

CHRONICLE

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

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"How did you do it," Margaret asked me. My answer is "I don't know." What I do know is I misspelled several names and I want to apologize for it. Laurinda, I'm sorry I left the "a" out and spelled your name, "Lurinda DeSario"; Bonnie Clark, I apologize for omitting one of the "n's"; I also want to apologize the the entire Vycital clan for transposing the "i" and "y" in their name. I have a partial excuse for that error. I typed the names in the front part of the Thank You card upside down (as you can see if you unfold the card) and although the computer can type in any position, proofreading is more difficult. Please forgive me, all of you, and if there were other names misspelled,, let me know and I will put an errata entry into the next issue.

Some of you get the Pocahontas Star Herald as I do. I always read Ann Carrol's column and in last week's edition she told about old fashioned pie suppers and box suppers. I am quite sure that most of you older readers remember them but I'd bet that there are many of the younger readers who have never heard of one. They were quite popular throughout the early part of this century up to the mid-thirties and then began to die out.

They operated this way: All the girls in the community for miles around would bake their best pie, put it in a box elaborately decorated, often with crepe paper and ribbons, then drape something over it so that no one knew who brought the pie. As each pie was held up by the

auctioneer, he ran a spiel about how heavy it was, how beautifully it was decorated, who wonderfully it smelled, and a lot of other stuff and asked for the first bid. Now supposedly it was blind bidding; i.e., the boys bidding did not know whose pie was being sold, but one look around and you see by the expression on the girls face whose pie it was.

The bidding usually started at about 25 cents (especially in the depression years) and went up in increments of a dime until the limit was reached, the highest bidder paid his bid, and collected his pie, which he held until all the pies had been sold and the feast began. Pies seldom sold for more than a dollar or so.

The moneys collected from the pie sale was used for a particular purpose known to all before hand. Now I remember one particular pie sale that we had at Shiloh to buy a piano. Dad thought all churches should support themselves by "tithes and offerings" and was opposed to a pie supper for church support, but ten percent of nothing was nothing and there was very little money in the church treasury to buy a piano so he gave in to the members of the church and we had a pie supper.

There was a certain girl in the community who was rather popular. She had been dating a certain boy but had left him and was dating another. (I'm sure Tom Kirk and my two sisters can tell you the names of the girl and boys but I won't print them here.) Boy One was rather unhappy that Boy Two had "beat his time" with the girl and one way to "get even" was to buy the girl's pie and get to eat with her. Boy Two, who had brought her to the supper (and knew her pie), opened the bid with the outlandish bid of "one

dollar" and we knew the war was on. Boy One raised the bid to two dollars and the audience drew in their breaths and waited. No one else bid on the pie. The bids escalated in 50-cent increments until Boy One ran out of money at about six dollars. Boy Two raised the bid another fifty cents and it looked like this would be the final bid. The auctioneer had started his "Going, going, gone" spiel when Boy One held up his hand and asked for a minute's delay in the bidding. He then said to another boy, "I'll mortgage my team of mules to you for twenty-five dollars". (I don't know how he knew the fellow had 25 dollars, but apparently he did.) The fellow said, "Done", and Boy One raised the bid another dollar and got the pie.

Now the sequel to this is that the girl dumped both boys and married someone else. The boys had always been good friends and continued to be. I'm sure the mortgage was paid off; after all only one dollar of the money had been used.

Pie suppers were lots of fun. If a boy was unsuccessful in buying a pie, he had plenty of offers from those who had. I remember once or twice when a boy bought more than one pie and got to eat with more than one girl.

Phil Harris (I think) used to do a little thing called, "Life gets tedious, don't it". Well around here, life gets hectic. We spent the last few days of April in Calif., arriving home on May 1. Dean White died on the 6th and Margaret flew back to Calif on the 11th for the funeral. She came home on the 13th and on the 21st we left for the family reunion. We left La-Grange on the 28th and arrived home on the 29th. That takes care of May. On the 11th of June we went back to Calif. for Brecken's graduation and arrived home on the 17th. Dewel passed away on the 21st of June and we left on the 22nd for Colorado and his funeral on the 24th, returning home on the 25th. During this period I spent some time on the Chronicle and finally got it out about the 29th.

Following the death of Dean White, Margaret

PAGE 2

received a sympathy card from RA and Russell and in it was a letter. For some reason, the letter was put back in the envelope and when I was trying to get out the Chronicle, I failed to include it. I will do so now. As I say, things have been hectic around here.

FROM THE DUFFERS

(5/19/95) Dear Harrison and All;

One day Mother's doctor brought his little granddaughter to Mother's to play with her granddaughter. They were watching the two and the Doctor said, "Mrs Goings, we are fools about our children, but we are d___ fools about our grandchildren." While I wouldn't have used those words, aren't we all? What our grandchildren do is great and we love telling others about them. I think we have all enjoyed Brecken telling us about her decisions. She is great and you have every right to be proud of her and we are proud for you, and proud of her too.

After the "grands" come the "greats" and they are just as much fun and just as wonderful.. Isn't it great for us?

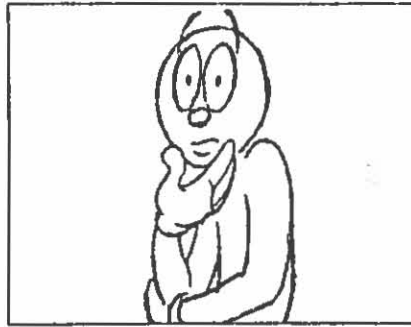
Jerry and Gerry Hart have just come back from Las Vegas where they watched Jay perform in "Guys and Doll" and receive his MFA degree in Performing Theatre Arts from the University of Nevada. We are all so proud of him; as we are also proud of our other five "grands".

Both Russell and I are doing well. Both work around the place all the time, doing little piddling jobs that need to be done. We have the garden doing fairly well. Tomatoes are large enough to begin to ripen, banana peppers almost large enough to eat, and peas that are coming along. My flowers are looking good also. So we are as busy as we need to be. Russell went to the doctor yesterday and got an OK on his health report.

We are looking forward to June when Bob and June will be here from Hawaii. They are expecting their fifth grandchild, a boy this time, their second grandson.



How, oh how, can I get back in his will. I simply must think of something



I must think of some great scheme, something that will make him want to put me back in it.



I've got it, I've got it. It's a devilish scheme but I think it will work, work on him, anyway.



It's a great idea! I'll write a long article for the Chronicle telling the people all about him. May hafta make up something



I'll tell how good looking he is, what a great upstanding citizen he is, (I won't tell them he is a Democrat, I gotta keep politics out of it), I'll tell them how generous he is, and what a wonderful



person he has become in his dotage, and how good he would feel if he put a deserving fellow like me in his will for a million or so. I'll put it in the computer right now.

I had a good Mother's day, starting with the card from you, Harrison. I did appreciate it; it was beautiful and unusual. Thank you for it and for thinking of me during that time. We had a long letter and beautiful card from Bob and June. We went to church and several greeted me with "Happy Mother's Day to my Second Mother". That made me feel good. Our granddaughter, Alice Hart took us out for dinner. Had cards from friends; from Eddy our grandson, and phone calls from Los Vegas from Jerry, Eddy, Joy, and Gerry Hart in that order. And a lot of loving from my best guy. It was a full day.

Our weather has been so hot, -- 5 to 18 degrees above normal both day and night. We did have a

much needed rain but no storms though they were all around us.

We do hope and pray that all the cousins and friends are doing well. We sure would love to see you, wouldn't that be great?

Lois and Jessie, I would so love to have that paper about Uncle Earnest and Aunt Frankie, and please add anything you want so I can put it in my book of our history for the boys. I would love to have something from each of the cousins about their parents, families and themselves. Some history, some interesting or funny event, anything that "is like" whomever you are talking about. Write it to Harrison if you like, so all of

us can have it, or just to me if you prefer. I would like to have it soon because my time is running out, Haha.

To Harrison and Cecil; we just love a family fuss so just keep it up, we are enjoying it, but Cecil, if I were you, I'd leave him out of your will.

(Russell and RA.)

[There you go, siding with him. How can I get back in his will if others are encouraging him to leave me out.

RA, I also received the long article on Uncle Earnest and Aunt Frankie from Mike Landwehr and if Lois or Jessie do not have facilities for duplicating it, I will send you a copy of mine. There is a note you might want to append to the article. Mike and I agreed after finding Esther Ann Pultz's name spelled, Pulse, Pultz, and another way I have forgotten that it should be spelled Pultz.

Some time after that, I found out that she came from a family of children that were orphaned and sent to separate families to live. The census takers listed the children by the name of Pulse. Esther Ann's name was also shown in one place as Easter Ann. So if you are trying to trace any of this, don't rule out any of these spellings.

Census takers were often wrong in spelling proper names; often giving only the phonetic spelling because the person from whom they were getting their information was illiterate. Aunt Frankie was step daughter of Sarah Louisa (Sammons) Hall who was sister to Rhoda Alice (Sammons) Monday, Uncle Earnest's mother, so Uncle Earnest and Aunt Frankie were step cousins (no blood relationship).

Jessie or Lois, if you want me to send a copy of Mike's article to R.A., let me know. "The Chronicle is here to serve".]

Someone has said, "A father is someone who carries pictures in his wallet where his money used to be".

Do you ever get up in the morning with a case of "don-onies"? It's a disease that seems to strike

everyone. Of course no one ever dies from it. When our Judy was about 4, 5, or 6, she often had the disease. She seemed disconnected, followed Marg around and when Marg would say, "Why don't you play with your dolls?" Judy would say, "don-ony", (her expression for "dont want to".) "Well play with your music box." "Don-ony". "Well watch TV." "Don-ony". Once I came home from work and asked, "What's wrong with Judy?" and Marg answered "She's just got a case of "don-onies". Every once in a while I get up in the mornings and wander around doing nothing til Marg asks, "What's wrong with you? Gotta case of don-onies?" And that is exactly the way I feel. There are a million things I ought to do but none of them fire me up. I don't know any cure for the ailment but if something unusual happens,(like receiving a letter with stuff for the Chronicle), I lose it immediately.

When I was about ten Aunt Dona told me a story about a boy and girl sitting on the porch swing at night. The girl, listening to the music from a church down the road, said, "Isn't that beautiful music?" The boy, listening to a katydid in the bush near him, replied, "Yes and just think, they make it by rubbing their hind legs together."

She also taught me the way to pick berries. The rule to obey was: Do not eat a berry until I had finished the picking, then eat all I wanted. From that day to this I never ate a berry, plum, cherry, or anything until the task was completed. This applies to peeling apples, etc. She was a good teacher. (She was a better teacher than you, Bug, you never did teach me to play the piano. Maybe some things are easier to teach than others. I did learn to play, *Long, long, ago*. And that was long, long, ago. Remember?)

This is the Fourth of July ad when we woke up this morning the temperature was a cool 34 degrees.

We have two crickets making ardent love to a squeak in our refrigerator. If anything comes of it I'll let you know. .

Bye, tata, so long, etc. ME

If a job is worth doing,
It's worth hiring someone who knows how to do it