

Naomi White Parker

interviewed by

Mrs. W. A. Schmidt

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ORAL HISTORIES OF FORT WORTH, INC.

Mrs. J. P. Parker, Sr. (Naomi White) 18
Early Handley

We are interviewing today, May 8, with Mrs. Parker.

My full name is Mrs. James Patterson Parker, Sr.; my maiden name was Naomi White. I was born in Tennessee and lived there until I was 12, when we moved to Dallas. From Dallas I moved to Fort Worth. I taught in Terrell in the public schools for a while, all the grades. I had the Expression Department in the high schools, and I was reading supervisor for all the other grades there in Terrell. I was educated at the Cocke School of Expression in Dallas, graduated there--completed three years in two.

I had gone to Sherman where my father was living. They had an awful lot of mosquitos there that summer, I took malaria, along with all the other people in Sherman who did, and the doctor could not get my fever broken and he said I would have to go to West Texas somewhere until I got over the fever. My brother from Pennsylvania had just moved to Fort Worth. They had been begging me to come up here and see them, so I came up here. The doctor said if this wasn't far enough West I would have to go farther. But, it was okay, and I met my husband, and I've been here ever since.

I married September 1, 1922. My husband was a fireman on the St. Louis Southwestern Railway. He ran a fast passenger train from Dallas to Mt. Pleasant. I didn't teach anymore after I married. My husband had five children, and then we've had two--his children were J. P. Junior, Margaret (now Mrs. M. C. Christopher), J. Edward, Christine (she married Major Browning in the Highway Department), and F. R. Then our two are Florence Parker; she married a Hogue, and Lloyd Parker who lives in Dallas. Two of our children are living in Fort Worth--the daughter lives with me--the youngest of Mr. Parker's children lives out in Richland Hills. There are only four of the children living now. Two here, the son in Dallas, and the daughter in Oklahoma City.

You had quite a household to take care of. Yes, I did. Mr. Parker had an old, negro mammy that had lived in the family since his first son was born, and he said I would have enough to do seeing after the family, without having to do the housework. So, she stayed with us for a year and a half, until I got things sort of organized. Her name was Old Aunt Nettie. She wore a wig and would never tell how old she was. Did you keep track of her after she left? She lived in Tyler--she had her own home there, and she was getting too old to do very much work, and she wanted to go back to her own home. She finally died. She did live for several years after that. My husband was so considerate. You know when you have your second marriage you don't know what's going to happen--especially with children that old, the oldest one was 19. Children that age can really give you trouble if they want to. I know when we married and went to the house to live, I kept wondering what I was going to tell the children. What will be the first thing I was going to say to them. I had met the children. The oldest

daughter and I were quite good friends. So when Mr. Parker and I went to look at the house, she came up and said "I've got something to tell you if you won't tell anybody." I said, "No, I won't." And she said, "We're going to move." And I said, "Oh, you are" She said, "Yes, and will you come see us. I don't want to get away from you." And I said, "Yes, I will." Their Daddy didn't tell them until that morning that we were going to get married at four that afternoon. I had a home wedding at my brother's who lived in North Fort Worth. I believe he lived on Gould Street. When we got to the house there was nobody there, and I said, "Where are the children?" and he said (they were close to Marine Park) "Aunt Nettie has taken them to the park, but they'll be back directly." So they came in and I still wasn't quite decided what I was going to say to them. But, as they came in--one at the time--they said, "Hello, Mama." I thought that was the sweetest thing. One time, about a year ago, the children were all home on a visit and I said one of the nicest things you all ever did to me--and I repeated the words they said--and Margaret laughed, and said, "Didn't Daddy tell you that when he told us that morning that you all were going to get married, that he gave us a dollar a piece to come in and say that?" In 1922, \$1.00 was good money. Just to show you how much he thought about things like that, the day after we were married he said, "I need to go to town, would you like to go with me?" and I said, "Yes." He said I've got to see a man in here. It was a bank, and I never paid any attention and he introduced me to this fella, and he said, "This is my wife and if she's going to stay home and help me raise my five children, every penny I have is just as much hers as it is mine. When I'm out of town on the railroad, if she should ever need anything, be sure you let her have it." And that's the way he was to me the whole time we were married. It was just wonderful.

He was 15 years older than I was. His birthday was the 5th of May 1879, born in Georgia. His people moved to Tyler, Texas when he was real little. I was born November 15, 1894.

He continued to work on the railroad until he retired in 1954. He had enough seniority to be an engineer, but there was very little difference in the pay and a whole lot of difference in the responsibility; and you had to be away from home a good many more years to be an engineer than to be a fireman, and he didn't want to be away from home so he took the fireman. But, now they make you take it. How many days and nights would he normally be away from home? He'd be home 24 hours and on the road 24 hours. He retired at the age of 74, after 52 years and seven months of service. He could have gone around the world 100 times for all the miles he chalked up as a fireman, but the fact is he never left Texas. When he retired, he bowed out as the oldest fireman in point of service in Texas on the Cotton Belt.

For the first 20 years of his 2,500,000 mile journey he shoveled coal. Then his railroad switched to oil burners on its engines. For the last year he worked with diesels.

His last run from Dallas to Mt. Pleasant and back was somewhat of a celebration party. On board were his wife, two daughters, and a son, Mrs. Florence Hogue, Mrs. Margaret Christopher, and Lloyd Parker.

Where were the children educated? They were educated here in Fort Worth. In the public schools, and then some of them went to Arlington (UTA) and North Texas. One night I said, "I saw a mouse card in here, and Mr. Parker said that's a sign we're going to move, and I laughed and said "Yeah, I'm sure we will." And then he went out on his run. When he came back he said Mr. Wolverton the railroad mail clerk (who was a very prominent character in Handley, selling real estate in his time off) had a house that he wanted him to look at, (he had two houses he wanted us to look at) but when we looked at the first one we decided we'd take that one, and didn't even go to look at the other one. The reason we decided to move out to Handley was because we knew that as long as he railroaded he would work either out of Fort Worth or out of Dallas; and if we got half way in between we wouldn't have to be moving. So, the children went to school at the North side high schools at first. The younger ones went to Circle Park. When we moved to Handley, we had to change to the Handley schools. That was in 1925. That was seven years before Lloyd was born, he's seven years younger than Florence. Florence was just a year and a half old. Her birthday was the 20th of July 1924. When we moved out to Handley, it disturbed me about the schools. They had their own schools. They had just built a beautiful new high school and they were so very, very proud of it. Of course, you just didn't have the advantages that you have in the Fort Worth schools. So, the first thing that I undertook to do when I was out there was to get not Fort Worth to take over Handley and take them in as a city, but to let them have our Fort Worth schools. I was successful in that. Well, I got some of the PTA members to work with me. We went up before the school board. People didn't have but one car at that time-- and the mothers had to have the car to take the children to school. The east side's school was a big red brick building. It's torn down now, and the Continental Inn is where that was. Before they condemned it and tore it down and built a new east side school out there, it was a two story building--through the 6th grade. It was too far for the children in West Handley to walk over there, so they had the first three grades in the high school. When we went into the Fort Worth school system, we couldn't get any high school credits if we had three lower grades like that in the building, so we had to take all the West Handley children out and put all of them over in that east side school. That's when the interurban was running from Fort Worth to Dallas; it came by like clockwork. It didn't make a stop from Tierney Road clear on in to town, and that made it real nice because you didn't have any stops to make. Then coming back from town it didn't make any stops either. We lived on Canton Drive which was the only paved street in between Tierney Road and Handley Drive. But when Fort Worth took us into the city, we had to name all of our streets and put on house numbers. Handley Drive was Jennings Avenue, and there's a Jennings Avenue in Fort Worth, so we had to change the name. They named some of the streets after prominent people that

lived on the street, but the street I was on had been named Canton Drive. Then they numbered the houses and everybody figured what their house number was going to be. We figured it from East Lancaster, and instead the numbers start over in Riverside, so they didn't turn out to be the house numbers we thought we were going to have. Everyone got a notice in the mail of what the house number was going to be. What year was this that you became the PTA President? I served for two years from 1928 through 1929, and 1929 thru 1930. That was really the foundation of the preschool PTA. First I decided what my children needed, then I started talking to other people about it. Nobody wanted to go into the Fort Worth city limits. We had septic tanks out there--but we had everything else they had. But we had to pay to use the phone into Fort Worth. I believe it was five cents per call into Fort Worth up until Fort Worth took us into the city limits. We kind of got an inkling that they were going to take us in, so we had a meeting and decided that we would incorporate. But, they got to talking about it and decided they weren't going to take us in. The light and power company went out to Handley and put that big plant in so they couldn't do without the taxes from it. They took us in the city limits, and we had no vote coming. Not anybody out there could vote to come in; they just took us in. There were two Fort Worth phone lines out there. One was J. Frank Norris. He lived about two blocks closer to town than I did. He lived out there until the house burned down. It was one bitterly cold morning. He had gone to Sunday School, and I think all the children but one of the boys had gone to Sunday School. All the pipes were frozen. This boy got under the house with a lighted paper to thaw the pipes out and it caught the house on fire. He lived West. Those streets weren't named then. Then just beyond where J. Frank Norris lived, Judge Wilson lived. His house burned, too. I don't know how it caught, but I know he had a lot of guns he displayed and used to go hunting with. You should have heard all those bullets going off in the fire. The other phone beside J. Frank Norris' belonged to the Earl Waddells. He's the president of City National Bank out there now. Their house was up on the hill down there by Sandy Lane. They moved out of that house, and built them a lovely new one.

"Did you all borrow phones from these two people?" "No, we paid to call into Fort Worth." Let me tell you something interesting about the phone. The phone office was down on what is now Handley Drive--where the Drivers License Bureau is now. Mrs. Joiner ran the phone. She knew everyone in town, and knew all their voices. Our mail--we had a post office down in Handley--we didn't have house to house delivery until we went into the city. But we had a box like these rural boxes, you know, and it was down at the corner. You could pass by there and see children going through the boxes. I just went down and rented a box at the post office and drove down there every day and got my groceries every day. I'd be coming home from the post office or the grocery store and turn in my driveway and hear my phone ringing. I'd run into the house--one of those ding-a-ling phones--and she'd answer and I'd say, "Mrs. Joiner, I heard my phone ringing as I came up the driveway. Who was it?" She'd tell me. Sometimes I'd be across the street at Mrs. Dewy's and I'd say

I can hear my phone ringing, and she'd say just wait a minute and I'll change it over from your house to the Dewy place. That was real neighborly.

You knew everybody! Through working with the church, school, politics, you just knew everybody in town. When you went to the post office, you'd have to wave at everybody you saw. You'd come home and your arm would just ache. Now you can go down there and not see a soul you know.

I was a member of the Handley Church of Christ on the same lot it is now. There were quite a number of preachers. T. Reginald Boley was a teacher who retired a few years back. He was preaching for the church out there. Then after that M. H. Moore, who was Superintendent of the Fort Worth Public Schools, went out there and preached. Then there was Fitzgerald and Cooper from California. Charles Hill who still lives, and preaches for a Fort Worth Church. And a Cecil Hook. There's been quite a number of them since then. I went out there all the time until after my husband passed away January 23, 1963. My daughter lived with me. She came back to live with me. She had one child--a girl--who is now married and lives in Virginia, about a 10-minute drive from the Dulles Airport. They had been charter members of the Meadowbrook church. My step-mother lived in the area of the Meadowbrook church and she went there, and so I decided that I'd change my membership so the family would be together down there. For the last few years I've gone to the Meadowbrook church. Right now their Pastor is George Tipps.

You said "step-mother?" My mother died when she was 48. She and my daddy were the same age. Two years later he remarried; he is dead now. She is in the Gunter Rest Home at Hilltop Haven. I had three brothers. I was the only girl. My mother was the only girl. Florence was the only girl. And Sharon was the only girl. My mother's grandfather ran a store. I was born at Watertown close to Lebanon. My daddy was a Church of Christ preacher and we moved to Galatin, Tennessee, which is 26 miles from Nashville. My mother's grandfather ran a store. He gave her mother a Wedgewood turkey platter for a wedding present, and he told her he wanted it handed on down through the generations--on the wedding day-- to the oldest girl in the family. So far, there's been only one girl, and there has been no confusion of someone regretting they didn't get it. It's over a hundred years old now. My mother's mother died before mother married; and mother died before I married. Her mother was Virginia Beck (her married name). My mother's people came over here from Scotland, and their names were Burton. When they sighted land, some of them were so relieved they shouted "Hallelujah" and all of those that yelled hallelujah changed their names to Haliburton. My mother's name was Virginia Burton before she married. My mother's name was Florence. Her mother married Jesse Beck, a captain in the army--Jesse Beck. Mother married Lloyd Smith White. My daughter is named Florence after my mother; and the boy is named Lloyd after my father.

One other thing you might be interested in about Handley. My husband was home 24 hours between each run. He was of sort of a nervous disposition; he

wanted something to be doing all the time. He liked to go fishing. I like to go fishing if they bite, but I don't if they don't. I made all of Florence's baby clothes by hand, the tucks, tatting in the seams, out here at Lake Worth while he fished. He decided, with this 24 hours he had at home, he would go into the cattle business. So he bought cows and hogs. Some of them he'd take to the packing house the next day; some he'd hold over a week or so. When we went out to Handley, the house we bought had an acre of ground. As I told him, "A 50-foot lot in Fort Worth wasn't the place to raise a bounch of children." I like to get in a place where people own their own homes. It was 2716 Canton Drive. He raised a garden. He said, "Now, you've got all you can say grace over, and I don't want you out there working in the yard, so if you'll just tell me what kind of flowers you want, I'll take care of the flowers." He was just wonderful when it came to raising a garden. When one crop was over, he'd just put something else in. I'd been raised in the city all my life and I'd never canned; I just put up everything. Naturally you would with a family that size. We had a cow, because we weren't in the city. He bought me a horse to ride, because I was crazy about riding horses and there were plenty of places to ride--gravel streets, not many paved ones in Handley. Then there was a vacant acre right next to us. It was owned by a man who was a bachelor and worked at Swift. He rented us this acre for \$1 a month. Mr. Parker put corn and blackeyed peas over on that acre, but there really wasn't enough room left on our acre for all the things we had on there--in case he wanted a cow or hog or something like that. So he went over to what is now Eastern High School and rented that place over there for \$25 a year. It had a little lake on it. He'd take all his cows and hogs over there. But Eastern Hills High School is on that place now. I think of all the picnics we've had over there and all the things we've done over there. Things have sure changed.

Weren't you a Precinct Judge for years and years? How did you get into that? Well, I got into that because the ones that had held the elections would say, "I just don't want the responsibility. I'll work with you if you'll take it over and hold the office." So, I just worked where I held all the elections; and held them all for years, and years, and years. And, then after my husband got so sick, I felt like I ought to give it up for this reason. I did not think that a Precinct Chairman should just hold the elections. I feel like you ought to go to all the meetings; you ought to keep yourself informed on everything that is going on politically. And, as sick as he was, I could have gone and held the elections, but I couldn't have gone and done any of the other work. I didn't think it was fair. So I gave it up, but I still worked in the elections every time until I moved out here. That was a year ago last October--October 1973. I'm sure you know everyone in Handley because of your activities. I did before it built up. They've built all the new additions in every direction. Up there where J. Frank Norris lived, we used to shoot rabbits.

Well, kind of describe how Handley looked to you when you first moved out there. You said it was the only paved street.

What is now Handley Drive. There was an awful lot of traveling on our street because all of those people who used to go across from Meadowbrook. In fact--you might remember when they had the Stephens murder out there? Well, we were sitting out on the porch that evening when they drove by with those bodies in the back of the car. They came up our street to go across to Riverside to dump them. We knew they were traveling at an awful rate of speed, but we didn't find out until afterwards that's who it was. Did most people know Mr. Stephens? Oh, yes! We went out there one afternoon--my daughter is an artist--and somebody was working on the house. She was here visiting. And he said, "Why don't you come out there. I'm working on that house and you've never seen such a house in your life. There's so many trap doors and places to hide things; I'd just like to show you through the place. You might show Mr. Stephens some of your work. He might like to buy some of your pictures to go in his house." It was a rock house, you know. He also owned the building that the corner drugstore was in. It was rock to match it. We went out there and went through. Later on that afternoon someone else wanted to go through it. Mr. Stephens came out there and he just raised cane. Nobody was supposed to go through that house. His family was a lovely family. I really don't know his wife and daughter--they knew what all he'd done. They came back to Handley. He came back after he got out of Alcatraz, and served his time out. The boy who turned State's evidence on him was from a very prominent family.

Could you recall some of the other families? There weren't too many business places. Well, you see all of the business was there in that first block. From Handley Drive to Forest. Then over there on the corner of Forest, towards Fort Worth there was a Howell's Feed Store, then across was Roper's Garage. Those were the two main places outside of the block. The depot was right across the street. You could ride through there. The corner place down there was called Thomas and Grady, and they had a grocery store and a meat department. Of course, they had a few other grocers, but not big ones like that. The Thomas's have all died. Mr. Grady is still living, and his children are still living. They live out there. Mr. Ben Miller had a big grocery store right in the middle of the block. Mr. Miller and his wife and his son have all died. His daughter is still living out there. Her name is now Mildred Young. Then the corner--there were two drugstores, one on the corner and one the second door from that. There was a barber shop in between, Scott's. I believe Mr. Pridgeon was in there then. There was another one around the corner, but nearly every one patronized Mr. Pridgeon. Then Mr. Vimer went in with him, and they moved two or three doors from Canton Drive. Mr. Pridgeon is retired. Virginia's Beauty Parlor was in the back of Scott's barber shop. Mr. Howell and Mr. Miller and the Presbyterian preacher, his name was Miller too, all had birthdays the very same day, so they would all celebrate the same day, and would take time about celebrating with dinner at one another's houses. The last one they had, they agreed that if anything ever happened to any one of the six of them they'd never have another dinner. Before the very next year one

of them had died. They're all three dead now. So, the Miller that preached for the Presbyterian Church made the talk at the first PTA meeting I went to out at Handley. The Presbyterian Church was a very small building across from where the old masonic hall is now. The Presbyterians put up a new building just off Meadowbrook Drive, and where the old church was is a shopping center. Right across from the Presbyterian Church was the Metondist Church. Of course, that building is still standing, but someone else is having services there. The Methodist's built a big building on further up. Right in the very middle of the street was a huge tree. When they paved the street, everyone was regretting they were going to have to cut that tree down. Nobody wanted to see the tree cut down. Nobody knew what to do with it. I just told Roper's Garage to dig that tree up and bring it to my yard, and we'd just use it for a stump to sit on. So they did. It stayed there for years, and years, and years -- finally rotted.

What about things like doctors? I think they had about two doctors. Then Dr. Foster came out when we went inside the city limits. He had his office there after they moved the phone office. He was just a wonderful doctor. He was a big Shriner. We had our own Volunteer Fire Department. Dr. Foster drove the truck. He'd put on his little red hat, and walk out of his office and have the time of his life driving that fire truck. Dr. Foster died; then his cousin, Dr. Foster, came out there and took his place. How did they alert you all for the fire? They had a bell that rang. I had a little tiny cow bell that I used to go to the front door and ring to open the elections with. We had Handley Home Demonstration Club before we were in the city limits, then we had to let it go. It was already started when I came out here. First we met in the houses. When it got to where very few of the houses were big enough to accommodate the crowd, we went over to downstairs of the Masonic Hall. We just learned everything. We made cheese, since we had cows. We learned all about sewing, and made forms to fit each one of us so we could sew for ourselves. I remember one time they asked us if we would buy some feed sacks and make us a coat out of them. I kept mine. When it was bleached out, it was the prettiest color. I made myself a suit out of it. I was judge for the 99th Precinct. Were you there before they built the Handley Power Plant? Yes. What did it look like over there then? There was a lake down there and people from Dallas would come over on the interurban for picnics; and people from Handley and Fort Worth used to come over. Was it still called Lake Erie? Yes. Did Handley Power Plant completely absorb that then they build that property? Yes, then they built that lake. They thought it was going to take quite a little while for it to fill up, but they didn't even get to clean it out. I don't know exactly where Lake Erie would be now. I guess it's part of Lake Arlington. Down on the corner of Canton Drive we had a little shelter with a seat in it where you could wait for the Interurban, and that was named Point Breeze. Everyone in Fort Worth knew where Point Breeze was. This was at Canton Drive and Lancaster. The Interurban would stop at any street in Handley where you wanted to get off or on, but after Point Breeze down to Tierney Road, they didn't make any more stops after Tierney Road. Went straight on into Fort Worth to the bus station. Then we had the motor coach buses after we had the interurban. There

were just so many railroad men and bus drivers that lived in Handley. They went out there, I guess, to get outside of the city limits. I don't remember when the depot was torn down. Someone said they used the material from the depot to build the Scout hut over on Craig. It's been gone a long time. We had the rural mail boxes, or a box rented at the post office. The post office was right in the corner of that little alleyway by Mr. Groves' office, until they built the new one over on Erie and then the present one on Handley Drive. Howell's feed store is still there. It's run by his son and his wife. Mr. Roper has passed away, but his son has been running the garage since then. We had a well on the corner of--just this side of City National Bank a block off East Lancaster. It was the best artesian water you ever saw. I believe it was on Tackett. It was run by a Mr. Taylor. He really gave us good service. We had another water well over on Halbert, and up two or three blocks from East Lancaster. But the main one was the one that Mr. Taylor ran. Lots of times things would go wrong with the Fort Worth water and whoever had friends in Fort Worth would get a call asking if they could come out and get some water. We did have water shortages in Fort Worth. You could only sprinkle every other day--one side of the street sprinkled, then the other side of the street sprinkled. Handley water was the best water. So good to shampoo your hair in. When Fort Worth took us into the city, they said it would cost too much to repair the well, so they just sealed it off. We had lines running from there to our houses. I don't know who owned it. Handley might have.

Let me tell you about the phone before we had streets and street numbers. After all the children except Lloyd were married, I saw an ad in the paper saying they wanted help in delivering the telephone directories. I told Mr. Parker that since he was gone every other 24 hours, and Lloyd only gets to come home on the weekends from college, I've got a good notion to do that just for something to do. He had a big red truck that he used for his cattle business. I answered the ad--the company that puts out these directories is in St. Louis, Missouri. There were no street names and no street numbers. There would be packages with telephone numbers on them. I'd just go down the street and knock on the door if they had a phone wire out, ask them what their phone number was, and that was the way I would deliver the books to them. I didn't mind it. But I've always been that way. If I can have anything, there's no amount of trouble I won't go to to take it, but if I can't have it, I instantly don't want it. I guess the reason for that is the only spanking my daddy ever gave me in his life was he and mother were going somewhere. She dressed me and asked him to watch me to be sure I didn't get dirty while she got ready. So he took me out on the porch to show me the beautiful moon, and I reached up my hands and wanted it. He said I couldn't have it, so I started crying. He took me inside to take my mind off it, and I cried to go back out and see it; he took me back out and I cried because he wouldn't give it to me. He spanked me for it. From that night to this, once I know I can't have anything I don't put forth any effort to have it. I don't even want it. I was just a little

thing. My daddy and mother didn't spank us. They taught us we were to mind them. We would mind them through love and respect, which we always did. My mother wasn't very strong, and she always had a colored woman for help. I used to go into the kitchen and watch her cook and talk to her. One afternoon I told her we weren't going to have her much longer, because my mother and daddy have decided that it would be nice to go out into the country, get us some acreage, and move there where we could have everything we wanted. So when daddy paid her on Saturday, she said, "Im going to quit. No one fires me." He asked her what she was talking about. She told him what I had told her. He said, "We were just talking about something like that, but we don't have any more intention of doing that. Why, I preach for the church here. We couldn't move to a place like that." He never said a word to me. Of course, I worried all afternoon about that. But early the next day--that was Sunday and we always got up early on Sunday--he came and woke me up. I thought it was the middle of the night. He said, "You know your mother isn't very well and you're responsible for us not having any help. You'll just have to get up and fix breakfast." That's when I learned to keep my mouth shut. I was less than 12 years old. But that really taught me not to tell things that I heard.

The changes after the war years had some effect on our family, but in most ways it didn't. My husband's salary was the same--wasn't cut--the trains have to run. We really had it easier than a lot of people. Raising all this stuff and canning it, and not having to buy so much. Of course, after deep freezes came in, we got one, and that stopped a lot of canning. There were people who had a really hard time. The only child we had in the service was Mr. Parker's youngest som who was in for a short time. They didn't want to take him in because of his physical condition. But he wanted to go, so they took him, but they kept him at camp. Then the youngest boy would have had to go, but he had asthma. He would take a spell of asthma in the night, and I wouldn't give you five cents for his life. I had medicine that the doctor had me keep in the ice box, and give to him, and bring him to the office the first thing next morning. He would give him a shot. I had Dr. Swift. He was head of the medical and surgical clinic out there by Mrs. Baird's Bakery. The doctor had asthma himself, and he just studied it like everything. Lloyd has outgrown it by now. He hardly ever has an attack. Dr. Swift would call Lloyd and tell him he had a new medicine he wanted to try on him; that he hould give him so and so, which would work, but it wouldn't do his heart any good, so he was not going to give it to Lloyd.

I had a spotted horse I liked to ride. His name was Tony, and you could just touch him on his knee and he would kneel down for me to get up on him. I just rode it for recreation. We had one car, then he bought the truck for the cattle business, and from then on until he had this severe heart attack and the doctor wouldn't let him drive any more, we always had two cars.

You were busy in the church as well as the community. There are lots of

friends of yours out there. The Handley Church was organized, I believe, in 1907. Anyway, there are only two charter members living. One of them is Mrs. Anna Reno. She is in her 90's, and in a convalescent home. The other one is Mrs. Gertrude Barnett. She's out there by the Meadowbrook shopping center where Buddies and Safeway is, where she lived by herself. Someone told me the other day that she's getting so old, and having trouble getting facts straight. She stays a lot with her sister in Dallas. Her sister is a widow too. Their mother was one of the charter members there, but she has been dead a long time. Then we had a Dr. Fisher out there, too. His office is up there on Forest by the old Methodist Church. Mrs. Barnett's mother was a Pyeatt. They're a really old family here in Fort Worth. All the Pyeatt's are gone now. In 1943, we had a preacher come in for the Church of Christ named Leslie Friely. I'd never heard of him. He came out to the house, and he said, "The Handley Church has never had a church directory, and I want you to get one out." I said that I wouldn't even know where to begin. He said, "That doesn't even bother me, I just want you to get that church directory out," so I did. I gathered a great deal of information from Mrs. Barnett and Mrs. Pyeatt on how the church started and the original members. I probably still have a copy of that. I also got out the next five directories for the church.