

CHRONICLE

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

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Margaret is a recycler. She recycles everything (may recyle me one of these days). She recycles newspapers, tin cans (with both ends removed), aluminum cans, green bottles, clear bottles, brown bottles, cardboard, -- you name it, she recycles it. She even recycles food, -- calls it "left-overs".

Last night about 10 o'clock I was reading at the kitchen table when there came a fluttering at the window. One of our "teen-age" fly catchers was trying to come into the house. I knew I could not leave it there for a skunk (Judy Armstrong says there is no such thing as A skunk, they come in pairs or dozens) so I finally went out and caught the little one and put it in the garage till morning. When I opened the garage door, it refused to go out. It would fly to the door, flutter its wings and peer out the door, then fly back into the garage. I have never seen birds so afraid of the wide open spaces. I finally left the garage doors open and the mama bird rescued it. We don't dare leave a door open, all six of them will be in the house before we can turn around.

Speaking of weather; we have had our share of strange weather. Two or three times in the last three weeks our temp has climbed up into the 80's but as soon as the sun goes down it begins to drop toward the 50 degree region. We have no airconditioning or fans, if we begin to feel too warm, we just open our windows or doors a crack more. One morning about three weeks ago we awoke to a temperature of 34 degrees. Margaret often wears a jacket if we go shopping in



August Birthdays
August 15; Fonda White
August 17; Katy Schipper
August 17; Bertha Buckley
August 17; Margaret Mondy
August 20; Brecken Armstrong
August 30; Jerry Thornton

MAY YOU HAVE MANY, MANY MORE

the morning. We needed rain badly during the month of June and had to water everything frequently, (every other day), but for the last two weeks we have had plenty of rain. Usually by 3PM the clouds have built up over the great divide in the west and there are intense showers around; sometimes missing us, sometimes pouring on us. One night recently it drizzled most of the night. I have two 50 gallon "rain-barrels" (actually large trash barrels) that are full to the top, and about 25 plastic milk bottles, 1 gallon size, full of water with which to water my plants (some twenty little trees). My well water is very hard, so I use rain water whenever possible.

* * * * *

FROM THE SPRINGFIELD REPORTERS
(July 13, 1995)

Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends:
The last time I wrote I told you what beautiful weather we were having here in the Ozarks and that our air conditioners were getting a rest. All

that has changed. Summer has arrived in all it's heat and dry winds and now all airconditioners and fans are working overtime and the news reports are warning all older people and people with breathing problems to stay inside as much as possible. So Bertha and I have been staying inside where it is cool. We did go early this morning to the grocery store to get a few things to keep us going for a few more days.

Bertha talked to Lillie last evening (Wednesday) and they were both doing ok, staying in where it was cool. Their grandson, Tim, comes by every day to check on them and Lillie's brother is there often to help them as needed.

The Mondys are doing ok. J.E. and Katie went to Branson for a few days of vacation. They have a trailer down at Treasure Lake in Branson an they like to go there to relax. Thomas and Josie have been to Arkansas on their vacation.

Harrison, you mentioned the old fashioned pie suppers we use to have. Wouldn't it be nice if the communities would have them again? Sure would be nice to go to one. Everyone had such fun back then and now you scarcely know your neighbor. And remember those old fashioned taffy-pullings? I was a little young for them but I remember hearing the older ones talk about them and how much fun they had.

[Bessie, let me interrupt your letter. I remember Herman coming from a taffy-pulling and every body teasing him about pulling taffy with some girl -- I don't remember who -- for days after. It seems that if you pulled taffy with some one you were sweet on her/him. Maybe Herman can add to this.]

Glad to read R.A.'s letter in the Chronicle and to see that they are well and enjoying life. Sounds like they have a wonderful garden. Mine is not so great -- two tomato plants that have four little tomatoes the size of a pea, and two pepper plants one of which has a pepper about an inch long. (I'm such a good gardener!!!)

Bertha and I had a quiet Fourth of July. She

fixed dinner and had me over and we watched baseball all afternoon. We didn't see or hear any fireworks; there is a city ordnance that forbids their being shot off in the city limits. But we did think about how we used to go to Doling Park on the Fourth, take a lunch and a tub of ice with soft drinks and stay all day, ride all the rides and see the fireworks across the lake. Now they have turned it into a Senior Citizens place. No rides and no roller rink there any more and no fireworks. Of course I am remembering back to the 30's and 40's. But "progress" has to be made, I suppose. Now they have what they call "Firefall" out near the airport and they estimate that between 65 and 70 thousand were there for a day's fun. We have never gone as it is so hot and held in an open field. Part of it is shown on TV and we watch it there.

Lois and Jessie, we are so glad to hear that you are improving. Keep it up, you two.

Hope all of you had a nice 4th, and we wish all of you good health.

* * * * *

FROM BILL MONDAY

(July 7, 1995)

Have been meaning to write to you since spring but one thing or another kept coming up. Am so sorry to read in the Chronicle about your brother. I know that empty feeling will be long in going away.

Jean and I were planning to go to Phoenix, AZ May 29th for the 849's get-together. They called me about six months ago when rounding up all the shipmates of PCE(R)-849 for a big reunion. I left ship in April 1946 after spending almost two years plus 5 invasions while riding her around the Pacific. Would have enjoyed seeing some of my old shipmates but it was not to be. Around the first of May our oldest daughter, Charlee, called from Leesburg, Fla. saying she was to be operated on for colon cancer, so we headed southeast instead of west. Thank the Lord she came through the experience fine. We stayed a couple of weeks, (had planned to stay longer if needed) but her sons and husband had

things well in hand so Jean and I came home, unpacked, then repacked and headed west. We spent the next 2 1/2 weeks with our son and family in Logan, Utah. Had a wonderful time -- did some trout fishing -- went to two Bridgeland Brass concerts -- played with our grandchildren -- and found out how old we are getting to be.

We headed back to Arkansas last Saturday. Thought about you all as we passed through Cortez, CO, Shiprock, NM, and on down to Gallup, NM. Traffic was rough on 191 and 666 but we made it fine. The worst traffic was in Arkansas. Highway 71 from Alma to Fayetteville was awful, bumper to bumper all the way. Spent a couple of days with our 2nd daughter, Aleca Ann and family. Enjoyed a fun 4th of July. We were to have a big Fireworks Jubilee but rain storms shut that down. But we did eat lots of good food -- really too much.

Headed home on July 5th to find a yard grown up, and wind damage to my fruit trees and tomato vines. Your letter was here waiting for me so I made myself sit down and write. I'll finish cutting grass tomorrow. Best wishes to everyone -- Bill Monday

[Hey Bill, remember how our daddys told us " Never put off til tomorrow anything you can do today". Well at our age we have changed that to " Don't do anything today you can put off til tomorrow."]

On Lois's sympathy card she said that Jessie is home from the hospital and improving. Also that Cona fell from her porch and broke her shoulder. Cona is 83 and still working -- says she enjoys being occupied. *[That's a far cry from what I have been seeing around Taos; the "Rainbow" campers, young and healthy, sitting on the curb, begging for money.]* Lois also says she has done well since her operation. [Good for you, Lois, write us a letter when you feel up to it.

* * * * *

Pat wrote a letter in three parts according to the date of writing

PAT SAYS PART I

(June 30.) We are finally home-- I think. We have been away so long that the place is quite unfamiliar so it may be that we have inadvertently broken into the wrong house; either that or the whole place has been rearranged. We do know that we are in the right city for we were able to buy the Corpus Christi morning paper. My "horror-scope" said to correspond with a friend traveling in a foreign country. While New Mexico is still considered part of the good old USA, by the time this letter reaches you, you may have already gone to Brecken's college graduation and on to some foreign land if I calculate correctly the P.O.'s devious routing of the mail. My letter will probably have gone by way of Timbuktu.

I had a wonderful time at my Colorado retreat. I could have watched the deer, humming birds, ground squirrels, and even the bad old marmots (bad because they like to munch on gardens) for hours. Not to mention the mountains and the breathtaking colors in the new aspen leaves which were obviously juxtapositioned against the dark evergreens for ultimate effect. Just the thing for a watercolorist. The scenery fulfilled my craving for a bump on the horizon (which certainly goes unrequited here in C.C.), so I did more looking than painting. Each morning a small herd of deer nibbled their way up the mountain on one side of the cabin and in the evening came down on the other side. Their movements were so regular we could have set our clocks by them. They spend the night in an aspen grove below the cabin. Colorado, even in June is a bit cold for me though. One 16 degree morning there was ice all over the deck with icicles hanging from the roof. They lasted quite a while. But it was definitely jacket weather even at mid-day. I have spent hours in the euphoric mist recalling this time in Colorado, though it may just be the humidity that I am experiencing here -- but I like it.

I haven't painted since returning home. High among the factors influencing my now-recessive creative genes ranks the tension of living under an impending avalanche of dirty clothes. Some-

how this dampens my creative urges. When I have washed about a ton of clothing I will be my usual (unproductive?) self again.

While I was having fun and trying to breathe at an elevation of 9200 feet, Holland was down at Lake City at a mere 8673 feet visiting with his sister Mary Dee Stigall. She was directing a play about the history of Lake City (which she had written), and put Holland to work building the set. They must have had a good visit.

Leaving Colorado, we drove down through Utah which was amazing and highly exhilarating. We saw canyons, bluffs, arches, natural bridges, and other unbelievable landscapes that could only have been concocted by powerful illusions, adept hypnotism, or the manipulation of mirrors by a magician but I enjoyed every miracle. Salvation from overload collapse came in the nick of time back in New Mexico when I saw my girls and grandchildren, and realized that mirrors had little to do with their creation. But even here reality was skewed. Following Grandson Elliot's second birthday party on June 12, Lisa's family seems to be living in a toy shop and world of unreality still persists. Today Lisa called to say they had planned to go camping but the weather was iffy, so they managed to put up a small tent in the living room among all those toys and the children were pretending to be camping.

We hardly believe this, but one night Holland and I camped out in the Colorado National Monument. We arrived in nearby Grand Junction late but before we began to search for a motel we blundered into the entrance to the monument. Here are some twenty thousand acres and twenty-three miles of road along the unusual effects of erosion, possibly a future Grand Canyon. If you were a farmer, you would certainly not like to see it appear in your south forty. But it is a real attraction for travelers. While we were driving through gawking at the canyons, isolated monoliths, and balanced rocks, we spotted a nice campground and decided it would be fun to stay the night there. Holland had made a neat fold down bed in our van and we had a small butane stove, food, and everything

we needed. The people in the next camp site came over and brought some corn on the cob to share. I would like to report that I stayed awake long enough to listen to the night sounds, but no. It has been about a hundred years since we camped out and for a little while it made us think we were getting younger.

Back in early June, the day we left for Colorado, Cecil Jinks called and we had a lovely conversation. I felt sad that we were covered up with things that had to be accomplished before our departure and could not run out to see him. It was thoughtful of him to call and the next time we will get together. I told him we might see you, Harrison and Margaret, on this trip but it turned out our timing was off and we didn't get to Taos. Next time.

We missed you by just hours in San Angelo, but it was good for us for we just missed the tornado and rain storm you encountered but we could see the results of it all around. It must have been frightening.

I have said this before, but it bears repeating: It's great fun to travel, but the best part of a trip is getting home..]

Pat's letter was in three parts, and here is Part II.

July 4th: The Chronicle arrived a day or so ago and we were so sorry to learn of your brother's passing. Even the expected death of someone close does not alleviate the pain. Your fond memories included in the Chronicle were a lovely tribute to him. We extend our deepest sympathy to you and all the members of your family.

Today is the Fourth of July and something you wrote about your brother made me begin reminiscing about the day and how we used to celebrate it when we were kids. Holland says his family often went to Doling Park in Springfield to watch the fireworks and so did mine. More often though, it was a fishing trip or a picnic. Our menus were similar since my father did

most of the grocery buying and on an outing he preferred hamburgers or ham and cheese, potato chips, olives, potato salad, with cookies and bananas for dessert.

Holland's mother usually included fried chicken on her picnic menu and baked a pie or a cake. But since my father did not like chicken in any form, this was omitted from our picnic menu. If the calendar was right, our picnic included a camp-out as well. We often had a handful of smallish firecrackers and sometimes sparklers and with supervision from our parents, my brother and I had an exciting loud and sparkly time celebrating our country's birthday. However, as a child I considered it a wasted holiday because it did not come during the school year to free me for a day from all that learning.

I may write a short book sometime about the camping/fishing trips my family made when I was a child. They are full of fun and problems, laughter in retrospect, and the not to be forgotten misery of waking up with a cold Missouri dew covering my quilt. Frequently, my parents elected not to put up a tent. I would have settled for a log cabin, or preferably, the Waldorf Astoria. Even in July the mornings seemed to be colder than the North Pole. One night I slept with a black widow spider. I prefer it to the cold dew.

Then there was the time our parents' friend who accompanied us inadvertently fried a lovely batch of fish rolled in the 'cornmeal' which turned out to be Oxydol. She had stored both cornmeal and Oxydol in identical containers. Beneath the big pan of fish the fire sent bubbles boiling high into the trees, rattling the leaves, and astounding us all. It looked for all the world like something concocted by MacBeth's witches. I will never forget the look of dismay on the faces of the adults who stared in confusion at the dramatic display.

Another story resulted from a long boat filled with camping gear and supplies. My father and his friend had built the boat in our basement. Dad got a great kick out of watching his friend's

conviction that they could never get the boat out of the basement. And without removing two of the wooden steps leading down from the kitchen into the basement the friend would have been right, but Dad had planned all along to remove the two steps temporarily. Once loaded the boat was being towed behind the friend's car when somehow the hitch broke, got loose, or gave up or something, and the boat calmly passed, as if someone was steering it, the car on the left side then cut in front of the car and heading for the ditch. The only casualty: a bottle of catsup; this and my parents' peace of mind at that particular moment.

Maybe this will help you recall some of your early Fourth of July celebrations. I have left out the parades and the flags and the singing that are usually present.

PAT'S LETTER, PART III.

(July 10, 1995) Harrison, this seems to be a letter written in chapters. The post-person came before I got the stamp licked so when I saw that the page was only half full I just couldn't stand to send you a partial page so I decided to add some more. Like a newspaper editor who every day finds exactly enough news to fill every page, I can always find enough chatter to fill up a sheet of paper

We have had a casualty in our yard. An old, old tree. When we built our house, we positioned it back several feet in order to save this tree but now it has given up the ghost. It was diseased and riddled by borers but it has hung on for the forty-three years we have been here and was already an old tree when we came. It has been home and shelter for hundreds of birds and squirrels, and a lovely perch for our cat. And it supported a vine, wild and of unknown name, that had large yellow flowers every summer. A few days back, Holland noticed that a smallish rat, which was certainly not welcome, was filching sunflower seeds from the bird feeder which hung in the tree. We also noticed that the entire tree was leafless though it was covered by the green vine. It was dead. The poor thing will suffer no more droughts nor have to withstand the ravages of a tornado. Today, Holland is taking a chain saw to it and we are wondering how to apologize to the birds and squirrels. I teased Holland about cutting down a tree just to get rid of a rat. But, I may wear a black arm band for a few days. Cheers, everybody, Pat.



In September 1968, Harold Jinks (right) of Piggott was congratulated by Postmaster General Marvin Watson for Jinks' compilation and editing of "The Book of Freedom: Our American Heritage." Jinks

had retired in April 1968 as a special assistant to the postmaster general. The book will be transcribed into braille for the blind and visually-impaired. (Photo courtesy Harold Jinks)

Harold Jinks is known to many as Mr. Democrat of Arkansas but he is also an author as shown in this picture. The book was a great success. It was autographed by Presidents Johnson, Eisenhower, and Truman, contained pictures of all the presidents through Johnson, famous documents such as the Mayflower Compact, Declaration of Independence, Gettysburg address, Monroe Doctrine, Pledge of Allegiance, and much, much more.

That was in 1968. Today, July 20, 1995,

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Harold reports that the pacemaker he had installed yesterday is working fine and he expects to get back on his life history soon. He sounded strong and jubilant on the phone. At eighty-nine and a half years young and with a new pacemaker, he's going to make that century mark and write another book. I suggest a History of Arkansas as a good one -- we need it.

Good luck and speedy recovery from the Chronicle Family.