

TSO Headquarters History, Dallas, Memories and Reflections



Backstory... TSO Secretary/Treasurer's offices through the years—
1929-1982: Austin, Fort Worth, or Snyder home of the state officer.
1982-2005: TWU, Denton.
2005-present: Dallas.

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2005-2007 TSO president
Written January 24, 2019

A God Thing

Here's some TSO Headquarters history many have forgotten. It's kind of funny and one of those things I call "A God Thing." It was not planned or expected, but it surely made things better.

Where's the Realtor?

In March of 2006, Nelda Landrum (1998-2008 TSO executive secretary/treasurer) and I were going to see how the new TSO Headquarters building was coming along. We had an appointment with the realtor. Nobody showed up, and we did not have a key.

We called the realtor but got no response. Nelda had the contract with her, and the owner's name was on it.

I called Mr. Peavey. He answered. I told him who I was and where we were. He asked for a more detailed explanation. I gave him one.

He said somebody would be there in five minutes, and he thanked me for calling. He asked where I had gotten his number. I told him he had signed the contract, and we just looked in the phone book!

Then he asked, "What contract?"

I explained that, too.

We waited.

Somebody did show up very quickly, and so did Mr. Peavey by phone. He was checking to see if the person had gotten there.

I thanked him, and we looked around.



Some Personal Questions

We were going to finish signing the closing papers at his office in Frisco. I called him and asked if he would mind if I asked him some personal questions.

He laughed and said, "OK."

So I asked if he was from Shreveport, Louisiana. I am, and so is he. I then asked if he had gone to Byrd High School. He did, and so did I. Then, I asked if his family were Presbyterians. They were, and so was I.

He asked in a rather alarmed voice, "Who

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ARE you?"

I said, "One more question, please. Is your father a Mason?"

He did laugh then.

I explained it was a "my daddy and your daddy kind of thing." My father was a Presbyterian preacher in Shreveport. His father and mine had been friends in the church and in Masons for years. My father's father had been Mr. Peavey's parents' pastor, and they had left property to the church, where a chapel now sits. I knew the name well.



The Rest of the Story

The building site we originally had was in the very back of the complex. We looked out on the trashcans!

When I called Mr. Peavey, he was alarmed because they had a contract on that whole suite of the building with a medical group! Not us!

When I told him we had a contract for that, he was very concerned. He said he would take care of it but would we look at the office in the front. He thought we would like that better and it would be more comfortable for those coming to the office.

We looked, and it was much better, so we switched places with happy hearts.

A Good Trade! And More?

See. We could have been in a place not nearly so nice.

And, I still think we need to get hold of the unit next to us sometime!