

The Mondy Morning

CHRONICLE

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

Volume XIII, Issue 5, February 26, 2002

Published by Harrison and Margaret Mondy

PO Box 1696, El Prado, NM 87529

Phone/FAX (505) 776 5571; email: ydnomh@laplaza.org

I have just read in the paper that we can expect postage stamps to go up to 37 cents in June. So many people are now using email, the post office is losing money.

Michigan lawmaker John Dingell had to strip to his skivvies before boarding a plane because his steel hip replacement set off a metal alarm. Margaret wonders what will happen to her next time she flies.

In the last three billion years or so the earth has been struck by several huge asteroids or comets and after life evolved, it was virtually wiped out each time and had to start over again. The last time such a body crashed into the earth it struck the edge of the Gulf of Mexico and Yucatan, some sixty-five million years ago and wiped out some 70% of all animals including the dinosaurs and other large animals, leaving only the small animals, some the size of a mouse. The waves created by the impact reached as far north as Little Rock, AR. The debris blown into the atmosphere hid the sun for years. There are thousands of such asteroids floating around in space and one came close to us a few months ago.

The disturbing news about that one was it was not discovered until it was too close to do anything about it when it was discovered. Fortunately, it missed us. Right now we are not able to do much but if we can do away with war and concentrate on a solution, we may be able to discover one far enough out in space to send a powerful

rocket to intercept it and steer it out of an impact orbit.

Seems to me we ought to be fighting nature instead of fighting each other. Sooner or later, we are going to be impacted by another asteroid or comet, and we will not be able to survive it, and life will have to be reduced to its minimum for a new start.

The White Girls Margaret Ann Apperson, Martha McKinney, Kathy Schell, and Vicki Roberts, (all former Whites) came for lunch on February 13th from Angel Fire where they are enjoying their annual skiing holiday. They are sure they can beat Picabo. I'll let you know if they set a new record.

I have read that the favorite food for breakfast for the "detainees" at Guantanamo Bay is, believe it or not, FRUIT LOOPS.

For the eleven years we lived in New Orleans, the Simpsons were our best friends. They were having their kids at the same time we were and we had a lot in common. Bill was with the FCC under which Radio Stations operated, and he and I were good friends. (We had known each other in Little Rock, years before.) Margaret and Gladys exchanged baby-sitting jobs. We have just received the news that Bill died from a stroke last week. Gladys suffers spells of dementia and is confined to a wheel-chair. Close friends of long ago are fast disappearing.

From **Dick Mondy**, Elkhart, Indiana

I promised to get you a letter for the Chronicle and though it is Saturday night and I have lots to do you are going to get it.

We are nearing the end of the Poland Project and the work load is ramping up. I have been busy all week. I will be leaving again for Poland next Saturday (16th), so I but a week to catch up on things here before leaving. I will be there for eight days this trip, my fourth trip. I was there for the first time last September, went again in December, and again in January. I will have two more trips, one the 9th of March and the last one on March 27. There may be a follow-up in April but won't know until the time comes.

I am implementing an information system to enable our manufacturing, warehousing, and distribution in Poland. I am also implementing warehousing and distribution in Budapest, Hungary and in Ymoriez, Ukraine. The most difficult part of the project is working with Polish Customs Offices and making sure we can get goods into the country and into a bonded warehouse in Lodz, Poland, and delay the payment of duty and taxes until near the time of actual sale of the goods.

Things are going very well, though. I have found traveling to Poland to be very interesting. The old architecture there looks just like that in old Russia. When you see it on TV, you get an idea of what it must be like, but to actually be there where you can touch it is a real thrill.

I am especially impressed by the emphasis on education by the Polish people. A large number of them speak several languages.

They realize that if they are to compete with the rest of the world they will have to educate themselves and must be able to speak English. The Production Control Manager in our manufacturing plant in Lodz has a master's degree in mechanical engineering and his assistant has a PHD in electrical engineering. Our general manager takes a four hour English lesson from a private tutor every Saturday. In order to sell our goods in Russia, one of our sales order entry representative takes weekly Russian lessons. I got a couple of computer based Polish language instruction courses while there and am studying them. I don't seem to pick this up very fast, though I can speak a little Polish.

Enough about Poland. *[Not so, Dick. I love hearing about it. HCM]*

The kids are all doing well. Adam is in his senior year but will probably have to go a fifth year to get all the credits he wants. He waited until his sophomore year to commit to a major and that put him behind a little.

Amanda is enjoying her independence, is still working for the Carlton Lodge in Mishawaka, and lives with her mother. I have dinner with her about once a week.

Aaron is doing well in high school. He works for Gloria Jeans, an upscale coffee shop in the mall. I say it is upscale because a cup of coffee there costs about \$3.00. Most of the coffee they sell has something else in it - chocolate, caramel, etc. He likes working in a retail store like this. He likes serving people in this environment. The people who own the store are friends of ours and go to our church. They are fond of Aaron.

We have had a very mild winter here in Elkhart. I read in the paper last night that we have had only 30 inches of snow so far when by this time of the winter we usually have 57 inches. So we are quite a bit behind. That 30 inches has been spread out over a lot of 3 and 4 inch snows that melted after a few days. We have even had some days in the 50's in January and February, something we rarely have before March or April. I have not used my snow blower at all this winter, – started it once to see it would run if needed.

Love, Dick

• **MARGARET SAYS;**

As Harrison mentioned earlier we were thrilled with a visit from the four White sisters who range in age from 56 (in May) to 65 (in March). They come to Angel Fire, which is 23 miles from Taos, to ski every year. Not all of them are capable of skiing the steep slopes of Taos Ski Valley which is only 11 miles from us so they stick to the more gentle slopes of Angel Fire. We are always honored that they take a whole day of their vacation to visit two old octogenarians like Harrison and me. They have such a good time together it is fun to watch and listen.

Thanks **Margaret, Martha, Kathy** and **Vicki**—don't ever bypass us!

A note on a Valentine from **Judy and Jim Mondy** of Springfield says;

“Our weather here is topsy-turvy. One day last week it was 70 degrees, then turned to cold and damp. Springfield missed all the ice and snow, – just several inches of rain (and mud).

“Jim and I are both looking forward to spring when the weather is a little more dependable so we can go camping. Because of Jim's health we were not able to go last year but we plan to make up for it this year.

Carol McKenzie reminded me that “It's better to know useless information than nothing at all”.

Approximately three million people including Margaret and her two sisters, Ercil and Judy, suffer from glaucoma and many of them put Timolol drops (or something similar) in their eyes two or three times a day to reduce the internal eyeball pressure which is caused by blocked drainage canals. I read in *Technology* that a new treatment will be available soon in the form of a high-energy laser beam that, when applied in short bursts will vibrate these drainage canals and “unblock” them. Once a year applications may be sufficient. Now that may be useless information, but at least, it is interesting.

News from the White House (the Ercil/Lester White house, that is)

“Harrison and Margaret know much of what goes on at the White House, there are other relatives who ought to know – ergo, this email.

“**Margaret Ann, Martha, and Kathy** came by to see us on their way to pick up **Vicki** on their way to Angel Fire for their annual ski vacation. As always, when our daughters, one are all, arrive, our two sons, Keith and Jinks, who live here in Lubbock arrive also. Then the food, fun, loving and laughter begins. Lester and I enjoy every minute, and even add to the fun though most of the time we are the butt of their jokes. But Jinks says, “what goes around comes around”.

"We are having beautiful weather, -- no wind today, so I was able to walk my usual block for my exercise. **Lester's** exercise is confined to the indoors because he is on a walker. Today he is feeling much better.

"Had a lovely Valentine day; flowers from **Jinks** and **Vicki Ann**, candy from their children, dinner I did not have to prepare from my husband, and a lot of needed chores performed by **Keith**. Who could ask for anything more.

"Both of us are scheduled to see our ophthalmologists on Wednesday, and both need it. Love from the White House, Ercil.

I received a letter from Betty Tucker in Pocahontas saying she had read in the January 26, 1916 issue of the Star Herald that my mother had given birth to a child and wondered where it was buried. (She is doing the cemeteries in Randolph County). Few people know that Mom fell during late pregnancy and suffered an abortion as a result. The child would have been a girl, and had she survived, would have been my older sister.

And it came to pass that **Russel Duffer** begat **Jerry Duffer**, and Jerry Duffer begat **Edward Duffer** and Edward Duffer begat **Jacob Edward Duffer**, using the Biblical format for the begats and begots, but I dare say **Rhoda Alice** (Goings) Duffer, **Gerry Hart** (Klenke) Duffer, and **Deborah Ann** (Beard) Duffer would claim equal billing in the ancestry of Jacob Edward Duffer who, on 2/19, weighed in at seven pounds, four ounces, spread over a length of eighteen inches.

Congratulations to Edward and Deborah Ann (Beard) Duffer.

From Bessie & Bertha, Springfield, MO

Valentine Day is over and we had a good one. Granddaughter (Jennifer ?) And children were here from New Mexico. It was the first time for us to see the new little great granddaughter. She is 2 months old and sweet as a doll. L.J was his usual self, on the go all the time, into trouble some of the time, but a darling little boy just 3 ½ years old. They were a real pleasure.

Granddaughter Angela brought Bailey, my other precious great grand-daughter who is now fifteen months old and we all had a good time.

The weather has been quite windy for the last few days. Sun is shining today but rain is forecast for the next two days.

Margaret, we sure hope the treatment for your eyes turns out well for you.

Mark (Miller) your story about being a baby-sitter was a great and funny story. It's a pleasure being a grand parent and listening to all the baby-talk. For a 2 ½ year-old, she sounds cute. I can relate to all her questions as I went through that with my grand-kids. At our age they grow up so fast.

Son Buster came through his operation and feels fine. He goes back to work on Monday. Says he is bored with staying at home aloe with his dogs. Scott was home this week from the Cancer Research Center in Tulsa. Has 2-3 more weeks of Chemo and Radiation on his throat. Ann is doing real good and Sue will be going to her doctor on the 25th for a check on her shoulder. We pray she will not have to have surgery.

We hear Bea Taylor has been in hospital and has a pace-maker but is still having trouble with her bloodpressure. Bertha talked to Josie on the phone, -- she is doing ok.

We haven't heard from Cona in a long time but we know it is difficult for her to write.

Love to all, Bessie and Bertha

The CHRONICLE Needs more letters
Harrison

January 29, 2002

Dear Harrison,

So sorry Margaret has had eye problems, but glad her hip is better. It's high time you both got healthy and stayed that way. No more toe problems, eye problems, or broken hips. Hear? These are strict orders from all of us.

It's been a long time since I've had two minutes in which to write letters, so this one will be much too long. Read it in installments. First, a wonderful trip to Europe got in the way of writing, then Christmas, then catch up, then company, etc. So now you're going to hear all about our trip, but if you're lucky, just some of it. Our first night in London perhaps.

Krista, Lisa, and I went to London the first of November and then on to Paris. A bit soon after the awful September 11 catastrophe, but we were not too apprehensive about flying. From the beginning we had a plan. We had noted most of the women travelers were not exactly Hollywood types, so we agreed at the first inkling of a terrorist takeover, we would all STRIP and RUSH forward in a body SCREAMING, "We are the VIRGINS come for you EARLY!!! That should do it, I think. Clearly, the Moslims must rethink this tenet that those who die 'in battle' for a cause will be immediately surrounded in Paradise by dozens of lovely virgins. Happily, we did not have to test this. Had no trouble at all.

We were not with a guided tour since both of the girls had been to London and Paris before, and we all knew where we wanted to go. And go we did, doing about fifteen miles of walking daily, climbing millions of steps as we visited two and three points of interest each day. In the underground (the tube) we walked farther and climbed more steps than the distance we traveled horizontally. Easy transportation though not cheap.

Lisa had arranged for us to stay at a hotel built by the Duke of Bedford in 1790. It was picturesque and very clean though not overly spacious and there were stairs to climb. Its best feature was that it was within walking distance of The British Museum and several other places we wanted to visit.

Our room contained a table with an electric pot to heat water for coffee or tea, three glasses, cups, and saucers. Under the table was the sole electrical outlet. Other than the beds, the only other furniture consisted of built-in bed stands. There were two larger beds plus a small trunnel bed shoved right against an ornately carved marble fireplace, original with the building. She who slept on the trunnel bed slept like a log because she was literally in the fireplace. No room for chairs. Only a small closet with just room for our three coats. All our bags were strewn here and there at the ends of beds or against walls. Real classy. Forgot to say there was a large window covered with a

PI

sheer curtain so the lights of the buildings on the next street over could clearly be seen. We probably could be seen too. In between our building and these were a winter bedraggled old garden and patio. Too cold to go out and enjoy them.

We arrived rather late and our first night was hardly propitious. We got the initial hint that the Gods of London were not smiling on us after Krista plugged in her electric toothbrush and went to attempt to take the first shower in our 'spacious' bathroom which was not a 1790 vintage, but modern--installed about WWII and was so squinched up one could take a shower, sit on the commode, and brush teeth all at the same time. Above the teeny lavatory was an even teenier shelf sloping accurately for dumping everything placed on it right into the commode.

On emerging shiny and clean from her shower, Krista unplugged the toothbrush and brought out an adapter to use with her fancy hair dryer. Both of these had got her bags searched thoroughly a number of times by airport security because it is a well known fact that terrorists always carry electric toothbrushes and hair dryers. She is not our practical child but for a brief moment Lisa and I envied her these bits of civilization. Then she plugged the hair dryer in. GREAT BIG BOOM! A really huge LOUD EXPLOSION (wrong adapter) and everything went black. We stood stark still for a moment. Terrorists or Armageddon? After finding we had the usual number of arms and legs, we began laughing hysterically. Lisa and I made poor Krista dress (she was in her pajamas) and go downstairs to the office (there was no front desk) to tell them what she had done. She hadn't been gone but a few seconds when the lights came on again. These Brits were accustomed to those crazy Americans blowing their fuses.

Krista returned with the manager who wanted to see that nothing was on fire for Krista had a blackened finger and reported a fireball as well as an explosion. The manager, a sweet woman, fingered the toothbrush and found it red hot, completely fried though no explosion--toothbrush permanently baked into the unit. Both pieces went into the trash. The manager left, and Krista began to undress. As she pulled her dress over her head a pearl earring sailed in an arc across the room. It was identical to ones given by Holland to all three of us as mementos of Krista's wedding so while it was a real pearl it had more sentimental value. We watched it fly across the room and land as though drawn by a magnet into a crevice between the carved marble fireplace and a built-in bed stand. The crevice was hardly a quarter of an inch wide and nothing budged the earring lodged back against the wall. We tried coat hangers, and everything else available. Finally, Lisa found a long pencil and Krista suggested perhaps sticking chewing gum on it would do the trick. Though Lisa is a great chemical engineer, she is not much of an earring retriever, and she succeeded only in getting chewing gum all over the wall, the fireplace, and the cabinet. We admitted defeat. Again Krista went down to infer to the manager that the earring would have to be retrieved or she would charge them handsomely for it. I jest,

of course. She was very contrite at bothering them a second time. Again the manager trudged back upstairs, shook her head, but promised to send the hotel carpenter up as soon as he had a free day. A couple of days later when he did show up, he began to remove the cabinet with all the tools he had in his possession, and after much sweating, did eventually retrieve the elusive earring. But he said pointedly as he left that he wasn't refastening the cabinet to the wall permanently yet...just in case. After he left we three took a solemn oath agreeing to feign complete ignorance as to how the chewing gum had come to decorate the room. Also we persuaded Krista to pack away her precious pearl earrings. Especially since Lisa and I were bare of any jewelry.

After we returned to the states, Krista's husband found an article in a British publication with the headline, "British Tourist Season a Disaster." We thought perhaps they had found the chewing gum.

Well, the night was not yet over. Lisa showered and reported a three inch pond of water all over the bathroom floor. There was no way to shower without washing down the whole room.

By the time it was my turn to grace this claustrophobic's horror, the night had become quite dark both inside the room and outside. Two small lamps did their best, but... Wending my way between beds to the shower I failed to see Krista's dark luggage and broke two toes in the resulting collision. The luggage survived. I lost a bunch of stars from my crown, but happily, this did not keep me from walking those fifteen miles a day and climbing up and down thousands of steps in order to use the tube to get places throughout London. I would begin to wonder if there was anything to London that was not underground. Note: There is quite a lot above ground for we saw much of it. We went to Westminster Abbey, The Tower, The British Library, Harrod's, the Victoria and Albert Museum, etc. which are all firmly resting on foundations at ground level.

Back to my shower. As I stepped from the tiny shower, I was curious to see something I couldn't identify deep inside the commode. It appeared to be a big wad of paper which had apparently not been flushed. I put my finger on the flusher, hesitated, then bent down and stared closely. I was stunned to realize my undies which when last seen on the slanting shelf, now rested cozily down in the commode. Had I flushed, all that end of London would have had to be abandoned as it would have been hopelessly stopped up. Our maniacal laughter probably disturbed the sleep of half of London, and we wondered how long it would be before the management asked us to leave.

Fortunately, though we kept up the constant laughter, we were not dogged by ill luck and managed to see all the touristy places. Don't know what I enjoyed most. Everything was so ancient and historic, appealing to a history buff. Westminster Abbey was

fascinating with all the elaborate architecture and the many old friends from history or literature buried there. Loved the new British Library with its great rare books room. Original old Bibles, Shakespeare folios, Chaucer manuscripts, Jane Austen's teeny writing desk and glasses, etc. Loved the early Aesop's Fables printed by Caxton. Best though was the computer room where by touching the screen you can 'turn' the pages and see more of these rare books. So welcome because at best only two pages could be seen as they were displayed under glass in the rare book room. I enjoyed most viewing the Lindesfarne Gospels. This book was laboriously copied in 790 a.d. on vellum by a monk who was probably slowly going blind. The cover is bejeweled and gold encrusted. I had slides of this book when I was teaching art at the university and it was wonderful to meet it in the vellum. A zoom feature also allowed for looking at a small section enlarged.

I was both fascinated and repelled by The Tower of London, a true monument to man's cruelty. I had to pretend all these historic figures involved in getting their heads chopped off or being imprisoned for years were just characters you read about in a book. But Henry VIII certainly had a big round tummy, judging from his armor displayed there. Fascinating. The original toilets built into the exterior walls to dump excrement outside and down the walls made us happy with our little bathroom.

We also took a tour out to Stonehenge (awe inspiring place) and to Bath as well as to a medieval village called Laycock. England is so FULL of history and it's awesome to be so surrounded by it.

Paris too was great fun. Beautiful city. Again spent a lot of time in the Louvre and the d'Orsay, tried to see the interior of the dark Notre Dame Cathedral, and nearly froze on top of the Eiffel Tower. Great view of Paris. No wonder the people there years ago voted not to tear it down as was originally planned.

Back in California (Krista has moved to Glendale), we continued the tourist trek and by the time I got home to Corpus after Thanksgiving, we had visited probably ten major museums. Some, of course, were here in the states, the Getty, for example. For a smarty arty party it was the best possible vacation. The girls had fun too and on the plane back to the states, Lisa said, "Next year we'll go to Italy." Okay by me.

I sat beside a woman on the plane from LAX to Houston and we were just landing when we found we lived two blocks apart on the same street. She said, "Oh, you're the woman who walks the little dog." My fame rests on recognizing my little dog.

There's lots more but you are probably joining that poor Lindesfarne monk in going blind. Didn't mean to write a novel. But is has great settings, not much on characters.

Your wordy friend,

Bat

P4