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## Transcript from Memorial Service

Jennie Herndon

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Hello, everybody. My name is Mrs. Harold Herndon. Jennie is my name, but I am a widow now. Dick Hugo spent a lot of time at our bar—The Union Bar in Milltown, which is Harold's Club now—and I could go on and on and on and tell you several things, funny things, that happened, because when we first met Dick he was down, he was depressed, he was having one hell of a time. Richard and I, we got along real good, but there were times I would get down on him. And then that's where I got my nickname: The Bitch. He would get irritated with me and he'd say, "Harold, she's a bitch."

Well, I'll have to tell you how that all started because one Saturday afternoon I went out to the Club to check the liquor inventory. I never worked on Saturdays and Sundays. So I went out there, to check the liquor inventory, to make sure that everything was there. Richard was sitting there, and this was the time we had the laundramat there. Anyway, he'd come out there on Saturday and he'd do his laundry and, needless to say, half the time he'd have a hangover. So he would drink his beer, and talk with all the millworkers and everything—which they dearly loved him . . . very much—so this particular day, I walked in and he was sitting there, and he had this sweatshirt on. I talked to him from the side, I went around the bar and I got behind the bar, and I looked and I said—excuse my French—"Jesus Christ, Richard, you look like a pig!" He said, "Oh, you bitch." And I . . . anyway, I said, "Lord, y'got more ketchup and mustard on your sweatshirt than y'had on your sandwich!" And he said, "OK, I'll take the damn thing off and take it in there and put it in the laundry." And I said, "Oh, no, you won't. You're not gonna take that shirt off and sit in *here* like that." And he said, "Well, what the hell am I supposed to do?" And I said, "I don't know. Y'better figure out something, though, 'cause I don't like the looks of it." Well, pretty soon he got up and he went back to the restroom, and he came back . . . he'd turned his sweatshirt inside out. Anyway . . . after that anytime anybody did come in and they had something on their sweatshirt, he would say, "Ya look like a slob. Go on back and turn it inside out!"

My husband and Richard were very, very close, because at the time that Harold met Richard they were both going through some pretty hard times, and that was they were both going through . . . just past divorce. And this was the time I decided I was going to marry Harold Herndon. But they were very, very close friends, and he wrote a beautiful eulogy for my husband which was published in the *Rocky Mountain Magazine* and also *The Passage*, which I will treasure all

*Jennie Herndon*

my life. And after my husband passed away, Richard came out to see me, different times, and also he would call. Never say, "Hi, bitch," he'd just say, "Hi, gal, how ya doin?" But anyway, I'm so happy for Ripley that she did have a part of him because he was so happy in the last few years of his life. Everything was going his way. He loved her children. He loved her very much. And I'm sure we all loved him, too.

*Transcript from Memorial Service in Missoula  
October 31, 1982*