

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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We arrived home last night from our 2900 mile trip to Piggott, Arkansas, to visit Harold and Wilma, then to Houston, TX to visit all the Houston gang and to League City, TX to visit the Duffers, then to Lubbock, TX for a bed-and-breakfast stop over with Lester and Ercil (we apologized, and promised a longer visit early next year) then home to El Prado. All the way home we talked about how we would have only 4 days to do a million things before starting our Thanksgiving trip to California. Marg said, "The very first thing I'm going to do is get in the shower and wash my hair". But guess what? The pilot light on the water heater had gone out and there was no hot water. It was too late to repair it so she didn't get to wash her hair, nor to wash that pile of dirties we brought home. As soon as the store opened this morning I went to Walmart (where else) and bought a thermocouple (with the hope that that was the trouble), picked up our mail (a huge box full) and after a few choice epithets at Ruud for building a device so hard to service, Margaret was finally able to wash her hair. (Thank heavens, all the bathrooms worked, for we needed them all night long -- something we ate, I suppose.)

There was mail -- lots of it with a few letters for the Chronicle. (Nothing from Old Ornerly, though. I heard from members of his family to whom he had written, that he was getting along better, now that he has become a flat-lander again.)

I received a short note from Bonnie Hanley saying that she is scheduled to have gall bladder surgery on the 29th of this month. Remember her in your prayers.

From Jerry Thornton I received a short note in which he says, "As you know by now, my angel was called to heaven on October 23. She fought a tough fight, but this time she just couldn't make it. I have been trying to contact the members of the family but it will take time. Please express our thanks for their prayers and concern and the love they have shown." Signed, Jerry

FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA:

Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends;
Halloween has come and gone and I had several cute little tricksters. The little ones were cute and polite but some of the larger ones (teenagers) were not so polite. We had really nice weather for them to get out and really enjoyed them. They started coming around at about 5:30 and it was over by about 8:30. Some of them had more candy in their bag that I started with. (I had some left.)

This morning (Nov 6) it is cloudy and windy. I had my coffee looking out the patio door and it sure looked like winter is on the way to the Ozarks. We had temperatures down in the 20's two nights and one morning there was a heavy frost -- looked like snow on the ground.

Daughter Sue came over one day last week bringing some black berries her son gave her.

Bertha came over and we all had a hand in making her some blackberry jelly. Her son (my grandson) loves blackberry jelly. Now he has several jars to get him through the winter.

Harrison and Margaret, thanks for the birthday card. I had a very nice birthday. I stayed home all day. I got several birthday phone calls, lots of cards, a birthday cake, and two arrangements of flowers. Bertha was here most of the day and Sue and Buddy came by for a visit. On Sunday the 29th, Bertha and I went to church and several of my family took us to dinner. Some had to work and others had other obligations so not all were able to come, but we had a fun day.

Bea and Jack Taylor will be here on the 8th so JE and Katie are having Bertha and me out for dinner. Katie is such a great cook we will all over-eat, I'm sure, but we are all looking forward to a great visit.

Cecil J., We were sorry to hear about your illness while you were visiting the Mondys and are glad you are feeling better since you got back home. Thanks for the nice compliments you gave us. We like you too though we have never met you. But we have read so much about you in the Chronicle and we honestly believe that Harrison loves you a lot more than he pretends.

Our hearts were saddened when we heard about Jessie. God gained a beautiful angel and we all lost a dear one. We will miss her long and interesting letters in the Chronicle. **Jerry and Lois**, our hearts go out to you at your great loss. May God give you peace of mind that she is not suffering any more, though our hearts ache at her passing.

Thanksgiving will soon be here and we wish all of you a very Happy Thanksgiving Day. I will be at home and Bertha will be here helping me cook. Some of my family will be here.

Happy Thanksgiving to all of you, and may God bless each and every one of you. Love to all,
Bessie and Bertha.

As many of you know, The Pocahontas Star Herald has a section called "Looking Back" in which they print excerpts from the paper printed long ago. From the week of October 26, 1923 they printed a paragraph from the "Lorine News" (written by Mom) which says: "Several farms are being sold around here. Lloyd Mondy sold a farm to Tom McKinney one day last week and Aunt Dee Mondy and Bud Hurn sold their home place and Sank Hurn has sold his home."

Mom wrote the Lorine News most of her life. Aunt Dee and Bud Hurn were brother and sister and I suppose the home place they sold was where they were reared over near Clearview. I haven't the vaguest notion what farm Sank Hurn sold, but the biggest puzzle to me is what farm Dad sold to McKinney. The only thing that comes to mind is the "Old Kitter Seay place" which Dad owned at one time and, I seem to remember that he purchased later. So he must have sold it then re-purchased it. It is part of the property we own there now. Can any of you shed any light on this?

* * * * *

We had a great time on our long trip to visit relatives. Harold is planning a gathering of friends and relatives for his 90th birthday celebration in February and wanted some assistance from us in the planning -- especially some computer assistance.

Harold treated us to a fabulous catfish dinner at a place in Kennet, MO. I bet a lot of his visitors during the birthday celebration go there for at least one meal. I've never eaten better catfish.

While we were there Harrison, who couldn't smoke his pipe in the house and had to do it in Harold's workshop, discovered that Harold is a collector of tools. He reported that Harold had 49 screw drivers, 27 wrenches, 5 Stillsons, and 3 monkey wrenches. He is considering sending him a screwdriver for Christmas.

They have a beautiful old pecan tree in the backyard which produces a lot of pecans. Somehow,

every year, Harold finds time to crack and pick-out several pounds of the delicious goodies for his sisters. We carried Ercil's to her and brought home ours. A lot of ours will end up in pecan pies for Thanksgiving and Christmas.

We entered Arkansas near Ft. Smith and continued along Crowley's Ridge to Piggott which is a few miles from the Missouri line. The scenery was out of the world gorgeous. There was yellow, orange, dark red, purple, and of course green on the hillsides. We "oohed and aahed" all the way to Piggott. We took several drives out of Piggott and it was the same there -- gorgeous scenery everywhere. I had forgotten how beautiful Arkansas can be in the fall. I was not born in Arkansas but I am an ardent admirer of the state. Maybe it's because I met my good husband there.

We left Piggott early Sunday Morning, Nov. 5 and drove to Houston to visit Judy Washburn and others. While there Judy and I went to Richmond, TX to visit my childhood friend, Verlin Eikenberg Lika. Verlin and I have been friends for 67 years. We have kept up with each other through Christmas letter and infrequent visits when possible.

The next day we went to lunch at Barbara and Bill Hedricks' home. Barbara is the daughter of brother #3, (Terral). They have pecan trees in their back yard and Barbara had picked up the pecans and Bill cracked them and Judy and I both brought home a huge bag of pecans. (Pecans are \$6.95 a pound shelled, these days.)

On Wednesday, Dottie McDonald and her daughter, Diane Klinkerman came and took Judy and me to Shanghai Red's, a great seafood restaurant for lunch. Mack, Dottie's husband took Harrison to his place of business (he is in business for himself) and then out for a catfish dinner. Mack is a middleman merchandiser. He gave Judy and me some toilet soap and said if it didn't make the relatives break out, he would sell it to other people!

Thursday I went with Judy to a luncheon of senior adults at her church. I didn't count the peo-

ple but there must have been at least fifty. Afterward, Harrison and I went to League City (17 miles away) to visit R.A. and Russell Duffer (Harrison's cousin and her husband). Both are looking well. RA's hair has a bit more pepper than salt and she looks great. They reported that their son Jerry is slowly recovering from the stroke he had recently.

On Friday we picked up my Sister-in-law Helen at her apartment and took her to the nursing home to visit my brother, C.P. He is doing well and we had a nice visit with them. That afternoon we visited Terral's wife, Ann, and our oldest niece, Evelyn who live in the same senior citizen's complex. It is a lovely place and it made us feel good that things were going well for them.

Very early Saturday we left for Lubbock, TX to spend the night with sister Ercil and Lester. Lester was painting when we arrived. (Oh for eyes that good, at his age.) We were sorry we couldn't stay longer but had to get home to prepare for our trip to California to see our granddaughter off the plane when she comes home from college for the first time.

Since October 23rd when we took Cecil and Roger to Springer NM I have seen all of my family who range from 79 to nearly 90.

I received a letter from Pat but I simply do not have time to retype it so I am sending it as is on the next three pages.. I'm a slow typist, especially when copying and I will do well to get this Xeroxed and stuffed in envelopes that I have to address, so you will have to take this issue as is.

Do you realize that Christmas is just around the corner? Do you know that I'm making a list of the good boys and girls who have written me this year and a list of the bad one who haven't? I'm sending it to the North Pole so don't be surprised when you wake up Christmas Morning with nothing but horse apples in your stocking. This is fair warning, you have about a month left. But I love you anyway.

Harrison

November 4, 1995

Dear Harrison,

I found about the last two pages of this letter in my word processor's memory, which apparently is better than mine. I always think that if I get something written, that's all there is to it. But I forgot you have to address and stamp the envelope and stuff the letter in. And then catch the postman. I deleted a bit of stale news and am here to plead some kind of too busy excuse syndrome as well as memory loss. I will try to exonerate myself by saying that I did find myself in some unpleasant circumstances during the past two weeks. Visits to see a friend who had a heart attack. (She was a known candidate for such.) Then she died and there was the funeral to attend. The son of another friend was found dead. Another funeral. Then a third friend made a left turn in front of a speeding car and it was a tie. She survived nicely. The car didn't. Then, I dreaded but was obligated to attend a luncheon/kitchen ware demonstration that a friend had concocted. I do so little cooking now that it was the height of absurdity to have invited me in the first place. Besides losing the time, I spent a considerable amount of money since I did a bit of Christmas shopping. Besides, those kitchen items were such you couldn't live without them if you ever wanted to hold your head up in culinary company again. Actually, I had a good time. Another time consuming activity was a seminar I attended which was conducted by two artists with contrasting outlooks on art which made it more interesting. They were the antithesis of each other, one painted largely abstracts or non-representational things of great beauty and the other was a realist who creates fascinating portraits, mostly of women. Both in their own way were great. I don't know when I have had a more fun time--and learned a great deal too.

Well, all that is behind me and now I can enjoy November. Down here it's a kind of in-between time. The hot weather has departed and in its place we are comfortable, and seemingly our energy reserves are emerging from dormancy. Not cold or hot. I can still walk my dog twice daily wearing a sleeveless blouse and shorts. (That will end with the next norther.) We survived the long hot summer and the often gray days of December and January have not arrived. But even these months may fool us. Often in December the temperature is in the eighties and puts a damper on Christmas shopping. But once long ago I am told we had a measurable snow (probably in miniscule fractions) the last day of October. Even though I am glad to greet November, I really think October is my favorite month almost anywhere.

Now even the birds are livelier and more fun to watch. A scattering of iridescent black grackles struts noisily over the yards while the numerous varieties of sparrows flit among the tree branches, probably gossiping about the grackles. And the tri colored or red winged blackbirds have come into the city not unlike hungry migrants escaping the poverty of the countryside. These birds only come in to town when the grain is all gone in the outlying areas. Best of all, a lovely

completely white dove has been coming to our bird feeding stations. The first time I saw it I stared transfixed as if it had brought some profound message. It's an albino bird with the pinkest legs and eyes to match. There are several varieties of doves and pigeons in the neighborhood, but this poor fellow never travels with any of them. It may be an outcast because it is so different. Perhaps it has an important message after all. But for its well being we need to find another white dove of the opposite sex and begin a colony of albino doves.

Some of you may know of a small town near Springfield, Missouri (Marionville, Missouri) that has long enjoyed and protected a number of albino squirrels which have lived there for many generations. When I lived in Missouri with my parents we often went through Marionville on the way to visit my grandmother who lived at Aurora. She had also lived in Marionville long ago for that was where my father was born. Now she and my grandfather and many relatives lie in the cemetery, but I would almost bet they are enjoying those white squirrels. Even one of my favorite teachers from high school, Miss Ella Grubaugh, is buried in this cemetery. She had gone to school with my grandmother, taught my father in high school, and seemed thrilled when I showed up in one of her classes. She was an excellent teacher and exceptionally nice, but I wondered if my presence in her classes made her feel nearly a hundred years old? Now the highways are changed and Marionville is bypassed, so the squirrels are probably faring even better without all the noisy traffic to disturb them.

Back to the birds. An all yellow parakeet also visited the birdfeeders for a while, but I have not seen it in several weeks and hope it had the good sense to fly on back to Mexico. Another parakeet, green with darker markings on his wings, seems to have taken the place of the other. Sitting on the feeder with the male cardinal, he makes an outstanding picture. The warblers, all varieties of yellow, yellow-green, grey, whitish, and dark blue and white appear from time to time at the seed feasts. For several years the migratory flocks had dwindled, and I am uncertain as to the reason. It may be that tree leaves and vegetation grew so dense the birds have had problems discovering the food we put out. However, recently the large mesquite where we fed the birds decided to go to that Big Woodhouse in the Sky and we had to remove most of it. We left two large portions just for the birds and squirrels. In one branch there is a long shallow depression that holds a lot of sunflower seeds and occasionally some grapes. When we first moved here there were eight large sections to this tree, that is, eight trunks grew from the same root system. They were infested with borers (which we tried to treat) and was probably diseased when we first looked at our lot. But we set our house back four feet in order to accommodate the tree, which after all, preceded our arrival by about seventy years or more. A neighbor and I were sitting having coffee by a window that looks out on to the area where the tree grew pretty close to the house. We were really startled when a loud thud nearly got us. One of the large trunks had suddenly fallen over. One by one the

other trunks died. Each had seen many a bird and squirrel enjoying hopping about in it, and finally last summer, the last two sections gave up. We too had appreciated it ever since we moved here in 1954. It's like parting with an old friend.

Why, when you are in a hurry, does it never fail that there are impediments to your arriving on time at an appointment? I allowed myself a little extra time last week to be at an appointment and congratulated myself for several miles. Until I realized there was a backup of many cars ahead, and I thought there might have been a fender bending. What looked like the sky ahead became a large house on wheels, its color blending so perfectly with the sky that it was hardly visible. Worse luck, it was creeping along moving only about three miles an hour and there was no way anyone could pass. And the side streets I might have turned on only went into dead end residential areas. We snailed along for several miles, then, oh joy, the house entourage appeared to be maneuvering so that it could make a left hand turn, but just as it eased toward the adjacent street. We stopped and waited. Then someone must have discovered that it was not the street they wanted and we all had to wait longer while it was brought back onto this main street. In the meanwhile it was blocking all six lanes. Time, rather than taking its que from the creeping house, flew by and everytime I glanced at the clock, another ten minutes had escaped. Finally, I found a side street where I could turn and leave the house and its entourage of blinking lights, escort cars, and police to move ahead at its own glacial pace. No wonder the nurse said my blood pressure was a bit higher than usual.

We are all eager to hear more about your TJI story. I am sure you know how hard it is to get something published, or even get an agent. So congratulations! Once you break into print, it should be easier to market others. I am still trying to find time to finish a couple of long novels I started several years ago, but recently have been concentrating on short stories. I probably will never publish these, especially if I continue to write them and put them 'to bed' and go onto the next project. No editor, living or dead, has ever laid eye on any of them.

That was one scary story of Cecil Jinks's drive in the mountains. Altitude sickness is nothing to be trifled with and having traveled the same route he took, I know how devastating drowsiness enough to black out occasionally could be. There could have been big trouble and I am glad he made it. We can't have Cecil leaving us without having straightened out his will and all. Or even without getting that will straight.

Well, Cecil can come to my house any time without fear of altitude problems. And the probability of his getting wet feet from an incursion of the sea is remote. Our house is at about 18 feet above sea level. We are only a block off the bay, but never has the water risen this high. Nor do I want it to do so.

Good bye until next time.

P.S. Saturday. That norther arrived last night and it's winter again. Dropped temperatures down to the upper forties and is windy as all our winters are here. Will be Fall next week.

Pat