

CHRONICLE

IS PUBLISHED BY MONDY ON MONDAY FOR THE MONDYS
THEIR KIN, NEAR KIN, AND A FEW FRIENDS

VOLUME IV, ISSUE 22 ,August 9, 1993

Published By H. C. Mondy,
929 Sheldon Street
El Segundo, CA 90245
FAX or Phone: (310) 640 9700

If you plan to move, do it before you are 75. Too hard on the nervous system after 30, and worse at 75. More about that IF and WHEN we move.

I told you in the last issue that it might be the last mailed from El Segundo, but I have decided to try to get this one out though it might be a short one. Besides, I have one letter (from Lois) that came in too late for the other issue.

Margaret has been talking to her sister, Judy, almost daily and Judy is improving rapidly. I do hope she is well enough to bake me a chocolate pie the next time I see her. She said she lost 15 pounds during her operation and hospital stay. [I would ask her if there was a little bit of liposuction going on but she wouldn't want me to know -- I might tell others. Or I might try it myself.] We invited her to Taos to recuperate but, at the rate we are going, she might be well and strong before we get moved.

The Jinks family reunion begins on the 3rd of September and we are looking forward to it. Every year there are kinfolks I have never met before and a lot I have, and a lot that have grown up so much I have to be re-introduced. There were ten children of the PK Jinks clan and all but one have contributed from 2 to 7 offspring, and most of the offspring have made substantial contributions and some of their offspring are contributing to the clan.

Cecil will be there and I will endeavor to get back in his good

graces some way or other -- I do want to be remembered in his will, -- even if it's only for half a million or so. I'll give him a list of the Chronicle Cousins so he can include them. But don't count on it for your retirement. He is liable to outlive all of us. Lester, my brother-in-law-in-law, (I guess that is what he is. He's Margaret's brother-in-law so what kin is he to me? I can't say he is my brother-in-law once removed for that phraseology is reserved for blood kin. Anyway, he'll be there and I always enjoy being with him. And Mary Jean will be there and I love talking to her.

I'm going to miss my old raccoon when we move. I don't see him too often but he leaves his calling cards around the yard and digs in my compost heap for goodies. This morning when I was eating breakfast I saw him coming home to the trees along the north lot line. I yelled at him, asked him if he wasn't out a little late, -- but he just looked at me and went to bed. There are no raccoons in Taos area but there are chipmunks and lots of birds. And occasionally a coyote. Margaret was glad to find out that there are no rattlesnakes. And there are rabbits -- a cute one came into the yard while we were there and ate his breakfast.

Here is Lois's letter:

FROM LOIS

Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends. Let's all remember that our Chronicle Editor needs our letters so let's take time out and write him. I personally enjoy all the news in the letters we write and I hope we all write him more often. [Amen, amen].

Harrison, I too feel depressed and sad in my

heart that someone would be so disrespectful to destroy what so many have built and enjoyed over the years. And there are so many memories. I remember so much as we drove up to the church, the ringing of the bell, -- it left such memories I shall never forget. I'm so grateful that this did not happen before the nice 100-year celebration and the memories people will have of it. It is hard to believe a person would be so low as to destroy such a source of love and memories. I hope they catch the person who did it.

Remember in my last letter I said I thought I could hear some thunder and that maybe we would get some rain. Well, we didn't get any out of that cloud, but oh, did we get some today. I think if you had been listening you could have heard the loud claps of thunder way out there. We had the thunder and lightning again today and along with them we got the rain we badly needed. The cloud formed over us, then moved east, then came back with more rain. The winds were strong enough to make huge white caps on the water. And the keen lightning knocked out the electricity and cable TV, and there were two waterspouts and one house was struck by lightning. We have been very hot here an after the rain and the air conditioner was kicked off by the power failure, we kept cool by opening the windows facing the water and felt the cool breeze. It was great. (I was so scared of the storm, -- I said my prayers.)

Cecil is bouncing around with joy as he can relax from the last two months of watering flowers and grass. I may get to play and extra game of Spite and Malice, or one of dominoes. That's how we pass a lot of our time.

I have just got to find time to fish if this rain cools down the water and air so the fish don't come out of the water already cooked.

Harrison, thanks for telling us what is going to happen on August 12 [*The meteor shower*] and I hope we remember to see it.

Jewel, I have always been told that you and I

look alike. It has been so long since I have seen you I can't remember what you look like. Now I am sorry if you look like me, -- maybe they could say I look like you -- that would be better. You know it has been so long since I have seen any of you, I don't know if I would recognize any of you unless I knew I was about to meet you. I do have memories of all of you when we were much younger.

Near here there is a little church called *The Little Church in the Wildwood*. I believe it is a Methodist church. It is a beautiful church in a lovely location and they have a good attendance for such a small church.

Love to all of you, Lois.

It's August. This is spider month. I was out in the yard this morning and noticed all the spiderwebs on the various plants. Something in nature tells the spider that the time has come to lay away a little fat for the coming months when there will no longer be flies for her to eat so she does that. When we were kids we used to lie under the big oak trees at the corner of our yard and watch the "ballooning spiders" take off in their webs for some other place. It is a long way from the ground to the top of an oak tree but these spiders would climb to the tip of a limb or leaf, spin a rather large web, and when the wind was just right, she would get in the middle of the web and cut the restraining strands and go zooming off to some distant land. Some didn't make it very far; they would become entangled in another tree or with a telephone line. These were days to remember. These were the days we began to think about autumn and after that Christmas.

Did you know that a spider can become entangled in her own web? You have probably wondered how she can move across the web whereas a fly would become entangled. The reason is, she knows where to walk. If she tries to walk on the sticky strands, she would become "stuck" just like the fly. The next time you watch a spider spin her web, pay close attention to how it is

done. First she lays down all the non sticky strands and after this is completed, she lays down the sticky strands in between the others. She never walks on the sticky strands, but she can move like lightning on the others without ever making a mistake. I often hear the admonition to "stop and smell the roses". I think we would get a lot more out of life if we would stop along the way and watch the spider.

I talked to Lois this morning for several minutes. Someone there puts out a little paper and Lois wanted to know if I had any objection to the woman's including in her paper the short blurb I put in a recent issue about the meteor storm we would have on the 12th of August and of course I gave her permission. Actually, it will take us about three days to pass through the old comet's tail so there will be quite a show each night but the best will be on the 12th. (Before midnight, the moon rises about then and the show will not be so good.)

We take a lot of magazines around here along with two daily papers and several weekly papers and every time I think about another magazine subscription Margaret gives me the eye -- the one that says, "You've got more than you can read, now, why another?" But this one was different. The letter that came with it started with, "When J. Russell Duffer asked us to mail you a free sample issue of *Reminisce*, we promised that we'd also send along a special savings offer ----" and they did. Now I thought that any magazine Russell thought good enough to read, should be read by me and it was delightful. It [like the *Chronicle*] has no ads. It is full of stuff about the 30's and 40's, the tunes we heard then, the big bands, stories about things that happened then, stories about the depression, etc. I shall subscribe to it after I get to Taos.

Something else we will miss in Taos, -- no mail delivery. We will be out in the boonies! We will have to drive to the El Prado Post Office to pick up our mail. All letters will have to be addressed to Box 1696, El Prado. NM 87529.

People like UPS and Federal Express will deliver to our house, and I have been told that some of the newspapers will deliver to a box if we put one up on the Hondo-Seco Road. The Post Office is about a mile from the Blinking Light toward Taos.

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I took last week's *Chronicle* in for printing at a new place because the old had gone out of business, and I told the girls I wanted 50 copies. She wrote down 51 copies and I asked her why. "If I print only fifty copies, I have to charge you 5 cents a page but if you want 51 copies, the price drops to 3 cents a page. If I had insisted on 50 copies it would have cost me 40 cents for each paper, but by ordering 51 copies the price dropped to 24 cents each.

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Talked to Jewel and Tom Saturday afternoon. Erin Nicole is doing quite well, developing a personality, gaining weight, she's up to 4 pounds, 9 1/2 oz. She is nearly 8 weeks old; spent the first 6 weeks in the hospital and been home 2 weeks now.

As many of you know, Jewel and Tom were married on Christmas Day fifty years ago. I asked Jewel when they were going to celebrate their 50th and she said they hadn't decided yet. Knowing that lots of people would like to spend Christmas with their own immediate family, they decided they would have it some time in the fall. At present they think it may be some time in the last two weeks of October. That's a non-holiday season and the best time of year to visit Colorado Springs.

I had an attack of something this week. Fever was 102 and I had a chill. I appears it is connected with the kidneys but I won't find out until I go to the doctor on Monday. Don't know whether it is related to my near-diabetic condition which I will have to watch. Scared me, for I picked up a dead mouse that died in our house in Taos (with a paper of course) and the hantavirus attacks that killed so many people were located nearby

I just read a story in the magazine *Reminisce*, the one Russell is responsible for my getting. The story was entitled "What Life was like in the Dirty Thirties." After reading it, I have concluded that most people remember the 30's in completely different ways. The prices this man remembers are certainly different from the ones I remember. For instance, he said teachers were paid \$1227 a year, but I bet you didn't make half that, Jake. He listed a pair of shoes at \$1.79 but we did not pay more than a dollar for shoes. In fact, when I went to Little Rock in 1938, Tom McCann shoes were still selling for \$2.98 but I could buy others next door for \$1.98. (These were John --- shoes and I thought them as good as Tom McCann shoes.) And twice a year National Shirt company had a sale, three shirts, best quality, for \$5.00. He says that a six-room house would cost less than \$3000. but I remember that the Kings built what we thought was a mansion and it was rumored that they paid a whopping \$3000 for it.

Some people had a radio but we didn't get one until about 1937 I think (maybe Jake and the others know the exact year.) Anyway, we couldn't wait for the Fibber McGee and Molly show and sat in perfect silence as Fibber opened his closet. Then there was George Burns and crazy Gracie. And Mom found "Portia Faces Life" that came on a little before noon each day. Dad laughed at her for listening to it. One day he came in early from field and heard an episode. The next day he came in early and heard another. He did it for a whole week, then decided that he was wasting too much time so he let Mom listen to it and tell him about it during the noon hour. And every year at Christmas, Lum and Abner did their skit about a young traveling couple who asked permission to sleep in an old abandoned barn. Later Lum and Abner decided to go see about the young couple -- you guessed it, she had had a baby in the manger filled with straw.

Dad just had to listen to HV Kaltenborn. He did listen to Fibber and the others but HV was his favorite.

Everyone keeps talking about how horrible the period was and that it was harder on the farmer than on others. That simply isn't true. Farmers, if they were worth their salt, grew most of the food they would need for the winter. Dad ran a cannery during part of the time. The government furnished all the cans needed, dad furnished the building. There were huge pressure cookers that would hold about a hundred #2 cans (cans that would hold 4 ears of corn). People came from miles around bringing wagonloads of corn, string beans, garden peas, sweet potatoes, most every thing that could be canned. The government furnished a list of what could be canned and what not to can.

Mrs Standiford wanted us to build her a one room house (she would later add a lean-to) so she bought the lumber for it for \$25.00. We built it and there was enough lumber for everything except the roof. The roof was built of boards rived from an old red oak or black oak growing near the place. I don't know what the roof cost but it wasn't much. Glendon Standiford was two years older than I and he decided to "go on the road." When he returned a year later he was my hero. He had learned to "ride the blinds" and "ride the rods" and described in great detail what it was like riding the two rods under a passenger coach from San Francisco to Los Angeles; how the train ran along the edge of mountains and he could look as far as he could see across the ocean and not see the other coast. I wouldn't have made a very good hobo. I would have had to be very hungry before I could get up enough nerve to go up to someone's house and ask for a handout.

Have now picked 187
Tomatoes off that
Volunteer plant that
came up against the
fence in the back yard.