

A Collection of Stories - Nancy and Doug Hatch



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What stories have you been told about yourself as a baby?



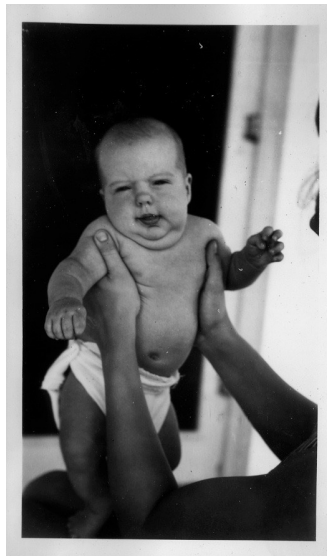
I was born on April 26th, the day after Easter, in 1943. I weighed 5 pounds, 3 ounces and arrived a month early. I remember being told that I was born breech—confirmed in a letter I found that my father wrote to his mother on May 2. Here is Dad’s comment: “By the way, I guess I didn’t tell you that Nancy was born buttocks first, with her head and feet up just as Dr. Schaeffer said she would be, but her smallness saved her and Lois from a lot of grief.” My mother’s first letter (on May 13) to Gramma and Grampa Winter also mentions my size. She wrote: “Our baby is so sweet and tiny. She weighs 6 pounds now....Nancy looks chubby in spite of her weight because she is only 17 inches long.”

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Nancy at 3 weeks

I've been told that I was a happy baby, and by looking at pictures, I was certainly well fed!



Nancy Winter at 4 months

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Aunt Florence Caldarone, my mother's sister, was a professional photographer and she took a number of pictures of me as a baby. Here are two pictures of me on my first birthday.



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Aunt Florence also took a fun series of pictures around the time of my first birthday—they put me in my high chair and gave me a bowl of spinach. I had a wonderful time playing with the spinach, and then they put me in the sink for a much-needed bath. I still have the original framed picture of me getting a drink from the sink.



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Shortly after my first birthday, Aunt Florence took a picture of me for the Miami Herald newspaper in a Burdines department store plea for people to buy war bonds. I remember Aunt Florence telling me that they had to pinch me to make me cry for the picture. The date on two articles on the back side of the original newspaper clipping is June 24.

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I want my Daddy!

There's a chorus of millions of baby voices crying
We wait across the shimmering waters of the Atlantic
and Pacific . . . carrying it to Normandy, to Italy, to
India, to the high seas and to all the far-flung battle
fronts that represent America and America's children
—to all the bitter battle grounds where American fathers
and their buddies are sweating and bleeding and dying.

Let's face it: You **ARE** being asked to sacrifice, to buy
that one more **WAR BOND** you think you can't
afford to buy!

You say you don't know the **cost**?

Don't you?

She knows you. Her father knows you. Her father is
important to her. **YOU** are important to her and to the

million counterparts she represents, and you are **more**
than important to her father! You are **LIFE** itself!

It's no longer a question of whether you approve or
don't approve of this war and its fantastic cost. **THIS**
baby's daddy is over there and it's up to you to help
bring him home.

Sacrifice? **SACRIFICE!** And do it with a will, and a
sure conviction that this child's Daddy is **WORTH**
bringing home!

So give him what he needs! Keep your War Bond
dollars rolling down the production line. Until the day
your dollars can bring him home for keeps, give him
what he needs to keep him whole, **SACRIFICE . . .**
and do it again!

HER Daddy's worth it!

The success of the Fifth War Loan is vital, and
remember . . . U.S. WAR BONDS pay you back 4
for 3 . . . buy that extra bond today from Burdine's

Burdine's
MIAMI • MIAMI BEACH • WEST PALM BEACH

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One story that has been told many times involved my parents and Pat and me. I don't really remember this happening, but it is a family story that should be noted. I'm going to take this story from Pat's Memoirs that she wrote for Beth, Sarah, and Mardie in 2011. "This must have been before Bobby was born - Mom and Dad took Nancy and me riding on their bicycles. Nancy was in the seat that Dad built for her on Mom's bike, and I was in the seat that Dad had built attached to the front of his handlebars. We were sailing along and I got quite relaxed and let my legs dangle - catching my big toe in the spokes of the bicycle. The bike came to an abrupt halt and Dad went sailing over the handlebars. I was quite shaken up but relatively uninjured. Dad raced to get me out of the seat, picked me up, and started carrying me. I started screaming bloody murder, thinking I was bleeding—but it was my dad who was bleeding all over me and who'd gotten quite banged up. We were just a few blocks from home and finally got everyone all patched up. It must have really scared Mom!" I wonder if we ever went bike riding again?

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What's the first major news story you can remember living through as a child?



In October 1956, when I was 13 years old, I remember Dwight D. Eisenhower, the 34th president of the United States, coming to Miami, Florida. He apparently (according to Google!) made a speech at the Miami International Airport. What I remember is that our parents took us to a spot along the travel route so that we could see his car pass by. I remember waving and being disappointed that this event happened so quickly. I do know that my parents were Republican but do not remember political discussions. They did apparently think that it was important for us to see a living president when the opportunity arose. To this day, Eisenhower is the only living president that I have seen.

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Dwight D. Eisenhower, 1959

What was your mom like when you were a child?



I remember my mother being quite strict - but then I also remember that she had four children in just over five years, she lived far away from any family, and my guess is that her mother (my Gramma Brown) did not have time to be very nurturing to her five children so mom was just doing what she had seen her mother do. My father was an only child and he certainly did not know what to do with four rambunctious kids, so the parenting was left to mom. I do know that mom was very involved in the school we attended (PTA president, room mother) and at church as a Sunday School teacher. She also made all of our clothes, often making brother Bobby shirts to match our matching dresses.

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Easter 1944 - Pat and I had matching pinafores



Sometimes our dresses matched with mom - that is Aunt Pat with Grandma

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Patnancybobbysandy in matching clothes

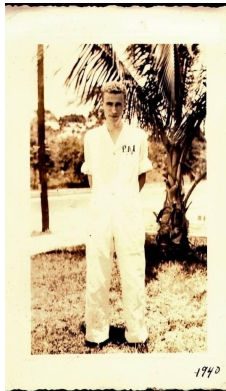
I do remember that we had books in the house, and I am assuming that Mom read to us - perhaps at bedtime? When we first returned to Cortland from overseas I know I had a set of books - stories, poetry, nursery rhymes, etc. that I remembered from my childhood. Those were the first books I read to you.

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What was your dad like when you were a child?



My father, Robert Winter, was an only child. He married my mother, Lois Brown, one of five children. Dad moved to Miami in the summer of 1940 to work for Pan American World Airways and Mom took the train down in October, just before their wedding at Plymouth Congregational Church on October 27, 1940.



Robert Winter in his uniform for Pan Am

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10/27/1940. Mom and Dad's wedding party, Plymouth Congregational Church after Sunday services, October 27, 1940. l-r-Nellie (that is correct) Lockwood, Bob and Lois Winter, Virginia Lockwood. They were the folks Dad lived with for several months before Mom came down from Massachusetts to get married. I think that Nellie also worked at Pan Am. Mom arrived by train on Friday and stayed with the Lockwoods Friday and Saturday nights as Dad had moved into the Orange Street house in Coconut Grove which they rented. Mom took Dad out shopping on that Saturday and they bought him a suit for the wedding—I think at Burdine's—in the boys' department since he was so skinny! Cousin Naomi Winter was at the wedding, but did not go inside the church for the service because she was Catholic.

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Mom was pretty innocent about the “birds and bees” and soon found that she was pregnant with Pat, born on June 28, 1941. I arrived on April 26, 1943. Robert arrived on September 9, 1945, and Sandy on October 22, 1946. So in less than five and a half years, they had a family of four children. Mom said when she found out what caused this, she stopped! I’m not sure what happened, but she did discover how to not have any more children.



11/1946. Winter family plus Gramma Winter who came to help when Sandy was born. This was the only time Gramma Winter came to see us in Miami. Dad holding Bobby, Mom holding Sandy, Gramma Winter (Velma Winter); in front, Nancy and Pat.

I think Dad was a bit overwhelmed by the chaos in a household with four little children. He worked hard at his job and when he came home I don’t remember him being very active in child rearing. We must have known that he loved us, but Mom was the active parent and disciplinarian. I do have one memory of

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coming home from church on Sundays and the four kids running around the house while Mom tried to get Sunday dinner (and it was always a big dinner) on the table - and Dad would be calmly reading the Sunday paper.

Dad was very mild-mannered and quiet - I only recall one time that I heard him lose his temper - and I have forgotten what caused that. I do know that we kids were surprised to see him get mad - that just never happened.

Dad might not have been involved in our upbringing but he was quite active in making sure we had a home big enough for all of us. At our first home on Campina Court he screened in the front porch and built an addition to the back of the house. He also built a unique "hanging bedroom" in the garage so that Robert could have a bedroom of his own. At the 81st Street house he turned the original garage into a kitchen and built a new garage. In addition, with the help of the neighbors, he built a wonderful swimming pool in the backyard that was enjoyed by the entire neighborhood. Dad could fix anything mechanical and prided himself on keeping the car in good shape. He kept Mom's washing machine going long past the time when it should have been replaced - she finally pleaded with him to let it die when it shook the whole house as it did its job!

What was your favorite childhood vacation?



Both of my parents had family in New England, but they married and stayed in Miami for Dad’s job with Pan Am. Dad was an only child and knew that his parents wanted to see their grandchildren. I think being so far away from family was difficult for my mother—she was quite homesick for her siblings. So, every summer from the time I was a baby until my teenage years, we traveled to New England. We looked forward to our yearly trips, making many memories with our extended family.

Dad worked for Pan Am, and at that time all the maintenance on the planes was done in Miami, but the planes were scheduled to leave from New York on their regular flights. So, after maintenance was done, the planes would be flown, empty, back to New York. Pan Am employees were eligible to fly to New York for free on those flights. Our family took advantage of this perk.

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The only problem was, we never knew exactly when the plane would be ready to return to New York, so for several days, we would have our suitcases packed and be ready to leave at the last minute - usually in the middle of the night! From New York we would take the train to Boston where we would be met by someone in the family. Dad had only a couple of weeks of vacation time and there were many people to see in Massachusetts, so Mom and us kids would fly up on one of the ferry flights and spend time with Mom's siblings for a couple of weeks (four or five days at each place). Then Dad would drive up and meet us in Wrentham, where we would stay with his parents and Aunt Bertha for a week or so before driving back to Florida together.

My mother had three siblings in New England. Her oldest sister, Elsie, lived on Erie Place in Jamaica Plain, a suburb of Boston. Aunt Elsie was married to Uncle Ralph Wilson. Our cousins were Lois, Gordon, Marjorie, and Ellie. Their house was on a dead end street, with the back very close to the El - the elevated train that went into Boston. We were fascinated to watch the train go by from the second story windows. We also loved to walk to the corner drugstore with our cousins to get some "tonic" - their word for soda. We often spent the day in Franklin Park and the zoo, a wonderful open space close to their house. I still remember the day my cousin, Gordon, was killed in a terrible,

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tragic accident. This is Aunt Pat's note from the Reunion genealogy site: "He was sledding in the park near his house on Erie Place and was hit by a police car which was patrolling the park to be sure that everyone was safe. It was a terrible tragedy for the officer who had children of his own. Nancy and I had gone to the store to get bread for Mom and when we walked back home, Mom and Aunt Sylvia told us what had happened. A telegram had arrived telling the sad news." This was February 23, 1950 when I was six and a half.



1949. Wilsons and Winters in Jamaica Plain

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My mother's brother, Uncle Bud Brown, married my dad's first cousin, so we are doubly related to the Brown cousins. Uncle Bud served as a missionary in the Philippines from 1946 to 1951, so we did not see them in Massachusetts during those years. When they returned, they settled in Massachusetts. Uncle Bud was a minister in several churches in the area. The families always got together when we came north—how we loved visiting our cousins.



1951. The family tree—cousins at Aunt Florence's. Sandy and Bobby Winter, Becky and Elton Brown, Nancy Winter, Ellie Wilson, Pat Winter, Margie Wilson, Martha Brown, Lois Wilson. The Browns were just back from the Philippines. Sadly missing was cousin Gordon Wilson who died in an accident in February of 1950.

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My mother's older sister, Aunt Florence, married Uncle Nick Caldarone in 1948. They were unable to have children but gave us three cousins through adoption: Judi in 1952, Stephanie in 1955 and Nicky in 1967 (the same year my mother became a grandmother for the first time). We older cousins loved having younger cousins to play with and take care of – our own little families.



1958. A gathering of Browns and Winters at Aunt Peg and Uncle Bud's—back row—Nancy W., Peg B., Becky B., Elton B., Bob, Bobby, and Lois W., Pat W.—front—Stephanie Caldarone, Fred B., Sandy W., Martha B., Phil B., Judy Caldarone

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My mother's younger sister, Aunt Doris, lived in California with our grandmother. She would make the cross-country trip with Gramma so we would see her in Massachusetts in the years that they would come East.

Our trips to New England were full of visits with relatives of all kinds—even though my father was an only child, his father was one of nine, and many lived in the area. Dad had lots of aunts, uncles, and cousins. The four of us in the Florida Winter family loved being surrounded by all of these relatives - something we did not experience in Miami. Our annual week at 170 Winter Street (no, it was not named for our grandparents as we thought, but for the season) was always a magical time. So many memories! A favorite memory is of our days spent at Lake Archer, where two of my grandfather's siblings owned cottages next to each other. We would go back and forth from cottage to cottage, and relatives from all over the area would join us for swimming and picnics.

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1953. Standing on the dock at Lake Archer in Wrentham: Elsie B. and Ralph Wilson, seated on the dock: Bobby Winter, Judy and Florence Caldarone, Margie Wilson, Aunt Peg Brown, In the water Martha Brown, Pat and Lois Winter, Ellie Wilson, Becky Brown, Sandy and Nancy Winter. Aunt Fannie and Uncle Charlie had a lake house right next door to Aunt Elsie and Uncle Walter (sister and brother married brother and sister)

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Another favorite memory from our time spent with my Winter grandparents would be the daily walk up the street to watch the local train go under a bridge. Grampa knew what time the train would come and he would gather the kids and walk with us - we would stand on the bridge and wave to the train engineer. We also loved picking raspberries in their backyard to put on our morning cereal. I also remember that they had a vegetable garden and I especially liked the yellow squash and yellow beans - those were things we did not have in Miami. There was also a beautiful flower garden with a big glass globe in the center. There was a very large tree in the back yard with a swing hanging from one of the branches - we would spend hours taking turns pushing each other on the swing.



1944. Nancy in the swing hanging from the apple tree in Gramma and Grampa's yard.

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Another memory of our time in Wrentham was rolling down the “hill” by the side of our grandparents’ house. It wasn’t really a big hill, but for us, it was perfect. Florida is very flat so we never had the opportunity to roll down a hill. We would spend hours rolling down the hill and going back up - and getting our clothes covered in grass stains, much to our mother’s dismay. One more Wrentham memory - the smell of my grandparents’ cellar. We didn’t have cellars in Miami and my grandparents had a dirt floor cellar beneath the house where they kept canned goods. I will always remember the smell of the cellar and associate it with time spent with our grandparents.

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1946. Pat, Bobby and Nancy with Grampa and Gramma Winter in the backyard of 170 Winter Street.

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Our vacations in Massachusetts also gave us the opportunity to see our Brown grandparents. They had divorced in 1922 after the death of their first son, Harold. Gramma Brown lived in California but would often drive across the country to see the family, and she would plan her trip when we would be up north.



6/1949. Visiting with Gramma Brown in Gramma and Grampa Winter's backyard.

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My Grampa Brown lived in Hanson, and he would come to family gatherings, but only when he was sure Gramma would not be there.



6/1950. I love this picture of Grampa Brown with his children, taken at Aunt Florence's house in Providence, RI. Lois Brown Winter; Florence Brown Caldarone; Bud Brown; Doris Brown; back row: Harold Brown; Elsie Brown Wilson.

When you were a child, what was your favorite Christmas ?



In December 1954, I guess our parents decided that we should experience a Christmas in the north. We took the school Christmas vacation and drove to and from Massachusetts. Having grown up in Miami, we had never experienced real cold weather. The farther north we drove, the colder it got. It took about three days to get to Uncle Bud's house in Westfield, MA, and we were disappointed that there was no snow. That night we asked Uncle Bud to pray for snow - and the next morning we woke up to a foot of snow! We thought Uncle Bud must have a direct line to God - we knew nothing of weather forecasting, as he did. We spent the next ten days visiting relatives and playing in the snow - this was a real treat for the four of us Florida cousins! Aunt Peg knitted mittens for all of us - and borrowed clothes from Uncle Bud's whole congregation in order to outfit

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our entire family with warm clothes.



1954. Cousins Judy Caldarone and Nancy Winter in front of Aunt Florence's home on Cottage Ave. in Providence, RI

I remember that we made a special trip to Hanson to see Mom's grandmother - her grandfather had recently died in November. She was so glad to see us, and Mom was happy to have a visit with her. Great-grandmother Brown died the following December - so glad we were able to see her at that time.

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December 1954. At Great-Grandmother Brown's home in Hanson. Dad and Mom with Sandy, Great-grandmother behind Bobby, Aunt Peg Brown in back, Judy Caldarone, Nancy and Pat on right.

Aunt Pat once wrote about an incident that happened on our way back to Florida. This is her telling of the story: "We had gotten to North Carolina somewhere on a Sunday and stopped at a Howard Johnson's for lunch - not thinking that it was THE place for folks in this small town to go after church for Sunday dinner. We were attired in flannel shirts and jeans - looked like the Beverly Hillbillies - and here were all the townsfolk dressed in suits for

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the men and mink coats for the women. I (Pat, and probably me, too) nearly passed out from the mortification -and I remember that Mom was quite unnerved.”

I don't remember what, or if, we received as gifts that Christmas, but the experience has stayed with all of us through the years. We certainly had lots to share with our friends when we started back to school in January.

Do you have any particularly vivid memories of your grandparents?



We had very different experiences with our paternal and maternal grandparents. We saw much more of Dad’s parents with our yearly trips to Wrentham. Gramma Winter was a loving, cheerful person who always had time for us. I remember being in her kitchen (she always wore an apron) and watching her make pies and cakes for dessert. Another family favorite was “Pink and White”—red Jell-O with vanilla pudding poured into the same dish. One of my favorite memories of my grandmother was when I was a freshman in college and celebrating my first birthday away from home. I received a big box from Wrentham and could not imagine what she had sent. When I opened it I found two layers of a cake, carefully wrapped and cushioned with popcorn,

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and a jar of frosting. My roommates and I had fun putting the cake together.

My earliest memories of Grampa Winter were at the hardware store in Wrentham where he worked part time. We loved visiting him at the store and looking at all the interesting things. Grampa developed Parkinson's Disease, so in later years I can see him sitting in his chair in the living room, but still able to walk up the street to see the daily train go by. As the years passed, he was no longer able to walk with us, but he was always in the chair, listening to the radio and happy to chat with us.



1944. My favorite picture of Grampa and Gramma Winter

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Before Grampa's illness, he and Gramma made many special gifts for us. I was too young to remember receiving them but I've seen pictures of a table and chair, a wagon, a doll chest to hold the doll clothes that Gramma made for us, and a wonderful dollhouse. I don't remember when it was made, but I have a puppet theater, with puppets for Little Red Riding Hood and a circus-themed story. I used to take the puppet theater to Barry School, and share it with my students. I also have a set of dolls made by my grandmother for the nursery rhyme "Mary Had a Little Lamb." I still have the terrycloth teddy bear that Gramma made for me in 1945!



1946. Bob and Velma Winter made this dollhouse and the book about the dollhouse for the four of us Winter kids.

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1945. Items made by Gramma and Grampa Winter - quilts, dolls, doll bed, teddy bear, pull toys

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I have a few pictures of Gramma Brown when she lived in New England, but I was too small to remember visiting her. She moved to California in 1946 to raise rabbits and sell Avon products, so we did not see her unless she happened to be in Massachusetts during the summer when we were there. She did try to coordinate her visits with ours and there were always large family gatherings.



1944. Ruby Brown with Pat and Nancy Winter, Margie, Gordon, Ellie, and Lois Wilson and Elton Brown.

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1953. Family gathering in Wrentham. Ellie Wilson, Gramma Ruby Benson Brown, Nancy, Robert, Sandy, Lois, and Bobby Winter, Elsie and Ralph Wilson, Pat Winter, holding Judy Caldarone, Margie Wilson.

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Grampa Brown lived in Hanson, Massachusetts, so we would see him on our yearly visits. I remember him coming to Lake Archer when the family gathered. We would also visit his parents, Ella and Elton Brown (our great-grandparents). We enjoyed visiting them because they had a big hill in their backyard and we loved rolling down it.



1948. Great-grandparents Ella and Elton Brown. We used to visit them when we went to Massachusetts.

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Grampa Brown visited us in Miami a number of times. He would show up unexpectedly, usually in the middle of the night. We would know he had arrived because he would fall asleep on the front porch instead of waking us up. In the morning, we would hear him—he snored so loudly the house shook! When he came at Easter, he would buy us all corsages (not Bobby or Dad!) and then take us out to Easter dinner in Coconut Grove.



4/18/1954. Easter Sunday. Pat, Lois, Grampa Harold Brown, and Nancy in back; Sandy and Bobby in front. 57 Campina Court, Coral Gables

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Grampa also took us to fly kites—we loved that! On one of his visits we drove to Key West— minus Bobby who had the chickenpox. Mom had such mixed feelings about his visits—was glad that he came but resentful that he had offered so little help to Gramma who raised their five children on her own.



3/1951. Pat must have taken this picture.

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Who had the most positive influence on you as a child?



I'm not sure I can remember one person who had the most positive influence on me as a child, but I do know that the first Director of Religious Education at my church when I was a teenager was someone I admired and listened to. Virginia Davidson was pretty, smart, caring, and she became my hero. For all of my high school years, she was part of my church family, and I know she had a big influence on my life.

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Nancy Hatch and Virginia Davidson on the grounds of Plymouth Congregational Church on Easter Sunday, 1957.

Virginia married Malcolm McNaughton in June, 1959 - I remember that was a big deal for our youth fellowship group. I found her wedding announcement in my 1959 scrapbook, but don't remember attending the wedding.

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*Malcolm McNaughton,
Virginia Davidson Wed*

In Plymouth Congregational Church, Coconut Grove, where she is director of religious education, Virginia Vance Davidson and Malcolm Donald McNaughton exchanged marriage vows on Saturday.

Both are members of well known Miami families. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Mitchell Davidson of 11 E. Rivo Alto Dr., Miami Beach, and a granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Simpson Bobo Dean who were pioneers in the early development of Miami.

She attended Chathan Hall, Smith College and the Union Theological Seminary. She is a former president of the Spinsters, a member of Beaux Arts and the Junior League of Miami.

The bridegroom is the son of Mrs. Margaret Cole McNaughton and a grandson of the E. C. Coles, early Coconut Grove residents. He attended University of North Carolina, Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration and now is associated with Riddle Airlines.

They will spend their honeymoon at Caneel Bay Plantation, Virgin Islands, and will be at home in Coconut Grove after July 10.



Mrs. McNaughton
... was Miss Davidson

Malcolm died suddenly in 1975, leaving Virginia a young widow with three small children. She went on to become a well-known real estate broker in Miami. We kept in touch over the years with yearly Christmas letters. In 2011 the four of us “Winter Kids” took part of a day from the family reunion at Scenic Wolf Resort in Mars Hill, NC to visit with Virginia at her home in Waynesville, NC. She was special to all of us and we spent a wonderful afternoon reminiscing about our years at Pilgrim Fellowship in Coconut Grove.

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Sandy, Robert, Virginia McNaughton, Nancy and Pat at the Eagles Nest Grill for lunch on July 22, 2011.

Virginia died on February 18, 2015 at the age of 84. I will always remember her as someone who gave me the confidence to be the person I wanted to be.

What was your weekend tradition when you were a kid?



One thing I remember doing on the weekends when I was a child was spending Sunday afternoons at the Miami airport and watching the planes take off and land. The backstory was this: my mother was the full time caretaker of the family because Dad worked at Pan Am during the week. Mom was busy with four little children (four children in 5 1/2 years) and she never had any time to herself. On Sunday afternoons Dad would pile the four of us in the car and drive to the airport - we would park just outside the fence at the end of the runway and watch the planes take off and land. Dad worked on most of the planes and could tell us their number/name and what work he had done on them. We were entertained, Dad loved talking about the planes, and Mom got a well-deserved break - a win-win situation.

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Do you have any special memories of church when you were a child?



I grew up in the church where my parents were married on October 27, 1940. Plymouth Congregational Church in Coconut Grove, Florida was built between 1897 and 1917 and is listed on the U.S. National Register of Historic Places. The original church was built by a single man, using only a hatchet, a trowel, a plumb line, and a T-square. It is modeled after Spanish missions in Mexico, and the front door is said to have come from an old mission church. It is a beautiful building and I was always in awe of it. This is the church where Dad and I got married in 1965 and the reception was in the walled-in garden next to the sanctuary.



All four of us children were baptized at Plymouth, and we were active in Sunday School and youth groups as teenagers. Mom and Dad were very involved in the church—Dad was superintendent of the Sunday School for many years, and Mom kept busy with the women’s group activities. This was a large church at that time, with a sanctuary that would hold several hundred people and a Sunday school building for classes of all ages. Our family was always one of the first to arrive on Sunday mornings and usually the last to leave.

I particularly remember the Easter egg hunts held every year on the Saturday before Easter. Hundreds of eggs would be boiled and colored and then hidden on the church grounds, with a

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separate area for the younger children. Our family always came home with lots of hard-boiled eggs – and that started the tradition of having “Eggs a la goldenrod” for supper on Easter Sunday (and probably for several days after that). That is still one of my favorite comfort foods.

Another memory I have of my church years is not quite so comforting. From my elementary years through middle school, I loved helping in the nursery during the worship service. For many years, the nursery was in an older house on the church grounds, until a new Christian Education wing was built. One Sunday when I was helping, one of the two adults on duty that day (I forget her name) was changing a toddler’s diaper on the kitchen counter. She turned her back for just a second, and the child pushed on the window screen next to the counter and the screen popped out and the child fell out of the window. The adult, in her rush to get to the child (who fortunately fell on some bushes outside and was not hurt), fell down the stairs on her way out the door and ended up breaking her leg. There were always two adults in the nursery and the second lady sent me to the church to find the parents of the child who fell and also to notify an usher that we needed help ASAP. No cell phones at that time! I ran as fast as I could and explained to the first usher I saw what had happened and was grateful that he took over from there. I remember being very scared—I think I was in fourth or

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fifth grade at the time. I recall there was great consternation in the church about this event, but I don't remember any consequences that occurred.

There is probably one other event I should mention. I grew up in a very segregated Florida but the church taught us to love everyone. There were few opportunities to meet people of another color. One Sunday our youth group hosted the youth group from a neighboring Black church and I remember that we ended the evening with a friendship circle. Black and white were mixed and this was an eye-opening experience for me - I'm not sure what I expected, but I was happy to realize that holding the hand of a Black person was just the same as holding the hand of a White person.

I'm sure that my experience of going to church every Sunday as a child had a big influence on my life. When I went away to college, I looked for a church, both in North Carolina and at FSU. Church grounded me and gave me strength for daily challenges. The church has always been my "home away from home" and that has continued to this day.

What television programs did you watch in your childhood?



This is an easy question for me to answer - we never had a television when I was a child, so I never watched any TV. Television sets were just becoming popular in the late 1940s and I remember my dad asking us kids if we would like to get a piano or a television. We had no experience with a television, so we all voted for a piano. All four of us took piano lessons, and of course, Uncle Bob had a career based on music, so I guess the piano was a good choice.

When I was in high school, I needed to watch a chemistry program on TV to help with my understanding of chemistry. It was on early in the morning, so I would get up and go next door and watch it on our neighbor's TV. Mrs. McDevitt was nursing a baby at that time so she was always awake and was happy to let me watch the program. We did not have a TV in our house in

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Miami until after I was in college. My maternal grandmother, Ruby Benson Brown, had a brother, my mother's Uncle Norman, who lived in Florida. When he died, he left his television to my mother, who put it on the front porch. I remember that my grandmother was insulted that Mom had not put it in the living room. My mom was not impressed with the television and never moved it to the living room.

Do you have any advice for making a house feel more like a home?



I have made our house feel like a home by filling it with pictures and memorabilia of our lives. A home decorator might not agree, but that's what I like to see on a daily basis. So my advice is: fill your home with what you love and what makes you happy. For me that has been pictures of the family, artifacts from our days in Nepal, and cross-stitch and needlepoint pieces done by Dad and my mother. After our parents died we inherited a few paintings and pieces of furniture that I have enjoyed.



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Needlepoint by Mom Winter

There are three paintings in the house that were done by my mother's best friend (and our childhood babysitter's mother), LaRue Malone. I brought them to Cortland when we closed up the folks' apartment in N.C. after they both died. They will eventually go to LaRue's family, but in the meantime they bring me joy, reminding me of my mother and my early history.



Covered bridge painting done by LaRue Malone

What would you save if your house was on fire?



January 6, 2025: I am looking at this question on a day when so many people in Los Angeles, including Uncle Bob and your cousin Kelly, are actually faced with this problem. That somehow makes the question harder to answer. I have always said that the first thing I would save is my beautiful music box, a gift from your father to me, and such a wonderful reminder of the hours I spent with my grandmother listening to her music box. However, I know that the music box is much too heavy for me to move, so I would have to reluctantly leave it behind. I would always have the memories of hours spent listening to its glorious music and watching my young grandchildren dance around the living room as it played.

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If I had time to fill a box (one I could lift) I would quickly grab one of the many cross-stitch/needlepoint treasures done by your dad and my mother, perhaps a notebook of letters written when we were in the Peace Corps, and my grandmother's old cookbook, handwritten in her very distinctive cursive style. I would also like to save the four picture frames in the front bedroom that are collages of your grandparents' genealogy.

I don't tend to think much about technology, but my sister Pat says I should grab my computer hard drive which includes thousands of pictures that mean so much to me. I just have one question, where is the hard drive?

What keepsakes or family heirlooms do you treasure most?



I have some glass pieces that are in the buffet in the kitchen that are very special - some from my mother, some from Dad's family, and two beautiful glass plates that belonged to your adopted grandmother in Cortland, Norma Lockey. Mom Hatch had a wonderful collection of cups and saucers and after her death, Aunt Barb took some for her family, and we took some for our family. I think each of you has one cup and saucer. I have four more that are displayed on a hanging wall shelf that was made by my father.

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My mother collected red glass that she found at antique sales and I have five pieces from her. One is a small mug from the World's Fair of 1893 and one is a glass for a John Reid, dated 1890.



Your father inherited Auntie Ruth Birdseye's chocolate set, including a tray and small cups and saucers. There was likely a pitcher at one time, but it was missing by the time we received the set.

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There are several pretty glass plates in the buffet - my parents gave me a Christmas plate from the Metropolitan Museum of Art and Grandma Norma Lockey gave me several that were her wedding presents. The most special plate is probably the 40th

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anniversary plate that was given to Merle and Ruby Hatch on their 40th anniversary, and they then gave it to us on our 40th anniversary. Someday I would like that plate to go to one of our daughters.



Merle and Ruby Hatch's 40th Anniversary plate

There are three other plates on display in the house that I treasure. My maternal grandmother, Ruby Benson Brown Jones, sold Avon products in California for many years. She received a plate after working for 10, 15, and 20 years. After Gramma Brown died, my mother had them, and when my parents' house was cleaned out in 2005, I received the plates, and they have hung on

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the wall in our dining room for many years. I have few memories of my maternal grandmother, so these are special to me.



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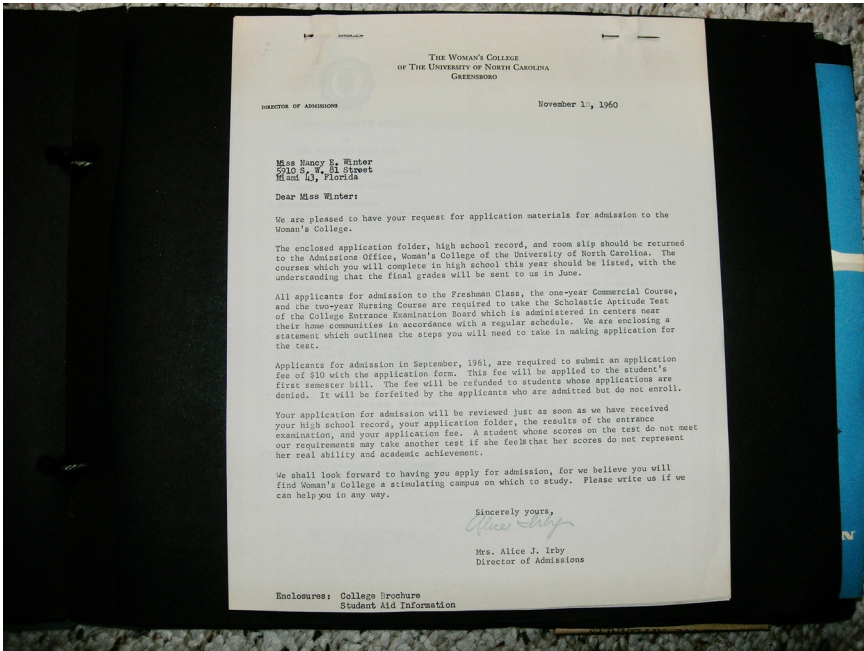
There are two cabinets in the house that contain items that I would consider to be treasures - the one in the kitchen and the one in the living room - and both of those beautiful pieces of furniture came from Mabel and Marian Cummings, cousins of Dad Hatch.

How did you choose where to go to college?



If I remember correctly, I wanted to go out of the state of Florida and I wanted a small girls' school. I was interested in an education degree so I looked at many teacher colleges. I had received many catalogs from colleges (not sure how I got on their mailing lists!) and spent hours looking through them. I also had to keep expenses in mind. The Woman's College of the University of North Carolina fit my criteria, and so, sight unseen, I applied and was accepted.

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Note the \$10 application fee!

The main thing I remember about going so far away was that because my father worked for Pan Am I could get discount prices to fly to Greensboro. There were a couple of other students from Miami who also went to W.C., but they had to go by car because it was too expensive to fly. I could get to school in a couple of hours, but they had to take two days to drive. I do remember driving home one Christmas with four boys – the car was a convertible and I spent two days stretched out in the roof storage space behind the back seat. I was really tired when we finally got to Miami – in fact I recall that I had laryngitis the whole time we were home.

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I kept scrapbooks (of course!) of my high school and college years. Pictures of the pages are on my computer.

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What is one of your favorite holiday meals?



I suspect that I am like many others who say that Thanksgiving Dinner is a favorite holiday meal. I grew up in Miami, far away from any relatives, so I did not enjoy the custom of getting together with family for holiday meals. My mother still planned and cooked a good, old fashioned New England Thanksgiving Dinner. We would start with passing a plate of celery sticks filled with cream cheese and topped with olives. The main meal was roast turkey with stuffing (cooked in the bird, not separately), mashed potatoes and gravy (with the giblets cut up in the gravy), and French onion green bean casserole. I also remember three special vegetables - frozen butternut squash (very smooth, as opposed to fresh cooked and mashed squash), creamed pearl onions, and mashed rutabaga. I still cook butternut squash (from our garden) and rutabaga, but I never got in the habit of buying a jar of pearl onions to put in cream sauce. Of course, we also had cranberries, both Ocean Spray jellied sauce and fresh cranberry

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orange relish. The jellied cranberry sauce HAD to be Ocean Spray - my mother's father had a cranberry bog in Massachusetts and he not only sold his cranberries to Ocean Spray but he also worked as an electrician at the Ocean Spray factory. When Grampa Brown came to visit us in Miami he always brought a case of Ocean Spray cranberry sauce - what a treat for us! The meal would be completed with pumpkin pie and mince pie with brandy butter.

One of the best things about Thanksgiving was having leftovers for the next few days, including a wonderful turkey soup made from cooking the turkey carcass. That is something that I still do - I don't understand how people can cook a turkey and throw away the carcass without making soup. There was a time during our early years in Cortland when a neighbor up the street, Beverly Stevens, would give me her turkey carcass after Thanksgiving because she never made soup. Those years we would have lots of turkey soup!

What's a small decision you made that ended up having a big impact on your life?



I mentioned this question to Dad and he immediately said “Remember when we went to hear the Peace Corps recruiter on the FSU campus in the spring of 1965?” His comment set off a flood of memories. We were dating but had not looked too far in to the future and we were certainly not talking marriage. The idea of serving our country in a peaceful manner, rather than Doug being drafted for the Vietnam war, was appealing. We went to the meeting out of curiosity and were intrigued by this new initiative. We started thinking and talking about the possibilities. Those were the days when young people did not live together before marriage, and as Doug talked more about going into the Peace Corps, one day I said to him - “But don’t we have to do something else before going into the Peace Corps together?” He

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got this funny look on his face, and sort of stumbled through some answer that I don't recall. He had always planned to make his first million before getting married and settling down and this would certainly be a stumbling block to those plans.

I wish I knew exactly when Dad proposed, but that summer he invited me to go to Avon with him to meet his family. While we were in Avon he asked me to marry him - Auntie Ruth Birdseye had given him a family diamond and he had it set in a ring for me. At that time we also decided that we would apply to go to the Peace Corps together. I have a letter dated November 1, 1965 that I wrote to my future in-laws that we had received our acceptance letters to go to Peace Corps training. We did not know where we would be going, but this was the first step.

During the fall of 1965, in addition to making wedding plans, Dad and I had to go through a number of physical tests, shots, doctor's appointments, etc. in preparation for going into the Peace Corps. At each appointment I was sure to tell people that by the time we went I would have a different name, but they always said I had to use the name I currently had (Nancy Winter). So, no surprise, when we actually went to our training, they could find no records for a Nancy Hatch, and I had to have all the physical tests, shots, etc. again! Somewhere, deep in the records of the Peace Corps, there are medical records for a Nancy Winter who never showed up!

What things are you proudest of in your life?



The obvious answer to this question is that I am most proud of our family (and the unusual way we built our family – but that is another story!) Other than my family, I guess I am most proud of the work I did for early literacy in Cortland. A year before I retired, Judi Riley, the Assistant Superintendent of Schools, sent an email to all teachers asking who would be interested in knowing more about the Family Reading Partnership in Ithaca. I went to the initial meeting and felt that this would be a good thing to get involved in after I retired.

Family Reading Partnership was started by Brigid Huberman in 1997 and by the time Cortland got involved, it had several programs up and running. The first program that Cortland adopted was the Books at Birth program where every child born in the Cortland hospital received a book before leaving the hospital. This program was started by Judi Riley. When I retired

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in 2005, I was interested in starting the second program, the Books to Grow On program, which worked with pediatricians who would give books to children at their well-child checkups. It took a great leap of faith for me to first, talk with all of the pediatricians in Cortland to encourage them to participate, and second, raise the funds to buy the books. We began with just a couple of doctors, but within a few years, all pediatricians and family practice doctors in Cortland were participating. We started out slowly, but eventually all children received six books - at the six months checkup, 12 months, 18 months, 2, 3 and 4 years checkups.

I had never done any fundraising so this was a challenge for me. I remember the first time I sat with the head of the First National Bank in Cortland and asked for money for the Books to Grow On program— I was a nervous wreck! He put me at ease and before I left I had a promise of \$500 (I think that was the amount). I went from asking local organizations (Rotary, Kiwanis, Zonta, banks, etc.) for money to writing grants from large philanthropic organizations - when I received my first \$10,000 grant from the John Ben Snow Foundation in Syracuse, I was ecstatic! I was in charge of fundraising for about ten years. By the time I was able to turn this program over to CACTC (see below) I was raising about \$15,000 a year to cover the costs of books and materials.

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After about five (?) years of running the Books to Grow On program I had a conversation with JoAnn Wickman, a friend who was instrumental in starting the Cortland Area Communities That Care (CACTC). JoAnn felt that CACTC would be interested in working with me. I wish I had kept a timeline of my work with CACTC and BTGO but I didn't know that I would be writing this information now. Anyway, I went to CACTC and explained the BTGO program and CACTC agreed to put the program under their literacy initiative. By 2015, CACTC had a formal literacy program, and I was able to turn the whole Books to Grow On program over to them. I am pleased to report that books are still being given to pediatricians to give to children, and the program has added several more levels. It gives me great pleasure to know that I had a role in starting this literacy initiative in Cortland.

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How did you get your first job?



The first job that I had, other than babysitting from the time I was in sixth grade, was working at an S & H Green Stamp redemption store. If I remember correctly, I was able to get the job because my high school boyfriend's mother worked there and she was able to put in a good word for me. I worked summers and during the Christmas vacation for several years in high school and I think I remember working when I was home during college breaks my first couple of years.



Cover of an S & H Green Stamp book

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The S & H Redemption store would look like a current AT&T phone store - a display of available items in the front, with a counter separating the display area and a store room in the back. I would stand at the counter and help customers who came into the store. We had to carefully look at their stamp books to make sure they were complete, count them to see their value, and then get the item that the customer wanted from the back room. No money was exchanged - just books of stamps. Holiday times were very busy because people used their S&H Green Stamps to buy gifts. I still have an electric razor that I bought with stamps when I was seventeen.

How has the country changed during your lifetime?



There have been many changes in my 82 years. The most obvious would be that I grew up in the segregated South and now segregation is against the law – but unfortunately still unspoken and practiced in many places. I went to an all-white school, rode at the front of the bus, was aware of signs saying “White” and “Black” in bus stations and movie theaters. I never had to worry about not being able to do something because of the color of my skin. I vaguely remember the race riots of the early ’60s – I was in college and probably didn’t pay much attention to the politics of the day, but now I realize that I should have been more active and involved. I don’t remember much being said about race in our family, but I had a real eye-opening experience the Easter weekend of my junior year in college. I went home with my roommate, Sylvia Bowen, who lived in Havana, Florida, just

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south of the Georgia line. That weekend there were race riots in Birmingham, Alabama, and Sylvia's family kept their small black and white TV on the whole weekend - and cheered on the dogs that were attacking the Black people. It was a most uncomfortable experience for me. I should have known that would be the situation in her home - after John F. Kennedy was assassinated in November 1963, Sylvia and her friends had gone out and partied. This was my first experience being around deeply prejudiced people, and I did not like it.

When I was a child growing up there were "Blue Laws" which restricted businesses from opening on Sundays. No stores were open - no grocery stores, department stores, and only the occasional gas station. Sunday was a day of rest and a day to go to church. Now many businesses are open seven days a week, and going to church is most often not in many families' plans. Sports activities have taken over the day with games and practices for children of all ages. Church attendance in all denominations has fallen drastically.

Technology has also made many changes in my life. We did not have a television as children, and the telephone was only used for very important events. We certainly did not have internet or computers or personal phones. In the comic strip Dick Tracy, he had a phone in his watch— we thought that was an impossible idea!

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Another change that has happened in my lifetime is the use of seatbelts. Seat belts did not exist when I was a child. The car I remember was a little Austin with just one seat in the front. Dad had put a board across the back for the three oldest kids to sit on, and Sandy sat in Mom's lap in the front.



Aunt Pat in the car I remember in the late 1940s.

The next car I remember was a station wagon with three rows of seats. That was much better for our family of six, but you still did not have seatbelts to wear. I don't remember using seatbelts or car seats for children until we came home from Nepal with Shanti and Kamala.

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Another change in the country is the presence of fast food restaurants. When I was a child, we never went out to eat. All meals were cooked and eaten at home. The only times we ate at a restaurant were when we were traveling during the summers, and then we would stop at a Howard Johnson's. The first Burger King (Insta-Burger King) started in Jacksonville in 1953 and was brought to Miami in 1959 by two men who bought out the struggling business. I think our family knew one of the original owners, James McLamore. I don't really remember going there to eat—perhaps I did in high school.

When I was a child in elementary school, we were told that Russia was the enemy and we were afraid of the Russian people. Now, under the current administration, our president is ready to let President Putin of Russia take Ukraine, and who knows what part of the world he will want next. The political situation is probably the biggest change in my life - I never, ever dreamed, or even imagined, that our country would turn into a dictatorship, and we are well on our way to that at this point. This frightens me a great deal. I worry for my children and grandchildren about the kind of world they will live in - I'm too old and will not see a return to what was normal in my lifetime. I think it will take generations for the things that this administration has destroyed to be restored, particularly in the area of climate change and the use of our national park lands.

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What has happened to our morality and the belief that all people have a right to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness? The current administration seems to think that only white, male, rich people should have rights, and my Christian beliefs do not agree with that. I can still hope that things will get better, but I'm not very optimistic about the future.

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What places have you lived, and when?



When I was born in 1943 my parents owned a little house at 57 Campina Court in Coral Gables, Florida. Over the years my father made several additions to this house.

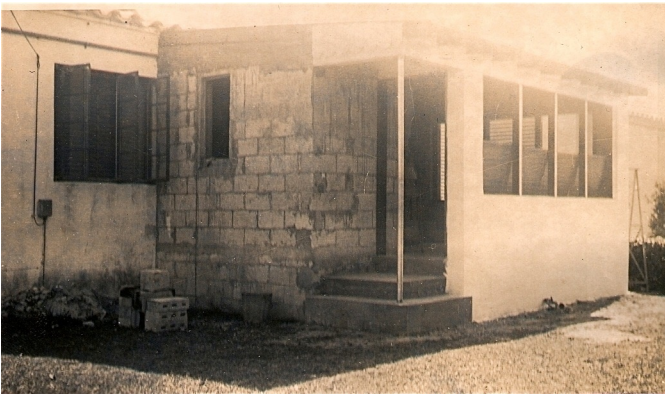


The house was built in 1940, and was a little over 950 square feet. Your Winter Grandparents bought this house in 1942 when Aunt Pat was 1½ and they were expecting me. It had solar panels for heating water. Note the solar panels over the porch roof and the airplane by the mailbox near the front door.

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By 1946 Dad had screened in the front porch.



In 1948 Dad built an addition with an extra bathroom and a porch on the back of the house. As the family grew, the house needed to grow. The most unusual addition was Bobby's bedroom, built in 1952. It was even written about in the local newspaper.

Carport Houses Bedroom

And There's Still
Ample Space For
The Family Auto

ENCLOSING ONE END OF A car port in such a way that there is still space for the family car was Robert S. Winter, Jr.'s solution to the problem of adding a low-cost bedroom to his home.

The compact little crew's nest that resulted from his plan seems perfect for seven-year-old Bob, III. It has built-in bed, shelves, cupboards, folding table and all the storage space a youngster needs for his treasures.

In effect, the bedroom is hung from the walls, and surprisingly enough, passed tough construction requirements of the Coral Gables zoning board.

"They looked it all over very, very carefully," says Mr. Winter. "But they could find no reason at all for turning me down, so I got my building permit."

The scheme started with the need for an extra bedroom. The



Stairs lead up from ground level to the little bedroom suspended from walls inside the car port.



Built-in cabinets of knotty pine with wrought iron hardware hold all the belongings of a young boy.

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Newspaper article about the bedroom my father (Robert Winter) built for my brother Bobby. It was suspended from the ceiling and left room for the car to go under it. Article mentions that Bob III was seven years old, so that makes this article 1952.

We lived on Campina Court until the end of my sixth grade year (1954) when we moved to 5910 S.W. 81 Street in South Miami. Dad also made additions to this house, enclosing the carport to create a porch, adding a garage, enlarging the kitchen, and building a pool in the backyard.



I lived there until I went off to college, first to the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina in Greensboro for two years, and then to Florida State University in Tallahassee for my last two years of college and one year getting my Master's degree in Library Science. At W.C. I lived in Ragsdale dormitory my freshman year and Hinshaw Hall the second year. At FSU I lived in a dormitory for one year, and then, starting the summer of

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1964 I was the Staff Hostess for the Wesley Foundation on campus and lived in the apartment behind the chapel. I lived there until Dad and I got married in December 1965.

After getting married, Dad and I lived in an apartment at 452 1/2 (upstairs) West College Avenue in Tallahassee. I received my master's in library science in April, but we did not leave Tallahassee until Dad finished his year of teaching in June. At some point in May I took a bus with a Dutch friend, Joke Vandebosse, to Texas to visit my sister Pat. When Dad and I left Tallahassee we did not go down to Miami but went north to Avon. I had seen my parents at my graduation in April and would see them at Elton and Emily's wedding in Massachusetts in June. We stayed with the folks in Avon until it was time to go to our Peace Corps training in Hawaii.

Our first living quarters during Peace Corps training were rather primitive. There were six married couples living in a large room that was divided by shower curtains. Our beds were army cots and we stored our belongings on the floor! I don't even remember where the bathroom was, but I know we all shared it. For the last part of our Peace Corps training we shared a little cottage in the village of Napoopoo with another couple. It was about 100 yards from the Pacific Ocean and we saw beautiful sunsets every night.

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We had three different homes during our years in Nepal. The first was in the far western district of Doti, in the town of Silgarhi. We lived on the top floor of the primary school. There was one large room that had our bed and other living arrangements, and a second large room that was divided by a wall into two smaller rooms—one for our kitchen and one for a living room. My kitchen was unusual because I asked for a counter to be built so I could cook standing up - that was unheard of by my Nepali friends but I was never able to master the art of squatting without falling over.



The front of the primary school - we lived upstairs

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High school (where we worked) on the left, primary school on the right. Our garden behind the house, charpi (toilet) is the small building to the right of the garden.



My kitchen – wood stove and kerosene burner with vent through ceiling, slate counter, two water filters, cupboards built by Dad. We collected water from a pipe behind the house and carried it upstairs in large brass containers.

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During our third year as Peace Corps volunteers, Dad and I lived in a small house in the town of Kirtipur, on the way to Tribhuvan University. We were about halfway between the university and the city of Kathmandu. The thing I remember most about this house was that it had running water and an inside toilet - a real step up from Doti! When Dad and I left the Peace Corps in 1969 to work at the international school in Kathmandu, we lived in a house owned by the school. It was a nice house located in an area of Kathmandu called Asan Tole, and there was quite a long path from the main road to the house. We had running water in the kitchen and bathroom - and there was a water heater outside the bathroom to give us hot water! It had a flat roof where we hung our laundry and a large garden where Dad grew vegetables and strawberries.



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When Dad and I left Nepal in June 1972, we were not sure where we would be living. We stayed with Dad’s parents in Avon while Dad had teaching interviews in several places. When he accepted a job in McGraw (on July 10) we made arrangements with a real estate person to show us a few houses in the Cortland area. Dad Hatch drove us to Cortland (we still did not have driver’s licenses) on July 13 and we spent the day looking at houses—first a couple of “fixer-uppers” but we were not sure we wanted (or had the time) to do that. Then he showed us the house we have lived in for the past 53 years. It was new, had been lived in for six months, but the previous occupant was not able to buy the house. It did not take us long to know that this would be our new home. Our offer for \$30,000 was accepted. We closed on the house on August 4 and moved in on August 20.



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We enlarged the kitchen and dining area in 1979, including putting a deck out the dining room door. While the kitchen was being reconfigured I cooked with an electric skillet in the bathroom and washed the dishes in the bathroom sink.



Over the years we have put in a lot of beautiful landscaping - I used to do all the yard work but now we have Little York Plantation do most of the work. We had to replace the wooden deck in 2024.

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2024 deck

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Landscaping goes all the way to the corner of Pheasant Run. In 2015 we put solar panels on the roof of the house and garage - our small contribution to energy savings.

What is one of your earliest childhood memories?



Unfortunately, my memories of early days are few and far between. I think I remember my end of first grade program at Merrick Demonstration School in Coral Gables – or is it because I have seen pictures? In one picture I am playing a snare drum in the class band – perhaps this was a prediction of my percussion days in junior and senior high school?



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A second picture shows me dressed as Martha Washington, sitting at a loom— perhaps this was the start of my interest in history. Biographies have always been my favorite genre of book to read - I wonder if I read about Martha Washington?



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I do have memories of an essay that I wrote in fourth or fifth grade for a school open house. I titled the essay “I am an income tax exemption” and I wrote how Pat was the oldest in the family, Robert was the only boy, and Sandy was the baby. Me? I was just an income tax exemption. I remember my parents being mortified when they read that—out in public for all to see! I’m not sure why I wrote that at that time in my life, but I do know that my parents were busy with work and family and I must have felt neglected. When I became a parent many years later, I certainly understood how difficult parenting is.

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What places would you want to visit over and over again?



Growing up in Miami, Florida, our family often went to Matheson Hammock Park and I guess that is where I first fell in love with the ocean. There is something about water that I find very relaxing and peaceful. Every summer when we traveled north to see the relatives we always spent some time with Aunt Florence at her home in Newport, R.I. I remember hearing the ocean ebbing and flowing all night, and I really liked that. When Dad and I married and had our family, it was important to me that we take our family to visit Newport - I wanted our girls to have the same experience with the water that I did.

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8/18/1982. Allison, Shanti and Kamala at the beach across the street from Aunt Florence's house in Newport (Middletown), RI.

Note: I thought I should Google Matheson Hammock to see if it is on the ocean - surprise - I found that "Matheson Hammock Park is a lovely scenic park with an unusual feature—a man-made atoll pool, which is flushed naturally with the tidal action of nearby Biscayne Bay." Biscayne Bay opens to the ocean and I guess to my child's view, I was at the ocean!

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1950, Bobby, Nancy, and Sandy at Matheson Hammock.

When I went away to college in Greensboro, NC, I was amazed to find that there were many people who lived and died without ever seeing the ocean – it took me a while to wrap my head around that concept. Many of my classmates grew up far away from the ocean. When the first spring break came, the big deal was to spend the week on the coast—for many, this was the first time they had seen the ocean.

Living in Cortland, I have had to learn to live far away from the ocean—but that just makes me appreciate the opportunities I have had even more. So, to answer the question of what places you would want to visit over and over again—my answer would be the East and West coasts of our country, where I can feast my eyes on the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. A close second would be the St. Lawrence River – not an ocean, but it does eventually flow

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into the Atlantic - and it certainly has a lot of water!



5/17/15. Nancy, Pat, Sandy and Robert at the Pacific Ocean at Marina del Rey, Los Angeles, CA.

How did you and Dad meet?



Dad and I met at the Wesley Foundation at Florida State where we were both students. Dad was working on his master's degree in math education after completing his bachelor's degree at MacMurray College in Jacksonville, IL. I transferred to FSU in September 1963 from the Woman's College of the University of North Carolina after my sophomore year. I knew that FSU was on a trimester system, and I hoped to graduate early so I could marry my high school sweetheart, who was in the Air Force in Germany. I certainly was not looking for a new boyfriend.

Dad and I both sang in the choir at the Wesley Foundation, and I think that is where we first started talking (but I'm not sure when). At some point, I think in the spring of 1964, we started meeting for lunch each day, and each day there would be another piece of paper under my plate with a poem chosen and handwritten or typed by Dad. If I remember correctly, many of

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these poems came from the writings of Kahlil Gibran. I think I saved all these papers and put them in a notebook, but I'm not able to find it. Hopefully it will show up at some point. I remember having conflicting feelings at this time - here I was supposedly finishing college early to marry Chuck (high school boyfriend since 8th grade), but then I was fascinated by this tall, handsome man who treated me so well and made me look forward to our daily lunch dates.



My first picture of Doug - I still carry this picture in my wallet.

I'm not sure when the following memory happened, but it was probably in the late spring. Pat and Mel had married in May 1963 and moved to Athens, GA for six months. They moved back to Tallahassee for Mel to finish his dissertation. Pat and Mel came

to Sunday services at the Wesley Foundation where Doug and I both sang in the choir. One Sunday, after Dad had sung the Lord's Prayer as a solo, Pat said to me, "You're not going to marry Chuck, you are going to marry the person who sang this morning," My reaction was incredulous—What? How do you know? She answered, "By the look on your face as you watched him sing." I guess I was wearing my emotions on my face :) And, what do you know – she was correct!

Dad was slowly winning me away from Chuck, but the final act took place on Memorial Day weekend in 1964. I had been doing some observation at an elementary school in preparation for my internship in the fall. I must have come in contact with a child who was contagious with measles, and I came down with them. When I went to the FSU Infirmary they put me in isolation. This was a holiday weekend and many students had left campus, so there was no one else around, just the nurse and me. One day the nurse came to me and said she was going to do something she probably shouldn't do, but she was going to let me see someone who had been asking about me. In walked Dad carrying a dozen roses! We talked (across the room!) for a bit, and when he left, I realized that this person was really pretty special and I didn't want to lose him. When I got out of the infirmary and was feeling better, I remember placing a long-distance call to Germany to tell Chuck I had met someone very special and I was breaking up with him. As expected, Chuck was quite upset and angry, but I

felt a weight lifted from my shoulders, and from then on, my conflicting feelings were gone. (Here's a funny postscript to that phone call - I still have the dime I used to make that long distance collect call - just found it in a little plastic box with my jewelry :))

There must have been a break between trimesters in early June, because in a letter I wrote to my grandmother on June 11, I told her that I had just spent five days at home with Mom and Dad. I remember sitting on the bed in my old bedroom, telling Mom that I had broken up with Chuck. She was so happy - I think Dad could have been red with pink polka dots and she wouldn't have minded. She was never in favor of my longtime relationship with Chuck - not that he was awful but that we had different interests and she felt I would be happier with someone with interests more similar to mine - and of course, she was correct. (Not that I would have admitted it back then!)

I'll end this story with a quote from the June 11 letter to my grandmother: "I have broken up with Chuck, the boy I've been dating for five years I think we have grown apart since he's been gone. I have been dating at school and am now dating a really nice boy who is a graduate student in math education. He is really smart and is a fine person. I am really happy - we are having a good time. (He gave me a dozen roses when I had the measles - pretty nice, eh?)"

What was your wedding like?



Dad officially proposed to me on August 27, 1965 when he took me up north to meet his family. The diamond in my ring was given to him by his Auntie Ruth Birdseye - it originally belonged to her mother-in-law. From my wedding keepsake book: “We picked out the ring setting the first day we were in New York...and picked it up from the jeweller after dinner on the 27th. Dad gave me the ring at 9:05 (so I could call my mom).” Those were the days when the long-distance phone rates went down after 9 p.m. and Doug wanted me to be able to call my parents right away! I wore this ring proudly for many years. Unfortunately, the diamond fell out of the setting sometime in the 1980s when I was washing dishes and even though Dad took the plumbing apart to search for it, we never found it. A few years later he gave me another ring with a small diamond and the birthstones of Shanti, Kamala, Allison and Pragma and I still wear that ring with great joy.

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Our wedding date was set for December 27, 1965, just nine days after Dad graduated with his Master's Degree in Math Education from Florida State.



We were married in Plymouth Congregational Church in Coconut Grove, Florida, the same church where my parents were married in 1940. My sister Pat was my Matron of Honor, my sister Sandy and Dad's sister Barbara were my bridesmaids. Dad's best man was his father, Merle Hatch, and the ushers were my brother Robert, future brother-in-law, Gary Grant, and two friends, Joseph Brownrigg and Philip McKee. Dr. David Davis, longtime pastor at the church, officiated. Mary Ellison, my piano teacher, was the organist at the church, so it was very special to have her play. The processional was "Trumpet Voluntary" by Henry Purcell and the recessional was "Ode to Joy" by Beethoven.

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Herbert McGreevy, church choir soloist and father of two children for whom I babysat, was the soloist.



Our wedding was a simple affair in comparison to weddings now. I wore the wedding dress that had been made for Pat two years earlier by my mother's friend, Mrs. Bartless. No adjustments needed to be made. Pat wore a crown with her veil but I wanted a pillbox hat. We fashioned one out of a round oatmeal box, covered it with satin and lace, and attached the veil. I still have that veil in a box, in the bedroom.

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Because we married right after Christmas, the church was already decorated with red poinsettias. Pat, Sandy, and Barb wore green satin dresses that they made and they carried red poinsettia bouquets. Plymouth Church has a beautiful garden next to the sanctuary and the women of the church earned money for mission work by catering receptions for weddings and other gatherings. The wedding was at 7:30 p.m. so no meal was necessary—we celebrated with cookies and a cake. The weather was perfect - a nice warm winter evening in Coconut Grove.

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P.S. The pill box hat, with veil, was brought out on December 27, 2025, when Dad and I celebrated our 60th wedding anniversary.



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12/27/2025. The family at our 60th wedding celebration at the Community Restaurant in Cortland, New York. What a joy to have the whole family together!

How did you and Dad decide to go in to the Peace Corps?



During the summer of 1964, Dad and I began to date seriously. At the start of the fall semester, two things happened, although Dad and I have a discrepancy about the timing of the second. First, I knew I would be graduating in December and so I needed to apply for my Florida teaching license. I went to my favorite library school teacher, Mrs. Srygley to ask her to write a recommendation for my teaching license. I had taken a couple of library school courses for my elementary education degree and really enjoyed them. Mrs. Srygley agreed to write a recommendation, and then asked what I would be doing after graduation. I told her I would be looking for a teaching job. She asked if I would consider staying at FSU to work on a master's in elementary school library science. She offered me a scholarship that would cover all expenses. It did not take me long to accept

this offer - I loved putting children and books together, and I would be able to be in Tallahassee with Doug rather than 500 miles away in Miami. This was a great deal for me! I spent the months of October–December student teaching at Ludlam Elementary School in Miami. Dad and I wrote letters back and forth daily, and had a weekly phone call. Phone calls were expensive - we always waited for the rates to go down after 9 p.m. and we had to limit the time we spent talking, but it was always good to hear his voice.

The second thing that happened early in the fall semester (or it might have been early in the spring of 1965 — this is where we disagree on the timing). The FSU campus was visited by Peace Corps recruiters. Peace Corps was relatively new (it started in 1962) and recruiters were visiting college campuses to spark an interest in service. Dad and I decided to go to the meeting - it sounded interesting, and with the Vietnam War in full swing, Dad could have been called to serve in the military, and he was not interested in being in the military. We had lots of discussions after this meeting and finally decided that we would like to serve our country in this way. We had become pretty serious, but had not actually talked marriage. When Dad started talking seriously about going into the Peace Corps together, I asked if there wasn't something we needed to do first. (Remember, this was before the time when people would live together and get married later). He sort of hesitated, and then asked me to marry him. Of course, I

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said yes.

My timing is a bit tentative at this point - I don't seem to have any scrapbooks or calendars of 1965 and my memory is not great, but at some time in the spring or summer of 1965 we must have applied for the Peace Corps and been accepted. We officially became engaged in August 1965 when I went home with him to meet his family. I'm not sure how good an impression I made on my future in-laws. When I offered to help in the garden, I actually pulled out a row of corn before I was stopped - it looked like weeds to me! Auntie Ruth Birdseye gave Dad a diamond from her mother-in-law's engagement ring to have made into a ring for me. That was the diamond that went down the sink drain sometime in the 1980s - I was devastated when it was lost. A few years later Dad gave me the ring I now wear, with a small diamond and four birthstones, one for each of our girls.

During the fall of 1965, I worked on my graduate degree and Dad was finishing up his master's work. He graduated on Saturday, December 18 and we got married nine days later.

The fall of 1965 was busy with school, filling out Peace Corps forms, getting lots of shots necessary for living abroad, and wedding plans. Every time I did something for the Peace Corps under my maiden name, I was sure to tell them that I would have a different name by the time we actually went. Apparently my warning was not heeded, because when we went to Peace Corps

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training in August 1966, they had no record of a Nancy Hatch and I had to fill out all the forms again, and get all the shots again! Somewhere in Washington is a file for a Nancy Winter who never showed up for her assignment.

So... how did we end up in Nepal? When you apply for the Peace Corps, you are given the opportunity to request a location - not guaranteed, but at that time they tried to give you a match. We had requested a French-speaking country in Africa - we both had taken French in college and thought it would be easier if we had a little background in the language before going. What a surprise to find that our first possible assignment was for the Philippines. Certainly not French-speaking! We were just delighted to be accepted. My Uncle Bud Brown (my mother's brother) had been a missionary in the Philippines from 1946-1951, so we thought it would be fun to see where his family had lived.

We were married in December 1965 and then settled into a little apartment in Tallahassee. Dad was teaching at Augusta Raa Junior High School, and I was in my final trimester of library school. We had been married about six weeks when we got a call from the Peace Corps— I think all of my comments about being married when we actually were going into the Peace Corps had caught up with them, at least temporarily. They had just realized that the PC training for math (Dad) for the Philippines was in

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Hawaii and training for English-language teaching (me) was in Puerto Rico - and did we mind going to different places for our three months of training? YES, we did mind. They called back a day later to see if we would like to go to Nepal - training for both math and English-language was in Hawaii and there were positions open for both of those programs, if we would like them. We happily agreed , and then hung up the phone and went to a map to see where in the world Nepal was. Our first thought was that it might be one of the new French-speaking countries in Africa. What a surprise to find it in the Himalayas of Asia. Many volunteers who go to Nepal specifically ask for that location because of the trekking—we were just lucky, I guess.

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What was your Peace Corps training like? When did you go?



I graduated with my master's degree from Florida State on April 21, 1965. Since Dad's semester at Augusta Raa would not be over until June, I decided I would take a trip to Texas to see Pat and Mel before we went to Nepal. I had a friend from Holland, Joke Vandebosse, who was interested in seeing more of the U.S. and she agreed to take the bus with me to Austin, Texas. I remember that we stopped in New Orleans for a few days (going or coming?). It was hard leaving Dad, but he was busy at school and I really wanted to see Pat, so off we went on our adventure. This trip must have been some time in May 1965. When I got back from Texas, it was time to start packing up our little home and getting ready for the drive to Avon, New York where we would store our household goods until our return from Nepal. My cousin, Elton Brown, was getting married to Emily Blowen in

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Massachusetts on June 25, and we were able to go to the wedding on our way to Avon. This was a good opportunity for me to see many relatives and say goodbye to my parents before we left for Nepal.



June 25, 1965. Doug and Nancy Hatch, Becky Brown, Stephanie Caldarone, Lois Winter, my grandmother Ruby Brown Jones, Judy Caldarone, Uncle Nick Caldarone.

We had about a week in Avon to pack our suitcases and get ready for our trip to Hawaii for our Peace Corps training. We flew to Los Angeles (on July 7, 1966), and then took a helicopter ride to Riverside where we were met by Aunt Doris and Bob Jones (Gramma Brown's new husband). We spent the night with Aunt Doris in her mobile home. The next morning she took us to the

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airport for our flight to Honolulu. We were met at the airport by the Peace Corps staff and some Hawaiian girls giving us leis. Our first Peace Corps training site was at an old boys' school, north of Hilo, in the little town of Pepe'ekeo. From my July 10th letter to the folks: "You should see our living quarters! There are five married couples living in one 24×24-foot room which is partitioned with shower curtains. There are two army cots in each "room"— and that is all!" We were in Pepeekeo for a couple of weeks, getting our initial shots, orientation and six hours of language lessons every day. Next, the education group (about 40 of us) moved to the Kona side of the island, where we would stay for the duration of our training. We did some student teaching in the local school, and concentrated on language and physical conditioning. The education group was divided into smaller clusters of seven or eight people. Doug and I shared a rather primitive cottage in the small village of Napo'opo'o with another married couple – and many geckos that would fight on the ceiling at night!

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July 22

LILIUOKALANI GARDENS, on Hilo Bay, Island of Hawaii.

Dear Aunt Doris,

Doug and I were so glad to get your letter - sounds like you have been very busy. There are 13 girls in our Nepal group of 135 - all are in Education (46 Ed people in all) so I do have some female company. Five of us are married, so that leaves the other girls with a great boy:girl ratio! We are busy all the time, but having a wonderful time. Nepali language is really something - their tongues are more agile than ours! Hope you are well - love to you and Grandpa and husband and Lydia.

Love, Nancy & Doug

72510

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Mrs. Doris G. La May
3319 Avalon St., Space 42
Riverside, California
92509

Post card to Aunt Doris describing our PC training

One thing that I remember about our time during training is that the Peace Corps required volunteers to wear glasses instead of contact lenses. I had worn contacts since I was 16, so this was a

new idea for me. Since we lived on the Kona side of the Big Island and there were no optometrists, I had to go to the eye doctor in Hilo (several hours' drive around the island). First they told me to take my contacts out for a day ahead of time – but when I picked up the glasses, I could not see a thing. Next, they told me to take my contacts out for a few days, but unfortunately, the same thing happened – I could not see a thing. The third time I went to see the eye doctor, I had my contacts out for a full week. No luck—vision was awful with this third pair of glasses. The eye doctor finally decided that my eyes were so used to contacts that it would probably take several months for them to get back to their original shape, and we did not have several months to do this. Our training director sent a telegram to Peace Corps, Washington requesting permission for me to go to Nepal with contacts. Fortunately, this was given and I was able to continue with training. This issue took up a good bit of my time – and it was frustrating because I could not see much of the beautiful scenery as I was driven around the island multiple times! I took plenty of contact cleaning supplies with me to Nepal and was very careful not to lose my contacts. I had no problems with my contacts during my time as a PC volunteer.

We were in training in Hawaii from July 8th until October 6th. We left Honolulu at 12:30 p.m. and shortly after takeoff, the pilot announced that our flight was the 100,000 Pan Am Pacific

crossing. (This was something that interested my father!) We had short stops in Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, and Rangoon before we landed in Calcutta. The trip took about twenty-four hours, and we lost another twenty-four hours when we crossed the International Date Line. It took about an hour to get through Indian customs, and then we were taken to the Great Eastern Hotel for a day of recovery before going on to Kathmandu. We flew to Nepal on October 10th on a Royal Nepal Fokker Friendship airplane. I'm going to end this story with a quote from Dad's letter of October 11th: "...all our training was climaxed when about 9 a.m. from the right side of the plane, the Himalayan range near Mount Everest could be seen. Shortly afterward, from the left side, the range near Annapurna could be seen above the clouds. But the real climax came when we flew through a pass (ravine) and came upon the Kathmandu Valley. There is a great shortage of words that can describe what we saw and how we felt. It was as if we were going home to people we understood, yet didn't know."

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Our first view of Kathmandu Valley

If you would like more detail about our training and Peace Corps experience, please go to Aunt Pat and Uncle Mel’s website, patandmeloakes.com, to see all of our letters that were saved. Uncle Mel has scanned them and put them under “Guide to the Site.” Scroll down the left column to “Doug and Nancy Winter Hatch related” and you will see all of our letters, plus many pictures of Nepal. I still have the original letters in notebooks, but they are much easier to read on Uncle Mel’s site.

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What made you decide to adopt a child in Nepal? What was the process to adopt?



After we married and had Shanti, we knew that we wanted a big family but considering the population of the world and the many children who needed homes, we decided that we would give a child a home and adopt a child from Nepal. (The original idea was to biologically have two and adopt two — that didn't quite work the way we planned, but we did eventually end up with our family of four!) Our adoption of Kamala greatly enlarged our idea of what family meant—the moment the lady at the orphanage put her in my arms, she was ours, and no one was ever going to take her away from us.

I think that the best way to tell how Kamala joined the family is for me to quote from a November 8, 1971 letter to “Moms and

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Dads, Gramma and Aunt Bertha.” When we typed airmail letters, we always made three copies— one for each set of parents and one for my Grandmother and Aunt Bertha. My parents visited us in October— we spent two wonderful weeks with them sightseeing in Kathmandu and meeting our friends. We also took a plane trip to Pokhara, and a bus trip to the Chinese border.



Pokhara in the early morning



The road to China

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My first letter after they left, dated November 2, mentioned that the church in Kathmandu had asked me to serve on the board, but that “I refused because if we get another baby, that would be too much.” The folks must have known that we had put our application in for a child from the orphanage.

Here is the November 8th letter: “This letter is one which we thought we would not be writing for a couple of months—but sometimes (though usually not!) things happen suddenly in Nepal. We are now the proud parents to two beautiful daughters! Kamala Devi joined the family about 7 hours ago when I went to Bal Mandir (orphanage) to get her. She is a complete orphan – nothing is known of her family because she was brought to the orphanage a few days after her birth by some officials in the local district government. The people in the orphanage guessed her birthday to be around the 3rd of July – and we’ve decided to make it the 4th to make her a real little American. So, she is just over 4 months old, is 25 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches long, and weighs 11 pounds and 5 ounces. She is small, but otherwise very healthy.... She has big brown eyes and long lashes, and a simply charming smile, and just a fuzz of black hair. Her feeding and sleeping schedule are unknown to us, so we’ll just go on demand for a while. Now, I’m sure you are thinking, what does Shanti think of all this? She is too young to realize much yet, and we are trying not to disturb her schedule or routine. I gave her a tiny baby doll which Mom and Dad Winter picked out for us (originally for a Christmas

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present) and she seems happy to have her own baby. There are only 9½ months difference in their ages, so in a few months, it will almost seem like having twins. I'm sure you are also wondering about the name — Kamala (all short a's - as the o in come) means lotus flower, and Devi (e as in eh, i as ee) is the name of a goddess, often used as a middle name in Nepal. We are thrilled with her - as we hope you will be too.

As I said to start this letter, we did not expect this event to happen for a few months, because we only made the application to take a child three weeks ago. At that time, Mrs. Panday, the head of the Children's organization, said it would take two or three months for the application to be approved. So you can imagine our surprise when last Thursday [November 4], Doug brought home a letter saying that our application had been approved and that we could come any time to select [!*] our child. Friday was a very busy day, with a Guy Fawkes Day (British holiday) party at the hostel, so I called to say that we would come on Sunday. (Saturday is the government holiday). Yesterday [Sunday] afternoon we went over, and neither Mrs. Panday nor Mrs. Rawal (the head of the orphanage) was there. The people who were there said that we could look at the baby but couldn't take her - and I couldn't do that, so we left without a baby and without a look. What a disappointment! I called this morning [November 8], and both Mrs. Panday and Mrs. Rawal were there, and they said to come right over. [Dad was at work.] I called Mrs.

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Jackson to babysit with Shanti because she had just gone down for a nap, and 35 minutes later I returned with Kamala!

I wanted to go out to Rabi Bhawan this afternoon so Doug could meet his daughter and also to take Shanti and Kamala to the doctor. Mrs. Jackson very kindly offered to have their driver take us - I need to get the backpack out for Shanti before I solo out with two babies and a diaper bag filled to the top! Shanti does quite well walking, but she needs help in going any distance. Kamala was good all afternoon, even without a nap. Shanti had her smallpox inoculation and Dr. Milton said to wait a week or so to start Kamala on her injections. The teachers at school were all so surprised - we hadn't told anyone - and all so pleased. Joan Fort was at the clinic with Sandy, and she is tickled - another baby for her to spoil! She has been such a gem with Shanti, I'm sure Kamala will also thrive in her care.....

All's quiet - two beautiful babies fast asleep and a husband snoring on the couch - must go and do the dishes. Lots of love from the four of us.”

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The first picture taken of Shanti and Kamala

* There were four babies under a year old that were available for adoption. There was no way that I would be able to choose just one, so I asked Mrs. Panday to select the youngest child—and that is how we got our Kamala at four months old.



Our first family Christmas picture, December 1971

What did you miss the most during your years in Nepal?



I missed my family and being able to easily communicate with the family. When we lived in Silghari we received a mail packet from Peace Corps headquarters in Kathmandu about every two weeks. Letters from the States took about two weeks to get to Kathmandu. That meant that by the time we received a letter, it could be a month since it was written. When we would write and answer questions, it would also take another two weeks or more to get back to the States. This made communication very slow. For instance, when Aunt Pat and Uncle Mel had Beth (our very first niece, and long-awaited!), she was almost a month old before we knew she had arrived. Then it took two weeks for our congratulations to get back to Texas – and another two weeks for us to know that Pat knew that we knew that she had her baby! Confusing—yes!

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November 18, 1967

Dear sweet niece Beth,
Welcome! You don't know how happy we are to find out about you! I wrote a letter to your mommy yesterday morning saying that we were very anxious to hear from her, and that our mail was late this week - and the mail came that very afternoon. You'll be a month old tomorrow - we hope that you have had a happy first month of life. How do you like your new home - and especially your cheerful red and white room? Your mommy and daddy have worked hard getting it ready for you. What do

First part of aerogramme sent to Beth after we learned of her arrival—she was almost a month old!

There were no telephones when we lived in Silghari, just a telegraph station that sometimes worked and sometimes didn't. Fortunately, we never had an emergency to need to send a telegram and we eventually got used to being behind a month or two in the news from home.

When we lived in Kathmandu, there were telephones, but we did not have one. At least we would receive mail from home a bit more promptly. Before Shanti was born, we made an arrangement with our parents that we would send two telegrams announcing the birth of our baby (boy? girl?-we didn't know ahead of time) - one to Avon and one to Huntington Station where my folks lived at the time. Our parents would then call

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each other to make sure that both telegrams had been received. Dad's parents got their telegram and tried to call my folks—they tried all day and couldn't reach them. It was in the middle of the week and they knew Dad would be working. They finally called Aunt Pat in the evening to find out if they were okay. Aunt Pat told them that they were in Massachusetts for the funeral of Mom's dad (my Grampa Brown). He had died on September 21. Aunt Pat was able to give them a phone number for Uncle Bud and in this way they were able to contact my parents and let them know of Shanti's arrival. Mom always said that they spent a good bit of that evening talking about the cycle of life - one life over and another just starting.

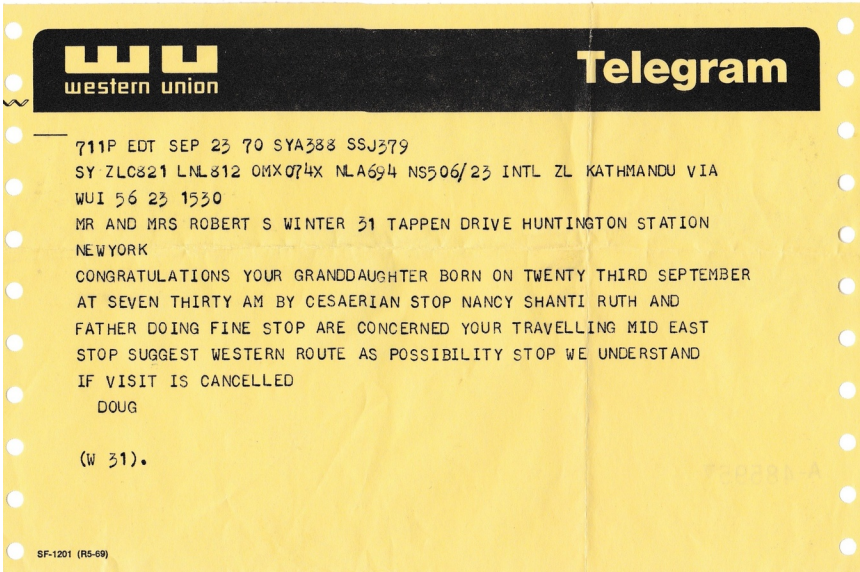


9/23/70. Peg, Martha, Judi, Bud, Lois, Bob—harvesting cranberries after Grampa Brown’s funeral in Hanson. This was the day Shanti was born in Nepal. This was in Grampa’s bog.

Another note to this story—telegrams were expensive to send and Dad sent the minimum number of words— no details, no weight, just baby girl named Shanti Ruth born by Caesarean; mom and baby fine. I think he was more concerned about my folks’ safety in traveling back to Nepal to help after Shanti’s

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birth.



Caesarean? What? Our baby wasn't due until mid-October so the family had no idea what happened to cause an early birth. I guess there was a lot of concern in the family until they finally received (probably not until early October!) Doug's letter of September 29 giving full details of the birth, and that Shanti weighed 5 pounds and 5 ounces—small, but nothing to worry about.

One other time that the lack of easy communication was difficult was when Kamala joined the family. My parents came to Nepal from October 16 - 30 for a wonderful visit and to celebrate Shanti's first birthday. Just before they arrived we had gone to Bal Mandir, the local orphanage in Kathmandu, to apply to adopt

A Collection of Stories - Nancy and Doug Hatch

a child. We were told it would take two or three months for the application to be approved, so you can imagine our surprise when we received word on November 6 that we could come to the orphanage at any time to select our baby! It had only been three weeks since we applied, and my parents had only been gone a week. Things generally moved very slowly in Nepal, so this was a real surprise! The first letter that my folks received after returning from their visit was to say that they had another granddaughter!

When we came home from Nepal in July 1972, it was wonderful to be able to talk to family— although we still always waited until after 9 p.m. to get the cheaper long-distance rate. Perhaps knowing that we spent almost five years without verbal communication with our families will help you to understand why our phone calls are so important to me.

Do you prefer summer or winter?



I really prefer mild temperatures, so I guess the answer to this question would be I am happy in the summer where the temperatures are not too hot, and in the winter when the temperatures are mild. I grew up in Miami where it was hot in the summer but nice in the winter. I'm not sure I could take the heat now—as I have aged, the heat affects me more. I've loved living in upstate New York, where the summers are generally quite comfortable and spring and fall can be glorious. The winters are very cold, but it still amazes me that it can be bitterly cold outside, and you can be comfortably warm inside. In Miami, if it was cold outside (and it did occasionally get close to freezing), it was cold inside. We did not have central heat, only a fireplace, and we found that either your front was warm or your back was warm—but not both at the same time. In the summer we would cool off by lying on the terrazzo floors, as they were cool all the time.

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Another thing to consider is outdoor activity. I enjoy working in the yard and garden in the spring and fall (not so much in the heat of summer). Growing up in Miami I never had the opportunity to play in the snow so that does not interest me.

Final answer: I will take the cold over the heat any day - you can always put more on but can only take so much off!

How do you like to spend a lazy day?



It is not in my nature to be lazy but occasionally it is good to take a day off and just chill. I might sleep a bit longer (we usually get up at 7 a.m. so 7:30 is late!) and have a relaxed breakfast. It is nice not to have to rush off to a meeting or an exercise class but to be able to sit and read a book or get caught up on the mail. Since my retirement from teaching, I have been taking a nap after lunch, and I really enjoy that quiet time. I like working on my “pictures project” on the computer – I find that relaxing and it is fun to remember old times. I also enjoy catching up on the many magazines that we receive but I don’t take the time to read them when they come. A real treat for me is to call a friend whom I have not seen for a long time, and catch up on her news. Heidi DeMaso and I used to have long conversations every few months – I miss her now.

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I feel a bit lazy on days when I do not have to cook supper from scratch, but have leftovers that can be heated up. I actually cook with that in mind and often plan meals that are enough for two days. Fortunately, your dad is not fussy about eating the same thing a couple of times a week 😊. A lazy evening for me means curling up with a good book and not having to leave the house for a meeting.

How do you want to be remembered?



I would like to be remembered as someone who cared about people and the Earth we have been given to enjoy. I've always been a “people person” and have enjoyed meeting new friends. My idea of family is quite expansive. Of course, there is the biological family, and that has always been important to me. Two of the most important moments of my life were when I gave birth to Shanti and Allison—I always wanted to be a mother. As a child I loved our summers in Massachusetts with my parents' families – many great-aunts and great-uncles on my father's side, and so many wonderful cousins (plus the aunts and uncles, etc.), on my mother's side. I remember this was one of the things that your dad liked about me when we were dating. His family was not close, and he liked that my family wanted to get together. I remember taking him to Massachusetts before we were married and introducing him to all the relatives. He never said much, but I know he liked the idea of a big family.

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In addition to biological families, of course, there are “chosen families”, either through adoption or mutual understanding. In our family, we have examples of both—our Kamala was adopted as an infant and has been part of the family since I first held her in my arms at Bal Mandir, the orphanage in Kathmandu. Pragya joined the family at age 15 (almost 16), and slowly became a member of the family as she lived with us during her high school years in Cortland. As the years passed Pragya (and eventually her family) became our family in every sense of the word. And then we have our Cortland family - Olga, Julia and David Munteanu, Tom and Sue Bonne', Paulette Fry and Carol Foster, Kim and Chris Hay, Janis and Mark Martin - all special people whom I consider family.

I should also mention Grandma Norma Lockey. When we moved to Cortland in August 1972, we quickly found a church where we were comfortable. Within a month or two, I mentioned to our pastor, Hugh Rose, that we needed a grandmother. In Nepal there were several older women who filled that position in our family and we missed that connection with them. Hugh said he had just the right person in mind. Norma Lockey was a recent widow and her only son was killed in Holland during the Second World War. She had no other family, and she was lonely. From our first visit I knew that this would be a special relationship. She loved you girls and was always happy to spend time with you. For the next fourteen years, until her death in September

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1987, she was an important part of our family. She joined us for many holiday dinners, birthday celebrations, and I took her to many doctor's appointments. Before she died she gave me her diamond ring, and I still wear it to church on Sundays - a special reminder of our adopted grandmother.



Norma Lockey (1897-1987)

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I also care about the earth. I believe we are asked to be good stewards of the earth—it is the only one we have, and it is important to leave it in good shape for future generations. In the past we might not have understood what was good and what was bad for the earth (and its inhabitants), but through science and education, we now know, and I believe we must take better care of it. I've been fortunate to do a bit of traveling over the years and have seen how beautiful the world (and the people who live in it) are in all countries. We need to do what we can to protect it for the future.

How much of the world have you seen in your life?



I have been fortunate to have seen a lot of the world in my life. Yearly trips from Florida to Massachusetts when I was a child ensured that I saw a lot of the East Coast. My parents arranged for special stops along the way – we visited Washington, D.C., Mount Vernon, New York City, and I’m sure other points in between. As a teenager, I was a delegate to the Joint Meeting of the National Council of Pilgrim Fellowship Congregational Christian Churches and the National Youth Council of the Evangelical and Reformed Church at Elmhurst College in Elmhurst, Illinois. That gave me an opportunity to see some of the middle section of the country.

In the fall of 1960, my father participated in a United Fund drive at Pan American—all who gave what was considered a fair share would have a chance for a number of prizes.



PAN AMERICAN
CLIPPER
LATIN AMERICAN DIVISION

MIAMI, FLORIDA, NOVEMBER 1960

Coemps Give U.F. \$57,000

Continued from page 1

grand prize, for continuing fair share givers, of a free, no-sub, round trip family pass to any point in the Latin American Division, plus a week off with pay and an additional cash allowance of \$125, was won by Robert S. Winter.

Ten second prizes of no-sub, round trip family passes to any point within 1,000 miles of Miami were awarded to fair share contributors for 1961 only. They are: J. E. Brady, S. J. Tanaro, A. K. Bohman, H. G. Hodges, J. S. Whitehead, M. E. Rowe, E. L. Kohlberg, M. Winkler, P. H. Bennett and J. W. Cooper.

Twenty-five prizes were awarded to fair share givers consisting of a pair of tickets to the annual Orange Bowl football game. These winners are: R. Voslik, R. N. Scaman, W. H. Mason, W. W. Reed, R. M. Bryant, A. E. Immel, M. C. Wieser, R. A. Franchina, C. Gomez, E. Alvarez, G. Cameron, J. B. Reese, R. S. Williams, R. A. Clark, C. S. Gatz, Nancy W. G. Keating, R. E. Jimenez, G. L. Launer, F. E. Kaler, C. H. Bedford, H. J. Johnson, R. R. Muniz, L. A. Menzitt, E. S. Harvey, J. Scaifrig.

Flying Club Prize


A prize for a trip in the Pan Am Flying Club's Cessna, for two members of a family, to Key West and return, was won by C. P. Deneda.

Ten prizes, consisting of free, no-sub, family passes to any point in the Latin American Division within 1,000 miles of Miami, were awarded to persons who contributed \$5 or more during the campaign. They were: M. C. Jose, W. J. Waskiewicz, D. B. Tener, J. T. Carlton, E. G. Mullins, W. E. Fitzpatrick, J. D. Reddingfield, M. J. Cappellazzi, P. Usher, A. H. Sheppard.

An additional 25 prizes, tickets to the North-South football game, were given to contributors of \$3 or more. They are: F. H. Swenson, J. J. Adams, W. A. Murray, J. L. Miller, J. D. Moore, M. McMenamin, C. H. Peterheridge, M. Baker, A. Smith, C. Medeiros, M. T. Malcieri, G. E. Wright, H. C. Dyer, L. M. Sellers, W. E. Walton, L. P. Alzet, C. C. Thompson, R. N. Scaman, J. H. Hall, M. D. Zimmerman, A. Thomson, D. B. Lynn, R. S. Squier, P. J. Day, C. A. Salsar.

Employees Give \$57,000 In United Fund Drive; Average Donation \$20

Continuing Fair Share Donors Number 812; Prizes Awarded to 71 Contributors in Campaign



WINNER PICKS WINNER—Robert E. Es, supply clerk, stores, who won a \$100 prize for obtaining the most continuing fair share subscriptions in the United Fund campaign at Pan Am, draws the card that won the grand prize of a family pass to any point in the Latin American Division, for Robert S. Winter. Seated is Walter Boyden of Accounting.

Employees of Pan American in Miami have contributed more than \$57,000 to the 1961 Dade County United Fund. Results of the in-plant campaign, the only such solicitation conducted at the airline during the year, were regarded as excellent by officials of the U.F., considering the cutbacks and transfers that have occurred.

Last year employees contributed \$59,203.55. A total of 4,945 employees were asked to contribute to the 1961 campaign.

Of these, 1,384 declined to give anything.

More than 800 employees had not been heard from as of press time for this issue of the Clipper.

An encouraging development of the current campaign is that the average amount given per person is \$20, as against \$19 last year.

There also was an excellent response to the continuing fair share giver program. Eight hundred and twelve employees signed up for this category and 377 contributed a fair share for the current year only.

The total number of givers among employees was 84 per cent of those solicited.

It is expected that when all employees have reported their subscriptions, the total contributed will be close to, or surpass, that of last year.

Wilbur L. Morrison, executive vice president in charge of the Latin American Division, was general chairman of the Pan Am drive. Deputy Chairman was A. J. Len Hurst, manager of Industrial Relations. Robert Bush, Division meteorologist, was coordinator.

Prizes for contributions were awarded to 71 employees. The

Continued on Page 3

November 1960. Pan American Clipper newspaper

The print is too small to read but I will copy the most important paragraph: "Prizes for contributions were awarded to 71 employees. The grand prize, for continuing fair share givers, of a free, no sub, round trip family pass to any point in the Latin American Division, plus a week off with pay and an additional cash allowance of \$125, was won by Robert S. Winter."

So... between my junior and senior years of high school (the summer of 1961), our family took a trip to Rio de Janeiro, with

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brief stops in Curaçao, Port-au-Prince, Haiti, and Caracas, Venezuela. During our time in Rio we saw Petrópolis, Sugarloaf Mountain, Corcovado with the statue of Jesus on top, Tijuca Forest and Copacabana Beach. We also took a side tour to Brasília, the new capital of Brazil, which was being built in the country's Central-West region. This planned city was only founded in 1960 so it was very new – many of the roads were not paved, and there were no big trees, just modern buildings. On the way home our flight made a one-and-a-half-hour stop in Panama, so I can add that country to my life list.



1961. Sugarloaf from Urca Mountain in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil

After your dad and I got married the travels continued—first to Hawaii for our Peace Corps training, then on to Tokyo, Bangkok

and Kolkata on our way to Nepal. During our time in Nepal we took a thirty-day trip to India, traveling by train, bus and boat. We also took a trip to Darjeeling. My May 4, 1969 letter home described this trip: "We flew from Kathmandu to Bagdogra, via Patna on Indian Airlines, and returned by retracing our route one week later. From Bagdogra, we took a three-hour taxi ride to Darjeeling, most of it being travel through smaller hills and forests to go from 420 feet to 7,000 feet."

We traveled home to New York in the summer of 1970, between Dad's terms at Lincoln School. I was pregnant with Shanti so my doctor recommended that we make a couple of stops along the way. We spent a few days in New Delhi, Beirut and London before reaching the United States. On our way back to Nepal, we visited Peter and Brigitte Dorr in Hamburg, Germany, and Dorothy Smith in Helsinki, Finland. When we returned to the States in the summer of 1972, we made stops in Bangkok and Tokyo before returning to San Francisco. In Tokyo we spent a few days with Hisao Toyoda (and his wife and children), a friend from our days at Florida State University.

Our travels for the next twenty years or so kept us in the United States, as we attended Winter/Brown family reunions in many locations. When Dad and I returned to the States in 1972, we said that we were going to plan a trip back to Nepal between Shanti's junior and senior years in high school - we wanted Shanti and

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Kamala to see the country where they were born – and we would take whatever family we had at that point (that included Allison). We had a travel agent plan our around the world trip, with stops in Los Angeles, Hawaii, Tokyo, Bangkok, and a full week in Nepal with Pragma's family. Coming home we continued around the world with stops in New Delhi (and a side trip to see the Taj Mahal), London, Scotland (to see my father's cousin Mardie Winter), and back to London by way of the hill country in England and a day at Beatrix Potter's house. After arriving back in Syracuse, we had four days to get ready for a family reunion in Kentucky!

Dad and I had always said that we wanted to take the train across Canada when we retired. However, in 2004, when my mom was dying, I asked her if there was a place in the world she had wanted to see but had not been able to visit. She said she and my father had gone to New Zealand but had not gone to Australia, and she had always wanted to see the Sydney Opera House. I told her we would go for her – and she gave me a gentle smile. When I got home, I went onto the Elderhostel (now Road Scholar) website and searched for trips to the Sydney Opera House. A two and a half week tour to Australia and New Zealand came up – and included a full day behind the scenes at the Sydney Opera House and an evening at the opera. Perfect! When Dad called that night (he was in seminary in Lancaster at that time), I told him that we

weren't going to take the train across Canada for our retirement celebration, but were going to Australia and New Zealand instead. He was a bit surprised, but when I told him why, he agreed that it was the trip we needed to take. When I mentioned this idea to Aunt Pat, she was very interested in going as well, and soon Dad and I and Aunt Pat and Uncle Mel were making arrangements for this once-in-a-lifetime trip. We had a wonderful time - Aunt Pat and I even rode a camel - but the highlight was our day at the opera house. I remember leaving after the opera was over— we were the last to leave because we wanted to explore every corner of the building. We walked out and stood on the steps in front of the building and looked up - and there was one bright star shining in the sky. Aunt Pat and I simultaneously said “Hi, Mom—we did it!” One other story from that trip: as our flight was approaching Sydney, we looked out the window, and all we could see were clouds—until there was a small break in the clouds, and I could briefly see the Sydney Opera House. It was almost as if Mom was there waiting for us. Allison put together a wonderful scrapbook of our trip to Australia and New Zealand - it brings back many memories.

Dad and I did eventually take the train across Canada. We had such a good time with Aunt Pat and Uncle Mel on the Australia trip that we decided to do another trip together. In May 2008 we took the train from Toronto to Vancouver. This was another

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Elderhostel trip with many interesting stops and lectures. Aunt Pat and Uncle Mel flew home from Vancouver but we took a few more days to take a bus and ferry trip to Vancouver Island, where we spent the morning at Butchart Gardens and a few hours in the beautiful city of Victoria, British Columbia.

I can think of one other big trip that Dad and I have taken. In January/February of 2014 we went on a mission trip to India, with a stop in Nepal (while we were in the neighborhood) to see Shanti and Narayan. Pragya, Gaurav, and Asha were also in Nepal at that time. The mission part of the trip took us to an orphanage, the Grace and Peace Mission of Orissa (GPMO), which had about 140 children from ages 5-21 who were victims of the 2009 persecution of Christians in that area. This orphanage was started by an Indian couple who live in the Binghamton area. It was a wonderful and humbling experience. For a full description of that trip, please see my letter dated February 23, 2014 in Photos on the computer.

Dad and I can also say that we have been in all 50 states of the United States. We've traveled to many of them going to family reunions, but we've at least "touched down" in the rest during other travels. We got off the plane in Alaska on one of our trips back to Nepal, and we drove into Washington state on our way home from our Peace Corps reunion in Oregon in 2016. We live in a beautiful world, and we have been lucky to see so much of it.

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Note: I started to put pictures of the places we've been, but realized that would be too many pictures! You can find more details of these trips in my scrapbooks, letters and photos on the computer.

What do you think is key to maintaining a happy relationship?



I asked your Dad what he thought about this question, and his quick answer was “staying together”. I think he meant commitment. I agree. However, in our family experience, I think that sometimes this is not possible. I’m not sure staying together is healthy if one or the other person is not happy, at least most of the time. I guess I would add compromise—we are not always going to get what we want, but we should be able to get some of what we want, some of the time.

Another thought about this is that each person has to be comfortable with who they are – a relationship is not successful when one person has total control over the other person. Each person needs to be comfortable with their own ideas, actions, and beliefs. It is important to be open to new ideas and be willing

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to discuss any issues that arise. I guess that goes back to compromise - each person must be willing to give and take a little.

When Dad and I came home from Nepal we went to a Marriage Encounter weekend that showed us how to communicate better. For the next few years we participated as a presenting couple in eight or ten Marriage Encounter weekends, most at a camp in Solon, but we also traveled to Pennsylvania and even to Lincoln, Nebraska. These were special times for us to grow in our marriage.

One more thought about this question - I would say laughter is important in a relationship. We need to be able to laugh together and to laugh at ourselves. I've had lots of laughter in my life with your father and his "dad" jokes - even though I have heard some of them many times. His play on words is one of his most endearing qualities.

What is one of the best trips you've ever taken? What made it great?



I have taken many wonderful trips in my life, but I think that the trip Shanti and I took to Europe in the summer of 2024 ranks among the top five. The trip came about this way. I had mentioned to Shanti that I would love to see our European friends from our Nepal days. I also wanted to see a friend from my teen years who was from Germany. Shanti said she would love to see her Danish families again – this discussion led to the decision that the two of us would take a trip that included both our dreams.

The people I wanted to see were John and Jenny Potter, Brigitte Dorr and Christel Wulf. John and Jenny live in England near Axminster, about a two-hour train ride from London. John worked for some company in Nepal (I forget what) and I spent a

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lot of time with Jenny and their son Steven at playdates. Steven is just a bit older than Shanti and they loved playing together.



Shanti and Steven Potter, May 1972

Brigitte Dorr (and her husband Peter who died in 2022) were German volunteers in Nepal at the same time we were teaching at the Lincoln International School in Kathmandu. We became friends and have remained in contact ever since, including a stop in Germany on our visit home from Nepal in 1970, and hosting Brigitte and Peter in Cortland in July 1974.

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Peter and Brigitte Dorr and Nancy in Zeven

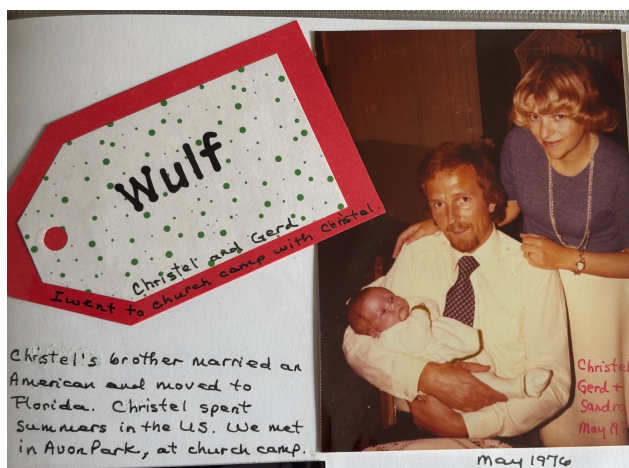


Peter and Brigitte with Shanti and Kamala at our home in Cortland

My friendship with Christel Biemann Wulf goes back to my teen years and church camp at Avon Park, Florida. Christel's brother had married an American and moved to Florida. Christel would spend summers with her brother, and he would send her to church camp in Avon Park. We met at camp in 1958,

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corresponded during the year, and renewed our friendship at camp again the next year. This continued throughout our high school years, and the correspondence continued (including almost yearly Christmas cards and pictures) until Christel's death in 2023. I had always wanted to see Christel in person again, and was quite sad to receive word from her husband in February 2023 that she had died. I sent a sympathy note to Gerd (her husband) that was answered by their daughter Sandra.



Page from my Christmas cards scrapbook

Shanti wanted to see her Danish families from her year as a Rotary Exchange student (1988–1989). She had three families: John and Kirsten Danielsen, Viggo and Rose Christiansen, and Jørn and Anne-Grethe Rude. John Danielsen died in 2021 and Rose Christiansen was in a nursing home with dementia, so Shanti wanted to see her remaining “parents” before something

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happened to them.

Shanti, with the help of a travel agent in Eastlake, made all of the plans for our trip. We flew to London, and took the train the next day to Axminster to see John and Jenny—they gave us a lovely tour of the area, including Seaton Beach on the English Channel.



The next morning we took the train back to London and spent the rest of the day seeing some of the sights in London, including a 45-minute boat trip on the River Thames and a half-hour (one rotation) ride on the London Eye. I’m not a big fan of Ferris Wheels, so this was quite an experience.

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Big Ben from the top of the London Eye

The next day we took a train to Germany and then a bus to Zeven where we were met by Brigitte Dorr - we spent three days with Brigitte, including a bus trip to Bremen and a wonderful afternoon visit with Sandra Ahrendt, my friend Christel's daughter.

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Shanti and Nancy with the Bremen Town Musicians (I read that old German fairy tale to many classes over the years)

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Afternoon tea with Sandra Ahrendt, Nancy and Brigitte Dorr

We next traveled by train, bus, and ferry to Denmark, and spent three wonderful days in that beautiful country. We stayed with the Rudes and had a day with each family. Kirsten Danielsen took us to her new apartment in Stubbekøbing for lunch and gave us a tour of her little village. Viggo Christiansen drove us around Sakskøbing so Shanti could see the three houses where she lived in 1988–1989 (all three families have moved since she was there). He took us to two very old, beautiful churches, and we had a short visit with Rose, but Shanti does not think that Rose remembered her. I'm so glad we were able to see her—she died on March 2, 2025. Our day with Jørn and Anne-Grethe Rude took us to Marielyst, a small beach town on the Baltic Sea where the Rudes have a summer home. We walked a couple of blocks to the Baltic Sea and were able to put our hands in the water.

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2024. Shanti with her Danish families: Kirsten Danielsen, Anne-Grethe and Jørn Rude and Viggo Christiansen.

We were supposed to fly to Iceland on July 28, but Shanti woke up on the 27th feeling feverish – a Covid test came back positive so we did not feel we could take the plane at that time. We were determined not to let this ruin our trip, so we took the train to Copenhagen, got settled in a hotel and spent one day letting Shanti recuperate. She felt much better the next day so we put on masks and decided to see more of the city. Shanti's time as a Rotary student was mostly spent in Saksøbing, so she was happy to see more of Copenhagen. It took a few days to change our flight back to the States, so we had an extra day in Copenhagen. We saw the Botanical Gardens and Butterfly House,

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Rosenborg Castle, took a boat tour around Copenhagen (saw the statue of the Little Mermaid), saw the statue of Hans Christian Andersen, and spent several hours at Tivoli Gardens. Our bonus day in Denmark was spent on a bus trip to Frederiksborg Castle, built in the early 17th century and now the Museum of National History. It is huge—we only made it through three of the four floors! We went back to Tivoli for the evening - it is magical with all the lights.



Tivoli at dusk

What made this trip so special? Dad and I have had many wonderful trips, by ourselves and with the family, but this was the first time that I traveled with one of our daughters - and it was for reasons very specific to each of us. We accomplished what we wanted - and we were able to fit in many more

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experiences that we had not originally planned. I was not sure I would be able to meet the physical demands of such a trip, but with Shanti's patience, I did it, and will always be grateful for the experience!

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How far back can you trace your family ancestry?



Aunt Sandy filled out this family tree for four generations.



This tree works for Aunt Pat, Uncle Bob and me, as well.

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Thanks to Uncle Mel Oakes and his extensive genealogy research, I can trace both my paternal and maternal families back a number of generations. My father's father can be traced to James Scott Winter, 1808-1871.



My father's mother can be traced even further back - all the way to John Alden (1500-1685) and the Mayflower. Sorry, no picture of John Alden!

Family trees for both of these families can be found on the Oakes website, patandmeloakes.com.

On my mother's side, her father's family can be traced to John Brown, of Salem, Massachusetts, who lived from June 27, 1761 to April 12, 1837. My mother's grandparents, Elton Armington Brown and Ella Florence Keene Brown, are the only

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great-grandparents I ever knew.

My mother's mother was a Benson, and that family can be traced back to Levi Winslow Benson (1859-1941).



Levi Winslow Benson
(1859-1941)

His wife was Alvina Frances (Griffin) Benson (1869-1934). The Griffin ancestry can be traced to a Thomas Griffin, born on June 8, 1806.

There are four scrapbooks with pictures and genealogy items that I have collected over the years—one each for the White, Winter, Brown, and Benson families. You can find much more information in those books than I am able to write about here.

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What are your favorite books?



I have always loved to read. I think our mom must have read to us as children— we had a set of books with nursery rhymes, fairy tales, and stories that we could choose from every night. I believe I had that set of books when we first moved to Cortland in 1972— I remember reading to Shanti and Kamala from the different volumes. Somewhere along the way we gave it away, but I wish I still had it now, because I can see it in my mind.

My elementary school library was very small, but I do remember a set of biographies, all with orange covers. I think I started at “A” and read straight through the series - I loved reading about other people’s lives. Biographies are still my favorite genre. I also enjoy reading historical fiction. I’ve never been a mystery book reader, but in recent years I have learned to enjoy fantasy fiction.

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As a children's librarian, naturally my favorite books are children's books. Some of my favorite authors are Beatrix Potter, A.A. Milne, Margaret Wise Brown, E.B. White, Beverly Cleary, Eric Carle, Dr. Seuss, and Mary Norton. I grew up with their books and have enjoyed sharing them with later generations. Of course, many wonderful books have been written since I was a child, and when I was working, it was always a treat to open boxes of books that I had ordered and spend hours reading through them.

If I had to name one favorite author, I would choose Patricia Polacco. She writes and illustrates stories from her own experiences and makes them come to life. Her books are usually found in the picture book section, but they are quite appropriate for all elementary grades. There are two that I read regularly to classes at Barry School. The first is Thank You, Mr. Falker, the story of her personal struggles with dyslexia and the teacher who finally realized her problem and helped her overcome it. I read this to the third grades each year during Teacher Appreciation Week. The second book is Pink and Say, based on a true story from her own family history. I read this to the fifth grades during African American History Month. This book is about the friendship of two young Union soldiers in the Civil War, one black and one white. There is a sad part where Pink's mother is killed - I could never get through that page without getting

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emotional and the class would get very quiet. I always felt that it was okay for my students to see that books can touch their emotions.



1998. I had the honor of meeting Patricia Polacco at several librarians conferences. She is still writing books at the age of 81.

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What is one of your favorite memories of your father?



My mother and father went to California before Christmas in 1997 to watch granddaughter Kelly dance in *The Nutcracker* (she had the lead role of Clara).



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Unfortunately, Dad had a massive heart attack as soon as they arrived and he spent two weeks in the hospital. I'm going to copy what I have written in my Photos caption for the following picture - it will tell the story of why my favorite memory of Dad is when I spoke to him on Christmas Day, 1997.



1/1998. Dad and Mom Winter with Darin in California. From Kelly (When asked about this picture): "1998 is my best guess. That would be right after we moved to the Palisades house. Clearly we had done some demolition and this is probably the trip where Grandma and Grandpa visited to see me as Clara in the Nutcracker, and Grandpa had his heart attack. They stayed for a while. We had tarps for a roof on much of the house and Darin and I shared a bunk bed. I sure do miss all the people in

this photo...”

From Robert: “Kelly’s right-on, I think, because Grandma and Grandpa did not come to Bellino until we began construction (we had stripped the old walls down to the studs in the background), and it was for the express purpose of seeing Kelly (who was 11) as Clara. Looks like Darin at about 19, as well.

More specifically, this would have been taken in the few days after Grandpa finally came home from the hospital (where he was for about two weeks; he was still in the hospital at Christmas), and before I flew with them back to North Carolina. So it would have been late December 1997 or the first days of January 1998. Grandpa looks like he is in recovery mode. He’s wearing my oversized parka as the weather was unseasonably cold the entire time they were here. The mirror on the left was in the improvised bedroom I had set up for them. There were indeed tarps everywhere on the roof; the rains were torrential. I generally went up on the roof each day to diagnose and repair the latest leaks.

I miss everyone in the picture, too. Darin was the most handsome kid I ever saw (he never let on that he knew). I’m glad we were able to get Grandpa to the hospital in time so that he could have another decade with us.

Nancy’s comment: “What wonderful stories about this picture. I’ve done a bit of research (my calendars and letters) and can

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confirm that this was Christmas 1997 with the folks in California for Kelly's performance in the Nutcracker. There is a note on Dec 25 in my 1997 calendar - "1:45 - Robert called from hospital - talked to Dad!" ... I remember that when I talked to Dad, the first thing he told me was that he was going to make it to Shanti's wedding in June 1998—and he did!



6/20/1998. My dad and Shanti - a promise come true.

What is one of your favorite memories of your mother?



I'm not sure the following is a favorite story about my mother (and father), but it is one that I think should be told. My mother was not a very patient person, and we four Winter kids were often the target of her impatience. Now I understand why she acted the way she did, but as a child, it was sometimes difficult to accept. Mom's early life was not easy - her father and mother separated when she was young, and Gramma Brown was left with five young children to support (with no support from Grandpa Brown). Gramma worked hard - she had a number of jobs, moved several times, raised chickens and sold the eggs, grew gladioli bulbs for sale, and also had a turkey farm. Life was not easy, and at one time my mother and Aunt Florence lived with their father and his parents (their grandparents) for a year. Mom's life was not easy and she never had the opportunity to

develop patience. Mom wrote the story of her mother's life in 2019 for us - you can find it in my Benson genealogy book under Ruby Benson.

With that background, I will skip to the end of my mother's life. I still remember the phone call from Mom in early October 2003 when she told me that she had been diagnosed with uterine cancer and that she was going to have a hysterectomy the next day. She came through that surgery fine and we were hopeful that she would be able to beat the cancer. However, unknown to us, she had been having problems since the previous January. She had gone to a gynecologist with some spotting - the doctor did a Pap smear and told her she was fine. Mom went back to the doctor in June with the same result. Finally, in September, Mom demanded that the doctor do a biopsy, and the cancer diagnosis was confirmed. By this time, unfortunately, the cancer had spread. She started radiation treatments, but by Christmas she was not doing well and spent ten days in the hospital in Spartanburg as a result of dehydration. After completing radiation, she took a month to recuperate before starting chemotherapy at the end of February.

By the end of March, it was obvious that the chemotherapy trial Mom was in was causing more harm than good, and the doctor recommended that she stop. The doctor told her that her radiation treatment had been successful and they would use

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other drugs to catch any stray cancer cells in her body. He said to go home and enjoy the spring weather and he would see her in six weeks for a CT scan and further evaluation. In early June we learned that the results of the CT scan were encouraging and the doctor wanted to see Mom again in another two months. But by the end of July, Mom was on a different chemotherapy regimen. Fortunately this one did not affect her as much as the first. Mom and Dad kept busy with their active lives during all of this - bridge playing, concerts, visiting with friends - Mom was determined to beat the cancer.

Mom's 85th birthday was August 23, and the four of us kids (plus Doug and Mel and foster sister Jean Webb) planned a trip to help her celebrate. A friend of the folks offered to let Sandy, Jean, Doug, and me stay at her apartment in Tryon Estates, so with Pat, Mel, and Robert in the folks' apartment, we were all in the same building. We had a wonderful long weekend visiting with the folks and their friends. A special treat was the visit on Saturday afternoon by Virginia McNaughton, the Director of Christian Education at Plymouth Congregational Church in Miami, who was there when we were all teenagers.

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On Sunday we all went to the Stonehedge Inn for a lovely lunch to celebrate Mom's 85 years.



Shortly after Mom's birthday celebration she decided to stop the chemotherapy - the therapy didn't seem to be working, she was

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too tired to do anything, and her quality of life was poor. She was put under hospice care on October 11th. She made the comment that this was not the way she would choose to die, but perhaps we don't get that choice. She wanted to die at home, so we four kids took turns visiting with them so we could give them support. Dad had a hard time accepting that Mom was going to die – she had always been so strong and he had been so sure that she would be able to beat the cancer. When Mom went into hospice care, the nurses thought that she would last just a few weeks, but her heart was so strong that it just would not stop. In fact, Mom got a bit impatient – she had no fear of death and knew that she was going to a better place and she was anxious to make the trip.

Here is where my special memory of Mom and Dad comes in. I was with the folks starting on November 21 (my second trip to N.C.) – I had taken a week leave from school, but had to call the school superintendent and ask for another week because I could not leave Dad, and Pat, Robert, and Sandy were not able to come back. Mom was very slowly dying – she just could not let go. I would sit at the dining room table where I could see into the bedroom in case she needed something. On December 1, Dad went in to the bedroom and I could hear him talking to her. He said, “Lois, we’ve traveled the world together for many years, but this time you will be taking a trip by yourself. I will miss you,

but I will be okay and soon I will join you. We will meet again on the other side.” He stood next to her for a long time, and when he came out of the room, I knew that he had finally accepted the inevitability of her death. That was when I also realized that Dad was giving Mom permission to die - she needed to hear from him that he would be okay. Early in the morning hours of December 2 (7½ weeks after Mom went into hospice), Dad woke me to tell me that he had just checked on Mom and she was gone. Our beloved Mom, who was so impatient in her younger years, patiently waited for Dad to accept what was happening - she had to know he would be okay. I will never forget that experience with them.

Mom’s memorial service was held at Tryon Estates in North Carolina on December 10, with our large extended family, including six week old Gaurav and nine day old Chloe Starkey in attendance.

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12/10/2004. The Hatch family at Tryon Estates

I should add that at the same time we were dealing with my mother's illness, Gramma Hatch was also having health issues. She had a minor heart attack on April 1st and was hospitalized with a major attack on April 20th. She was moved to the hospice floor of Highland Hospital in Rochester on April 29th and then on May 13th she went to Theresa House, a hospice facility in Geneseo. Grampa faithfully visited her every day for the next three months. We also made weekly trips to Avon during this time. Shanti and Kamala made a special trip to see Gramma in July - I know she was delighted to see her great-grandchildren.

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Theresa House is meant for people who are actively dying, and Grandma seemed to be getting stronger, so in early September she was moved to the Avon Nursing Home. She was not happy there and wanted to go home. Dad was able to take care of her at her beloved home on Temple Street for the last two weeks of her life. She died peacefully in her sleep, in her own bed, on September 21. The whole family came to Avon for her funeral on September 25.

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9/25/2004. In front of the house at Temple Street with mums in honor of Gramma Hatch: Lydia Blatnik, Jay and Aliyah Johnson, Scott, Shanti and Frank Blatnik, Jada Johnson, Sophia Blatnik, Kamala and Jaheim Johnson, Allison and Susanna Edgecomb.

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If this was the last thing
you wrote, what words of
wisdom would you share?



Remember the Golden Rule - Do unto others as you would have them do unto you.

And from Maya Angelou: "Hate, it has caused a lot of problems in the world, but has not solved one yet."

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And one from Dad... Reflections on family bonding



There always seemed to be something to do when I was growing up! My family (mother, father, younger sister Barbara and one-year older cousin Robert Bunkker) spent the early years of our childhood living on Bronson Avenue in Avon, New York. While there, much of our summertime was spent at Conesus Lake helping my grandfather and father build a cottage. Specifically, I was in elementary school and could help in some of the “go get” chores to bring materials to the workers. When that cottage was completed, my folks bought some land at the end of Temple Street in Avon. In the spring of 1953, when I was eleven, a backhoe and a bulldozer dug the hole which was to begin a three-year project for our new house. My parents didn’t like to borrow money, so we bought supplies when we could afford them. In fact, Mom put money in separate envelopes to

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pay monthly bills, and we used the cash remaining for building expenses.

The project was completed in three stages: basement prepared and covered, house frame prepared and enclosed, then interior finished.

The three of us children helped in all these stages of building. The first year we shoveled gravel around the basement exterior walls for drainage, carried cement bricks to different locations so my dad and grandfather could put them in place, mixed the grout (six shovels sand, one shovel cement, one shovel gravel) if cement was needed for bulk and not for laying cinder blocks.



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Once the backside exterior wall was completed, we could carry cinder blocks across 2 inch by 12 inch planks into the “basement” for use in the remaining walls and an enclosed fruit cellar. Windows were also put into the basement walls, just above ground level. Major days of celebration were when a cement truck would come with much cement to fill in sections of the basement floor which had been prepared with reinforcing metal rods (rebar) and leveled off. A small space between the floor and walls was specifically left open for any drainage concerns. Perforated pipes were below the ground level outside the basement walls to drain excess water to the sewer in the street. Once the walls were completed, planking (floor joists) were nailed into place and the basement was covered with plywood and tar paper, with access to the basement by a stairway. The kids’ job was to add the additional nails to the plywood once it was put into place, and help roll out tar paper, and seal it. The first winter was spent finishing some basement preparations.

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Fall 1953. Basement and flooring for house completed. Barb and Grampa Wade

The next spring, much lumber was delivered, and the frame of the house was put together, raised, and nailed into place. With many support beams to hold the walls in place, the frame for the roof was then constructed.

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Once it was covered with tar paper, the roof shingles were nailed in place. I can specifically remember having to keep the “chalk line” covered in blue chalk to make the shingles line up. Again, my dad or grandfather would put in two nails to hold the shingles, and my cousin and I would complete the nailing task. This also was the case for the plywood covering the sides of the house. I was even given some responsibility in measuring window openings to fit the plywood in place. Repeated nailing

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was a seemingly endless task. This included outside clapboards, and a lot of inside insulation tacking in the stud openings.



The next spring was the beginning of inside work. Electrical wires and insulation were installed, wallboard was attached to studs, sanded and painted, and tongue and groove floorboards were nailed down. My Uncle Don, Mom's brother, also a local carpenter, finished everything in the kitchen. I remember my sister choosing the design of bricks for the fireplace, which my grandfather put into place.

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We moved into 200 Temple Street in late summer of 1955. I spent the next four years walking, biking, or running to school only one-quarter mile away. I can't help but remember how much a family bonds when they do constructive activities together. The experience and knowledge of working on this house benefited me later with my comfort in tasks in my Peace Corps experience, working with disaster relief, and assisting in building five Habitat for Humanity houses in my local area.

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The finished house at 200 Temple Street

Post Script



If you would like more information about any of these stories, there are plenty of places to find it— scrapbooks, notebooks of letters, genealogy notebooks, and thousands of pictures on my computer.

Also check out Aunt Pat and Uncle Mel’s comprehensive website, patandmel.com for many family stories. Most of the letters that we sent home from Nepal during our Peace Corps years have been scanned by Uncle Mel (and are easier to read on the website) - you will find them under Guide to Website, left column (scroll down), Doug & Nancy Winter Hatch related.

