

*The Mondy Morning*

# CHRONICLE

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

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Rain, Sleet, Snow, Hail, we've had 'em.  
Not just here in Taos, either.

The Jinks Family reunion ended at noon on Sunday, May 28, and we (Margaret, Judy Washburn, and I) left La Grange Texas as soon as we could after lunch, hoping to travel as far as San Angelo, TX to spend the night. When we turned north in Fredericksburg, we could see a black cloud in front of us and I predicted we would be driving in rain soon. Actually we did not encounter the rainfall because the cloud was moving east, but long before we reached San Angelo we could see the results of the rain we had missed. They had had a flood. The water was up to the roadway,-- over it in a few places, -- and the fields on both sides were flooded. There were thousands of acres under water and there were places when we could not see dry land as far as we could see.

And the black cloud remained in front of us. There was lots of lightning and as we approached San Angelo the cloud was so black and thick it looked like night. We were halted by the police at a place where a truck had turned over. It had been loaded with metal sheeting and there were sheets all over the shoulder and one half of the roadway. We were able to get by slowly. Our destination was Day's Inn at the edge of San Angelo so we pulled in, got our room, and unloaded our bags. Then Marg and I started on down the road toward some fast food places to pick up something for our supper, leaving Judy behind. We had not gone more than three or four blocks from our motel when we realized that something

had happened. We were simply following a tornado down the street. It was a one-way street and we could not turn around. The street had become a river; and there were road graders out trying to clear the road of limbs and trash, **AND HAIL THAT MUST HAVE BEEN 8 INCHES DEEP.** We had to drive about half a mile before we could find a street where we could turn. Water was flowing over the hoods of cars.

At instructions from a policeman as to how we could get back to our motel, we drove through a residential district. Everybody was out looking at the damage to their homes, trees up rooted, limbs sheared off and lying on roofs or in yards. One motel three blocks from ours had been torn to pieces. The manager of our motel apologized because we had no TV -- the cable had been torn down. Hail was about two inches deep in front of our door. The wind had been so strong it blew water under our door so the carpet was soggy and had done similarly to the room above us so that water ran down one of the light fixtures onto our table.

One family had the windows blown out of their house and spent the night in our motel. Their car, almost new, looked like some one had attacked it with a ball peen hammer.

We drove through rain, sometimes so heavy we could not see very far ahead of us, all the way home and arrived home about 6:PM to find out that Taos had had a storm that left a layer of hail on our lawn. It had also torn off a small section of roof where I had made some repairs so that I had a leak over the laundry room. The storm left the mountains covered with snow and today they are beautiful.

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The trouble with putting out the Chronicle at two week intervals instead of every week is that some of the letters are stale before I can print them. I received a letter from Bessie and Bertha dated 17 May, -- too late for the last Chronicle but it is a good letter and though some of the news may be no longer new, you will enjoy it anyway.

#### FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA

"Thank you, Harrison, for the nice Mother's Day card. I had a nice day. On Saturday, my daughter-in-law, Karen, took me to Branson for lunch and to see the Lawrence Welk show. Bertha, Sue, and Ann were with us. The weather was beautiful and we had a wonderful time. On Sunday, Bertha and I went to church, and then to daughter, Dolly's for lunch. Later, others of the family came by home for a visit or with a gift for me. Mother's day was a great day for me. I hope all the other mothers had a good time, I wish, especially, that all the Chronicle family had a nice day.

Bertha and I had a nice dinner and breakfast with JE and Katie a week or so ago. Bea and Jack (Taylor) came through here on their way to Branson for a while. Eloise and Jim stopped over after dinner so we had a nice visit with them before they move to Oregon. We also had a nice visit with Thomas and Joyce who came over for breakfast. It is always a delight to visit with relatives, and Katie is such a good cook and they are such good host and hostess.

Bertha and I will be making our annual Decoration Day pilgrimage to all the cemeteries between here and Pocahontas; Thayer, Myrtle, Walnut Grove, Clearview and Shiloh (if we can get in), and Pocahontas.

We have had some rainy weather, and high winds that did a lot of damage around here. Lots of large trees were blown down and two schools were so badly damaged the children have had to attend other schools for the rest of the school year. My great granddaughter attends one of the

schools that was damaged. I felt really lucky; I lost only a bird feeder that blew off a pole and broke.

Bertha, Sue, Ann and I had a garage sale. We didn't make much money but we enjoyed meeting the people. We got rid of some of the stuff and will give the best of the rest to the fire department. They will take most anything, They take old clothes and cut them up to make quilts for the needy.

Love to all of you. I'll write more after our trip, *Bessie and Bertha.*

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I suppose everyone wants to be loved. I am dearly loved by two things that I don't love; chiggers and poison ivy. I love to observe the goings-on of nature and since the family reunion was held at a camp site surrounded by woods, I took several short hikes into the woods. I saw lots of ivy and since I know the different kinds, I carefully avoided it. But those dog-gone chiggers saw me coming and I acquired quite a number of itchy bumps. But my short forays into their territory were interesting. I watched "velvet ant", which is not an ant but is a wingless wasp, search for something to carry back to its nest. It was unsuccessful during the period I was watching. I think I found the green caterpillar she was seeking but it was too far away. Then I found an ant's nest where several tiny black ants were busy repairing the damage done by the rain. I took a little stick and tapped the ground near the nest, and sure enough, out came the warriors, four or five times as large as the others. If you think humans invented slavery you are wrong, the ants have been practicing it for millions of years. The little tiny black ants are the slaves of the large red warrior ants. They build the nest and keep it in repair, search for food, and even feed the red warrior ants who never turn a hand (or foot?) to do anything except fight. There was a beautiful chameleon sitting on a dark brown section of bark and was the color of the bark. I caught it and covered it immediately with my hand to see how quickly it could change color. In less than ten seconds it had turned a brilliant green. I

caught the same chameleon three times while I was there. He can flick his tongue like lightning to catch a fly passing by but his feeble little brain could not cope with a hand moving toward him in time to avoid it. I watched several brown ground spiders with their white sacs of baby spiders securely tied to their abdomen. Most spiders hide their sacs of eggs/baby spiders but not the little brown, she takes it with her.

There is a beautiful lake at the place and many people took advantage of the dozen canoes to go for rides around the lake. Most of the little boys spent their time fishing. Judy Washburn's two great grandsons (ages 5 1/2 and 4 1/2) had a wonderful time. One of them caught ten sun perch -- and was beside himself with joy. I don't know which one it was, but both were catching fish.

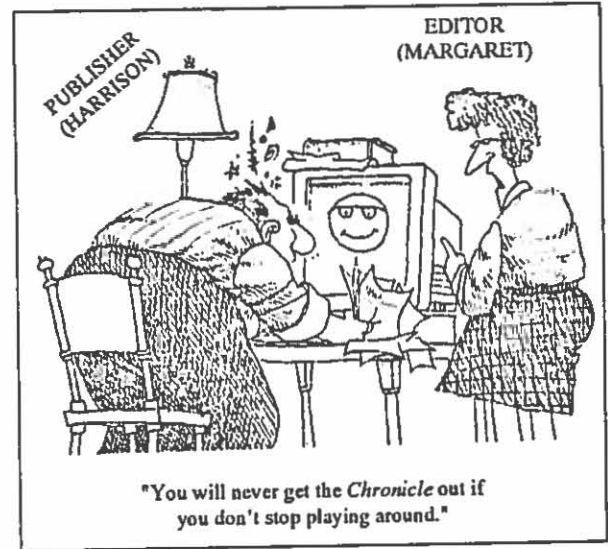
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**PAT SAYS:**

"How nice to receive such a wonderful Mother's Day message an best of all, it was written by somebody I actually know. That was thoughtful and I am sure otherfelt the same as I did.

I finally managed to read the last Chronicle in between chasing grandchildren and feeding my grown-up children who have been visiting us. It's nice to have them, and we started missing them the minute they left for home. I hate to wipe the tiny hand and nose prints from the mirrors. And there's a yellow duck still trying to find water in one of our bath tubs.

Now I have a few days to recuperate before the next group arrives. All this makes for a hectic schedule; trying to put the house back together, to prepare for more guests, and to get packed to leave for a three week vacation the day after the company leaves. But it is all worth it to experience the fun of having children and grandchildren here again. What is really nice is that we will be seeing them again in a few weeks as we return from our vacation in Colorado. Although travel is so much easier today, I still wish we didn't live so far apart. I recall a term that I heard often back when I was a child -- car trou-



ble. Seems my father and grandfather were forever having to go rescue friends with balky cars.

We talked with Holland's brother-in-law last night and he reports that the snow in the Lake City area of Colorado has not melted and there is new stuff on the ground. This means that we will have to pack for blazing hot temperatures the first few days on the road, for cold and snowy conditions at nine thousand feet, and everything in between on the way back to Corpus Christi. No wonder we drive a van. It takes about that much room to accomplish all of this. And I have art supplies too. It seems strange to pack cold weather clothing while I am barefoot and wearing shorts with a sleeveless blouse. And with that air conditioner ticking off those kilowatt-hours.

We will be in Colorado, Utah, and New Mexico, and will return to Corpus Christi after mid June. I wonder if our systems can stand the shock of getting really cool in high Colorado and then encountering the sweltering heat when we return to steamy C.C. I hope we neither freeze nor melt, and can readjust quickly. Also, something always happens to the oxygen supply when I get up only a few hundred feet higher than we are here. I begin panting from lack of that good stuff. It is quite a change to go from fifteen feet here to nine thousand feet.

I read with interest that you were happy to get your forty-year old Encyclopdia Britannicas back again. I know exactly how you feel. I would miss mine. But mine do keep me even farther back in the dark ages, -- my set was published in 1911, making it eighty-four years old. They were my father's and I have found the much worn volumes invaluable. I have even done some genealogy research by reading family biographies. For example, I found one of my eighth great grandfathers listed as the first land grantee at Oyster Bay, NY. He was Peter Wright, an English Quaker, who obtained his land in 1653 from an Indian whose name is given also. For the land, Peter traded the Indian real goods, tools, cloth, and food he could use, not trinkets. No guns were in the list since Quakers do not hold them dear. The article goes on to say that Peter was instrumental in getting a young Indian boy who had been kidnapped back to his family. I bet that's not in the modern versions of EB. *[Hang on to that set, Pat. My set does not even mention a Peter Wright.]*

I went to a genealogy symposium several years ago and at lunch we were talking about old versions of EB and I mentioned my ancient set. It caused quite a flurry. One of the speakers said she considered this 1911 edition a great source for researching families and offered to buy mine. Of course they were not for sale at any price. Beside being of value to me (don't ask me about anything that happened after 1911), they have sentimental value. I can find notations made by my father here and there and see bedraggled pages he used while playing the classic games of chess which was included in the large section devoted to the game. Long ago he taught me to play but I was never good at it; didn't have time, or patience. I did beat him once and never played again. I have often wondered if he hadn't let me beat him, hoping to stimulate my interest.

It has been very exciting hearing about Brecken's decision in choosing a college. If only most (I could not hope that all) of the young people could be so talented and so fortunate. And since she has always wanted to go to Yale, why not? It

certainly is prestigious, and she will have a degree that will carry weight and take her far. Our daughters too, had only one school they really wanted to attend and it was wonderful that they managed this. I hope that after graduation Brecken will encounter the same great problem that faced my daughters, especially Lisa, our chemical engineer who had her choice of many places in the USA in which to settle after graduation. It was a difficult choice. Krista really wanted to live in Albuquerque, but after meeting her future husband, she decided Los Alamos was a great place. Holland and I were very grateful our daughters didn't decide to go live on the moon. Hope Brecken lands in an interesting place with the perfect position. (Here I have her graduated already.) But I'm sure we will be hearing about those four years in between now and graduation. It is always surprising to me how fast those four years fled by.

Holland has been spending most of his free time outfitting our van for our trip. It's not as if this was our first trip, but each trip leads to further improvements. Holland would have been a great mechanical engineer. He has invented half a dozen gadgets, cabinets, a small bar for water, coffee, soft drinks, and even a fold up bed which we will probably never use. There is even a portable shower, and storage space is expanding by the minute. All this for people who do not plan to camp out. Hope there will be room for the passengers. And in between times, he has raised some beautiful tomatoes. Too bad we have to go off and leave them but I am sure the neighbors will enjoy them.

I'll tell you all about our trip when we get back, 'til then, cheers, *PAT*

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I had a long talk with Old Ornerly while at the reunion. I begged and begged for him to put me back in his will, telling him how near bankrupt I was, and how near a hardship case I had become, and how that I sometimes cried myself to sleep just thinking about his millions and how I was cut off from any hope of getting even one of them, but I'm not sure he understood. But I'm

still hoping. We all wore badges so people could identify each other. His granddaughter made his badge. It said OLD ORNERY in great big letters. I didn't put her up to it; it was her own doing. At one of the meals I stood up behind him and said, "Ladies and Gentlemen, this is my brother-in-law, Cecil, and he wants to make a speech," then I sat down. He didn't even stand up. All he said was, "I'm going to kill me a brother-in-law" just loud enough for the people to hear. I wouldn't say he got a standing ovation (people were too busy eating), but he did get a few chuckles.

I have to say this about him, he sure looks a lot better than he did last June when he came to see me, got sick , and I had to drive him back to Kansas. I attributed his illness to the altitude here but he keeps telling people that I tampered with his medicine. He does appear to be in much better health now and I think it is because he has joined a health club and is doing a lot of exercise. But I can still out run him on level ground. He accused me of tampering with the letter he wrote to the Chronicle but all I did to it was correct a few misspelled words, added a few commas, took care of a few split infinitives, dangling participles, and misplaced gerundals. I thought this improved the letter but he didn't. So he is going to write another and keep a copy so he can see what I do to it.

But poor Cecil does have his problems. He's not very good in math and asked me to help him with the bill he got when he returned from the recent funeral. It seems that he flew from OK City to Lubbock where he joined more than a dozen others to fly to California. I don't know who took care of all the arrangements but the bill, which was unsigned, was as follows:

|   |        |
|---|--------|
| Airfare and hotel ---   | \$800. |
| Car rental-----   | 24.    |
| Wheelchair Towage ----  | 20.    |
| Picking up cigarette butts<br>from roadway to keep him<br>from getting a fine - | 50.    |
| Wheelchair charges<br>between planes -----                                      | 40.    |
| Total -----   | \$934. |

He thought the airfare and car rental were probably ok, but he thought the wheelchair charges were out of line since the wheelchair was part of his airfare. He also thought picking up three cigarette butts was not worth 50 dollars since the fine would have been only twenty-five dollars. At the bottom of the bill was the statement, "Pay Martha \$100. just because." I told him not to pay any of the bill until it was straightened out to his satisfaction. I told him to wait until they sued, then he could take it to small claims court where all the charges would have to be proved and the court would take care of it. He may be rich but I don't believe in soaking the rich to pay the poor.

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My brother Dewel has finally retired from his dam business. I don't know what his dam title was; all I know about it is that he built dams all over Colorado. When he wasn't busy building dams, he fished. Since he could throw a rock from his back yard to the Arkansas river, he had a good place to fish. Tied his own flies too. All I ever fished with was a long earthworm but I never saw anything he tied that looked like that. No wonder he couldn't catch any perch or catfish. I don't know anything about the kind of fishing he and my Colorado brothers-in-law do. Looks like you have to have a strong arm to throw the bait. Now me, I want to relax when I fish; just sit on the bank with my hook hanging down in the water. An Angler, I ain't. The piscine inhabitants of the earth have nothing to fear from me.

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Those of you who read the Pocahontas Star Herald know that at the bottom of Page 4 of each issue is a column called, "Looking Back" which has some news from 24 years ago, 48 years ago, and sometimes news from 72 years ago. In a recent issue there was an item from the May 11, 1923 edition reporting that the band selected to play for the funeral of Ex-Governor Drew was from the State University at Fayetteville. I tried to find out something about Governor Drew but my Enc. Brit. did not have him listed. I was only six years old but I remember the event. His cof-

fin had been exhumed from some place (I think in Texas) and brought to Pocahontas for reburial with military honors. I remember that his coffin was taken to the cemetery on what I thought was a stripped-down wagon but I suppose it was a caisson or something similar. I also remember the parade of veterans, one of which was "Uncle" Jack Tyler who was very old but managed to keep in step, much to the surprise of my father and a lot of others. I think he was a veteran of the Mexican-American war. The parade route from town to the Masonic Cemetery was lined with people, -- people came from all over the county for the event.

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I have asked Margaret and her sister, Judy, to come up with a report on the family reunion. Many of the Jinks clan could not attend and I hope the report will make them wish they had been there..Here is the report.

### JINKS FAMILY REUNION

Members of the extended Pearson K. and Lida (Terral) Jinks family began gathering at Camp Lone Star, out of LaGrange, TX on Friday afternoon, May 26, for the umteenth family reunion. Of the original ten children, only six remain, ages 89 down to 76. The attendees came from Canada, Arizona, California, New Mexico, Arkansas, and Texas.

Friday night was Picnic Night, each family bringing their own food which was shared by others. There was a lot of hugging and kissing as the members met, some having not seen each other since the last reunion in 1993. The kids had grown; the older ones had more salt in their hair; and the elder members walked a little slower.

The beautiful grounds of the camp includes a lake for fishing and boating, a swimming pool, and nature trails(complete with chiggers) through the wooded area. There was something for everybody; though, because of the sporadic light showers on Saturday, a large number of the attendees spent their time inside the spacious dining room and other areas, just visiting -- the

real reason for the reunion. A couple of tables of bridge and another of dominoes, with plenty of kibbitzers, produced as many howls of laughter as loud groans, and ample conversation as to what had gone on since the last reunion.

On Sunday morning after breakfast from 8 to 9, a group gathered around the piano mastered by Nancy Jinks of Phoenix for a sing-along led by Claude Jinks of Houston. This led to the Sunday services; opening prayer by Jayson Jinks of Sugarland, TX. and the sermon by Dr. Charles Jinks of Phoenix, AZ. As is the custom at these family reunions, following the services, tribute is paid to those members of the clan who have passed on since the last reunion. In this instance, Ercil White paid tribute to her son, Dean, the eldest of the White children, who had left us only a short time before on May 6.

After lunch on Sunday, the families scattered to their various homes; all declaring they had had a wonderful time and promising to return for the next Jinks family reunion in 1997. Before leaving, the Jinks Family council gave a vote of thanks to Jayson and Leslie Jinks for their work in planning and organizing the details for this reunion and elected Jayson as president of the planning committee for the next..

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We will be leaving next Sunday for California to attend Brecken's graduation ceremonies. Will be there 3 or 4 days then back to El Prado to hunt for our house in the buffalo grass that is already 3 feet high.

Yooahoo -- anybody out there? I have a lot of space available for your letters. If I don't get them, I can't print them, and the rest of the people can't read them. Now aren't you ashamed of yourself. It takes me about 20 hours of work to put out each issue. It would only take you 15 minutes, once every 6 months to tell us all how you are and to thank those who write regularly.

Write

Write

Write

Write