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REMEMBERING THE COURTHOUSE

Rick Scott remembers his father, Caldwell County Judge Scott, and his inspections of the Courthouse

Photos by John Troesser, 2003



A corner of the ground floor

"I winced every step he took on those aging platforms and walkways of the courthouse. I was always thinking to myself how we would go about extricating him when the boards would break. But he just carried on like a monkey in a tree. He was in love with that courthouse and he knew every inch of it because he had explored it himself.



Caldwell County courthouse clocktower

Getting to the big clock on top was a bit of a challenge at first. Workers had taken away the walkway supposedly so that no pranksters could get to it and damage the clock. Dad just had me go down a level and retrieve a five foot section of 2x 6 and he shimmied up it.

He would not listen to letting his much younger and healthier son go first. HE had to do the inspection. That's the way it always was with him. I had been following him around and helping him work for 35-odd years by then. I started by holding a flashlight for him when he worked on something and he was always working.

The man had tremendous energy. I never saw anyone work like that before or since. At the farm, at work at Goodyear, or in politics, his energy was endless. He chaired CAPCO, sat on boards, and he and Bonnie were always taking people in who needed help. I loved that man."



View from the third floor.



Wood and tile details.



Fanciest doorknobs between Austin and San Antonio



Looking down from the balcony into the main courtroom.



The County Clerk's Office

Photos © John Troesser