

Jimmie Anderson Moore

interviewed by

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ORAL HISTORIES OF FORT WORTH, INC.

Jimmie Anderson Moore

My maiden name was Jimmie Johnson. I have lived in this area since July 1919, living in Sycamore Heights before then.

My husband was employed by the interurban as a conductor from April of 1919. My husband loved his work. It wasn't hard work like driving a bus, and fighting traffic. He felt safe. He didn't have any special problems with the customers. Jess was the type of person who could get along with anyone. The charge was by the mile--I believe it was 15¢ to Handley. It was 5¢ from Sycamore Heights to Fort Worth. I had to pay before Jess started working for the interurban. Before that he worked on the street car; they picked special men for this interurban line. He stayed with it until they discontinued the line. Mr. Rosser advised him that it would be best to get another job, so he went to work on the busses owned by Traction Company in about 1933, during the depression; you had to get work at anything you could. Work on the buses wasn't too satisfactory. His route was between here and Dallas. Sometimes they got off over there where it says Fort Worth Boulevard on the west side of Dallas.

The interurbans were nice. The interior woodwork was mahogany with leather seats. They had drinking fountains and restrooms. On the Limited it was more like a lounge; they had individual seats that would pivot around so you could look in any direction you wanted--backward or out the window and forward. The Limited went right through from here to Dallas without stopping. You would catch it anywhere on Main Street.

Stop One was Sycamore Creek. Stop Three was Sycamore Heights and College Hill, which went on up to TWC. Stop Nona and Oakland and Stop 6, which was Sagamore Hills. Then there was where Edgewood Terrace is now--that was a stop. Then there was Roseland and Haynie, which is Tierney Road, and then Durringer, and Point Breeze, and West Handley and Handley and East Handley--that was down there by Rose Hill. We had to go up on steps to get over any of these places.

The Pavilion at the depot--sometime between 1914 and when we moved here in 1919-- I don't know when it was torn down, but the other building wasn't torn down until they began putting in those places where they have those high lines and all. The controls were upstairs, where they gave all the orders. These men would have to switch off; they would have to call in and get their orders from Mr. Oscar Haw or Mr. Mount, who were the dispatchers. A. G. Rosser was the superintendent of the line. They put a red board out to stop the interurban like the flag signal on a train.

The building was a frame building. The power plant was red brick, a one-story building with the workshop to the north of it. It got its water supply from Lake Erie, which is Arlington Lake. It was all kind of together. Mr. White was over the power house. He lived in the house facing the old Handley graveyard, on the north side of #303. There was a deep, good fishing pond, that was located west of Mr. Durringer's home. His home was where Col. Sanders chicken place is now. Mr. Norris also got off on the same spot. He lived back up on Meaders.

The interurban had a fence where #303 goes through, and you had to walk down off the highway over that for the steps and then down in the gravel part in East Handley between the railroad and the interurban.

It was more like a train than a street car. It went like greased lightning. It sometimes had 2 or 3 coaches, especially during WWI when they loaded up soldiers. We had to go down there and over some steps. They had sturdy shelters built for the people to wait in.

We built two homes out in Sycamore Heights. We lived on View Street a couple of months and then sold it. We rented a while and then built on Mount Vernon.

Our Handley Street was not paved, and the bathroom facilities were not what they are now--we had a septic tank. There were grocery stores on Lancaster--Thomas & Grady, also a bank. It was called Front Street then. Roper's Garage was there then, the same place as Howell's Feed Store. The bank was on the corner and the post office was back of the bank. Schultz Drug Store was on the corner about where the barber shop is now. Our children went to school on Chilton; a nice two-story red brick building where the Continental Inn is now.

My husband and I moved this far out because of his work. We couldn't get a phone for so long. He had to be out here where he could be closer, just a block from the station. Before we had a phone a colored man called "call boy" would knock on the window back where we slept, and get Mr. Moore to come.

Jack Puckett was a special man out here. We went to see him before he died, took him fruit and flowers. He was educated, not just a common ordinary man. He had a wife and one child, Leonard. He was a gentleman.

We went to church at Handley Baptist. I did have a picture somewhere of that little church down there that was close to the offices. The Presbyterians preached there one Sunday and the Baptists the next. I have a Kodak picture that I made in the 20's of Randol Mill. It was still in pretty good shape. Some of the steps going upstairs were kind of loose. We never went in because we were the kind of people that didn't go on other people's property. Jess and John Randol were pretty good friends. John Randol was the son of the man that ran the mill. I believe Mrs. Randol is dead--I know he died. She was Cassy Davis, daughter of an old Methodist minister who preached around here; he may have had a church out in the country.

The old McCamey house is right up here, a great big pretty, fine home owned by the Seventh Day Adventist. He was an oil man--the McCamey oil fields were out in West Texas. I don't know how come they moved here and built that big home up there in 1927 or '28. We started to buy it. Could have got it for \$16,000, but we hadn't sold our other house and didn't want to splurge that much. That was in 1948. It would have taken a whole lot of money to heat all those ceilings and that big hall. I don't know why they had so much hallway. The kitchen was smaller than mine. It had a basement with water in it and would have had to have a lot of work done on it. We turned around and bought the old Roper home from Mr. O'Linger in 1948. They moved out here about 1919. It was an old two-story ranch house on the Carodyne Ranch. In 1929 it burned clear to the ground, so they rebuilt it like it is except this was a porch and that was the kitchen. The stairway went up from the front living room. The upper part burned again in 1941, so they didn't build it back.

They made a kitchen from an open porch and what is the dining room now used to be the kitchen, and where my living room is was the Roper dining room and my front bedroom was their living room. You had to go through the living room to get to the bedroom. It was the most inconveniently arranged place I ever saw. The living room door opening right out into the hall and the bathroom door.

I have an art studio. Started painting, dabbled in it all my life, when I was a kid, but never took any lessons until 1926 with Mrs. Owens. My studio is joined on to the garage. I teach three mornings a week--Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, and fill orders in between.

Mr. Moore and I walked all over Rose Hill in the '30's. We thought we wanted to buy a building up on that hill, but first thing we know they had bought it for a cemetery. It had belonged to the Riptoe family, I think, with an orchard down there. Oneta said something about a pear tree down there now. I have seen Village Creek rise clear to Rose Hill. Now Lake Arlington catches the water.