Dorothy Nix
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Recording begins with JAMES MACKAY's introductory remarks, already in progress. Mr. Mackay's comments about the difficult week refers to the death of his wife Mary Caroline Lee Mackay.

JAMES MACKAY: . . . had a terrible week and a difficult—I mean a terrible year and a difficult week. But believe me, the love and friendship of your friends are powerful.

With all due respect to the Chief Executive Officer of DeKalb County, Mr. Manuel Maloof, who was scheduled to be here originally—he couldn't come. Well, [*recording skips*] thank you for coming, so I know none of you who are here [*chuckles*] are disappointed that you're not going to hear Mr. Maloof. But that made us realize that our superb director, Dorothy Nix, should be asked to tell the history of this [DeKalb Historical] Society before she's off the payroll--[*audience laughter*]. [*Inaudible comment from off-camera, possibly from Mrs. Nix. After hearing it, Mr. Mackay bursts out laughing, along with the audience*.]

Incidentally, while we're talking about sorrows that we share, Mrs. Narvie Harris's wonderful husband died just—what date?

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE, *off-camera*: Last Thursday

MR. MACKAY: Two days after Mary Caroline [Mr. Mackay's wife] died. We extend, all of us, condolences to you. He has been a fine husband and supporter of this society.

These are heady times. All sorts of things are happening in this world. The stock market has crashed, the earthquakes everywhere, and the biggest wind storm in Great Britain in a hundred years and many other things. And those of us that are going through particularly the difficult sort of emotional times, really these are the times that will try your souls and try your memories and everything. We are going to have our Christmas party in the [Decatur Federal Building] Sky Room on Thursday night, December the third, which is what—a week from tonight?

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE, *off-camera*: No, [inaudible].

MR. MACKAY: Two weeks from tonight. And we got an excellent response. And we're going to have some food up there. You remember the time in the courthouse that we had the dinner, and the food didn't get there right on time. But it's going to be a very happy occasion. And we haven't brought in a big speaker; we want to use that as an opportunity for us really to visit together and to express appreciation for so many wonderful people who are volunteers and

who have made this experience of the Historical Society a very rewarding and happy [inaudible] time.

There is one person who has—we've only had two directors, Gordon Midgett—stimulate a lot of interest in history around here. Currently he's a member of the society. Then six years ago Dorothy Nix accepted the position as director of this society. Have y'all got your newsletter yet? [Inaudible comment] [*To members of the audience, off-camera*] Is that out yet?

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE, *off-camera*: They should have. I have extra copies.

MR. MACKAY: I'd like to see a copy. But if you haven't read my column, I won't read it to you now, but I said what I felt about Dorothy. And I hope we can say it in many other ways to her. But she has symbolized the society in her appreciation of history, her knowledge of history, her ability to direct the attention of others to this interesting history, and I admire her so much—[*Audience member gives Mr. Mackay a copy of the current DHS newsletter*.]—thank you very much, Ellen—I admire her so much because she has had one of those jobs that, if you really looked into it, you wouldn't take [*audience laughter*]. And I think that she took it because, notwithstanding the fact that we have not [inaudible] finance a historical society, that her—the challenge has been so great that, as I said, after notice of all of our—the fact that we're understaffed and underfinanced and have all kinds of things to worry about, the result of her leadership has been that we have had the finest press about the society because of her expertise as a newspaperwoman, she knows what's newsworthy, what people are interested in. And I ran into Jack Spalding, who was then president of the Atlanta Historical Society, down at the Trust Company Bank, and he said, "Mackay, if y'all get Celestine [Sibley] to write one more column about the DeKalb Historical Society," said, "they're just going to all cave in." I mean, one more about the DeKalb Historical Society, they're going to cave in at the Atlanta Historical Society. And she has done that. She has been able to identify things that needed attention, and she's been able to recruit volunteers and direct them. And she's done too much of the work herself, but she's recruited a splendid staff. And the reports I've gotten from people who have come out here looking up their own genealogy and wanting to find out about this and that has been that they have been cordially received, and they have been effectively helped. And what more could you want of a staff than that kind of experience on the part of the people who come here?

Dorothy is shy. I don't know why [inaudible]. But when I popped the question to her about talking to us about anything that she wants to talk to us about, she seemed to be a little overwhelmed. [*To Mrs. Nix*] I hope you haven't lost your voice. And so I think we all ought to

bother her more by standing up and applauding her before she starts to talk. [*As Mr. Mackay exits, Mrs. Nix takes a seat at the front of the room to a standing ovation*.]

DOROTHY NIX: Thank you, Jim, for that fine introduction, and thank you, friends, all of you, for being here today. If anyone can't hear me in the back, just hold up your hands. [*Mrs. Nix invites those in the back to come sit closer so that they can hear, and they take seats up front. Her voice is very faint*.]

To begin with, I want to say a few words about Jim Mackay. [*Occasionally refers to notes*.] Because usually makes all the introductions around here, nobody gets a chance to say nice things about him. Jim, you've done a superb job of inspiring and leading this society these last three years, functioning under very difficult circumstances. We grieve with you for the loss of Mrs. Mackay. Your devotion and love through the years of her extended illness have been an inspiration to us all. We at the Historical Society, especially the staff, have been privileged to get to know you better during your time as president [inaudible]. Your wit, your good humor, your kindness, and your generosity—we have been recipients of them all. Personally I have never heard Jim Mackay say an unkind thing about anyone. And I have never known another person in public life so appreciative of other people's talents. No matter how [inaudible], you are always so quick to exalt and recognize the qualities of other people. And these are the qualities of a leader. We thank you for these years of leadership.

VOICE FROM AUDIENCE, *off-camera*: I say amen. We can all say amen. [*Audience applause*]

MRS. NIX: Jim has asked me to talk on the past seven years. I will try to tell you how much my years as director have meant to me. To do that, I will need to go back to the beginning of my life and tell you the part history has played in it. I was born in Marietta, Ohio, the first organized settlement west of the Alleghenies. This was the Great Northwest Territory, out of which came the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan, and Wisconsin. As a young man, George Washington surveyed this land. Throughout the area were scattered markers designating his campsites. He kept a diary of his stay in the wilderness, so this picture looking down at us from the schoolroom wall was that of a real person to us, not a dim figure from history. In the Valley, we didn't say that George Washington had slept here; we said he camped here.

In 1937 Franklin D. Roosevelt visited our town and dedicated the Gateway to the [inaudible]. The old land office, which served the first settlers, and a part of the stockade built against the Indians is still standing. Everywhere you turn in Marietta there is preserved history. When I visited this area in July of this year and walked down the levee to where *The Delta*

Queen was anchored, I walked on the same steps that La Fayette had walked on when he visited America after the Revolution. He went up Main Street and bought a loaf of bread in the French bakery there. I remember what a popular— [*Aside to audience about La Fayette's visit*] Not at the same time I was there. [*Audience laughter*] I remember what a popular subject history was in the high school and how we felt, through no merit of our own, that we had a special place in it. I hope that I'm not boring you with so much about another part of the country, but I feel that I really need to tell you about this to let you know how I feel about history.

Settling the West after the Revolution could have been chaos. Most of the thirteen original colonies, including Georgia, claimed land in the west, which they wished to colonize. But wiser heads prevailed. The new lands would have the right to independent statehood. This was provided in the Ordinance of 1787. "Religion, knowledge, and morality being necessary to good government, the means of education shall forever be encouraged" are lines from the Ordinance carved into the gateway at Ohio University, the first institution of higher learning west of the Alleghenies. Here at the university, where I majored in journalism, my interest in history continued to grow. My first summer job was writing articles from a historical slant for one of the Ohio Valley newspapers. I sort of envied Mrs. Ethel Rider [spelling? Ryder? Reiter?], who presided over the state historical society and museum. But more of that later.

My college class was the first graduating class after Pearl Harbor. Overnight, everything changed. Some of the boys had already agreed to enlist in the Air Force and other branches and were long since gone. Gasoline rationing was in effect. Most public transportation systems were curtailed or ended. I rode to my first newspaper job in the milk truck. Some of you are old enough to remember the World War II tune, "Milk Man, Keep Those Bottles Quiet"; and I thought of this as the glass bottles clicked and rattled as I rode along in Don [rest of sentence inaudible]. I remember that first job in the quiet little town beside the Ohio River. Because it was wartime, and the young men were all gone, I became the first woman to cover the court, the police station, fires, floods, the whole bit. The town fathers responded with great gallantry. When testimony in a particularly nasty divorce case became rather graphic, kindly Judge Sanford [spelling? Could be Stanford?] B. Ogle looked at me over in the press box—I was probably blushing—and admonished the witness to spare the court further details.

Since I worked for the morning paper, I completed my rounds about 11 p.m. After I left the lighted main street, I had one very dark block to traverse before I reached the home of friends of my parents, with whom I stayed. As I rounded the corner into darkness one night, a police cruiser came out of nowhere; and the overhead searchlight, designed to sweep the dark corners of alleys of residential streets, bathed the sidewalk in light. Every night thereafter this

guardian angel accompanied me home. I never mentioned it to the police department, and they never mentioned it to me.

Included in my beat were the recruiting stations of the Army, Navy, and Coast Guard, with their constant pleas to everyone who were young and able enough to join up. On the post office desk were the recruiting posters for the WACs drawn by John Whitcomb, a popular magazine illustrator of the day. The WACs stood chin-up and proud against the backdrop of the American flag. The caption asked, "Are you a girl with a star-spangled heart?" I discussed the possibility of enlisting with my parents. It was a shocking and saddening suggestion to them. My brother was in England with the 8th Air Force, and my other brother was almost old enough to join. Have you heard the old English music hall song, "I Didn't Raise My Boy to Be a Soldier"? Their eyes and their manner seemed to be repeating that old refrain, only this time it went like this: "I didn't raise my girl to be a soldier." But they added, "Do what you want to do."

You could not escape the war; reminders were everywhere. Down the river from Pittsburgh floated the Navy PT boats and other small craft, bound for the Mississippi and the open sea. Across the railroad bridge the long trains passed, with trucks, Jeeps, and tanks silhouetted against the sunset sky. The war went on endlessly. It seemed that the war was all we would ever know. On a cool, gray February day I signed up.

By March I had joined a convoy of some two hundred women moving west in Pullman cars to the WAC training center at the old Fort Des Moines Cavalry Post in Des Moines, Iowa. The WAC sergeant, a great change from the courteous, courting recruiters, came through the cars the next morning with the breakfast call and snapped, "Don't expect to be waited on. You're soldiers now. You put up your own guns." But returning from the dining car, we found an old Negro porter making up the berths, one by one. When we protested, he shook his head. "You're not troops. You're young ladies." It was the last service performed for us in [means for?] a long, long time.

We learned to march together to breakfast against the cold blasts of wind across the plains. We learned to roll a fifty-pound barracks bag to our shoulders and carry it. But we were women still. Even while we learned close-order drill, we cried at the documentary films about war-torn Europe and in other ways showed what softies we were. I remember the chaplain saying [that] in his long career he had preached to roughnecks and Leathernecks and now powdered necks [*audience laughter*]. So much for the theory that military service hardens women in undesirable ways. It certainly did not in 1944.

I was assigned to Lockbourne Army Air Base in Columbus, Ohio, to work on the [inaudible]. It was like covering a small town all over again, and I loved it. The base's mission

was training pilots to fly B-17s or Flying Fortresses. And there was a great urgency about the base, knowing that these student pilots would soon be in Europe, battling the Luftwaffe. One of my jobs was to get to my office in the predawn hours and listen to the BBC and other broadcasts and then write a briefing for students on the progress of the war each day. I had to go so early because of the difference in time in England; and it sometimes seemed to me that only I was awake in the United States, going and listening to them in England over there. I can still hear Edward R. Murrow's voice—"This is London"—fading in and out across the Atlantic and heard Winston Churchill's great speeches. I remember a trip to [inaudible] on an early summer day. The soldier behind the operations desk had been a reporter for *The Atlanta Journal* in civilian life, and we began to talk newspaper shoptalk. He often said that I went down to Operations to get a story and got him instead. By November of that year, despite his transfer to another base, we had decided to marry.

I often reflect that the great happiness I felt came at a time when the world was most miserable. This was to be the last winter of the war, but it was a terrible time. In Europe the long siege of the Battle of the Bulge was beginning to shake the nation's confidence in victory. As I took the train from Buckingham Army Air Base, where we were married, homeward to my station at Lockbourne, I thought of the months ahead—uncertain months in which my husband would undoubtedly see combat, months in which the war would drag on and on. I studied the neon lights flashing on and off across the Atlanta skyline as we backed into Union Station. I had never been in Atlanta, but I could pick out landmarks he had mentioned, such as the Robert Fulton Hotel and others. And then a wonderful thing happened. Ahead was a lighted billboard with the words, "Take heart. The dawn is breaking." I often wonder [*Pauses to regain composure*] what person or corporation was responsible for this heartening message being beamed across the city on that dark November night. [*To audience*] Does any—do any of you remember seeing it?

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE, *off-camera*: Where was it?

MRS. NIX: It was downtown. I could see it from the Union Station. By the end of the next year, 1945, I had completed fourteen months of army service and went back to my parents' home to sit the rest of the war out and wait for the birth of our first child. In August the war ended. By December my husband was home from the Pacific, and by March we were back in Atlanta, looking for a home. We, the young people of that war generation, had talked about the postwar years; and some, when the lights go out, on again, all over the world, it had seemed that if the war would just end, every problem would be solved. And now there were problems everywhere.

In all of Atlanta, my husband's birthplace, there wasn't a place to live. We stayed briefly with his brother and wife in a tiny apartment on Blue Ridge Avenue. But they had a new baby, too. Our babies were two and three months old; and when one was napping, the other would cry and wake that one up. There were four adults and three children in a space hardly big enough for one small family. I saw no solution except for the baby and me to go back to Ohio to my parents' home, to wait until the housing situation improved. But when my husband came home, he had news of his own. He had been covering a story for the *Journal* in Marietta, Georgia, and somebody had promised him a room out there, an apartment in the old bomber plant area when one became available. Those apartments were owned by Fred B. Wilson, and the [DeKalb Historical] Society has been several times the recipient of awards or—what's the word I'm trying to think of? [*Someone prompts Mrs. Nix, off-camera*] Grants. And I often think with great feeling for the Wilson Foundation. But time went on, and there was no apartment. No apartment came vacant, and the baby was growing and needed more space. And then my husband's brother decided to buy a house and give up the Blue Ridge apartment. So that was just wonderful; but when we went to rent it, they said, "No children." So we went to the office of the agent of the landlord to plead, but no. And I just couldn't hold back the tears. But I'm talking a lot about the housing situation for one reason that I'll come to in a little later.

But finally one of the barracks-like apartments did come available in the shadow of the bomber plant, and we moved in. Talk about temporary housing! This was it. We were awash in a sea of mud, and I was awash in a sea of homesickness. The place was like a bus station—everyone waiting for a chance to get out, and finally our chance came. After months of looking for a house to buy, we happened one day to round the [Decatur] Courthouse, to circle the Courthouse, and I said to Franklin, I said, "Oh, that's such a pretty courthouse. I'd like to live in this county." So thereafter we confined our looking to DeKalb County. [Beginning of sentence inaudible] in order to express this thought: "Landlords seal their fate and insure the decay of the inner city, I believe, by refusing to rent to families with children. And the government and banks added to the problem by refusing GI loans on any houses over twenty years old. Consequently, most veterans were forced to buy in new subdivisions, and all the energy and talent and everything of that generation went into the suburbs. Shopping centers, branch banks, all kinds of growth, even executive [inaudible] followed us to the suburbs. The cities of America lost an entire generation, in my opinion. And only now are they getting some of the Baby Boomers back." I noticed in *The Wall Street Journal* yesterday that apartment complexes over the country are now beginning to advertise that they want children. And I think that's a very good thing.

So we found a home in a new subdivision, and I got involved in PTA and Cub and Brownie Scouts and Mothers' March of Dimes. Alice Park, who is our own newsletter [editor], was then editing the suburban gazette in north Decatur. I was editing the PTA paper, and she phoned me one day, and she said could she use something I had written. So I was able to polish up, get back to the typewriter and polish my skills a little bit and eventually get a job with *The Atlanta Journal*.

In the '50s came a court order to desegregate the schools, and Governor Vandiver was threatening to close the schools. We called on our Congressman, James Mackay, to speak at PTA, because he was one of the few voices of calm for opening the schools. This was the first time that I met Jim. As a result of his talk, that the schoolhouse lights should not go out in Georgia, Medlock [Elementary] School parents were the first to present a petition to the governor, asking him to change his mind, which he did. I became a regular visitor at the county newspaper office of *The DeKalb New Era*, with publicity items on the school and scouts. Fred Mooney, my husband's old city editor at *The Journal*, now editing the *New Era*, asked me to be society editor, replacing Mrs. Amsler [spelling?], who was retiring. I told him, with four children at this time I couldn't tie myself down to a full-time job; but I'd love to do a column. He agreed, so for the next nine years I had the privilege of thinking out loud and writing anything that came to my mind about the seasons of the year, the children growing up, and all the rest of suburban life in that golden era of *Father Knows Best*, *Ozzie and Harriet*, and *Leave It to Beaver*.

When my youngest son was in the seventh grade, I got a job writing for *The Journal* in much the same, informal way, chatting with the editor on the phone over some bit of publicity. My thirteen years as editor of *Garden Gateways* developed in the same way. I like to reflect that life was simpler then. In all the jobs that I've ever had in my life, I've never presented a résumé or interviewed for the job. Maybe if I had, I wouldn't have gotten a job [*audience and Mrs. Nix laugh*].

I learned to know and appreciate DeKalb County in my nine years covering *The DeKalb Sun* and its people for *The Atlanta Journal*. Grandsons and granddaughters of the first pioneers were just approaching the stage in life where newspapers were taking note of them. They were celebrating ninetieth and even hundredth birthdays, and usually I was assigned to go down and talk to them. Mrs. Olin Langford told me about the days when LaVista Road was just a pig trail. Mrs. Jerdan [spelling?] in Stone Mountain recalled the DeKalb County that she had heard of as a child, so sparsely settled and so without public accommodations that you just stopped at cabin doors and asked for lodgings for the night. That was the older Mrs. Jerdan [spelling?]. On the day of one of the first space shots from Cape Canaveral, I was out near the Rockdale county

line. I was interviewing a woman with the ability to find water with a divining rod. And she said that was very important out there, because, with so many layers of granite and all, you could spend a lot of money drilling, and you just hit rock; and you have to start all over again. So that was a business out there, divining—finding water for people. She was fascinating. Together we watched the space shot on television. And she was so fascinating, with the scientific—all that, behind that. And I was so fascinated with all the folklore and everything behind finding water with a forked stick.

I had the opportunity to get to know county political figures. Mr. Scott Candler was especially helpful to me. I would call on him for historical perspective on certain stories, and he was invariably gracious. Once, though in poor health and with failing eyesight, he agreed to come to the Historical Society rooms here in the Old Courtroom and identify pictures of old houses for a series I was doing. Walter McCurdy, Jr., then president of the society, had to leave early and asked, "Would you carry Mr. Candler home?" When Mr. Candler and I got to the north steps of the courthouse, I saw that he, the once most powerful man in the county, could not get down the steps. Could I dare offer assistance? I did. Mr. Candler took my arm, and we walked slowly down the steps together.

In 1977, ten years ago, Mr. Jim Cherry, former superintendent of DeKalb County schools, was president of the DeKalb Historical Society; and he asked me to join the board. In 1980 he was serving as acting director of the society when he died, and I was asked to assume that post. If I had been offered any job in the county, I would prefer this one. With this job my life seemed to come full circle, and I thought about Mrs. Ethel [spelling?] Rider [spelling?] back there in Marietta, in the job that I had envied her for, taking care of the museum.

I have told you what a great part history played in my childhood, because it was everywhere around me. Now we are getting farther away from our history. My children have told me they do not have that sense of place and that sense of history that I had, growing up in a subdivision, disconnected from the complete community. The small town with its Main Street has been replaced by the shopping mall, only without the church steeple towering at one end and the city hall, our seat of government, at the other. We have a harder job today making real to children what this county is all about and [in?] this country. We need strong local historical societies to preserve and present the story of who we are and how we came to be here in this particular place at this particular time. If we don't do it, who will?

We must also remember that, as a society, we enjoy tax-exempt status under the umbrella of education. I hope to see the day when every DeKalb schoolchild will visit our museum, along with the Fernbank Science Center. As you probably know, field trips have been

curtailed. And we have less [inaudible phrase] museum, but Fran Broadnax back there with the camera has been taking a traveling museum show to the schools as well as doing her program on Mary Gay. And this year she has been to six schools and spoken to over 740 students. She has visited two nursing homes and talked to over seventy people. She has visited twenty-three Protestant churches, which included over 1,815 people. And already for next year she's booked for ten schools and six clubs. And I will have some few words to say about Delia Gilleland and her outreach in a few minutes.

DeKalb is now the most urban county in the state, even surpassing Fulton County. And it is the twenty-sixth-largest local government in the United States. We have sixty-two miles of expressways within the county borders. There isn't much left of the small town and farming community that was DeKalb before World War II, but there are still a lot of small-town people. By that I mean warm-hearted, caring people with a spirit that still may exist in corners of the big metropolitan area but tend to get lost in the big urban sprawl of half a million people. I think Lyndon Johnson said it best when he characterized the small town as a place where people know if you're sick and care if you die.

These are the kinds of people I have been privileged to work with and for here at the Historical Society—people who care about roots and appreciate the fact we stand on the shoulders of those who went before us. This is what genealogy is all about, learning about who our grandfathers and grandmothers were. Dr. Wallace Alston said, "Without history we are a cut-flower civilization, gone with each generation." Delia Gilleland, our genealogist and archivist, assisted by Cindy Platto, has held thirty-five genealogy classes this year, just on her own; no one asked her to do it. And as a result of that, over fifty new people have joined the society.

Let me say here, as I leave, listen to the staff. They meet the problems that we face head-on every day, and they've learned some of the answers. I can't say enough for their devotion. And you need to really hold up the hands of the staff. [*Audience applause*] I also want to speak of Winn Christensen. I think—Winn, where are you? [*Audience laughter*; *what they're laughing at is not apparent*.] Winn, another of our staff members—Winn has just been wonderful. We've found that she had a hidden talent other than the typewriter and answering the phone and all. We've found that she could fix or build anything. So she has built us a set of shelves, and Delia and her husband have given us four shelves to hold the expanding genealogy collection. I just wish that I had time to talk about really how everything has expanded this year. [*From off-camera, Mr. Mackay calls to her, "You've got plenty of time."*] And we really have appreciated you. And Alice Park has done so much to get our name—we're

listed in everything now. We're listed in all the Chamber of Commerce publications. I hope all of you have seen her beautiful Decatur walking tour.

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE, *off-camera*: It isn't as beautiful as this lady [inaudible] right here. [Rest of exchange inaudible]

MRS. NIX: Oh, I'm coming to those. Herman Talmadge used to say, "I'm coming [inaudible]." I—and speaking of volunteers, I'm going to get to B. J. back there. But I really have appreciated working with the staff. In this course I took down at Georgia State, it said—on managing people in a small business—it said keep your distance between your staff and your volunteers. And I just asked myself, how can you keep your distance from someone who saves you from drowning several times a day, when you're going down for the third time, and one of them steps in and helps you?

This summer I visited the historical society in Marietta [Ohio], the first time I ever visited it, and exchanged notes with the director there, who's from Mississippi. There was a meeting of persons cataloging the old land grants from the 1700s. And as they drifted in, I renewed the acquaintance with persons I hadn't seen since high school days. We had a great time, and it ended with someone suggesting a prisoner exchange. They would let the Mississippi director go back South and let me come back home. [*Audience chuckles.*] This goes to show you that the love of history is universal, anywhere, any time.

The last seven years have gone swiftly by. I wish we could have accomplished more, but you and I have started many traditions: History Week, Jim Mackay's "I Remember Hour," [inaudible] in DeKalb—I think we've made a good start. [*Audience applause*] We've all been frustrated by lack of space and lack of funds; but, as I've said, we've been blessed with a devoted staff, volunteers, and members. Nobody needs to feel apologetic; if they don't do anything but write that check for their dues each year, they're doing a lot.

I wanted to speak just a moment about our volunteers. Bob and Margaret Mead [spelling?] have been a couple that I could call on at any time. Even when I wanted the building torn down, [*laughs*] Bob was on the spot. I see people that have meant so much to me--Julia Kyle, that I worked with on Confederate Memorial Day. Julia's father was president of the society in years past, and Julia served as secretary. And I think it's so nice that Mr. Kyle [Julia's husband] is one of our new board members. Would you stand? [*Audience applause*] [*Mrs. Nix looks around the room*.] And there's my good friend Jean, and Bill—[*Stands*] I have to stand up to see everybody. Bill [last name inaudible] and Ruby—I just can't say enough about them. I don't know whether you know it or not, but all of the five years that we've had the "I Remember Hour," they have prepared all of the food. They've not only prepared it, they've furnished it,

they've carried it in—which is a—and they've searched the Square for a parking place [*audience laughter*], and we just can't appreciate them enough. B. J. and Rod Bain have been wonderful. B. J. has typed grant applications. We didn't get all those grants, but we tried. And she's responsible for all those beautiful flyers for History Week that we send out. And Rod almost single-handedly restored the Hardman Cemetery, something the society had wanted to do for forty years. Mr. Fox has been a devoted worker in the archives. Jesse [Jessie?] [last name inaudible—sounds like "Pound"?] is our faithful museum receptionist. My good neighbor, Louise Nunn [spelling?], would you stand up? [*Ms. Nunn makes inaudible comment from the audience, off-camera*.] [*Audience applauds*.]

MS. NUNN: We're looking forward to having you as a neighbor again on Pineview. [*Audience laughter*]

MRS. NIX: Well, I tried to talk Louise into doing what I'm doing, and she—

MS. NUNN, *from audience, off-camera*: No way. [*Audience laughter*]

MRS. NIX: Mr. Clark there, he's the one who gets all of you here today and other days. I really felt that I was going to be speaking to an empty room, because it wasn't in the paper, it wasn't in the newsletter. Maybe—I don't know, maybe if it had been, all of you wouldn't be here [*audience laughter*]. And Mrs. Clark, I'm sure, helps Mr. Clark.

One of the highlights of my years with the society is knowing Mrs. Lucille McCurdy, Mrs. DeKalb [*audience applause*]. When I was still working for the *Journal*, I did some stories about the ladies and their work there, and Alice; I include her in that group, too.

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE, *off-camera*: And Dorothy, did you notice Emily Harrison, too?

MRS. NIX: Yes, I [inaudible phrase] to interview her. And [name inaudible], same thing to our most faithful—the most faithful in attendance at the "I Remember Hour."

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE, *off-camera, presumably one of the people Mrs. Nix has acknowledged*: We love it.

MRS. NIX: Anybody—you're always there. Mrs. Furse, her wartime reminiscences inspired me to write mine down.

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE, *off-camera, presumably Mrs. Furse*: We love you.

MRS. NIX: Well, to close, I feel deeply privileged to have been a part of it all. In years to come, when this building is grandly restored and there is enough money for all the service and programs we have dreamed about, we will all say, "I remember." [*Audience laughter*] "I remember back there in the hard days, the struggling years." God bless you all. [*Audience applause*]

Mr. Mackay's voice can be heard faintly and intermittently over the applause as it ends: [First sentence(s) inaudible] . . . because can't imagine what a satisfying hour, to listen to you tell that interesting story of your life. We're going into the Courtroom, and I want to thank [name inaudible—sounds like "Rudy" or "Rooney"] and Belva again [*Camera pans away from Mrs. Nix and toward Mr. Mackay*] for the refreshments and for the chance for you to greet Dorothy, and we will—[*to Mrs. Nix*] why don't you walk in there with me, and then they'll come in there and—

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE, *off-camera*: I would like to mention something.

MR. MACKAY: Yes

VOICE FROM THE AUDIENCE, *off-camera*: The flowers that you've been seeing in this room, time after time, the variety, the seasons, are [inaudible].

MR. MACKAY: Thank you.

Recording ends as Mr. Mackay escorts Mrs. Nix from the room to audience applause.

END OF RECORDING