

## **My Winter Beach Memories**

Margie Vaughn Arnold

My Step Grandfather and Grandmother Homer and Carrie Matthews came to Winter Beach in the late forties. I was around seven years old when I first came to visit them. I remember mosquitoes and bad smelling, bad tasting sulphur water. To a child my age a new place was filled with, I thought, amazing things. Grandpa Homer built a house that was later bought by granddaddy and Nanny Dukes. In the early fifties, my family, Marvin and Ruth Vaughn relocated to Winter Beach. Leaving behind a rural farm with close knit neighbors and not knowing what was ahead and fearing the close connection would be lost. Much to their surprise it was the same loving caring neighbor helping neighbor community, just a different location. We came to love this new place we called "home."

Some years passed and we became kin by marriage. I married the youngest son of the Arnold Family, Homer Lawrence Arnold and my sister married Huey Richard Walker, the son of Elizabeth Walker and sister to Janet Walker Anderson, Lena Walker and Dewey Walker.

I have many precious memories of the farming years, people knocking on the door with a box of vegetables. Also, many days fishing on the Indian River and catching sea turtles not just to have fun, but to put food on the table. Some of us thought that others were much wealthier than we were, but as we aged we realized everyone was scratching out a living any way they could, we were all in the same boat.

It would take a book to put down all my memories big and some small ones that would interest only me. I hope all who helped form this little town lovingly remembers it as I do. So thankful for all who crossed my path one way or the other and as a child made me feel important. To me Winter Beach was my Norman Rockwell town. I wish some one had made drawings of all the colorful people we all hold fondly in our hearts.