jean was the only visitor they had. They looked forward to seeing her every two weeks.

She carried pictures in her wallet of many of her customers' children and grandchildren, right beside pictures of her own family. Some of her customers knew that she had been complaining with chest pains and pain in her left arm for a few weeks while family members had no idea.

Emma Jean sacked her last Avon order on January 22, 2006. She was found dead the following morning. She carried the title of "The Avon Lady" for 43 years and was married to the love of her life for 63 years. Norman was so devastated by Emma Jean's death that he died just 89 days later.



**So Proud of the
Men and Women
who Protect Us
Every Day**

**Thank you to our
Police Officers,
Fire-fighters,
Paramedics,
EMTs - We
appreciate all
you do to keep us
Safe Every Day.**

GROWING UP IN PAINT ROCK

by Catherine C. Cameron

We never went hungry because my folks raised plenty of food and it was not easy. I mentioned peanuts earlier. My folks raised a patch of peanuts every year as all of us liked parched peanuts. They would pull them up when they were ready and store them in a crib in the barn. One year, Dad used a pitchfork and put them in the barn loft.

One afternoon, after they had dried, Mom sent me to the barn loft to pull the peanuts from the vines by myself. I was so lonely for about 3 hours. No noises of any kind, maybe once in a while a rooster would crow or a hen would "sing". The cows were in the pasture and Dad was working the mules. I sang every song I could think of to keep me company. I told Mom to please don't make me do that again by myself.

When my friends and I would play "hide and seek" in the barn in the summertime, we sometimes hid in the barn loft. My sister Rena told my daughter Gail in later years that I had written my initials "COC" all over the barn loft in chalk. One summer day, the boys started a "corn-cob" battle. The girls didn't take part in that, but I accidentally came around a corner and got hit by a corn-cob and it surely did sting.

My folks would plant popcorn too and we enjoyed that in the winter. They had to make sure they planted it away from the regular corn so they would not pollinate together. When we hoed cotton, Mom would put pea-seed in her pockets and Dad would have watermelon seed in his. They planted them in the "skips" of the cotton row. It was really fun when we were picking cotton and to find a small watermelon hidden in the Johnson grass that had escaped the hoe.

Mom was a good seamstress, so she made my sister and me some jackets & bonnets out of fertilizer sacks to wear in the field. She made lots of things out of the earlier sacks which were made of white cotton material with lettering. Mom

would scrub on the rub-board with lye soap she had made until the letters would finally disappear. Later they made printed material sacks for the fertilizer and Mom would tell Dad get me 3 of the same pattern so I can make a dress. She made our hand towels and dish towels out of those sacks. We found that a sheet made of them was not comfortable because of the many seams.

Mom would make lye soap and if I was in school, I would tell her to leave it for me to cut out of the wash-pot. (It had to sit over-night to form). I don't remember how much lye she used, but she used "Merry War" lye and meat scraps and rancid grease to make the soap in a black kettle. I don't know the amount of anything. When I asked how they make it before there was lye in the stores, she replied "we had to use wood ashes and make our own lye".

In the springtime, she would set the hens on eggs to hatch lots of chickens. She used black liquid shoe polish to make a ring around 20 eggs that she put under a hen that showed signs of "setting". The reason she marked the eggs was sometimes other hens would get in the

**"I will not take part in any sport that includes
ambulances waiting for injuries."**

Erma Bombeck

THE PERFECT GIFT FOR THAT HARD-TO-PLEASE FRIEND!



***They will love memories of the town they left
but can't forget.***

**SUBSCRIPTIONS TO OLD HUNTSVILLE -
ANYWHERE IN THE U.S. FOR \$50/YEAR**

To subscribe for a year go to website www.OLDHuntsville.com
or call (256) 656-5321 to pay by credit card
or send check made out to:

Old Huntsville Magazine
716 E. Clinton Ave., Huntsville, AL 35801

nest with Mama Hen and lay a fresh egg. I loved to see the babies when they hatched in 3 weeks and Mom would have the date on a calendar.

When I was 11 years old, Mom taught me how to cut up a frying-size chicken. When a rooster reached fryer-sized, she would wring his neck and we would have fried chicken for breakfast, usually on Sunday morning. Before we had electricity, she would put the chicken in cool water until she fried it.

Mom also made home-made hominy. She used lye, water and corn that they raised and I don't remember anything else. (The corn had to be from a white cob, not red.) It would cook all day in that black kettle. It was good and different from the hominy in a can.

I helped her to make kraut. It was an all-day job. She would wake me early after she had washed a #2 wash-tub full of cabbage. I would sit at the table on a bench and chop cabbage with a sharp knife in a dish-pan and then fill the clean quart jars. It had to be packed down with a wooden thing that my Dad had made. She would add 1 teaspoonful of salt and boiling water to the top. Then it would set in a dark side-room (which was a junk room) until it could "work" and turn from cabbage to kraut.

Mom's neighbor, Beulah Sims would call her and ask Mom when the "sign" was right for making kraut. She made kraut by the Zodiac signs of the moon. Mom didn't say if she went by the sign or not, but she did say that kraut wouldn't be right if the sign was in the stomach.

Our corn meal had to be shelled with a "corn sheller", put in a white sack and taken to Gurley to the mill to be ground. I was not fond of that job. The meal was not like the self-rising meal you buy at the store now. To make corn-bread, you have to add buttermilk, baking powder, soda and salt.

The winter of 1944-1945, I was very sick with tonsillitis many times. Since we didn't have much money, seeing a doctor was a rare thing. One time I was so sick, Dad drove me and Mom to New Hope to see Dr. Carpenter in my Grandpa's T-Model car. The doctor prescribed a bottle of pink liquid, which I later surmised was penicillin. Dr. Rayford Hodges removed my tonsils & adenoids in May of 1945 in the old Hodges Hospital in Scottsboro.

**"If Bill Gates had a penny for every time I had to reboot my computer...
oh, wait, he does!"**

Joe Lendon, Scottsboro

Even today, I can smell that ether they used to put me to sleep. They kept me overnight and Mom stayed with me. I was in better health after I recovered and gained some needed weight. They paid the bill in the fall when the cotton was sold. The bill was \$40! That's hard to believe.

When I started this, it was meant to be about 2 pages, but memories kept coming.



OUR ADVERTISERS KEEP "OLD HUNTSVILLE" GOING.

*Please take a minute to stop in and tell
them you saw their ad in the magazine.*

We couldn't do it without them!



William M. Yates, CLU, ChFC

Life, Long-Term Care and Annuities

**We're Celebrating 50
Years in Business!**

Thanks to You!

Ph. (256) 533-9448

In Business since 1974

Email us at mackwmy1941@gmail.com

Mack Yates Agency, Inc.

411-B Holmes Ave., NE Huntsville, AL 35801



Useful Tips from 1894

* You can drive nails into a board easier and without bending them if you first dip the nails into lard.

* The pulp of a lemon, rubbed on the roots of your hair, will stop ordinary cases of hair loss.

* In laying away of fine white gowns for any length of time, they should first be wrapped in blue paper, then in a sheet or in a muslin wrap of some kind.

* Cornmeal and salt, mixed well, make one of the best brighteners for carpets during sweeping.

* Stale bread will clean kid gloves.

* Gloves can be cleaned at home by rubbing them with gasoline.

* A lump of soda laid on the drain pipe will prevent the pipes from becoming clogged with grease; also, flood the pipes once a week with boiling water to which you've added a little soda.

* White marble can be cleaned up with water and soda.

* A little Vaseline, rubbed in once a day, will keep the hands from chapping.

* To remove mildew from clothing, soak in sour buttermilk, spread out in the sun.

* Powdered borax dampened and pressed under the finger nails, allowed to remain for a short time, will bleach nails.

* To keep sandwiches moist cover with a damp cloth. Wring cloth as dry as possible.

* If you're having a dinner party, the guest of honor, a lady, sits to the right of the host.

The gentleman sits to the right of the hostess.

* After washing lettuce, tie in napkin or cheesecloth and place on ice. It will drip and crisp. Lettuce tied in cloth and hung in draft will crisp as well as when placed on ice.

* If you can't see in the dark, eat blueberries in season. They can help restore night vision.



* A quick picker-upper is 1/4 teaspoonful of cayenne pepper in a cup of water. Drink it down and get a second wind.

* Slowly drink two teaspoons of olive oil to relieve a scalded throat.

* Dark shoe polish can make an excellent finish for wooden frames - it adds color as well as a waterproof shine.

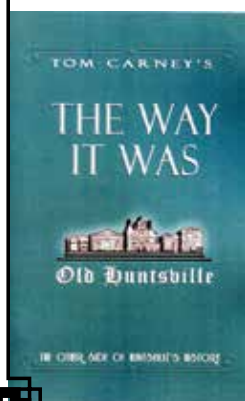
* Use an old waiter's trick - if you have a water spot on wood, put a pat of butter inside a cloth napkin and rub.

* An extra bread box will hold all the tools you'll need to take care of any household repair.

BY TOM CARNEY

"THE WAY IT WAS,"

THE OTHER SIDE OF HUNTSVILLE'S HISTORY



Local Short Stories That Will Bring Back Memories

TRUE TALES OF MOONSHINERS, LOVE STORIES, MILL MEMORIES, LOCAL HEROES, UNFORGETTABLE EVENTS - YOU WON'T SEE THESE STORIES ANYWHERE ELSE.

All Local Short Stories

\$25.00 includes free shipping US wide

To order safely with credit/debit card call (256) 656-5321

Also Available at Harrison Brothers and on Amazon.com

Hidden Gardens of Old Town Tour



**Sunday, June 7, 2026
1:00 - 5:00pm**

Tickets \$10

Buy Day of Tour:

Walker Avenue
Clinton Avenue

*Advance tickets can be
bought at:*

Harrison Brothers

online at oldtownhuntsville.org

Twelve Gardens

Art Stroll Included

Cold Bottled Water Provided

*Old
Town*

