

# CHRONICLE

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

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Yep! Autumn is here with all its gorgeous colors. The mountains are streaked with pure gold, the cottonwoods and poplars look like golden monuments in the distance, the mountain sumac and a vine that looks like Virginia creeper (and may be) are brilliant red. I would like to be in the Ozarks right now. There, the oaks and hickory add different colors and the sumac is purple. We think that maybe next year we will visit the Ozarks for the beauty of the hills in autumn. Maybe, just maybe, we can witness the rare and most beautiful spectacle of the shedding of the walnut leaves. This happens when the walnut leaves have turned to gold and are waiting for the first heavy frost. If the frost is late in coming; the trees shed their leaves gradually but if the conditions are right, the first frost freezes the tiny drops of water at the base of each leaflet, and soon after sunrise, the heat causes these to burst with a slight pop and the leaf is actually blown off the tree. This happens to all the leaves within minutes so that if you happen to be under the tree at the time, it sounds like a million tiny firecrackers exploding and the leaves come down in a shower of gold. Within an hour the entire tree will be bare. I know of no other autumnal phenomenon that can match the falling of the walnut leaves, and yet, in one man's lifetime he might not witness it more than two or three times because he is not at the right place at the right time. I witnessed it last in 1986 when we were visiting with Mom at her little house near Pocahontas. I had forgotten about it until I looked out the window and saw the leaves dropping, then I ran out and stood under the walnut

tree in her back yard and listened and watched. Within less than half an hour, the tree turned from a beautiful shade of gold to a bare tree, ready for winter.

For the last two or three weeks our temperature has ranged from 38 to 42 degrees when we get up in the morning. Margaret has started a weather journal, -- started it on the 28th of August, one year from the time we moved into this house. It lies on the dining table and the first thing she puts into it is the temperature and the cloud conditions -- usually there are none.

Today is Friday, the last day of September, 1994. Judy, John, and Brecken are somewhere on the east coast, around Boston I think, where Brecken is interviewing some of the Universities to find out what they offer in the way of an education. As all of you know, there is a Rose Parade on New Year's day in Pasadena and each year the girls are chosen for the Rose queen and her court. Brecken entered the fray this year. She has been a volunteer worker on the floats every year for several years and last year was one of the escorts for the people touring the floats before they join the parade. There were 700 girls interviewed for the Queen's court this year and after the first interviews, there were 250. Brecken was in that group. Last week there was a second interview and the number was cut to 50 and she is in that group. I don't know when the next interview will be held, and though her chances were small, I am happy that she has progressed this far.

Last week we took our trash to the county dump and on the way back I almost ran over a tarantula, the first one I have seen around here. I got out of the car and picked it up and took it home

so I could show it to Gabe. "It looks just like Sophie," he said when he saw it and I found out that the preschool class he attends has one already. I didn't know he had ever seen one. He was not afraid of it and allowed it to crawl up his arm. It is velvety black except it has red hairs on its abdomen and when it is excited, it can raise these hairs to make it look ferocious. Tarantulas are very gentle creatures that have been maligned excessively. I have never met any one who has been bitten by one. I am sure it would hurt for they do have two large mandibles which they could use. I suppose they could be forced to "bite" but I have never tried to see. I took the creature and turned her loose near a rock pile nearby where she will probably hibernate during the winter. Our little snakes have not gone into hibernation yet. I saw one of them yesterday. Swallows and black birds have been gathering in flocks, preparing for their journey south.

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Received a letter from Bessie this week. Bessie I do appreciate your letters. You and Bertha do a good job helping the rest of us keep up with the Springfield crowd.

#### FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA

Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends:

All are well here in Springfield. Still warm days and cool nights and dry. We really need a good rain. The flowers are about to go but the grass and weeds just keep on growing, and Bertha and I just keep on mowing.

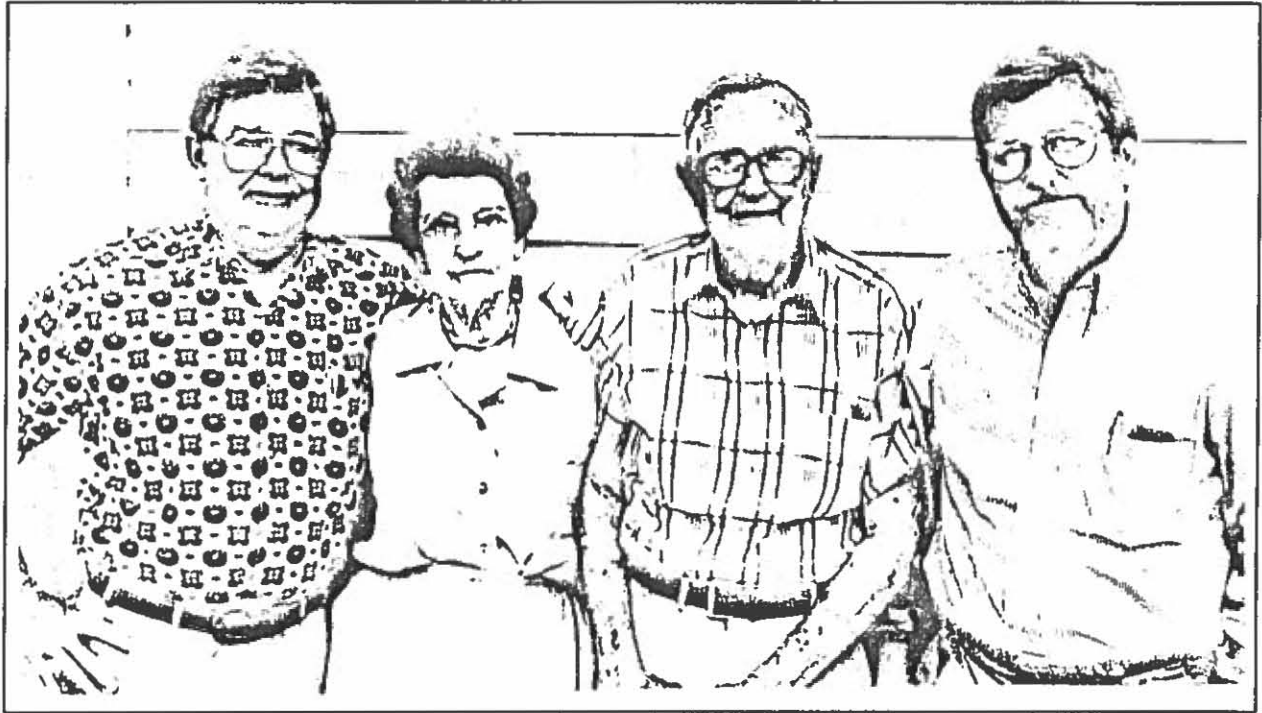
My kids are all back to almost normal after all their illnesses. Dick is able to drive the car again. Buster's back is quite a bit better. He just got back from a vacation trip to New Mexico. He and Karen had a wonderful trip, went through Taos, thought it was a pretty place but found they were having a celebration and there were so many people they didn't get to visit all the places they wanted to see. Buster had been to Taos when he was about 13 or 14. He said it did not look like the place he remembered. Karen had never been there before. They came back through Colorado, a place they really love as they have been there many times before, skiing.

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*[Bessie, tell Buster and Karen I'm so mad at them I'm going to go sit on the porch and say bad words. We had three spare bedrooms and they could have had "bed and breakfast" accommodations plus other amenities free if they had only given us a call so we could help them find our place. As they left Taos for Colorado, they had to pass within five miles of our place and we would have been so happy to see them. PULLEEZE, everybody. If you are coming through this part of the country, do come to our house. Call first to see if we are at home for we do go places. Our phone number, (505) 776 5571 is on every issue of the Chronicle. "Bed and breakfast" places abound in this town but you may have to pay from \$65 to more than a hundred dollars for them. And here they are free. Don't pass up a good thing. PS: we have some of the best ski areas in the country. Taos Ski Valley is only eleven miles from our house and if you want to ski all day and then come here, we will turn on the sauna and let you recover -- and it won't cost you a thing except a phone call. And, just to make it more attractive, we usually have at least four kinds of coffee, regular, decaf, French, and gourmet, and since each cup is made individually, you can have your choice. If you wish, I'll put up a suggestion box so you can tell us how we can improve our service and attract more visitors.]*

Bertha, Sue and I went to Apple Orchards last week and picked five bushels of apples -- not all for us but for family -- several different ones. Lots of apples and lots going to waste. Bertha has been making apple butter, apple bread, and apple cobblers. I've been making apple cobblers, apple dumplings, and two loaves of apple bread and we still have apples to work up. I have put some in the refrigerator for future use.

JE and Katie had a wonderful trip to Hawaii and a wonderful celebration when they returned. They received 150 cards and several gifts. It was a great day for them with a white limo to come and pick them up for their trip to the church. Herman and Lillie were not able to attend because Lillie was sick. She is much better now



Here they are: Left to right, Larry, Wilma, Harold, and Leon.  
I have only one comment: Look what a thin waist Wilma has.

. Bertha had a note from Lois saying that they would be up in October.

To all of you cousins: Get in gear and head for Springfield and we will all have a fun get-together.

Love to all of you, Bessie and Bertha.

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In the last issue I mentioned the visit of Leon and Larry Jinks to Harold and Wilma. Larry lives in California and he flew to St. Louis where Leon lives and together they drove down to Piggott. There was a big three-column write up about their visit in the *Piggott Times* including a good picture of them which I am printing in this issue. Both of the nephews are retired; Leon from Sylvania Corporation, Larry after 37 1/2 years with Knight-Ridder news paper organization. [Larry and his wife were at the 1989 World Series Game in San Francisco when the big earth quake struck. They managed to get out, she to go home and he to go to the *Mercury News* where he was publisher.]

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Most of you know who Margaret Barnhart is, she is the genealogist that lives near Warm Springs and probably knows more about Randolph Countians, past and present, than anyone. We met her several years ago and she has been supplying the Chronicle family with lots of information since. She has been a member of the Chronicle family ever since we met her and gets the Chronicle regularly. It is from her book of the Cemeteries of Randolph County and her census books that I have been able to gather much of the information appearing on the family trees. We owe her a debt of gratitude for her help. She continues to send me bits of information from time to time and this week I received some more. Thanks, Margaret.

**FROM MARGARET BARNHART**

"...Count me in as one of those who was worried when the Chronicle did not arrive at it's usual time. I was greatly relieved when I found out that the trouble was mechanical and not something wrong with you.

I was interested in your comments about hummingbirds. We have a lot of hummers here. They arrive every spring and the number increases every year. We now have five feeders to fill. Would you believe we have purchased 90 pounds of sugar since their arrival this year? That includes the sugar we use but that is minute compared to that used by the hummers. We were interested in the statement you made about their getting across the Gulf by hitch-hiking a ride on geese. Would sure like to know your source for that. We see so little written on the Ruby Throated hummers that frequent our area. Every once in a while, one of the birds will fly into one of the windows on the deck and land on the floor. Occasionally, one will strike the glass so hard that it breaks its neck, but usually it is just dazed and needs a little time to recover. That is when we pick it up and stroke its back until it is able to fly again. We have been able to rescue a couple from the cat's mouth when she is on the deck when one falls. If they are dead, she ignores them.

Got a CD phone disk recently. There are 184 Mondy names listed. You are still listed in the El Segundo address. *[Our son still lives there.]*

I am enclosing some family sheets from the 1920 census. I also have some from the Everton Publishing Company's Family Group sheets. Some may not tie into your family directly but they may be kissing cousins somewhere along the line. When I get some spare time I will run Mondy and Monday through some other new material I received recently.

Your new home sounds like the ideal place to retire and enjoy the mellow years *[I like those words]*. Certainly beats the traffic, smog, and noise of a big city. The view alone is soothing, to say nothing of the quiet and comfortable surroundings. We have to go to Little Rock and Memphis once in a while and enjoy eating out but we are always glad to get back to our quiet country home.

We have had a very pleasant summer. There were no 100 degree days and we have had

enough rain to keep the grass green. If anything, the grass has needed more care than usual. With the help of grandchildren who visited this summer, I got most of the weeding done in record time. Speaking of grandchildren, we are now great grandparents! Amy was born this summer. I am NOT old enough for this to happen -- am I???

Glad that your wife saw fit to supply you with a copier. Wives have such good ideas from time to time. (But husbands are sometimes reluctant to admit it.) Peg.

*[Peg, I don't remember where I read the article about hummers hitch-hiking rides. I'm sure I have seen references to it several times. It may have been in Science News or Discovery Magazine that I saw the picture. I will keep my eyes open and see if I can find out more about it.]*

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I reported last week that I had received a letter written by RA to her father but that there was not enough room for it in V-16. I am putting it in this issue. RA I have inserted a few phrases of my own to make the letter a bit clearer to the younger generation who might not understand some of the conditions that existed at the time of which you write. Please forgive me if my insertions changed the meaning of your letter. I will be glad to correct any mistakes I have made.

Here is RA's letter, and a good one it is.

A LETTER FROM RHODA ALICE (GOINGS) DUFFER TO HER FATHER FRANK GOINGS WHO LEFT THIS EARTH IN 1917.

Dear Daddy;

It has been so long since you went away in the spring of 1917 and left mother with five little children to take care of, and with only \$34. in the world. We know you did not want to go and leave us but the Lord wanted you to do it. I, your youngest daughter, Rhoda Alice, was only five years old. Waymond was only eleven, Eula was nine, Jack was seven, and Paul was only three years old.

Immediately, Mother took all of us and went to live with Grandpa and Grandma Goings. We lived in a little two-room house. This was in 1917. Soon Mother realized that she did not want to rear us children in the conditions existing in that community, so she brought us back to Peach Orchard where she would be away from both families and even though it was really awfully hard, she was determined to do so. You know how independent she always was.

We moved on the Knapp place and they were very good to us. Uncle Ed, Herman, Lewis, and Raymond came to stay with us during cotton chopping and cotton picking time each year. That made ten people in that little two-room house.

One Sunday while we were living there an airplane came flying in and landed in the field just across the road from our house. Did you ever see an airplane? I don't think so. It is a big thing with two wings and a tail and an engine. It looks a little bit like a bird, but the wings do not flap. It could fly because the engine was connected to a big propeller which is like a big fan and when the propeller in turning it blows the air so fast backwards, the airplane goes forward. Well none of us, including Mom, had ever seen an airplane, so she ran out to look at it and she was still holding the half-dressed chicken in her hand. We have laughed about that many times. We were at church about half a mile away, and all of us forgot it was Sunday and ran down to see it too.

The first World War, (we have had another since then) ended in the fall after you left us. We were still living in the same little house on the Knapp place. I don't know how the news got around but on November 11 that year, at midnight the mill whistles began to blow, people fired their guns and bells everywhere began to ring, and we knew the war was over. It was some celebration.

It was the next year that the "flu" broke out all over America. It was a disease that some people thought the soldiers brought back from overseas.

Our poor doctors did not know what it was or how to treat it. We had no medicine for it. Thousands of people died of it. Now we know a lot more about it. It comes from China, is carried by birds to the south pacific, then spreads across Europe, and finally gets to America. It changes every year but the doctors examine the area where it comes from and before it gets started well, they produce a medicine that they put in your arm so now we do not have much of it any more.

In 1919 we moved from the Knapp house to another little two-room house on the Brown farm. You remember that farm because Mr. Brown would not let you move your family onto his farm because your parents were "Sanctified" people and went to that kind of church. Well Mr. Brown didn't want to let that religion get mixed with the Baptist religion so he would not let you move us onto his place and we moved to Clearview, out by the Five-mile Spring, where we were living when you went away, and where your body was buried. Mr. Brown didn't mind Mom and us kids living on his farm because Mom was a Baptist.

While we lived in this house, cotton prices went down to 2 1/2 to 3 cents a pound and this almost ruined the farmers. We all picked cotton for fifty cents a hundred pounds, all ten of us. We barely made enough to live on and that was the year I cried because Santa did not bring me one of the dolls on the Christmas Tree at the church. He only brought us a few nuts and pieces of candy (from the church) and an apple and an orange. That was the only time of the year we got either of these. No bananas or any other kind of fruit that we didn't grow ourselves.

It was while we were living here that Arkansas had the biggest snow it ever had I suppose. It would snow, then sleet, then snow and sleet, until it was right up under my arms. It was so cold that Black River froze over and men were able to haul logs across it without breaking through the ice. We had plenty of wood for the stove and plenty of cover so we stayed warm. It was while

we were living here that I started to school at the Albright school house where we had all eight grades in two rooms.

Next we moved to another house, down in the field, still on the Brown farm. While we lived here, two or three great things happened to me. Mr. Brown's daughter married a musician and he came there with her from California. He wanted to organize a community orchestra. Any one could be in it but you had to buy your own instrument. Mr Brown's daughter was also a musician. Well Mother bought Eula a mandolin, Jack a violin, and Paul a ukulele. The music company gave Waymond a cello. And for me, she bought a piano!! That was the greatest thing that ever happened to me. How I loved that piano!!

The second great thing that happened while we live there was we bought a car -- a Model-T Ford. I don't know what kind of car you may have seen before you left us but the one we bought was a great improvement. It had a "self-starter" so that you did not have to crank it by hand, and it had electric lights on the front instead of the old carbide lights. It had an electric battery to operate the starter and the lights. It had a thing called a distributor on it and this made it much more reliable. We were the third family in our section of the country to own one. We went in it to see your parents once a year and to visit Grandpa Mondy and Uncle Lloyd's family at the Five-mile spring more often.

And then there is the third thing I must tell you about; -- Mother bought a "congolium" rug for the floor in one of the rooms. It was so pretty. And one of the things I thought about most whenever I looked at it was that if one of us should die, we would have such a pretty place to keep the body over night. I'm sure you must think this is funny.

Now Daddy, did you study "stocks and bonds" in the old Silver-Burdett arithmetic like we did? well if a person wants to start a company he sells stock in that company and the people who buy the stock own the company but the man still runs

it. When the company makes money, the stockholders get part of the money. Sometimes they make a lot of money but if the company goes broke they lose every thing they have put into the company. The stock is sold in a big place called the New York Stock Exchange and if you have some stock you want to sell, you just tell them and they will sell it for you. Now if you think that some company is going to make a lot of money, you borrow money from the bank by mortgaging your farm and buy some of their stock. Then when you make a lot of money, you sell your stock and pay off the moortgage and have a lot of money. At least that is the way it was supposed to work. Well, in about 1927 and 1928, millions of people borrowed money from banks and bought a lot of stock. Then in 1929 a lot of the companies went broke and left millions of people owing the banks billions of dollars so all the banks went broke. This was called the "crash of '29". Since many farmers had to borrow money from the banks to buy seed and pay for crops until harvest, they had mortgaged their farms and now the banks foreclosed on the farmers and everybody in the country was broke. Millions of people lost their jobs because the companies had no money to operate, and the people had no money to buy things with or to pay for their home or their rent. Hundreds of thousands were actually put out on the street. For the first time in our lives we were almost as well off as the rich -- at least we had lots of food out of the garden to eat and to can for winter, and we still had a place to live. This was called "The Great Depression" and it didn't end until 1937 when we began to prepare for the second world war. A little bit of relief came when a man named Roosevelt who was elected president in 1932 started several government projects which employed quite a few of the men who did not have jobs. About 3,000,000 young unmarried men were organized into camps operated by Army and Navy officers called the CCC, and they built roads and did a lot of forestry work. There were also projects for married men who built new schools, post office buildings, and parks, plus bridges and roads.

By this time we had moved to the Albright

place. Up to that time our beds were made by filling the bedtick with grass which we pulled by hand but now we made them by filling the bedtick with straw. I remember that the first night we slept on the new bed it was so high we had to climb up to get into it. But after sleeping on it for a while, we mashed it down to a good size. After this the Home Demonstration Agent, (another organization started by the government) showed us how to make our mattress with cotton and I remember how good it felt. It took us a long time to come out of the greatest depression the country has ever known.

On the Albright place we lived in a six-room house and we had furniture for every room; a bed in each bedroom, a dresser in sister's and mine, a wash stand in Mom's, a bed and cot in the boys room, table and chairs and my piano in the living room. Now weren't we rich? Waymond left us to come to you when he was only 21 while we were living in this house. Also, sister married William Davis and they had a little boy named Kenneth. During the time from 1928 to 1932, I went to high school in Pocahontas. It was the closest high school to us. In 1934 I married a Baptist preacher named Russell Duffer. We had four boys. The oldest two of them left us at an early age to come to you. You would have loved these boys, they were so sweet. One of the other two is an ordained minister who has spent his ministry in Hawaii. The other is an ordained music man. We also have two ordained grandsons. We have five grandsons and one granddaughter, and four great grandchildren. Russell and I recently celebrated our 60th wedding anniversary.

Mother, who was a great seamstress, the best cook, a good manager, and the best mother in the world left us to join you in 1945. Jack was the next to leave us, then Paul, and last, Eula. I am the only one left of the family. Paul had one son, Paul Jr. He had a son who was killed by a drunken automobile driver and was not able to carry on the Goings name. When Paul, Jr. passes on, the name, so far as your descendents are concerned, will pass into history.

I wish there was some way you could answer my letter but I know it cannot be. I would love to hear from you though. Perhaps I will write to you again. I would like to tell you about our modern appliances such as clothes washers and dryers and electric dishwashers, and about how we have been able to send several men to the moon and have them walk around on it and come back to tell us what it is like. Tell those who are there with you we love them and that some day in the future we will join you.

Rhoda Alice (Bug) Duffer

Daddy, you gave me the name "Bug" and lots of people still call me by that name.

*[This letter was received in mid September, 1994, and published in the October 2nd issue of The Chronicle.]*

In the article in the Piggott Times about the Jinks visitors, there was a tid-bit you should read. It goes like this:

"In 1991, Bill Clinton came through the Silicon Valley on a campaign trip. He spotted Larry's name on his name badge at a reception and asked Larry if he was related to Harold Jinks. Larry confessed that it was true. Later in the campaign, Bill met Larry again whereupon he announced to one all, "This man's uncle is the best Democrat in the United States".

Mom and Dad believed that our evening meal should be light and eaten as early as possible -- their rational was that a heavy meal or one eaten too late caused one to dream or have a restless night so that they would not be able to do a good day's work the next day. Whether this theory stands on solid ground, I don't know. But, -- maybe Marg and I have been eating the wrong thing -- we each have been having strange dreams which we have laughed about the next morning. One night this week I dreamed I was in the garage and saw a tiny mouse which escaped by running into a hole that ends up under our flagstone walk. I said to the mouse, "you'd better not run in that hole, one of our little snakes is there waiting for you." Now that was a silly

dream and when I told it to Marg she told me her silly dream for the night. She was walking down a street in some unknown town. She met you, Jake, and saw that you had a very beautiful haircut. She asked where you got it and you said, "come with me and I'll take you to my hair dresser". You took her there and the hairdresser said, "We charge by the hour, \$1.03 per hour. Now we require some collateral before we start." Marg asked what kind of collateral, and the woman told her, "your car, or your home, or some land, or something like that." Marg awoke before she had decided what collateral to put up. Any dream experts out there?

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#### EDUCATION HAS CHANGED SINCE I WAS A KID

Since you were kids too, I expect. Gabe goes to a preschool and last week Mark was asked to read one of the kiddie books to the kids. Would you like to know the name of the book? WHO POOPED ON MY HEAD? It is the story of a little boy who has some "poop" on his head and wants to know whose it is. He goes to the cow and asks if it is hers. The cow says no it is not hers, her poop looks like this -- and shows him her poop. Then he goes to the horse who repeats the scene, then to the goat, and the chicken, the pig, and all the farm animals and in each case, the animal shows him examples of their poop. It finally turns out that the poop on his head belongs to his dog. If any of you want to comment on this new kind of education, do so. I'll put it in the Chronicle. I even hesitated to mention it in such a refined paper as the Chronicle but I needed something to fill the space and decided to use this to fill it. I can imagine that most of you never get this far in your reading so you will probably miss it anyway.

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For months that grew into years I have neglected the two novels I've wanted to complete. So for the past two weeks I have typed like mad to complete them. I have finished *Pices Rising* which is the story of the last years of Herod's life, interwoven with the birth of Christ. I have tried to make it an interesting book but with a lot

of information not available to most people. I'm sure it would be banned in Boston and would probably be banned by a lot of others. Nevertheless it stands as it is. Margaret is in the process of reviewing it now. I have four chapters to retype of the other novel which I have called *TJI*. It is a story of one Aboriginal boy in one of the tribes in Australia, in which I try to picture the kinds of life experienced in tribal life before the advent of the white man. Margaret Barnhart didn't you agree to critique it for me? I think you did in one of your weaker moments. Getting an honest person to critique one's writing is not as easy as you might think. Any way, I'm still working on those as well as my text book, so if anyone wants to know how to occupy their time when they retire, tell them to write a book.

It is now Saturday afternoon, 6 PM. We went to SantaFe this morning and returned about 3PM. I stopped at the post office, hoping that I would find a letter but there was none.

I talked Jewel, Jessie Ann, and Lynette this week and learned that all the Colorado crowd was alive and kicking -- well Lynette said that Dewel was actually off fishing. Also, she said, they were preparing for a trip -- through Indiana to visit Dick, then on to Virginia to visit her son who is in school there. Jessie has promised to come to visit us when they are free of their commitments to their political activities. Maybe at last some of my folkswill pay us a visit. A couple of the mountains near Santa Fe were-crowned with snow, we saw this morning. Our mountains would probably have looked the same but we had no rain. This means that there is little time left before winter. We had our first and largest snow (about a foot) last year on the 28th of October. We have a rather large Magpie that comes around each morning looking for scraps. Last year there were two and we wonder if he lost his mate during the year. Anyone know whether they mate for life? Many birds do. Sometimes he is with a flock of about 15 but most of the time he comes alone.

Bye for this issue, I'll try to get it in the mail on Monday. Love to all, Harrison.