

The Mondy Morning

CHRONICLE

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

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Wednesday, June 13, 2001. The temperature when we arose this morning was 39 degrees! Only 7 degrees above freezing. Just four months until we can look for our first snow. Short summer, eh?

Judy (Washburn) and Bud got word on Saturday the water in Houston was lapping at their door and may be in the house, so they left on Sunday morning early and arrived home about noon Monday. The water was within an inch of their floor but had not gotten in the house. Their garage, though, was flooded, but very little damage.

Bud, who had been sleeping under a couple of blankets while here, told us on the phone he was coming back; he didn't like the 90 degree weather and 98% humidity in Houston, he liked sleeping under blankets better.

Friday, June 15. Our temperature finally got up to 70 degrees but it still feels cold with 9% relative humidity. I am wearing a jacket.

* * *

A Thought and a Poem
for Independence Day
Dena (Bailey) Houston

On this day in 1776, the Declaration of Independence was signed; America was born, a free nation.

The first Independence Day was celebrated in 1777. It has been celebrated ever since. Families and friends gather together to have cookouts, visit, and enjoy their freedoms.

For me, Independence Day is a day of

Patriotism. I love my country and what it stands for. I am loyal to my country and will remain loyal until my last days on earth for I love America.

Patriotism is something we all have in us. Some of us get all excited with the 4th of July parades. We see the red, white, and blue banners, and hear the patriotic music, and our heart speeds up with the beat of the music. We dress up in our stars and stripes and in shades of red, white, and blue. We feast on snow-cones, watermelon, cotton candy, and hot dogs. We take pictures of politicians making speeches, we hear songs like *God Bless America*, *America the Beautiful*, and *the Star Spangled Banner*, and each time we hear them, we lift our eyes to the flag and think of the men and women who have "shed their blood for thee, America, sweet land of liberty".

We gather around when darkness falls and cast our eyes above, waiting for the first of the many big booms and the sparkles and glitter in the sky. We watch with ooohhs and aaahhs as we see the colors change.

My Country, how I love thee,
I stand so proud
And sing so loud
I'm so glad to be free
For what is in my heart right now
Is not for just the day
I live my life in America
And here I'll always stay
Have a Happy and Safe Fourth of July,
Dena

Thank you Dena. May I add another thought? Every time we leave Santa Fe we drive by the Veteran's Cemetery with hundreds of crosses, and as I look at it I wonder how many of those crosses represent lives wasted for the glory of war. There: Is that the grave of a boy whose life was snubbed out before he had a chance to find the cure for cancer? And that one: could he have been another Einstein? Or that one over there: could he have been another Billy Graham? And could this one have been another Mother Teresa? How much talent lies buried in the thousands of cemeteries around the world? Talent forever silenced by war, mankind's saddest invention. In the Testament of the Patriarch Benjamin (about 125 BC) I read: (Ben. 1:42) "The sword is the mother of seven evils: bloodshed, ruin, tribulation, exile, dearth, panic, and destruction."

* * *

We are leaving next Thursday to pick up Ercil and Lester (White) in Lubbock and take them to the Family Reunion. It appears that a lot of the younger fry are so tied up in their activities, that many can't attend so I'm wondering what size crowd we will have this time.

* * *

Several of you have asked how Son Jim is getting along; he is still recovering and is well enough to hold his classes again.

* * *

A Joke

Three men were killed in an accident and met St Pete at the Golden Gate who told them that there was one strict rule that would get extreme punishment. "You must not step on a duck."

They go in, and sure enough, there

are millions of ducks and it is hard to avoid stepping on one. The first guy accidentally steps on one. St Pete brings the ugliest old hag the man has ever seen, chains her to him and says, "Your punishment for stepping on a duck is to be chained to this woman for eternity." A few days go by and the second man steps on a duck and St. Pete brings him a woman even uglier than the first and chains her to him for eternity. The third man does his very best not to step on a duck. A month goes by and suddenly he sees St Pete coming toward him leading the most beautiful young blonde he has ever seen, chains her to him and departs without saying a word. The man says, "I wonder what I did to deserve being chained to you for eternity?" The girl says, "I don't know what you did but I stepped on a duck." :-) :-) :-)

DENA HAS A BIRTHDAY ON THE FIRST DAY OF JULY

(I refuse to reveal her age but she is not over the hill yet. Have a good one, Dena)

* * *

The news release on Nell's book from Cornell is interesting and I have reproed it for you to read.

* * *

Ken and Willa (Davis) are on the road again. Ken is the son of Bill and Eula (Goings) Davis. Eula is the daughter of Dona (Mondy) Goings, our Aunt Dona, so that makes Ken first cousin once removed to all the JC Mondy grand-kids. Their report is included.

FOR RELEASE: May 31, 2001

Contact: Susan S. Lang
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Pioneering Cornell female chemist tells her story in new autobiography

ITHACA, N.Y. — In the 1940s, Nell I. Mondy was usually the only woman in chemistry wherever she went. How the young woman from the deep South broke into the male-dominated academic world, improving food and nutrition from India and Nigeria to Peru and Poland and becoming an international expert on the common potato, is the focus of her new autobiography.

You Never Fail Until You Stop Trying: The Story of a Pioneer Woman Chemist (Dorrance Publishing, 2001) starts in the small town of Pocohontas, Ark., where Mondy grew up as the only child of a young widow. Getting her first degree at Ouachita Baptist University in Arkadelphia, Ark., in 1943 during World War II, Mondy describes how she made her way to becoming a professor emerita of nutrition, food science and toxicology at Cornell University, and traveled the world.

"My purpose in writing this book was to encourage today's young women to pursue science as a career option," says Mondy, now 79. "Although it may have been more difficult for women to succeed in chemistry 50 years ago, the process still remains challenging. I hope these pages will inspire others who encounter difficult challenges and obstacles in their lives to keep trying."

Mondy's expertise in biochemistry not only reaped a fruitful teaching career that spanned more than four decades and a research career of more than 50 years, both at Cornell, but also took the Cornell professor to 47 countries where she presented papers, worked as a consultant or conducted research. She describes food processing behind the Iron Curtain in Warsaw in 1966; her work at the R.T. French Co. developing new products and improving the flavor of Sloppy Joes and Hamburger Helper; visiting lepers and malnourished children and living through a military coup in Nigeria; getting lost alone and on foot close to nightfall in Yogyakarta, Indonesia; and why she photographed foreign food she didn't want to eat.

Mondy's research at Cornell has ranged from determining the availability of iron in frozen vegetables' the effect of sulfur dioxide on living cells and naturally occurring toxicants in food to the biochemical and nutritional aspects of fresh and processed potatoes. But she also describes the special projects she undertook at the U.S. Department of Agriculture, International Institute of Tropical Agriculture in Nigeria and the Environmental Protection Agency.

-more-

This news release is available at <<http://www.news.cornell.edu/releases/May01/mondy.book.ssl.html>>, with a link to other Cornell news releases and photographs. For information on receiving Cornell news releases via e-mail, go to <<http://www.news.cornell.edu/subscribe.html>> or send a query to <cunews@cornell.edu>.

Mondy has received many awards, including the first E.F. Steir Award from the Institute of Food Technologists, the outstanding alumni award from Cornell's College of Agriculture and Life Sciences and the Centennial Achievement Award from Ouachita Baptist University. She is in the National Women's Hall of Fame in Seneca Falls, N.Y., and is listed in more than two dozen reference books, such as *Who's Who in America*, *Foremost Women in the Twentieth Century* and, most recently, the *2000 Outstanding Intellectuals of the 21st Century*. She is the namesake of the Nell I. Mondy Organic Chemistry Laboratory at Ouachita Baptist University, which also sponsors the Nell Mondy Lecture Series that brings experts in chemistry, food science and nutrition to that campus. Mondy also is the author or co-author of more than 200 scientific publications.

Mondy received her B.S. at Ouachita Baptist University (1943); M.A. at Texas University (1945) and Ph.D. at Cornell (1953).

You Never Fail Until You Stop Trying: The Story of a Pioneer Woman Chemist includes numerous photos, anecdotes, excerpts from correspondence and a summary of Mondy's research.

Related World Wide Web sites: The following sites provide additional information on this news release. Some might not be part of the Cornell University community, and Cornell has no control over their content or availability.

- Information on Nell Mondy:

<<http://www.human.cornell.edu/faculty/facultybio.cfm?netid=nim1&facs=1>>



**YOU NEVER FAIL
UNTIL YOU STOP TRYING**

*The Story of a
Pioneer Woman Chemist*

by Nell I. Mondy

The history of the world's scientific thought is filled with stories commemorating accomplishments of great investigators and thinkers, the great majority of them men. Does this mean women are not capable of ranking in the annals of infancy along with their male counterparts? Or have too few women been invited to participate in this area of interest?

Nell I. Mondy, a petite young girl of above-average intellect, started at Ouachita College on the eve of World War II. As she completed her courses, she was entrusted with responsibilities usually given to older students and began gaining more confidence in her abilities. Then Mondy made a decision. She wanted to learn more, be more, and do more than most female scholars were invited to achieve.

Mondy went on to gain her doctorate at Cornell University, combining her passions in biochemistry, food sciences, and nutrition, and the new Dr. Mondy spent the great majority of her time immersed in her specialty field of research, the common potato, which held remarkable potential to feed the world. Her earlier research dealt with B6 vitamins, folic acid, vitamin B12, and important enzymes in choline metabolism.

You Never Fail until You Stop Trying: The Story of a Pioneer Woman Chemist tells the story of this ground-breaking woman in her own words, as Mondy shares with readers her fifty years in the world of academia—including her incredible worldwide work to improve food and nutrition in places such as India, Nigeria, Indonesia, Ivory Coast, Peru and the United States—and discusses the numerous world hunger and nutrition conferences in which she has participated.

"You never fail until you stop trying" is the personal motto Mondy has used for over seventy years, and it has taken her around the world and back, allowing her to make history. Her incredible and inspirational story should be read and shared by anyone with a dream and a desire to exceed one's greatest expectations.

The Story of a Pioneer Woman Chemist

**YOU NEVER FAIL
UNTIL YOU STOP TRYING**

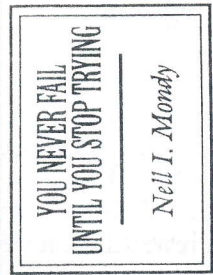
Nell I. Mondy

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Nell I. Mondy was born and raised in Pocahontas, Arkansas. Excelling in her high school courses, she was compelled to continue her education and studies until obtaining her doctorate in biochemistry from Cornell University, Ithaca, New York. She received the B.S. and B.A. degrees in chemistry from Ouachita Baptist University in 1943 (both *summa cum laude*), the M.A. degree in biochemistry from Texas University in 1945, and the Ph. D. degree in biochemistry from Cornell University in 1953. She served on Cornell faculty for over fifty years. Mondy is a professor emerita of nutrition, food science, and toxicology at Cornell.

Mondy's professional memberships, accomplishments, and goals comprise *You Never Fail until You Stop Trying: The Story of a Pioneer Woman Chemist*, but highlights also include the following: fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the Institute of Food Technologists, and the American Institute of Chemists; honorary life member of the Potato Association of America and Graduate Women in Science; constituent of the First Baptist Church, for which she was a trustee; and member of the Tompkins County Criminal Justice Advisory Board, the New York State Potato Advisory Board, Cornell's International Friendship Club, Cayuga Trails, and the DeWitt Historical Society of Tompkins County.

A world traveler and humanitarian, Mondy counts among her spare time activities travel, photography, and gardening. In addition to *You Never Fail until You Stop Trying*, Mondy is author of *Experimental Food Chemistry*, a book published in 1980, as well as countless articles and scientific papers. She was National President of Graduate Women in Science in 1983 and has also served as a consultant to the U.S. Department of Agriculture and the Environmental Protection Agency. In addition, she has served as a consultant to several food companies including the R.T. French Company, Frito-Lay General Mills, Proctor and Gamble, and several international companies including S and B Shokuhin Company and Nihon Kaken Company, Ltd. in Tokyo, Japan, Holman Brenderi in Norway, and ETA, Britannia Brands New Zealand Ltd. *You Never Fail until You Stop Trying* was written by Mondy with the hope of encouraging today's young women to pursue science as a career option.



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April 14, 2001

Dear Harrison,

If you've never had the fun of having a dozen poet/friends descend on you from all over the country, you've missed a lot of fun. Holland and I recently were hosts for a long weekend to this poetry group I belong to, and they didn't know when they decided to hold their annual meeting in Corpus Christi that they would also help me celebrate one of those big ugly birthdays. (I can't wait until next year when I plan to become dyslexic so I can reverse the numbers and be much younger.) Saturday and Sunday evenings, after dinners here, we all talked until not an ear was not drooping pitifully. What made it so much fun is that we are all close friends. Four of us live here in Corpus Christi. Our home was the primary meeting place because of those who live here, one member was sagging from emergency surgery, another has gone and let herself have too many birthdays in a teeny house, and the third is a nun who lives in the convent here. She arranged for several to share an annex sleeping quarters at the convent. At first, we thought they might actually stay in the convent and imagined that would be pleasantly medieval with stone beds, cold water wash ups, dawn wake up calls, etc., but it was actually very modern to the point of almost disappointing those who stayed there. They thought a night in a real convent sounded like a new experience though it too is up to date.

As the fourth CC member it was logical that we hold our meetings, etc. here at my home. Even though it was a lot of work (had to shovel out a year's accumulated crud so no one would catch anything fatal), and cook a ton of food, which I did well before anyone arrived, it was worth it.

One member, Brenda Shaddox, who lives in San Antonio hadn't made it to the Great Gathering of Poets, came down a couple of weeks later and we four and Brenda had our own little post script party. Brenda is a world wide traveler, writer, photographer, and had just returned from Myanmar (old Burma). Besides poetry and fiction, she writes travel articles, one of which will be published in a San Antonio paper on April 22.

So we all chattered away and heard all about Brenda's third trip to Myanmar. She is not the pillar of any church, but she has done a great deal to help a village there to build a small Catholic church. Also she (and several others) have managed to furnish help for a nun who is taking care of 20 orphan girls who are poverty stricken. They were sharing ONE comb. Brenda loads up tooth brushes, paste, soap, nail files, etc. small items she can ship to them. She has also collected funds for many other projects to help her Buddhist friends in Myanmar as well. We were touched that our poet/nun member of our group quietly gave Brenda all she had saved for a trip to Rome (from a very small sum given them each month by the church.) Brenda

(6)

is hoping that she can take Sister Lu with her for a week in Myanmar on her next trip as a kind of repayment though this is still a big secret. Brenda refrains from anything that appears at all political while she is there for the Myanmar government is highly suspicious of everyone. Once she got caught in the middle of a kind of riot and had an adventure she wouldn't care to repeat. She has started a wild bird sanctuary there that will also bring in some monetary help for the area from birdwatching tourists. At present there are not many tourists, but when word gets abroad, it will be very successful.

Brenda and I talked until after 1:30 in the morning. (Daylight Saving Time made that even later.) The next morning bright? and too early we started walking about a hundred miles around the neighborhood looking for birds for Brenda to photograph. The hummers were in full buzz and she ~~saw~~ ^{was} thrilled to see one she had never ~~seen~~ before. It's migratory bird season here and a number pass through the area on their flyways to summers in Mexico and South America. Mid morning we went to a favorite park of the local birders and chased a Poor Will's Widow, an elusive night hawk and other birds over another million miles. After that we drove to another park where we could see water fowl. Only walked about 75 miles here. But here were roseate spoonbills, herons, gulls, pelicans, cormorants, all kinds of colorful ducks, etc. in large numbers. Went home about 3:00 in starving condition for lunch, after which Brenda departed for San Antonio and I just sat and vegetated for a while. Great fun though. Brenda insists birdwatching is the fastest growing hobby in the country while I hold out for genealogy. We are probably both right.

My latest misadventure was with the post office. I wanted to send a letter to Ireland, but I didn't know the amount of postage, so I tried to call the 24 hour number listed in my phone directory. It rang and rang but never answered even after several tries. Decided to call the main post office and bother them. Same thing. Then I called my local substation and found it was now a tax preparation office. Another substation was answered by a laundry. This would have been funny if it were not so much like a bad dream. I knew there was a site on the internet that would give me all kinds of answers, but this had got to be such a challenge. Besides, I didn't want to verify my fear the entire US Government had suddenly gone out of business without telling me. My last hope was a bulk mailing number. Finally, got an answer from them but the man spoke only a language unknown in this universe. At last I understood he wanted to know if I were a business? I told him yes (feeling guilty) since I do have this little art business that never necessitates anything being mailed. Quickly before he vanished I asked how much to mail an eight thousand pound package to Ireland, and hurriedly slipped in, "by the way, I also have a letter...." I thought I heard him sigh and shrug but he managed to give me another number which was answered by a computer that directed me to yet another number. This one was

answered promptly by a robot alien who only droned out, "This extension has no valid assignee. Goodbye." I was left with a dial tone buzzing in my ear until that annoying little jingle alerted me that my call did not go through and I must dial again. What little mind I had left said no way, contact the internet, and don't do any further business with such an organization. At this point after I had decided to give up, a friend came by and stayed until about three in the afternoon. Then she stood up and announced she must get to the POST OFFICE before it closed. Ah, ha! The Post Office had NOT gone out of business. I nailed her. She took my unloved, unwanted letter, and mailed it for .80 cents. Probably won't get there for weeks if ever. Three days later the new telephone directory was delivered to my door. I dived into it to see if the PO had been taken over by aliens. Nope. They now list only one 800 number. They had managed to keep this a real secret until now as they hadn't decided to tell anyone you just can't bother the busy people at the PO any more. And probably you won't deal with human beings either. Don't even try. Ben Franklin who started the PO would be proud that you are at least using electricity by inquiring on the internet as to postage (with the possible exception of California.) Just go to search and write in Postal Rates and Information. In 10 seconds you will get help. Or you could just charter a plane and deliver your letter yourself to Ireland or anywhere.

Speaking of California...We have had a kind of tragedy. Our daughter Krista and her family will be moving to California soon. I am not jubilant. While they were out there recently for about ten days hunting a house to buy that was only out of reach as to cost, not truly exorbitant, they left their two dogs (part of the family as many pets are) in a kennel. The Australian red heeler needed medication and frequent baths for a skin irritation. When Krista went to pick the dogs up, she was told "they were not ready." Mystified, she waited two hours, only to learn that they had (for whatever reason?) been taken to another kennel over in another county!! To make a long story short, they had somehow LOST the red heeler. Unfortunately, it was wearing tags from their Los Alamos vet. Calls to New Mexico produced no dog, and neither did the \$500 reward, an expensive Houston Chronicle lost and found ad, knocking on doors, putting up posters, etc. So if you are thinking of putting a valuable and beloved pet in a kennel, check it out thoroughly first. I doubt the dog wanders into your territory, but if so, send me an e-mail at hmondy@webtv.net, and you'll get that \$500 reward. Plus hugs.

Summer has arrived here with its warm humidity and high winds. Just when we needed it most, a rain of over three inches made the world ~~is~~ absolutely GREEN. Holland has little tomatoes trying not to get eaten by the birds, plus flowers. Wild flowers are ablaze all over creation. It's a gorgeous time of year.
Cheers, Pat



From Ken & Willa

Hi, Cousins

We are at Kadra's in Red Oak, TX.

We did have an exciting trip. Near Boise we discovered we left about fifty dollars worth of insulin. I had put it in the pocket of one cooler and Ken had brought the other one. Called Dan on the cell and he got it out and put it in the refridge.

About Salt lake, UT we got into a real snow storm. Thought it would bereal bad in WY. but the snow stopped and we just had excessive wind.

When we approached Seward, NE. We saw a bad clould. looked likea tornado. We stopped at a Motel 8. Everyone was standing outside looking at the cloud. They said a tornado had just touched down in Seward and another was suppose to hit. Several were all around us. So we stayed put. The news was saying take shelter but that was the only shelter around. We did move from an upstairs room to a bottom floor room because the air conditioner wasn't working, that helped some. The tornado was on the ground 25 minutes. Scrambled farm equipment

and things like that but only one person went to the hosp. Slight injuries. All other tornados went around us.

Baseball size hail was scheduled but it went around us too. It rained so hard and loud thunder and lightening while we were trying to sleep.

Then we had to get more insulin and began to wonder how and where. Dorothy Pentecost works for a Dr. so we decided she would probably be our best bet. Called her and changed our plan to include going by Crocker, MO. and getting insulin from her. That worked. Went to eat "All you can eat Catfish" with them in Lebanon, MO. It was raining too hard to drive so we just kept eating catfish while we waited for it to let up. Dorothy made us biscuits and gravey and trimings before we went on our way.

Our destination was BeeBee, AR. Angela's son Jason was getting married. Grandson Jason is 23 and has another year of college. Had a real good rehearsal and wedding. Saw people we had not seen in a long time. Lisa's uncle was a real good friend of ours any years ago and we had lost track. Didn't know she was related to him.

Sunday morning the Bride and Groom overslept and missed their flight to Hi. Dwayne (Kadra's husband) had left David (Angie's husband)

at the airport and he was to drive Jason and Lisa's car back to thier apartment. No car because they were oversleeping. Angie and us were to go meet David at the Apartment. David had the key. From 8 to 1pm was a disaster of no one knowing about the "sleep in" that caused all of this excitement. They finally got to go to Hi. 2 days late and had to pay

for one day that they did not get. :(

Love, Ken and Willa