



My father was the second child of Joseph Walter Harris and Myrtle Camp Harris. His older brother, Roland Bruce Harris was born on February 2, 1914. Three years later, on Saturday, March 3, 1917 my Father, Joseph Truett Harris was born.

From what I learned from talking with my Father sometime in the 1980's I would have to surmise that his was not a happy or pleasant childhood, though he never said that. A month after his birth, on April 7, 1917 the United States entered World War I. Since his father at that time was 27 years old and had 2 children, he was not subject to the draft.

I don't know what my paternal grandfather did during those years, but in later years he was a barber working in Austin, TX.

My opinion of my paternal grandfather is that he was probably the black sheep of

the family. A few weeks before Christmas in 1920 my father's mother committed suicide, probably because she was pregnant. At that time my father was 3 years old and his older brother Bruce was 6. They lived in Cisco, Texas.

Sometime after that my grandfather left the boys and went to work in another city. He put Bruce and dad on a train intending to send them to an orphanage. But my grandfather's mother, Sarah Catherine Gray, came to the train station and took the two boys off the train.

To the best of my knowledge, they lived with their grandmother until they graduated from high school.

My dad found out about a lot of this history from one of his friend's mother. In the late 1970's dad had a friend named Sax Moore. Sax was the chairman of the Deacons at Emanuel Baptist Church and Dad was also a deacon. (Sax was also Walter's employer in the early 70's). Sax mother came to live with him. One day she commented to dad that she didn't like his father. Dad thought she was just some senile old woman who was delusional. But on several occasions, she would make this comment. Finally, dad began to question her and to his astonishment found out that she did know his mother as a personal friend. And that's how he found out about his mother's suicide and why his father did not bring the boys to live with him after he had remarried.

How improbable is it that as an adult your best friend's mother knew your mother when none of you had a childhood association?

When my father was 12, the Great Depression hit the US. At that time, I believe he and Bruce were living in Ranger, TX. Dad use to jokingly say they lived in a "shot-gun" house. He would say, "You could stand at the front door and shoot a shot gun through the house out the back door without hitting anything."

My father told a lot of jokes and usually anytime you met him he had a new collection of jokes. In commenting about the house he grew up in, he would say, "my bedroom was so small I couldn't even change my mind". Another joke he had was "We were so poor I couldn't even pay attention". I don't know if that's true since he had so many jokes, but probably it was. Any time we went to visit mom and dad, he always had a new batch of Aggie jokes.

And he made up spontaneous word-play jokes which is probably where Rachel and I get our knack for making up word-play jokes.

He also commented a few times to other adults that as a child he and his brother often ate AC gravy. I don't know what that was, but likely they had many a meal of bread and gravy.

I think this is the reason why we ate steak nearly every night for supper when dad was home. If he was working nights, we ate whatever. But when dad was there we ate steak with one or two vegetables, some type of bread, like rolls, usually a salad and almost always a desert. While dad was really frugal about buying luxuries, or paying retail, he had no qualms about being well fed. And well fed meant eating steak for supper.

As young boys, he and Bruce would get the wood from apple crates and make toys for themselves. Probably not that unusual for that time in history. This ability to make do with whatever was at hand was a characteristic of my dad and many in his generation. He was very creative and was always attempting to find a new and better way to do something or make something.

For example, in about 1959 he decided to double the size of the house we lived in. This was during the cold war and atomic bomb shelters were popular. The house addition would have a basement (uncommon for Lubbock) which would serve as a bomb shelter as well as a shelter from tornadoes. He hired a carpenter friend he knew from church to help with this project. I don't think he had ever built a house before this.

They started by tearing down the car port on the west side of the house and digging a hole for the basement. But the unconventional thing they did was to pour the walls of the basement before pouring the floor. Normally the floor is poured first in order to support the walls. Otherwise the walls will sink into the ground. After the walls were poured, they poured the floor. And then finally they poured the roof and the foundation for the rest of the house that was being expanded. To keep the roof and walls from sinking past the old foundation, he bought used sucker rod and put it in the concrete of the roof for a heavy-duty form of rebar. The portion of the roof over the basement extended about 3 feet further than the walls with the assumption that the overlap onto solid ground would support the roof.

One air vent came up inside the new den that was formed over the basement. Another vent came up outside the house on the west side to provide "fresh air". I assume that the plan in case of a nuclear attack was to block the outside vent and only use the inside vent for fresh air.

Instead of using plywood for the forms for the basement wall, he used a material with the commercial name of Celotex. This was an asbestos material similar to sheetrock though not as brittle. The pieces interlocked and it made an interior wall with some thermal insulation properties. Back then no one realized the health risks of asbestos. It was just considered a very good insulator.

Since there was no lumber in the walls of the basement, it was hard to add a closet. When I was a senior in high school I moved into the basement as my bedroom and built a freestanding closet in it. I also covered the

wall with textured joint compound and painted it. What hitherto had been a black room became a beige colored room.

Another “only Joe Harris would think to do that” creation was the fence we built after building the basement. The sucker rod idea must have really struck home with dad so he decided to use it to build the backyard fence. He hired a welder to weld the sucker rod together making the posts and the stringers out of sucker rod.

Then he bought enough pickets to cover the fence. Before we attached it to the frame we “painted” it with a concoction he created of linseed-oil and something else as a preservative. Then we put some of the pickets turned horizontally above the top and bottom stringer. The vertical fence pickets themselves were nailed to the horizontal pickets above the stringers, one picket on the inside of the yard and the next on the outside. In this way the pickets held themselves on the sucker rod frame.

This was all very clever and seemed to work great until the first really big wind storm. Then the fence “posts” bent. To correct this, he had the welders return and weld buttress pieces on the outside of the fence which did correct the problem but made for a strange looking fence.

He also built a garage behind the house on the alley. I think the fence came after the garage. The garage was about 15X30 feet and had 4 inch thick square glass “windows” at the peak of the roof line for natural lighting. This didn’t really provide enough light because the glass was (1) too small, only about 1 foot on each side, and (2) because it was somewhere between transparent and translucent. The “panes” were held in place by plumber’s rope and caulking which eventually caused some water leaks. But I never saw another building in that time period with this approach to lighting the inside.

If the windows at the top were unusual, the floor was downright novel. He discovered a concoction made of some form of crude oil and clay. I remember going with him to Colorado City, TX to something like a refinery and buying a 30-gallon barrel of this stuff. I don’t remember how we got it back home. He bought or built an electric mixer to mix clay with the petroleum. It had an electric motor that connected to a shaft thru a gear box. The shaft was 5-6 feet long. At the bottom of the shaft was a motor-boat propeller on the end.

After this stuff was mixed it was about the consistency of wet concrete. One other place he used this “flooring material” was in the Sunday School rooms of Emanuel Baptist Church. I can’t imagine why they let him use it for a flooring material, but they did. Eventually they replaced it with concrete.

With the rest of the stuff, he made a floor in the garage. It was troweled like cement and it formed a top coat which was smooth and seemingly hard. But not hard enough. Over time it wore thru and then the flooring was like very hard dirt, but dirt none the less. Eventually we poured a layer of concrete over it.

The roofs of the houses in our subdivision were made of tar paper with gravel on top. I’m not sure why they had the gravel. Perhaps to keep the tar paper from buckling or perhaps to shield the tar paper from rain and hail or perhaps just to make the roof look better. But when it rained hard, the gravel washed to the edge and then fell on the ground. We had no gutters.

Dad decided to reroof the house when he built the addition. He removed all the gravel and re-tarred the roof, but instead of adding a top coat of gravel, he painted the entire roof with silver paint. His reasoning was that the silver paint would reflect the sun and thus make the house cooler. It did indeed reflect the sun.

Our house was almost due south of one of the main run-ways at the Lubbock airport where dad worked. Since he was an air traffic controller, he knew a lot about how the pilots navigated in approaching the airport. Once his silver roof was in place the air liners used it as their turn marker to line up for the final approach to the airport. This is why we have a lot of childhood knowledge about what the bottom of an airliner looks like from a few hundred feet away.

He liked tools, all kinds of tools. Perhaps that's where Walter and I get our love for tools. Again, tied to making toys from apple crates as a child.

He seemed to always be working on a perpetual energy machine. This usually involved magnets and moving magnetic fields or heat recover from some process such as the exhaust from a car engine. Once I got through sophomore physics in college and was convinced that a perpetual energy machine (one that made its own energy) was an impossibility, I would have "discussions" with him as to why this would not work. It didn't faze him or deter him. Eventually I gave up on arguing about the possibility of his perpetual energy machines.

He liked to read, and he worked cross word puzzles almost every day in his later years. He also read the local paper and religiously listened to the weather forecasts. He was a collector and reader of "technical" magazines. Over probably a span of twenty years he had every copy of Science & Mechanics, Popular Science, Popular Electronics, and Popular Mechanics. He would read these and then store them in boxes in the garage. Eventually the garage became a warehouse of read magazines and broken TV sets which people gave him when they decided the cost of repair was more than they wanted to pay.

He became a TV repairman a few years after we moved from Tucumcari, New Mexico to Lubbock in 1951. At first, he worked for Sears as a TV repairman when he wasn't working at the airport. Eventually he started Harris Service Company which was a radio/TV repair company. His shop eventually was in the garage.

When we were kids, cell phones did not exist. They wouldn't be around for another 40 years. A stunning concept for anyone born after about 1990. We had one rotary-dial wall phone in the kitchen. When we were young we would rush to answer the phone when it rang. Getting a phone call was an unusual event. As we got older and we realized most of the calls were for TV repair we became less and less enthused about answering the phone with the message "Harris residence" or "Harris service company". By the time I was in college, we were so burned out with answering the phone that we sometimes never got to it before it quit ringing. Oh well, dad's prices for TV repair were so low that we knew people would call back if it was a TV repair call.

One thing I regret is that he worked all the time. Air traffic control is a 24-hour job. So some weeks he worked at night and slept in the day time. During the day and evening, if he was not at the airport he was working on someone's TV set, either in their home or in his shop. I think because he grew up during the Depression and because his own father was never around, he was determined to provide for us the things we needed. And since he didn't interact with his own father, I think he did not know how to interact with us as children. We were cared for and provided for wonderfully, but our interaction with a parent was primarily with mom.

He almost never talked about how he felt or how you might feel. His discussions were always about how things worked or how they should be or could be. Does anybody see that same characteristic in me?

He almost never talked about the war, even though he was in the army for five years. This was a common trait for the veterans of World War II. It was so terrible for many of them that never discussed it.

To characterize dad by his habits I would say that he had the patience of Job. Walter got this from dad, but I didn't. I was always in a hurry. But I don't think dad ever set deadlines. I never remember going anywhere when we had to leave or arrive by a certain time. He was always very easy going and never seemed to be under a deadline pressure.

Dad never wore white socks, at least when I knew him. He almost always wore brown shoes. He never owned or wore a pair of blue jeans which is what I always wore as a child. He often had a tooth pick in his mouth. I don't think I ever saw him wear a pair of shorts. He could swim but didn't like to and as far as I know he never went swimming. Or fishing. Or hunting. (Probably because he had no father to take him as a boy.) He almost always wore a hat when he went outside (this was very common for his generation and the American generations before him.) But I never remember seeing him wear a cowboy hat or a baseball hat or a hard hat.



This isn't dad but it looks a lot like him.

He ate the same thing for "lunch" when he worked for the FAA. It was a ham sandwich, Fritos, and a coke. Maybe that's where I get my trait of eating the same convenience food day after day at work. One of his favorite places to eat was Dairy Queen because as he said, they are one of the few places where you can

get a malt instead of a shake. Chocolate of course. Ditto me.

He didn't ever chew gum as far as I could tell. He did smoke Lucky Strike cigarettes and bought 1 carton every Wednesday from Furr's grocery store when we took our weekly grocery shopping trip. He quit smoking cold-turkey one year in the early 60's when he decided it was a bad habit. And thereafter, as far as I know, never smoked again.

For as long as I knew him he never drank alcohol of any kind, not beer, wine, or liquor. And I never saw a bottle of any of those in our house.

He often shopped at places which sold damaged freight. This was where a lot of our furniture came from. We went to these places often. And dad was always delighted to get a bargain. Even if what he bought was not quite what mom or the rest of us would have had in mind, the main thing was: we got a bargain.

I think he had definite opinions about most things. He would often say "This is what you should do...". Mom on the other hand would never volunteer advice. If you ask her opinion on something she was apt to say "what do you think about..." first before offering an opinion, if any.

Sometime in the late 1980's Susan and I sat down with mom and dad and asked them about their childhood and their lives before they were married. We recorded their conversations on cassette tape which we have unfortunately lost without transcribing. And we went thru the 2001 flood which means all that information is probably gone forever.

What I remember from those recordings is that they met each other at the Baptist Training Union when they were about 12 years old. This was the Baptist version of Sunday School at night on Sunday. They lived in Ranger, TX at the time.

Dad always claimed (or so I remember) that he was born in Comanche, TX. The information from Ancestry shown at the top of this document says he was born in Hamilton. Comanche is 25-30 miles from Hamilton, so

maybe he lived in Hamilton and was born in Comanche or the other way around. Susan and I have lived in Friendswood for 40 years, but none of our children were born there because Friendswood does not have a hospital. But the surrounding cities (Houston and Nassau Bay) do have hospitals where our kids were born.

Mom claimed that she was born in El Paso. I have no idea why or when her parents were there and why or when they moved to Ranger. My childhood perception was that they had lived in Ranger ever since Noah got off the boat.

They both graduated from Ranger High School in 1935 (I think- some high schools use to be only thru grade 11, but assuming 12 grades of public school, that would make the 1935 the correct year for 18 year old's to graduate.)

Sometime between graduation and the end of 1940, mom lived in Hawaii and worked basically as a nanny for one of her aunts. Both the aunt and uncle (Bates) were school teachers. They had two sons, and sometime in the late 90's one of those sons came to visit mom.

At the end of 1940, about a year before the war started, mom moved back to Texas.

Sometime after that and before the end of World War II, her mother (grandma Jesse Lee Barker) paid her tuition to attend Baylor Nursing School in Dallas. She lived on Gaston Avenue which was the same street I lived on in 1968 when I worked a summer in Dallas. Mom was working as a nurse when the war ended.

After high school Dad had some odd jobs. One job he had was on some sort of oil field service crew hauling pipe. He said that got paid \$2 a day and slept under the truck when working on or going to jobs. During this time and before Mom went to nursing school she worked in a department store in Abilene. She claimed she got paid \$5 a day for that work. Dad also sometime before the war worked as an assistant to photographer(s), maybe in Ranger and/or Abilene.

We made a Christmas pilgrimage to Ranger every year. I remember one year Dad took me with him to visit a man named Delbert Capps. He was the local photographer in Ranger, and perhaps one of the people dad worked for after high school.

I don't know who went to Abilene first, but eventually they both lived in Abilene, TX. While there, they decided they would get married. Mom wanted to wear a particular dress for the wedding (weddings then were nothing like today – significantly less formal and even less expensive, relatively speaking). She had her older sister Clara drive her back to Ranger to get the dress.

Once Clara had "rescued" mom and taken her back to Ranger, she informed mom that neither one of them had enough money to get married and Clara refused to take her back to Abilene. The wedding was off.

This made dad really mad (don't you just know it – though I never thought of dad as having a temper or a temper fit. He never flew off the handle as far as I can recall.)

Determined to prove Clara wrong, he began to look for a job that would generate an "acceptable" income. He decided the best paying stable job at the time (remember this is during the depression) was that of a postal worker.

I have nothing against postal workers and it is an honorable occupation, but honestly it would have been an incredible waste of potential for him. He was capable of so much more than sorting and delivering mail.

He soon found out that the Post Office was only hiring veterans. Using logic that would fit dad perfectly, he decided he would join the National Guard, serve a year and then reapply to the Post Office. Did I mention that dad had patience? Of course, the major problem with the plan was that World War II started before he could get out.

The Army recognized his intellectual ability and trained him as a radio operator. He spent most of the war as an instructor for other radio operators. At some time during his state-side Army career he was stationed in Florida. Later I believe he was an instructor at Fort Monmouth, NJ. He was transferred into Patton's 3rd Army some time before the Normandy Invasion. His job in the Army at that time was as a radio operator in the Mechanized Cavalry.

If you have seen the movie "Saving Private Ryan" you know that in that movie the US troops were trying to capture a bridge that crossed the Rhine River. There were two such actual bridges that the Germans did not blow up in their retreat from France. Dad was in a mechanized cavalry unit that crossed one of those bridges.

With regard to his combat service, he told me that he and some others found an empty building in Germany or France to sleep in for the night. When they woke the next morning, the building next door had been blown up. He claims he never woke up during the night and was surprised that the next-door building was gone. I think I may have inherited that ability to sleep through a "next-door explosion".

During the war, he had two good buddies. One was named Johnny and another was named Eddie Fannel. I never met either one of them, but he must have thought a lot of them because he named me after those two war buddies.

After the defeat of the Germans in May of 1945, he arrived back in Texas in July. The Army kept the returning European veterans on active duty in case there would be a land invasion of Japan. They were told to stay in touch and be ready to ship out if necessary. During this waiting time, on July 21st they got married, I believe in Clara's house in Ranger.

Also during this time and before he got out of the Army he told me of an incident about walking across a training field while other soldiers were marching. He was stopped by an officer who asked him "how long have you been in the Army?" Meaning, don't you know better than to walk across the field when we are marching. Being perhaps just a little smart aleck about the whole affair he just turned his sergeant stripes toward the officer (6- he was a master sergeant by this time) and answered, "long enough to know better".

Once the war was over, Dad began to look for a job. There was a flood of competent adult men returning from combat as well as a large number of women who had become skilled at building all sorts of war supplies during the conflict. Dad applied to several places. I don't know if he had any interim jobs during the next year. I assume that mom quit her job as a nurse, but I don't know that for a fact. She may have kept working to provide income for the new family.

Finally, dad landed a job with the CAA (Civil Aeronautics Administration) which in 1959 changed its name to the Federal Aviation Agency (FAA). About this same time, he got an offer from General Electric to attend Texas A&M college and become an electrical engineer. He would have made a good one. But he had a pregnant wife and told GE that he (at almost 30 years old) was ready to start a family. Hard to say what his life would have been like if he had taken that path.

His first job was in Alice TX. I don't know when he started. I was born in Ranger TX on December 15, 1946. I don't know if he was already working for the CAA and mom simply chose to have me in Ranger where the rest of her family lived or whether he was not yet working for the CAA. I have no recollection of Alice, TX but have seen my baby pictures of when we lived there.

From there he transferred to Tucumcari, NM. I do remember living there. Walter and Betty were born while we lived there.

Every Christmas we returned to Ranger to be with mom's family. Grandpa Barker was a grouchy old man who had had many careers in his lifetime. At the time I knew him he was farming. Our only connection with Grandparents was with the Barkers. We had no contact with dad's father and step mother until I was about 10 years old. And even then, I think I only met him once just before he died.

When I was 4 we moved to Lubbock. Knowing how dad thought, I'm sure he picked our housing location based on the fact that it was close to the airport and had GI-financed housing. (For those under 50, GI meant Government Issue. It came to mean someone who had served in the military.) The first house we lived in was on what is now called Queens street. I think that eventually that was the house the Brackets lived in. There was some defect with the house so we moved to temporary quarters at the east end of the subdivision on what was then called Erskine street. Now I think it is Martin-Luther King Blvd. This was a Tri-plex dwelling and even as a 4yr old I thought it was a dump. Probably the worst place I ever remember living.

When the second house was finished – the one that eventually got a basement and a silver roof - we moved in and mom and dad lived there until the late 1980's. Donna and Leon live in this house now.

Dad liked gadgets and novel things. The weirder the better. We had one of the first TV's in our subdivision. However, it was a defective one he bought from Sears. He repaired it at home. When he finally got it running we watched a Ma & Pa Kettle movie and then watched the test pattern that came on when the TV station shut down for the night. This was when I was in the second grade.

He bought a transistor radio in the 1950's when they first came out. It was about the size of a big cell phone only thicker, about 1 ½ inches thick. It used a 22-volt battery and in today's terms the radio cost about \$500.

Any time we went to visit a relative, he took his TV repair equipment. And most of the time when we got there he worked on their TV or other electronic equipment – for free of course. They were always glad to have us come visit.

He had all sorts of tools for all sorts of jobs, some of which he probably never used but was content in knowing that if the need arose, he had the tool for it.

He was a firm believer in glue. You might say he was stuck on glue. (Word play.) He had a glue for every occasion and to my way of thinking it seemed he believed that glue was as good as a weld.

Dad was always very frugal and I think all of us picked on that characteristic. We didn't go without adequate clothing and as I mentioned before we were well fed. But we didn't do anything extravagant.

During my senior year in high school I bought an Arnold MG sports car. OK, I did something extravagant. It took most of the money I had earned to go to college. It never occurred to me to ask him for money to go to

college. I just assumed I would have to earn it myself. We or at least I made a lot of assumptions about what was expected and what was not in our family.

Toward end of summer in 1965 I realized that in order to go to Tech I would have to sell the MG. But when I did I would still have to find another car. He solved the problem by giving me our old 1951 Plymouth station wagon. I don't know if he gave any of the other kids a car.

I drove that car until the beginning of my junior year in 1967. At that time dad found a 1958 Chevy Biscayne that a local mechanic had rebuilt. He paid \$300 for the car and gave it to me. We sold the '51 Plymouth for \$90. Not unreasonable for that time in America.

There was a problem with the car in dad's mind and since I had become a chip-off-the-old-block regarding cars I thought it had a problem too. It only got about 12 mpg – it was a V8. (In 1967 gasoline typically cost about 30 cents per gallon and a Big Mac meal with fries and a drink was 90 cents.) Dad was always focused on what kind of mileage your car got. That might be the first question he would ask when we went to see him. So sometime early in 1969 he found a 1963 4-cylinder Pontiac Tempest which he bought and gave to me. And it did get better gas mileage than the V8. I didn't ask for either one of these cars.

When I went to ROTC summer camp in 1969 he had the car painted. Again, another gift out of the blue.

Sometime during my college years, dad began to lose his hearing. Air traffic controllers basically had to pass the same physical as a pilot. They had to have good vision and hearing and not be color blind. This loss of hearing troubled dad and he began to try different things to get his hearing back. One fortunate thing he tried was the Baptism in the Holy Spirit. He became a tongue-talking charismatic. But he did lose most of his hearing. Both changes in his life were noticeable.

Back when dad worked for the FAA an employee could accrue sick leave and vacation time and have it carry over from year to year. When his hearing became so bad that he could not continue to work, (sometime in the early 70's) he took accrued sick leave and accrued vacation leave for about three years as I recall.

During this time of being on leave and getting paid by the FAA he began to work in the audio and video ministry of Trinity Church, the largest charismatic church in Lubbock at that time and probably at the present. He worked for Trinity recording and videotaping sermons for free until his accrued sick/vacation pay ran out. After that he became an employee of Trinity church running their audio-video department. He also became an Elder in Trinity church during this time.

I am not entirely sure about this but I think dad was an introvert who wanted to be an extrovert. After he left the FAA he joined Toast Masters which is a group that allows their members to develop skill in public speaking. After that time, I believe he became more outgoing than he had been when we were growing up.

I think dad's spiritual gift was what the Bible calls helps. He had a servant's heart and helped all the kids at some time or another throughout his whole life. He also helped his friends like Con Davis who dad help move from California to Texas. When I told him that Arlene and I were getting a divorce, he offered to come to California and help both of us move back to Texas. I assured him that the Air Force would take care of all the expenses of moving us back, but I never forgot that offer which was genuine.

He was a good singer and liked to sing. When we were small children he would sing to us sometimes at bedtime. He liked funny and humorous songs like "I went to the animal fair" and a song about a goat that ate

red shirts off a clothes line. It was always a good time to hear him sing at bedtime, but he was not always home at bedtime.

After he had a stroke around Thanksgiving in 1993, his speech was impaired. He would begin to tell a story or convey some thought and then at the end of sentence some nonexistent "word" would come out of his mouth. We all experienced this phenomenon. Just when he got the main point of the whole sentence, some non-word would come out.

Betty experienced this with dad also. She said he told her something and at the end of the sentence had this non-word "word" inserted into the statement. She said, "Dad I have no idea what you are talking about". To which he replied, "Neither do I".

But even though his speech was impaired, he could still sing and get the words right. It seems singing and speaking are two different brain functions. And his singing was not impaired.

He died on the Wednesday before Thanksgiving in 1996. He had lasted for 3 long years after the stroke. Mom told me this was the typical life span for someone after they had a stroke. They were very frustrating years for him and they were very emotionally painful years for me. The man who I thought could do anything was reduced to sitting in a chair, holding his small dog Sissy, and watching TV.

Just before he died in the hospital, he held up his good hand and told mom, "I see Jesus". I believe he did.

Dad, you were a wonderful father. I consider myself fortunate to have been your son.

Other topics: dark room and photography equipment. Green house. Moving to University Street, 3-cylinder car.