

The Mondy Morning  
**CHRONICLE**

Family Poop Sheet since 1990  
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Ok, ok, so I goofed! Don't you ever goof? I know I should have been more observant and not printed Page 4 of the last issue up-side-down but when I discovered it, it was too late. I hope none of you got a crick in your neck trying to read it standing on your head.

Most of you remember my brother-in-law Cecil Jinks who used to threaten to sue me for any discrepancy or anything else he found in the paper he could criticize and was always threatening to cancel his subscription and demand his money back. (Actually, Cecil supported the Chronicle by sending a hundred dollars every few months.)

If Cecil was alive today I would have received a letter from him and it would have sounded much like the one I have included on the last page of this issue. Read it and remember Cecil. I miss him.

I have received the following message before. I do not know whether it is a hoax or not but it is better to be safe than sorry

The Shell Oil Company recently issued a warning after three incidents in which mobile phones (cell phones) ignited fumes during fueling operations.

In the first case, the phone was placed on the car's trunk lid during fueling; it rang and the ensuing fire destroyed the car and the gasoline pump.

In the second, an individual suffered severe burns to their face when fumes ignited as they answered a call while refueling their car.

And in the third, an individual suffered burns to the thigh and groin as fumes ignited when the phone, which was in their pocket, rang while they were fueling their car.

You should know that: Mobile Phones can ignite fuel or fumes

Mobile phones that light up when switched on or when they ring release enough energy to provide a spark for ignition

Mobile phones should not be used in filling stations, or when fueling lawn mowers, boat! , Etc.

As I say, this maybe a hoax

\* \* \*

I received the following from Nell too late for the previous issue of the paper but it is still news:

Dear Cousins

I am in need of Noah's Ark. We are drowning in Ithaca and hope the water will stop for a while. It would be good to direct some out west where they need it. However, our fruit crops are doing well and our lawns are growing fast.

Our fall semester at Cornell will be starting soon and I do not know where the summer went. Time passes so quickly these days.

I have been visiting the Munday wildflower gardens at Cornell and they are beautiful.. A Floyd Munday gave them to Cornell but I have been unable to find anyone who knows about him. If any of you know anything about him --spelled MUNDAY please let me know. I often get the credit for them and then I have to tell people that I do not even know him.

I decided to forget about SARS and traveled to Chicago in July to the WORLD FOOD CONGRESS. It was good to greet my international friends again and learn about the world food situation. However, it seems sad to learn that some peoples are still hungry. If we could learn how to get the food to them or help them grow their own food it would be so helpful.

Reading about your activities in the CHRONICLE is enjoyable. We owe a lot to Harrison who keeps us informed. Thank you Harrison.

*[Thanks for the kudos, Nell]*

Nell sent another message on the 15<sup>th</sup>, after the East Coast black-out, "I was without power 5 PM to 9PM, much better off than some. I used a flashlight and my frozen food stayed frozen. Ithaca took it very well, — no accidents," Nell

\* \* \*

Ken Vycital has sent us an update on his family.

Hi Uncle Harrison,

Just thought I should report in from our corner of the earth.

Brian is out at sea and at last report was headed to Hong Kong unless "the

North Koreans go squirrely." He reported in by phone just before he left and said he was healthy and all was well and that he would get in touch when he could. His ship had just passed a major inspection with flying colors so the crew was taking a last leave on shore before shipping out.

Em (Emily) is back in school. She gets up at 5:00 each morning to get to marching band practice while it is still cool. She is taking Driver's Ed. this semester and you know what that means -- that's right, I have a few more gray hairs. It makes for long days but she enjoys it and I have no trouble getting her to go to bed.

We are both playing in the band at church. I have started playing my trumpet again and Em of course the flute. We have a duke's mixture of instruments and right now it sounds like a Salvation Army band with violins. It is getting better as people like me are starting to get their lip back and remembering the fingering but I think we still have a ways to go before performing. It's a lot of fun though and gives me something to do if I run out of things.

Sue, Em and I went to Las Vegas for four days at the end of July. We just had a week this year between summer classes and the regular school year but we wanted to get out of town for a while. We spent our days walking the Strip and seeing all the different types of casinos. They sure spend a lot of money on those hotels and casinos so my guess is that they're not losing much money at the gaming tables. We saw the shark exhibit, the tigers, went up their version of the Eiffel Tower, and watched the water fountain show outside our hotel, the Bellagio. We also went to the King Arthur dinner show at the Excaliber, saw George Carlin's Show, and the show "O", a Cirque du Soleil show at the Bellagio which was

excellent. Em participated in the show at the Rio where they have floats that traverse around the ceiling over the casino. They throw beads and it imitates a Mardi Gras parade. It was a good four days of break before having to get right back into the grind.

Speaking of the grind -- everything here has slowed with the gas problems. The pipeline from Tucson to Phoenix broke and it has cause a gas shortage. Prices went from about \$1.59 per gallon to \$2.29 over night and some stations have gone as high as \$4.00 to \$5.00 per gallon. Most of the stations are holding about \$2.08 and as of today the situation is getting better. For a while it seemed like the 70's with long gas lines and just a few stations having gas.

To top it off, it is still up in the low 100's temperature-wise so you want to be sure you don't cut in line because the people who have been waiting are not only frustrated at the gas problem but they are also hot and grumpy. They have promised to have the gas flowing at the regular pace by Sunday and people have relaxed a bit but I still stop and get gas when I get down below 1/2 a tank. Em and I make one trip do and only drive when we go to work or school.

Will write more later. Love to all. Ken

\* \* \*

Be Careful with this one, men.

A man and his wife were having an argument about who should brew the coffee each morning.

The wife said, You should do it, because you get up first, and then we don't have to wait as long to get our coffee.

The husband said, You are in charge of the cooking around here and you should do it, because that is your job, and I can just

wait for my coffee.

Wife replies, "No you should do it, and besides it is in the Bible that the man should do the coffee."

Husband replies, " I can't believe that, show me."

So she fetched the Bible, and opened the New Testament and shows him at the top of several pages, "See right there it says, "HE-BREWS."

\* \* \*

Today, Saturday, August 23, we arrived back home from California where Margaret celebrated her 85<sup>th</sup> birthday and Brecken celebrated her 26<sup>th</sup>. No birthday is celebrated in the Mondy family without the giving of books and I know Margaret received at least five, -- don't know when she will have time to read them. If Brecken got any, I didn't see them. She wouldn't have time to read them anyway. Her time is scheduled to the minute. She is in surgery now, and I asked, "What did you do today?" She said, "I don't think you want to hear about it. We had a man who had been injured so that it was necessary to take off all of his skin on one side of his face from the top of his head to his jaw, to work on him and then put it all back in place. It was just blood, blood, blood." She thought it very interesting, I didn't care for it -- ug-ug.

Fifty years and still kicking; -- but not as high as she once could. I ran across a clipping from the Alexander Film Co. paper where my sister Jewel worked more than fifty years ago. It had been tucked away in one of my Bibles all these years. I have repro-ed it on the next page. Sorry her picture is not too good.

# PEOPLE AT WORK

This week the spotlight falls on Jewel Kirk who began life in the colorfully named town of Pocahontas, Arkansas. Jewel grew up, went to school there, and after graduation got a job in a department store in nearby Little Rock.



At a party in Pocahontas, Jewel had met a young lad named Tommy Kirk and made plans to marry him on Christmas Day of 1943. Evidence that Jewel seldom lets anything upset her even disposition showed up plainly when she went right on with her wedding as planned, after the car in which she was returning home for the big event had skidded on icy roads and overturned, leaving her with a pair of skinned knees and assorted bruises.

After a stint at working in the Kingsbury Ordnance plant in La-Porte, Indiana, Jewel and Tom came to Colorado to visit Jewel's two sisters, Jessie Pemberton and Alma Vycital, members of Alexander's Service Department, and liked it here so well they decided to stay.

In the search for jobs, Jewel found her niche in Alexander's Service Department and Tom in Maintenance. Jewel gained the complete knowledge of all operations of the Service Department, so necessary to her present job, through first hand experience. She began as a Dissector and advanced rapidly to the jobs of Line-up, Screening and Correcting, and then to the post of Scheduler. In December of 1949 she was selected to fill a vacancy on the Service Department's information desk, a spot that requires efficiency, tact, and endless patience, and she does a top-notch job.

Jewel's chief interest is cooking (especially baking) and she likes to go along with Tom on hunting and fishing trips as camp cook. Besides, she's a pretty good fisherman in her own right. Jewel also takes an active part in the Manitou chapter of Eastern Star.

Just thought you might like to see what was said about her 50 years ago.

\* \* \*

From Dena Houston who still considers Pocahontas home.

Hello, on a rather sad, sad note I wanted to write and let you know my Uncle Buel Cooper has passed away. He was in the hospital for about a week and just couldn't make it out of there. I was able to visit with him just a few weeks ago, and that has made my heart glad that I did. He was very weak but so happy to see me and my mom.

Mom is heartbroken as I am. He was such a good man. It is a very sad time for all of us who loved him so dearly.

Please keep my cousins in mind .. as they have lost both father and mother in just 2 yrs. Think of all of us and thanks for letting me share my sad news about Uncle Buel.

I hope this finds you doing good and staying cool in this hot weather.

Dena

\* \* \*

## Slavery in the United States

Slavery is nothing new. As far back as the days of Moses (and long before that) slavery was common. There were lots of laws in the Mosaic code as to how they should be treated. Sometimes a man had to sell himself and his family into slavery to become free of debt.

In the years between 1860 and 1865 the people of this country fought the bloodiest war in our history. One of the outcomes of that war was the renouncement of slavery. It is our general opinion that we did away with slavery once and for all, at least in our

country.

I was surprised to read in the current National Geographic (if you haven't read the article, read it) that we have at least 100,000 slaves in this country and there may be as many as 150,000. And, it is estimated that at least 20,000 more are brought into this country each year. These slaves are not used for picking cotton on plantations in the south though many are used for picking oranges or strawberries while a man with a rifle or pistol watches nearby to see that they do not escape. A larger number are used in other ways.

It works like this: A man who owns a bar contracts with a person for twenty girls. They are promised a good job as a waitress in a nice restaurant and because they see a way out of poverty in their country, they agree to come. What they are not told is that they are being sold to the bar owner who claims that each of them owes him several thousand dollars for their transportation etc., and they will have to work out their payment at whatever salary he pays them. Their debt begins to grow for he charges them for their eats and their lodging and after a while, he finds something wrong (like stealing a meal) and has the girl thrown into prison. Of course he pays the fine and the only way she can make enough money to pay him back is to become a prostitute. As a prostitute, she may earn for him as much as \$40,000 a year. Of course she never sees any of this. With twenty such girls, He gets rich. It's a paying proposition!!!

The article says that in 1995 seventy women from Thailand were rescued after working for years behind a barbed-wire enclosure in El Monte, a suburb of Los Angeles. They had been making clothes for cheap retailers.

Slavery in the USA dead? Think again.

\* \* \*

From the Springfield girls, Bertha & Bessie

After about 12 days of hot and dry 90 degree temperature, we are getting a slow rain and right now it is pouring. We need it and a lot more. The weatherman promises us more tomorrow. The lakes are low and they say the fish are not biting.

In my last letter I told about the wonderful time we had with Daughter Ann and Ed on our trip to Oregon and our visits to many relatives which we hadn't seen in a long time. Now I want to tell you about Sister Bertha's 90<sup>th</sup> birthday Party. Her birthday was Sunday the 17<sup>th</sup> but we had her party on Saturday. My daughters prepared it for their "Aunt Bert" and it was a great one. We had a beautiful cake with icecream and a watermelon boat filled with all kinds of fruit plus fruit dip punch and of course, there were soft drinks, tea, and coffee.

She received thirty-eight cards, seven or eight long distance calls, a dozen lovely roses, two vases of carnations, and one of home-grown flowers and another of mixed flowers. And there were lots of balloons, a candle lamp, and a couple of candle holders. And most important, there were forty-eight guests to greet her.

She had a wonderful time but was a little worn out after all the visiting and talking but was able to go to church the next day.

Son Harold and Wife Karen and Daughter Angela plus Granddaughter Bailey are in Whitefish, Montana this weekend to attend the wedding of their son, Kevin to Amy Gann on September 1. Amy is a very sweet person and we love her and we wish the young couple lots of love and a long life of happiness.

Daughter Ann has not been feeling well for the past few days. Doctor said she needed rest to gain her energy back. She has been busy with her garden and her flowers and canned about sixty quarts of green beans. *[There's the trouble, she's been working too hard]*

The other Chronicle kin around here must be doing ok, haven't heard otherwise.

Bertha & Bessie.

August 22, 2003

to: Chronicle Publishing Co.  
PO Box 1696  
El Prado, New Mexico, 87529

Attn: Complaints Department.

Ref: Page 4 of Mandy Morning, Chronicle, Aug 10, 2003

Since when did it become popular to publish a newspaper with part of it upside down so that the older readers have to stand on their heads to read it. I was forced to lie on my bed with my head hanging off and touching the floor to read it.

Now let's get down to brass tacks. When I was persuaded to buy 10,000 shares of Chronicle stock several years ago I was told I would make a lot of money on my investment. So far all I have done is waste my money. If I had invested in oil stocks, I would have been a millionaire by now.

Lets look at what you have done to the stock holders. When we invested in your company, based on your promises of riches, you were publishing a ten page letter once a week, with an occasional advertisement. You told the stock-holders you would probably have so many advertisers, you would have to put out a twenty page letter. Also that you had 70 families who would contribute letters each week. Promises, Promises, Promises.

Where are those people who promised all those letters? Where are all those advertisers who were to support the company? Where are all those hefty dividends? I feel that we stock-holders have bee horn-swoggled and I for one am notifying you that you will be faced with a suit in interstate court within ninety days. I expect other stockholders to join with me. You may think that an apology printed in your paper will suffice and some of your readers will accept it but for me, I'll see you in court. I hope you will be able repay all the shareholders for their investment plus interest for the past ten years.  
Cecil Jinks

Just after I put the Chronicle to press I received the following from Judy Washburn along with a donation to the Chronicle. (Thanks for your check, it's the first I've had this year.)

Dear Harrison (and Chronicle)

Since I had my shoulder operation I can't write as well as I used to because it is so painful. (I never was real good about it!!!) I have some news that should be in the Chronicle.

Last Sunday was a fifth Sunday and the Jinks clan around the Houston area had our Fifth Sunday get-together. We had our meeting at Luby's cafeteria. from 12:30 TO 4:00. We came from all directions and about the same distance except Dottie and Patty who live pretty close. We came from about all the small towns around Houston; Deer Park, Pasadena, Pearland, Sugarland, Katy, Missouri City, several from Little York, from Bellaire, and several parts of Houston.

We had a larger crowd than usual. Saundra Wood was there from Corpus Christi; she was visiting her daughter Kelly and her twin boys and they were there. The boys are now 11 ½ months old and as cute and sweet as they were the first time they came when they were about three weeks old.

We had five little ones there. Tom and Caroline (Claude and Ella Dee's son) were there with their two precious little ones; a little beauty named Suzanne and a little boy 2 months old. Larry Rhodes and wife, Sheila, were there along with Larry's two sons and their wives, Gregory and Emily had their precious little son, Austin who will be six months old September 17. I was so happy to see all of them. Larry used to live in Pasadena near me when he was a young man in college at U of Houston. Later I often sat for his children when he and his wife went on trips, so I feel real close to them

Larry's family had the most representatives there, seven. Claude had six, Dottie had five. There were four from Cecil's family, three from Terral's, and two from mine. Luby's reserves a room in the back for us and we can stay as long as we wish. We had a wonderful time. We have been doing this for four or five years now and I have never missed one.

We sure missed Margaret Ann this time but Kenneth has been very ill and she was in Dallas with him. She is loved by everyone and we hope she will be able to come to the next one.

My girls, Sara and Becky, were coming for Labor Day but because of the storm coming our way, they decided to postpone their visit until mine and Becky's birthday, October 12. It will be cooler then.

We have had lots of rain lately, and we needed it. Our rain gage showed five inches in three days.

Well, this is my report on our Fifth Sunday meeting.

Love, Judy (Washburn)

I couldn't send out a blank page so here are a couple of email jokes I got recently.

A little boy was in a relative's wedding. As he was coming down the aisle he would take two steps, stop and turn to the crowd (alternating between bride's side and groom's side). While facing the crowd, he would put his hands up like claws and roar. So it went, step, step, ROAR, step, step, ROAR, all the way down the aisle. As you can imagine, the crowd was near tears from laughing so hard by the time he reached the pulpit. The little boy, however, was getting more and more distressed from all the laughing, and was also near tears by the time he reached the pulpit.

When asked what he was doing, the child sniffed and said, "I was being the Ring Bear."

\* \* \*

A couple hired a maid to cook and do housework. She worked out fine, till one day, after about six months, she said she would have to quit.

"But why?" asked the disappointed wife.

She said: "Well on my day off a couple of months ago I met this good-looking fellow from over in the next county, and well, I'm pregnant."

The wife said, "Look, we don't want to lose you. My husband and I don't have children, and we'll adopt your baby if you will stay." She talked to her husband; he agreed, and they adopted the baby.

All went well, but soon the maid was pregnant again. The wife talked to her husband, and they adopted baby two.

Soon it happened again. They made the same offer, and adopted the third baby.

She worked for a week or two, but then said, "I am definitely leaving this time."

"Don't tell me you're pregnant again?" asked the wife.

"No," she said, "there are just too many kids around here to pick up after."

\* \* \*

Could Autumn be on the way?? Sure doesn't seem very long since Spring. One morning last week the temperature was 45 degrees when we got up. It's been running in the low fifties for the last two weeks when we get up and only getting up to the seventies for the highs. Our house is surrounded by Golden Chamisa and it is now in bloom, - lots of gold.

Send me some mail

Harrison