

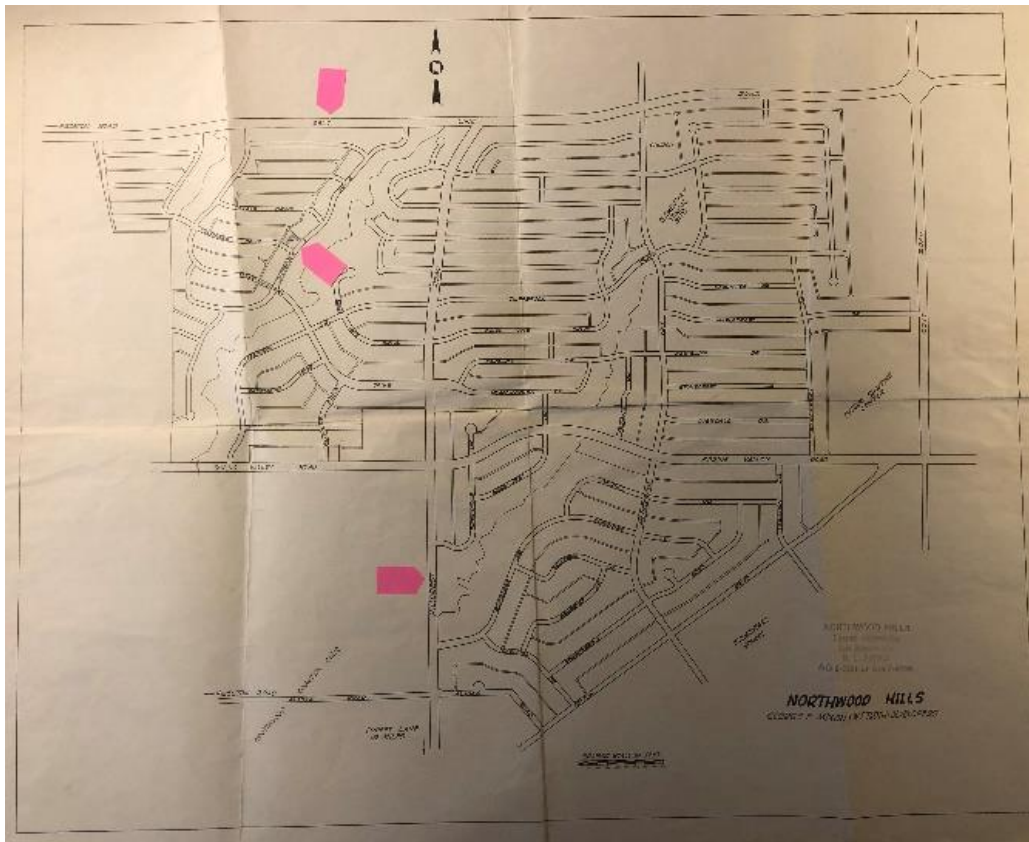
NHHA Good Neighbor Spotlight – Bill Stanley, owner of the first Northwood Hills Estates home west of the creek reflects...

Are you are a neighborhood walker who strolls on Dartbrook? If so, you probably have seen Bill Stanley out in front of his house, or his wife Jeana walking the neighborhood with a smile on her face. Bill and Jeana are two of our friendliest neighbors in Northwood Hills and received an NHHA Good Neighbor award a few years back.



Bill is a man who speaks the truth with love and is not shy with his opinion. He lives a mission to serve and help others, born out of his childhood. I recently sat down with Bill to gain his perspective on how our neighborhood has changed over the years. I learned a lot about the early days of Northwood Hills and Bill’s interesting life.

Bill was the first proud owner of a lot and home west of the creek which runs through the middle of Northwood Hills Estates from Beltline to Spring Valley. It was in 1962 when Bill and his first wife, Barbara, had moved to the Lake Highlands area from Lubbock. They had purchased a nice three bedroom home, but Barbara decided she wanted something bigger and nicer. She discovered Northwood Hills. Homes were already being built east of Hillcrest and there were several available lots. In speaking to the developer, George Mixon, she learned of his plans to build luxury homes on larger lots west of Hillcrest in Northwood Hills Estates. Barbara was sold, but now she had to sell Bill to move after only a year. It wasn’t difficult.



Northwood Hills map used by the developer, showing planned locations for roads, homes, schools, and shopping in Northwood Hills and Northwood Hills Estates.

A few days later, Bill was sitting down with Mr. Mixon to close the deal on the first lot sold in Northwood Hills Estates. Bill paid \$15,000 cash in 1963 for the lot and told Mr. Mixon that he thought he just bought the best lot in Dallas. Mr. Mixon replied, “Son, you just bought one of the best lots in the world.” Bill’s lot today is valued by the City of Dallas at \$365,000. Quite the increase in land value in 58 years.

In 1963, the neighborhood landscape was much different. Imagine if you will, Northwood Hills Estates west of the creek being all grassy fields with only one tree – an old Bodark (“horse apple”) tree next to Bill’s lot (i.e., my lot). In the 1960s, LBJ or I635 didn’t even exist west of US-75. Preston, Spring Valley, and Beltline were all two lane asphalt roads. Westbound Spring Valley stopped at the creek (where the bridge is today). Hillcrest was a packed gravel dirt road. Access to Northwood Hills Estates was only via Meadowcreek at the time. Meadowcreek was only paved between Hillcrest and Dartbrook; Dartbrook was only paved about 10 yards past Bill’s lot. The rest of the streets in the neighborhood were dirt roads.

“Son, you just bought one of the best lots in the world.” George Mixon, developer

Excited about their purchase, Barbara painted Bill a picture of her dream house (she later insisted on a fountain in the front of the house, which Bill gladly obliged). With only one tree for miles near Bill’s lot, Bill planted the first trees in our subdivision. They were the start of what makes our neighborhood beautiful.

Often unconventional and relying on the “can do” approach he learned as a young boy working various jobs, Bill drew up his own plans for the house she painted. He was determined to be the general contractor and build the house himself. His next step was to get a building loan. Being relatively new to Dallas, Bill did not have banking relationships. He chose Prudential. His banker was very concerned Bill was going to attempt to build it himself without a background in construction and also concerned whether he could afford the \$228 a month payment.

Bill had no fear of doing something he had not done before. Taking on challenges was how he lived his life and acquired expertise. Excelling at building relationships, being detail oriented and well organized, Bill had no doubts he could build the house of Barbara’s dream if he could get the loan.

All it took was one phone call to Bill’s boss, the president of Hysan Chemical. Bill passed the phone to the Prudential banker and his boss told the banker to make the loan, as Bill could easily afford it. After all, he was the top salesman in the country. A few minutes later the loan was signed.



1963 Painting by Barbara Stanley of the home she asked Bill to build.



Completed in 1964, the 1st home west of the creek.

The house was built in about a year with thick plaster walls, hard as concrete. As such, it is far better insulated than many newer homes and stays cooler during the hot Dallas summers with below average electricity usage. The house is amazingly sturdy. As we were walking down his stairs, Bill encouraged me to pound on the walls; “you can’t hurt these John, they’re solid”.

Once the house was built, Bill and Barbara felt like they were living in the country instead of a big city like Dallas. When they wanted to go out for dinner, there were not many close options. The nearest place to get Pizza was Pizza Villa at Beltline and Central. Pizza Villa opened in 1960 and closed on New Year’s Eve 2014. The closest

place for chicken was a Church's chicken at Arapaho and Custer; which was also where the nearest ice cream could be found – Baskin Robins. However, filling up your car with gas was not as much of a drive. The intersection at Beltline and Coit had a gas station on each corner of the intersection. The intersection had no stoplights - it was a roundabout. Bill remembers wrecks there all the time. No one understood how to yield at the roundabout and as a consequence there were lots of fender benders. Back then gas stations were also repair shops and they had a ready supply of customers right in front of them.



Bill's backyard in 1965 - note the open fields outside his fence. Crop dusting planes would often fly over to drop poison to kill all the fire ants.

Bill was at the top of his profession, married, and now had a lovely new luxury home. He had faced challenges early in his life and learned from them. Bill had always been an avid reader and today has accumulated a personal library of easily over 3,000 books and tapes, most focusing on personal motivation and philosophy. One of his recommendations for everyone is "Think and Grow Rich" by Napoleon Hill. It was one he read early in his professional career and helped him see the motivation needed for success and winning in his profession. Those motivational messages and the early life lessons he experienced before moving to Northwood Hills, put Bill on a path toward motivating and helping others.

Life Prior to Northwood Hills – Early Challenges and Life Lessons

Bill grew up in Terra Haute, Indiana with six siblings. His father was a coal miner all his life. He was a hard worker and supported his family, but they were very poor. Bill knew at an early age that if he didn't get out and work hard like his father, he might not eat. His first job was in 6th grade. Bill and his friend worked at a nursery grinding together manure and dirt to be used for landscape beds. He earned 25 cents an hour and was happy to get it. His boss was impressed by the boy's hard work and determination. One day on the way back from a delivery, he took the boys to lunch and bought them a 25 cent burger and 10 cent Coke. Bill would have never been able to afford a meal like this on his own. He was so appreciative and knew that his boss didn't have to buy them lunch. The unexpected magnanimous gesture made a deep impression which would follow Bill the rest of his life.

From success and positive feedback in his first job, Bill's confidence in himself grew. He decided 25 cents an hour was not enough. He had heard that caddies were making \$1.10 for 18 holes at the Allendale Country Club. He knew he had to have a plan to impress them at the country club and that it was not going to be easy for him. It took Bill two different bus trips and long walk to get to the country club. His friends tried to discourage Bill by telling him he wouldn't be successful. The current caddies were tough on him, trying to run him off so they would have all the opportunity and not have to share. Bill was not deterred and after several attempts became a successful caddy. From there he took a job pushing an Eskimo Pie cart, making a penny for every pie he sold. It taught Bill how to sell and he found he was good at it. In his spare time he would use his money to buy broken down bikes and learned to fix them in his family's dirt floor garage. The experience enabled Bill to get a job in the local bike shop owned by Mayor Vernon McMillan (a member of the Indiana football hall of fame, who invented and patented both the first face mask for football helmets and a needle valve to inflate footballs and basketballs). Because of the success of the facemasks, instead of repairing bikes, Bill was told to help with the facemask production. The steel masks were dipped in



Bill selling ice cream for 5 cents

rubber. Once cooled, the rubber covered the holes to be used to attach the masks to helmets. Bill's job was to take 2 red hot ice picks and put them into the holes to burn out the rubber so that laces could be inserted to attach the facemasks to the helmets. It was dangerous work and Bill got burned a few times. Eventually, as the helmet orders were filled, he began fixing bikes.

Bill worked for Vernon McMillian, Mayor of Terra Haute, who invented and received a patent for the first face mask for football helmets and needle valve to inflate footballs and basketballs.

In 1951 Bill and his buddy joined the Air Force to fight in Korea. They did their basic training at Lackland Airforce Base in San Antonio, TX. Bill impressed his superiors' and they asked him to go to officer's candidate school. Bill was appreciative, but was not in support of doubling his military commitment to eight years. He took their second option and became a military instructor. It was great experience in how to lead others.

After his military service, Bill went to the University of Texas on the GI Bill (\$110 a month!). He was a walk-on player on the tennis team and a fast-pitch softball pitcher. Bill could fire a softball about 75 mph with great accuracy. During college and in the summers, he continued to pitch and played for several semi-pro teams in Texas, including a Houston team which won the city championship and finished in the quarterfinals nationally.

With his degree from Texas, Bill became a sales rep for Union Carbide. If you know Bill, you will have no doubt that he quickly produced 3-4 times his peers. The company promoted him and moved Bill to the west coast. His west coast move led to him vacationing in Acapulco where the hotel pro introduced him to The Tonight Show's Johnny Carson. The two immediately hit it off and played tennis there for about a week. Bill would become friends with Johnny and his wife Joanna. Bill and Johnny would play tennis often, and Johnny had Bill for dinner at his LA home on occasion. Once they played tennis together at Carrol Rosenbloom's home; the owner of the NFL Los Angeles Rams franchise.

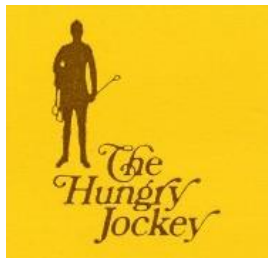


Heere's Johnny...Joanna, Johnny, and Bill in LA

Sales is a small world and word got around about Bill's skill at selling and opening new markets for Union Carbide. He was offered a job by Hysen Chemical Company, where he became the top producing salesperson in the country. Bill became very proficient at meeting new people and building trusting relationships with executives. For someone like Bill, it was quite natural to get to know his Northwood Hills Estates neighbors, many of which were highly successful in their respective professions.

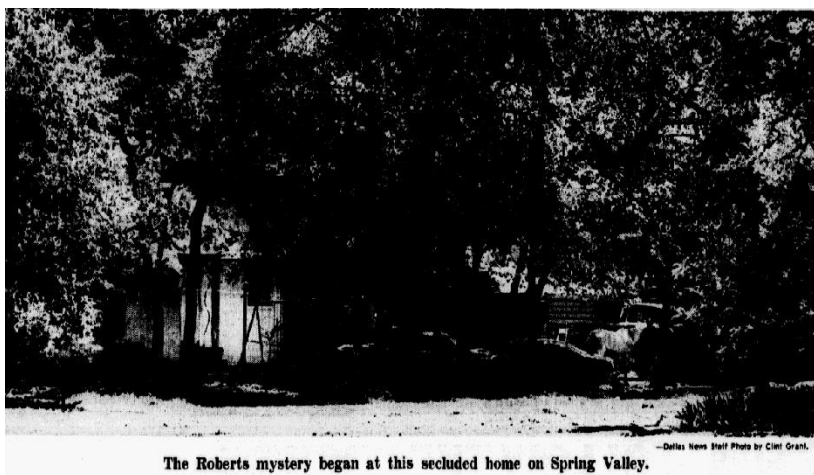
Life in Northwood Hills – Some of the Early Characters

In 1966 a good friend of Bill's was Norman Brinker. Norm is known as the godfather of the restaurant industry. When Bill knew him was around 1966/67 after Norm had just started Steak & Ale. Norm was married to former tennis star Maureen "Little Mo" Connolly who won five grand slam titles in the 1950s. Bill and Mo became friends due to their tennis connection. Mo died of cancer in 1969.



Discussing Norman's success in the restaurant business, Bill thought he might start a chain himself. Norm told Bill he knew he could be successful. Shortly thereafter Bill starting the Hungry Jockey at Preston and Forest. The Hungry Jockey was a Dallas institution, especially for breakfast in the late 1960s. Bill came to know several Dallas Cowboy players who frequented the restaurant. Lots of deals were done in booths at his restaurant over breakfast and lunch by the Dallas "movers and shakers". Some of which lived in Northwood Hills. One of those was Tex Roberts.

At the end of Spring Valley at the creek was an old farm home owned by Tex Roberts. It sat on a ten acre estate Tex had purchased. The farm house is long gone and today the Valley House Gallery & Sculpture Garden sits in its place. Tex and his so-called "aunt" lived in the farm house (Tex' ex-wife and his nieces said he did not have an aunt). He was very wealthy and quite an eccentric. No one was quite sure what Tex did for a living, but they knew he was smart and fearless.



Bill would come to know Tex at the Hungry Jockey. Tex would come in day after day and sit for hours drinking coffee and reading the stock reports in the newspaper. He apparently only had a seventh grade education, but read business publications all the time and had a near photographic memory. After being alerted by his manager, Bill asked Tex to either buy something or he would have to limit his time to an hour. Tex kind of grumbled, but complied. The Hungry Jockey was small and Bill could not afford to have a booth tied up most of the day with one person just drinking coffee.

The Hungry Jockey quickly grew in popularity. In those days there was no internet or even credit cards. Everyone paid with cash. Bill hired good managers to run the restaurant, but they got greedy and the restaurant started

experiencing profit issues. When Bill noticed the cash discrepancy he fired the manager and thought his issues were behind him. Unfortunately for Bill, the next day the owner of the clothing store next to him told him he was coming to collect the first of 123 free lunches promised by that former manager in return for two suits. Bill had to break it to him that there would not be any free lunches. Another time Bill was reviewing the books and noticed the price of beef had seemingly skyrocketed. When he inquired about it, he did not get a very clear explanation. After a little detective work, Bill found out that the current manager was ordering more beef than he needed it and selling it on the side to his friends. Out goes manager number two. It was then Bill decided the restaurant that had been such a success was not worth the time and aggravation he was experiencing. Since he could not be there full time himself, he sold the Dallas institution.

About a year after Bill sold the Hungry Jockey, Tex and his “aunt”, Jessie Forsyth, vanished mysteriously from his suburban mansion on Spring Valley one evening. Roberts’ ample fortune disappeared as well. The Tex Roberts affair was one of the most bizarre missing persons cases on record at the time and certainly the most famous in Northwood Hills.

Tex was a very secretive man with a murky past. He was born Leroy Robert Sevier in Vermont. He lived in Detroit in the 30s and 40s, making enemies in labor disputes, and changed his name once coming to Dallas. He killed a man in a fight with communists in Detroit. In danger from past enemies Tex always carried a gun.

The mysterious disappearance began on the night of August 15, 1970, when Roberts summoned his friend and bodyguard Al Bergeron concerning a matter of “utmost importance.” Bergeron went to the mansion and found the usually locked front door ajar but no one home (Tex kept no servants). It was not unusual for the 85-year-old Roberts to leave the house suddenly, but it was virtually unprecedented for 89-year-old Jessie Forsyth to accompany him. After waiting several hours for Roberts to return, Bergeron called the police.

Tex and Jessie were victims of a scheme to wrest control of their estates through fraudulent powers of attorney. Two men were later convicted in the case – a lawyer for forging the documents and a notary for certifying them. Both men died in prison as a result of other crimes of extortion. While no proof exists, the view is they killed Roberts and Forsythe. The police even spoke to the famous and controversial psychic Peter Hurkos to help with the case. Tex’ and Jessie’s bodies were never recovered.

Once he was declared dead, there was a battle over his wills. In one will Tex left his only child, daughter Yvonne, \$1. The IRS was also after him for \$96,000 in back taxes between 1964-1968. A compromise was ultimately reached between all the parties and Yvonne received \$81,000 from the estate.

Tex was not the only character in the early days of Northwood Hills. Bob Merit built the original home at 6607 Meadowcreek in 1966. Bob was quite the promoter and a bit of an eccentric. Bill would often see him water his yard with a hose in a 3 piece suit wearing alligator slippers. Bob began the “Paco Taco” chain. His first Paco Taco sat where Roman Cucina is today. Roman Cucina utilizes the original Paco Taco structure. Another Northwood Hills Estates neighbor and close friend of Bill’s was Ed Norton. Ed the CFO of Taylor Publishing for 14 years before becoming a very successful banker and rancher (officer of the Brangus Breeders Association). According to Bill, Ed loaned Bob a lot of money for his restaurant chain venture, but unfortunately, Bob skipped town with the money and was never heard from again.

Life in Northwood Hills – Family and Friends

Bill’s and Barbara’s son Scott attended Northwood Hills Elementary (NHE). His best friend in 6th grade was Phil Terry. Phil’s father Kenn and Bill coached the boys in baseball and basketball in the early 1970s. The Terrys lived at 7705 Meadowhaven near Northwood Hills Elementary. They were all good friends.

On Tuesday, February 20, 1973 at 9:30am, NHE was notified by a man pretending to be Kenn, that he was sending a friend to pick his son up for an orthodontist appointment. Kenn was the president of First Bank and Trust of Richardson (located at Spring Valley and Central) and the imposter told the office he was sending a friend because he could not personally break away from the bank to pick up Phil.

At the scheduled time, Phil saw what he thought was his Dad's car and came outside the school to go. He figured his father came after all. However, while the car looked exactly like his father's car, it was actually a rental which George Braddock Ogle II ("Brad") had rented to confuse Phil. Once Phil got to the car, Brad, wearing a ski mask and brandishing a revolver, pulled him inside and duct taped his eyes closed; pushing him in the back seat. Amazingly for a young child, Phil kept his composure and counted the turns the car made as it left the school until it arrived at the Comanche Springs Inn (located at Spring Valley and Central near Texas Instruments). Once the car came to a stop, Phil counted the steps it took to get from the car to the motel room.

Brad called Kenn's office and demanded \$250,000 in old bills of small denomination be placed in two brown paper bags. Kenn was given ten minutes to comply or Phil would be killed. Kenn was only able to raise \$56,000 without causing undue attention in the 7 minutes he had remaining to get to the drop spot. Beyond the money, Kenn's bigger issue was trying to find a paper bag at the bank; "have you ever tried to find a paper bag in a bank?" After placing the money in bags, he drove to the drop off spot, left the money, and returned to the bank. The kidnapper told him nothing would happen to his son if he complied and he would get a call when Phil was free. About 20 minutes later, Phil was driven to Prestonwood Elementary school as the school day was ending and released him into a crowd of kids going home. Phil immediately ran to the school office and informed them he had been kidnapped. At first no one believed him. The police were called and soon Phil was taken to Northwood Hills Elementary where he met his parents.



Phil's safe return makes front page news

Phil's quick thinking to count turns helped him lead the FBI back to the correct motel, where they found that Brad Ogle had used his real name when registering for the motel room. The FBI determined that Brad Ogle was the culprit and went to his home at 6524 Dartbrook to arrest him. Brad came to the door with his face splotched with chicken pox, pleading his innocence. A jury saw it differently.

"Have you ever tried to find a brown paper bag in a bank?" Kenn Terry

It was a mystery why Brad did the kidnapping. He was married with two young sons and a supposedly came from a very well-to-do family in California with several trust funds coming to him. The friendly and popular socialite was also a top athlete and ranked as one of the top T-Bar-M tennis players. Many neighbors were shocked and in disbelief; adamantly saying Brad couldn't have done this. However, it soon surfaced that he had previously been charged with the theft of \$237,500 by false pretext four months before. Bill remembered seeing Brad come to their boy's games to watch, although Brad didn't have a child on the team. Apparently he was planning the crime.

His attorney claimed temporary insanity by reason of encephalitis and chicken pox clouding his mind, but the jury determined Ogle was sane and fit to stand trial. Brad Ogle was found guilty by the jury. The prosecutor asked for

a 99 year prison sentence. Brad was sentenced to 50 years in prison. About a year later, he pled guilty and was sentenced to 20 more years in prison for extortion in 1973. His neighbors didn't really know him after all.

Another young man who was on the baseball team coached by Bill and Kenn Terry was Jeff Dunham. Jeff's family lived in Northwood Hills Estates at 6738 Briar Cove. Jeff of course is probably the most famous and successful ventriloquist of all time. He performed in elementary school with his first character, "Walter". In 1976 he and his puppet "Monty" were interviewed by Dallas Channel 8 news reporter Bill O'Reilly, who would later become famous on Fox' The O'Reilly Factor. Jeff graduated from Richardson High School in 1980. By the time Jeff was a junior at Baylor, he was earning \$70,000 a year doing his act part-time. Jeff's success has brought him an estimated net worth of \$140m.



Jeff Dunham and Monty

After Bill retired from sales, he pursued a passion of motivational speaking and teaching. Bill's life study in this area had given him the knowledge to help others realize and reach their goals/potential. Bill has a long reference of friends and clients whom he has helped, including the SMU Women's Volleyball team, Ricki Williams and the Miami Dolphins, Coach Johnny Majors and this Tennessee football team, and tennis pro Bill Scanlon. When Bill met Scanlon, he was a freshman and the 8th ranked player on the Trinity University tennis team and not getting on the court. Trinity had a dominate division I team in the 70s, winning the championship in 1972, so it is understandable a freshman might not play. Bill is not a man who believes anything is impossible and worked with Scanlon on his serve and footwork over November and December. The following semester in 1976, Scanlon moved from 8th on the team, to the top player and won the NCAA Singles championship. Bill continued to work with Scanlon for about seven years. Scanlon had decided to go it alone in 1982 at the US Open and was upset in the first round. He immediately called Bill and asked him to help him again. The next year Scanlon beat top seeded John McEnroe in the quarterfinals of the US Open. Scanlon told the Fort Worth Star Telegram he credited his resurgence "to Coach Mooty, the pro at Northwood Country Club, and Bill Stanley who focuses on preparing him physically and mentally." Scanlon was very talented, but Bill coaching him how to improve his mental attitude was the key.



BILL SCANLON is the lone Trinity survivor in the NCAA tourney.

Dallas' Bill Scanlon in 1976

A few years after Bill began coaching Bill Scanlon, his wife Barbara died of cancer. It was a sad time for Bill and Scott. In 1980, Bill married his current wife, Jeana. Jeana brought joy to their home. If you know Jeana, you know she is a very positive person. She told me she loves Northwood Hills as much as Bill. She explained, “of course the area is beautiful with all the well-kept yards, but what I enjoy the most is how nice the people of the neighborhood are.” You can find Jeana most mornings walking the neighborhood streets near their house with a smile on her face.



Bill and Jeana are guests of Bill Scanlon at his 2003 Induction into the Texas Tennis HOF.

Bill’s son Scott became a bit of a sports celebrity himself. Having learned personal motivation and commitment from his father, he became an elite climber in the extreme sport of Towerclimbing. Towerclimbing is perhaps the hardest sport you have never heard of; it consists of timed races up the stairwells of the tallest skyscrapers in the World. In 2012, 70,000 men and women in the US competed in the sport. Scott was ranked 3rd in the United States and 63rd in the world.

Life in Northwood Hills – Meeting and Helping Others

Bill remains active in his retirement. He still selectively provides motivational coaching and plays golf a few times a week with a group of friends. He is still able to shoot under his age and just recently shot a 74 at Ridgeway Ranch. He was a long time member of the Dallas Athletic Club (now Telos Fitness) playing basketball and racquetball. Bill came to know many Dallas Mavericks who played pickup games there in the 80s. Growing up playing basketball in Indiana, Bill had become a deadeye 3 point shooter. At the club, Bill would have 3 point shooting contests with several of the Mavericks. Surprisingly to Detlef Schrempf, Sam Perkins, and Derek Harper, Bill would always win. The only Maverick who was able to beat Bill was Mark Aquirre, and it was close.

Bill’s Indiana roots led to an interesting Northwood Hills dinner party in 1971. Growing up in Terra Haute Indiana Bill was friends with Bobby “Slick” Leonard, who just recently passed away (“Slick” came from his skill at playing cards). They would play basketball together and worked pushing ice cream carts. In 1971 Bobby was coaching the Indiana Pacers of the ABA and called Bill to tell him he was coming to Dallas to play the Chaparrals. Bill asked him to come for dinner after the game and Bobby asked if he could bring a few friends. The next thing Bill knew, Bobby and all 15 Indiana Pacers were at his door (e.g., George McGinnis, Darnell Hillman, Roger Brown, and highly touted rookie Rick Mount). They all sat by the pool while Bill gave them some Texas BBQ and entertained until

about 2am. He recalls Bobby consoling Rick Mount who was off by himself in the backyard upset over lack of playing time that night. Bobby looked at Bill, shook his head and said “rookies!”

Few know that for over 35 years, Bill has provided snacks (soft drinks and cookies) to Dallas city trash collecting employees. The family who has cared for his lawn and his cleaning lady have also been with him for 35 years. Bill thinks of them like family and has not missed a week of paying them, even during the pandemic. When I asked Bill what motivates him to give back to those less fortunate, he immediately recalls the story of making 25 cents an hour in the nursery and his boss buying him a lunch Bill could not afford. He went on to say “everyone wants someone to care about them, and I care”.

As Bill’s next door neighbor, my family came to know and love Bill over the years. I hate to say we took down that original Bodark tree in 1998 because my labs kept eating the horse apples. When my kids were young they all loved to play basketball and occasionally the ball would go over the fence into “Mr. Stanley’s” yard. They were at first afraid to go ask for it. That quickly changed when Bill gave them candy every time it happened. Bill knew our two labs, Mac and Weezie, loved to retrieve bumpers and balls. Every couple of weeks there was a bag of used tennis balls on our driveway for them. In 2000 my wife and I talked about moving from Northwood Hills after 9 years, but my 12 year old son said, “Dad, we can’t leave Mr. Stanley”. Instead of moving, we were one of the first to knock down our house and rebuild in the neighborhood we love.

When I asked Bill if there was anything he would like to see changed or improved in Northwood Hills, he thought for a minute and said, “When neighbors are out walking and see someone in their front yard, walk up to them and say hello. Tell them how nice our neighborhood is and that you’re glad to be their neighbor. Start a conversation.”

Regarding the NHHA, Bill appreciates the work the organization does to provide armed security and beautification. He would like the board to continue their efforts to create opportunities for neighbors to get to know each other. When asked about block parties as a means, he said those are fine, but they would be much more effective if those participating would spend less time with those they already know well and more time getting to know someone new to them.

“Everyone wants someone to care about them, and I care.” Bill Stanley

Bill has no bad or disappointing memories of Northwood Hills, but he did have some interesting stories. What he continued to impress upon me was how much he enjoys meeting and talking to his neighbors. Now Bill can be blunt when he is trying to get his point across and is not one to back down about what is important in life, but he speaks out of love for others and genuinely cares for those he meets. As he tells everyone, learn to take care of yourself, as there is nothing more important than your health. Being the first person to own in Northwood Hills Estates, Bill’s spirit of caring for others and offering his proven knowledge through life lessons, never gets old.

