

The Monday 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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It will soon be time for VI-17 and in counting the weeks that have passed by, I find I have averaged a bit over one issue every two weeks. I have moved back into my "Computer Room" after some remodeling but it is still lacking some of the things that would make it better. They will come later.

It's hot here. That is spelled, "H - O - T". Today (7/27) the temperature reached 86 degrees. And there were no clouds, none.

I have heard that it is hot and dry in Kansas, too. Margaret was talking to Cecil (I think) and I could hear only part of the conversation. I think he told her it was so dry there he saw a three-year old catfish that hadn't learned to swim. Now that's dry! I think he was exaggerating; I bet that catfish was not a day over two years old.

We haven't had any rain in about three weeks. We have to water our little trees and the lawn three or four times a week. If we let the water run for an hour in each place, it takes most of a day. I hope the aquifer doesn't run dry.

I received a very interesting letter from Ercil, Margaret's sister this week. (Ercil, excuse me for identifying you in this manner, but many people write me and say that their biggest problem with the Chronicle is that they have trouble identifying the people. Now I try to identify people in terms of their relationship to me or to

Margaret.) Her letter was personal but I will quote from it.

FROM ERCIL

"In your Volume V, Issue 12, June 27, 1994 you printed a picture of Dad's parents and asked if any of us could give you any information about them. [*The pictures were of William L. Jinks (1851-1923) and Martha Jane Goss (2/6/1852-3/8/1901)*]. I have waited for some one to write you about them, (hopefully, Harold since he is the oldest) but since no one has, I'll write what I know. [*Harold can be forgiven -- he was not a subscriber to the Chronicle when that issue came out.*]

"Grandmother died when Terral was a year old -- in 1901 -- so none of us knew her. Granddad married again, and once when they were having marital difficulties, he came to live with us. We were living in the house where both Margaret and I were born. [*Bay City, Texas*] Originally, the place had been built as a dairy and there was an immense barn where we kids used to play on cold or rainy days but Dad did not use it as a dairy, though he always had cows so he could have plenty of milk for the family. There was a smaller building near the barn which was formerly used to take care of the milk but it was no longer in use. It was well built and Dad fixed up an apartment in it for Granddad. He took all his meals with us and I remember him very well. He was a stern man, but never with me, and I enjoyed being with him. His wife came back and they were reconciled so he went with her. His funeral was the first I ever saw. [*Ercil, if you will consult the PROFILES you will see that he is Number 135 and Martha Number 136 and that the only info about them was the dates of*

birth and death. I will add this to their profiles. Thanks. If any one else has additional data on these, let me know.]

Ercil also says, "Lester and I had eye examinations this week and each has to have one lens replaced. He has 20-20 vision for distance in the eye from which the cataract was removed and has to have a new lens for that eye. I broke the frame for my glasses and have been wearing a three year old pair, so the doctor has to update the lens on my good eye. We are due the new ones today.

Had a lovely visit from Kevin Newsum [son of Jeanie (Jinks) Newsum, daughter of Leon and Mary Jean Jinks] and his fiancée whom he brought for us to meet. He is a good-looking, interesting young man and we were favorably impressed by his fiancée, Julie. They are both graduates of Tech, have good jobs here in Lubbock, and plan to stay here. He is our grand nephew and when we are in town we enjoy his visits. I'm happy to have another relative here. Kathy has moved and has a new address:
2629 Entrada Drive, Irving, TX 75038.

Had a letter from Jeanie (Newsum). They have bought a new home in Ft. Wayne, Indiana. New Address: 322 Red Eagle Pass, Ft. Wayne, IN 76845.

Got a note from Jerry Thornton (Jessie's mean old husband who sometimes won't give her a pencil to write with) today. He wanted to let us know that they are still alive, that Jessie is home from the hospital, and slowly improving. She still cannot grasp a pencil so won't be writing for a while. Jerry's note was only one page long and when he read it to Jessie before mailing it she said, "You sure can talk a lot better than you can write." Well, I haven't met Jerry but Jessie said he was always amazed that she could write a letter 10 to 15 pages long. Jerry, tell her to practice more so she will be able to write again -- and Jerry, have a new pencil all sharpened for her when she needs it. We sure do miss her nice, long, newsy letters.

And Jessie, if he won't supply you with a pencil and paper, let me know and I'll send you a whole tablet and half a dozen pencils, and include a self-addressed envelope with a stamp on it.

Got a letter from Vicki Roberts (Ercil's youngest daughter). Now when Monty (her husband) plants a garden, it is something to behold. Looks like an acre, to me, though he says it isn't that large. I've seen it and it classifies as a whopper.

Vicki Says: We got our garden in and it was promptly hailed out. So we replanted again and are just now getting some lettuce. We have had so much rain! At least, Monty has not had to water. But everything has come on so slowly. We may have tomatoes by the first of September! Of course we planted everything that will grow here; carrots, parsnips, onions, eggplants, peppers, tomatoes, lettuce, beans, yellow squash, green squash, beans, black-eyed peas, broccoli, watermelon, cantaloupe, beets, and pumpkin. [Bessie Nimmo, that's bigger than yours and my gardens combined.]

We have had 14 visitors since the first of June and kept the preacher during our recent revival. [That's a good reason for having a big garden.] About all we do is work.

Aunt Judy, Aunt Mary Jean, Uncle Cecil, -- I love you all and I will write to you when I get a chance.

Love to everybody, Vicki

Margaret uses Saturday and Sunday to contact members of her family -- you know, rates are cheap then and she is a cheap woman. (That doesn't sound right but you know what I mean.) Anyway she has already been on the phone this morning (7/29) to her brother Harold and wife Wilma, to see how he is doing with his new pacemaker. He reports that his heart beat has gone up from about 40 beats per minute to 70.

That is the rate of a young person. He says he feels much better and is busy writing his personal history. Wilma says he is completely "rejuvenated" and I'm not quite sure just what she means by that -- and at his age??? Congratulations, Harold.

Margaret and I are working on his history. He sends it to us in his own hand writing, I read it to Margaret, she types it on her old Kaypro-10 computer, I run it through a translation program, and print it on my machine. We have both learned a lot of history; Margaret, a lot about her family.

Have you heard about the "No-fat Pill" that all the media is laughing about? Seems that you just take the pill and lose all your excess fat. It will be interesting to see if it works. I don't think it will be available for another year.

Anybody tried my suggestion for using vinegar to get rid of arthritis in the knees and hands? Worked great for Margaret and me. I would sure like to hear your results. So would everybody else.

Looks like we just had a 6-inch rain -- I didn't measure but looks like the rain drops are about six inches apart.

Two little boys were talking about God. One of them said, "Do you think God has a first name?" "Oh sure," said the second little boy, "His first name is Andy." "How do you know that," the first little boy asked. Because we sing about him in Sunday School. We sing 'Andy walks with me, Andy talks with me, Andy tells me I am his own,---"

Then there was the woman who, though separated from her husband, was listed as his next of kin and therefore responsible for his funeral. When asked what hymns she wanted sung at his funeral, replied, "I don't care what they sing except I don't want them to sing that Andy song,

because when he was married to me he never would tell me I was his own".

Anybody know any more Andy jokes? Those came from Anne Armstrong and Jessie Pember-ton.

There is another series of mistakes that kids have made about the Lord's prayer. One little boy was heard to say, "Our Father who art in heaven, Howard be thy name ---". Another was heard to say, "Give us this day our jelly bread ---". Yet another, who lived in New York was saying, "--- and lead us not into Penn Station,---".

And I bet more than one kid has asked, "Who was Round John Virgin" mentioned in "Silent Night".

Our daughter Judy, John, and Brecken have gone to Hawaii for a week's vacation -- their last before Brecken leaves for college.

Mary Jean (Jinks, wife of Leon, Margret's brother) will be moving to Ft Wayne, IN the last of August.

Helen (Wife of C.P. Jinks, Margaret's brother) has moved back to an apartment in Spring Shad-ows, a Retirement Complex (after a long stay in the hospital). C.P. is still undergoing treatment in the hospital. Helen's new address is Helen Jinks, 2815 Teague, Apt # 1512, Houston, TX 77080, Phone: (713) 462-7814.

Cecil (Margaret's brother, sometimes known as "Old Ornerly" because he won't put me back in his will) is on his way to New Orleans to attend the Retired Rural Mail Carrier's Convention. He was a rural mail carrier for years.

Sarah (daughter of Judy Washburn, Margaret's sister) will go into the hospital Monday (7/31) for corrective surgery following breast cancer removal some time ago.

A lady astronaut, a good friend of Bud (Washburn, son of Judy) is left recently for Russia to

be one of the joint Russian/American team for an upcoming launch. Bud had dinner with her roommate and then went to her apartment to await a phone call from their friend who had arrived in Mscow. The call came through on time and the conversation lasted more than two hours. It would be interesting to know what a two-hour phone call from Russia costs today.

An apology to **Emily Vycital** for omitting her name from the July list of birthdays. She shared her birthday (July 22) with Dick Mondy.

An apology to **Katy Schipper** for leaving her name off the list of birthdays for August. She shares her birthday (August 17) with Bertha Buckley and Margaret Mondy.

A note to **Lu and Ken**: Please send me the birthdays of Brian and Megan, and others of your families. 'Taint fair. I can't list birthdays I don't know about.

The refrigerator in the guest quarters went out not long ago and the service man came last week, replaced a small fan motor and charged \$94.

The microwave went out and the same man on the same trip determined that a capacitor had given up the ghost. He had to order a new one and will be back the latter part of the week to replace it. We expect it will be about a hundred dollars.

Yesterday Marg's washer went out and she said, "Well there goes another hundred dollars." Tonight I'm a hero! I repaired it myself for 21 cents. A repairman back in El Segundo had put a new belt on it, lost the set screw to one of the pulleys, and replaced it with an ordinary screw which did not hold. I went to the hardware store and bought a good set screw and now it works perfectly.

One of the biggest problems we have here in Taos is getting some one to come to repair

something. It is almost impossible to get anyone for anything in less than a week; you can't even get them to return your call. Anybody want to open a good repair shop here?

You will be happy to know that there is one way I can get out of Ina Hall's doghouse -- go see her the next time I'm near Lockhart, TX. Ina used to be Ina Hill until she married Jesse Hall who was Dad's first cousin and my first cousin once removed. So Ina is my first cousin-in-law, once removed. Got that straight?

Ina says: "Got the Chronicle today. I do enjoy reading all the news. So sorry to read about the loss of your brother.

"Cona, I'm sorry to hear about your misfortune. Do hope you are well on the way to recovery.

"Lois, it was good to read that you are doing so well.

"Jessie, we miss your letters.

"Harrison, I promise to free you from the dog house if you promise that the next time you are close to Lockhart you will come by and at least wave your hand. [Ina, I promise to try to see you next time I am near you. Might even stop long enough to sample some of that good food you keep talking about.]

"Harrison, there is an error in the Chronicle where you published my last letter in which I reported the death of Ethel King. [Vol VI, Issue 13.] You said that Ethel King was the daughter of Faye (Hall) Brown (Jesse's sister), and this is not true. She was the daughter of John Hall who lived at Elm Store at one time and later moved to Anaheim, CA. John was half brother to my husband, Jesse. The reason I mentioned her death was so that other relatives would know about it.

We are having a heat wave here in Texas, -- 98, 99, and 100 degrees. No rain in sight.

Keep the Chronicle going, Love, Ina.

Received the following letter from our daughter,

Judy.

Dear Pop and Chronicle Readers:

I just finished reading the July 24 issue and reading the paper always makes me want to write. Actually, I don't yield to the temptation very often; still it makes me *want* to write.

Summer is supposed to be the time when life slows down a little, but this year is different. My business has grown a lot since my merger with Jim Potts. That makes a lot more work for me, but while I find it challenging and fun, I wish it would slow down a little. When your business is to help employers hire, fire and discipline their employees without falling afoul of state and federal laws, there is always work.

Brecken is preparing to go to Yale. She recently received her college assignment. (The University is patterned after Oxford and Cambridge and is divided into 12 colleges which provide a student's living quarters, dining facilities, and identification for all four years.) Brecken will be associated with Pierson College which was built in the late 1700's and is supposed to be one of the most architecturally interesting. I think it was fate, since her great grandfather was named Pearson, and while they are spelled differently, it is still a nice coincidence. She has two roommates: one from Cerritos, California, and the other from Washington, DC and is eager to hear from them. Yale is very supportive of their students. The Southerners California Yale club has already given two parties for the new students so that they may be able to get to know each other and make friendships before they actually get to school. In addition, there is a 24 hour Yale hotline which we can call to ask any question or obtain help for any problem. Out of the 1,200 members of the Freshman Class (Class of 1999), 105 of them are from Southern California, so there is a sizeable contingent. Almost every day we receive something in the mail from the school in the form of information and welcome.

It looks like John and I will accompany her back east on August 24 and spend a few days in New

York City before taking her to New Haven to move into the dormitory. We have faithfully saved up "frequent flyer miles" and I have even bought flight coupons with my groceries in order to get cheap flights for us. John and I hope to be able to attend Parents Weekend in the fall. It will make us feel not so far away and more a part of the school.

Closer to home, our Altadena neighborhood is preparing for its 20th annual block party. When we moved here in 1975, one of my neighbors and I organized a block party so that we could meet everyone. This will be an important anniversary for us. Many people in this area have lived here forever. Two families across the street have been here for 40 years each. Our friends, Rod and Carol McKenzie, have lived here for almost 30 years. Brecken has grown up with the same kids and considers Mary and Melissa her "sisters". They are both only children, too, which not only gives the three something in common, but gives them siblings to fight with and borrow clothes from. We deliver invitations to about 50 homes for the block party and always have a good turnout. This year we will try to get a permit to have the street closed off so we can party.

Today, Brecken had the day off from her job at the Norton Simon Museum of Art where she works as assistant to the librarian. She calls herself a "gofer", but I think a job is a job when you are 17 and need money. Anyway, she and boyfriend, Jeremy, went to Malibu to see the Getty Museum. I consider it a busman's holiday, but they were excited and intended to ride their bikes on the beach after the museum visit. We think it is wonderful that she and Jeremy share so many interests and they really are a lot alike.

Brecken wants me to correct something you said in the Chronicle about her high school. Specifically, 100% (not 80%) of her graduating class will attend a four year college. Polytechnic really is a wonderful school and we feel fortunate that we were able to send Brecken there. Of the 80 graduates in her class, 4 will go to Yale, 4 to

Harvard, 9 to Stanford, and others to Dartmouth, Swarthmore, Georgetown, Duke, Northwestern, Penn, Williams, and last (and also least, USC).

Did you know that Jim and Geri found six raccoons on top of their house?

Say hello to the Millers and the little flycatchers, to Fatso the magpie, Slimbo the little snake, and even to Stinko the skunk. Love to all, Judy.

* * * * *

The Kirks, the Pembertons, and the Mondys are in agreement that it is nice to be living close enough for visiting. It is 200 +/- 3 miles from our driveway to the Pemberton's and another 10 miles of so to the Kirk's. Friday last, Marg had a dental appointment for 9:45 which lasted half an hour or so and we left immediately afterward. We stopped for lunch and arrived at the Pemberton's about 2:PM amid a hard shower. They were not home; we had arrived half an hour ahead of our estimated time and Jake was at the hair dresser. Before the rain had stopped they arrived.

We met Tom and Jewel at one of those "All you can eat for \$5." places and did, and then went to the Kirk's for the evening. Next day we all "went slumming"; i.e. we went to see what we could find in the ARC, Goodwill, and several other places where used stuff is resold. If you are using an antique computer like mine and Margaret's the only place you can find certain items for them is at such a place so I always find stuff there -- and I did. We had lunch together and spent the afternoon together -- all of us having a good time.

* * * * *

The region around Taos was settled by the Spanish (not Mexicans) very early and they blended well with the Indian population, adopting many of their habits and a lot of their culture. Among the blends are stories of ghosts and apparitions. So this town has more than its share of strange beings. There is the legend among the people about the "wailing woman" who inhabits the lowlands wailing for her children who were all

drowned. She has been heard for more than a hundred years. It is said that many people have heard her wailing and thinking that it is someone in trouble have tried to help her. Some of them have never been seen again -- so goes the legend. There is the story of a woman who dresses in a long black robe and a black veil that wanders the streets and when some one meets her and tries to talk to her she just disappears. There is another legend (similar to those of the Australian Aborigines) that says there is an old woman, blind in one eye, who can stretch her legs (she has two left feet) a long way to trip little kids who, when caught, become her dinner. Little kids are afraid to stir away from their home at night. There is a story of a strange mass like a slimy sponge that can capture a human and suffocate him/her.

Tsos, San Luis, CO, and Chama form what is called the UFO triangle and it is reported that there have been lots of UFOs seen in this area and there have been lots of cattle mutilations reported here too.

And of course, there is the Taos Hum that has been reported world wide. Both John and Jim swear they hear it every time they are here. I have never heard it but many people have sold their property and moved out of the area because the "hum" kept them awake at night. It has been investigated by more than one University to try to determine it's origin but no one has found a satisfactory explanation for it. It has been recorded on tape and analyzed *ad infinitum* with no real answer. It doesn't bother me so I'll continue to enjoy the weather (which is superb) and leave the legends and the hum to others.

I don't know whether Old Ormery had heard any of these stories or whether he is afraid of ghosts but I did note that he did not get out of the house and go wandering around in the sage after night. Of course that may have been because he was afraid he would get his feet tangled up in the brush and fall down. I don't do it either.

It is Monday, 8/7/95, and no more mail. See you in two weeks, I hope. Love to all. HCM