



### **Dot Center**

Dorothy Francis (Dot) Center (formerly Spann) died on April 12, 2015 at the age of 97. My earliest recollection of my mother was living with her and my maternal grandparents during WW II. My father was with the U.S. Army in Europe during that time. Mother was an intelligent person who took great pride in having graduated from a well-respected high school (Hume Fog) in Nashville, TN, during a time when many people did not graduate from high school, especially women. She taught me to read at around age four using stories that she had me make up and dictate to her. She would transcribe the stories and then use them to teach me. In addition to being an intelligent person, mother was strong-willed, tenacious and at times given to strong opinions. Her temperament and mine clashed on many occasions, especially during my adolescence.

Mother was active in her church and in the League of Women Voters. She also had good success as a fund raiser and did volunteer work. Though never employed, she did for a short period run a small business with a woman friend. Her one unsatisfied ambition was to learn to drive an automobile. This in part was thwarted by her petite size that made driving a bit of a challenge and by her unwillingness to follow instructions from her teachers, who were usually one of her children. I know I was unsuccessful. She outlived my father by some 20 years and became something of a world traveler\* during much of that 20 years. Her last notable trip was to Hawaii at the age of 90. She will be missed by her children, grandchildren, great grandchildren and friends.

\* A memory from Tom Center: Mother was never very impressed with high-fliers and liked to recount the times she had accosted a businessman or politician on behalf of the League of Women Voters. Another example might be the one that occurred on our tour of Europe in about 1995 with 'Aunt' Norma and 'Uncle' Floyd. We tourists had been turned loose on the plaza in front of the palace in Monaco, where we were examining the wares of various vendors. Suddenly, there was a screech and a roar as a sports car emerged from the entrance to the courtyard of the palace, turned and roared off down the street. Someone (a vendor, I think) said, "That was the prince!". Mother looked after the car and said loudly, "Well, he could have stopped for pictures!", which got a big laugh from the group.