

*The Mondy Morning*  
**CHRONICLE**

Family Poop Sheet since 1990

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**Cyber-archaeologists??**

Archaeologists are those people who spend their lives digging into old burying grounds to see what they can find. They can look into Old King David's tomb and find out what kind of bread he ate just from the existing long-life pollen from the grain stalks. They find out who married whom, who suffered from arthritis and who died with an arrow burrowed between his ribs.

In the last few years I have met a lot of people I'd like to call Cyber-archaeologists. They spend all the time they can spare digging into old records, uncovering complete profiles of their ancestors, who married whom, what they died of and where they are buried. I'm not very good at it, but I have spent a lot of time trying to assemble what a dozen others have found and sent to me. There's lots of holes that I would like to see filled and some of these days I expect to fill them

More fun than working cross-word puzzles!!!

Today I got an email from Jean Thomas (she is a step-cousin-in-law, several times removed) and she is among my first cyber-archaeologist friends. Enclosed in her email about our Sammons ancestry she said:

"My birthday comes up soon and I feel ancient. Being another year older doesn't help. People say I look younger than my age but I think they are lying. I'm glad somebody invented make-up and hair dye. I use the make-up but stopped using the rinse many years ago. Did that because my kids would walk by and see a white hair and pull it out. If they did that now I wouldn't have

much left. *[Now I'm not going to tell you how old Jean is, but she is a lot younger than I am. hcm]*

Dena has been on a trip (Dena Houston) and here's her report:

Dear Editor: Sorry I'm late with this letter but I have had a busy two months. First, there have been illnesses that have contributed to the death of two people I really loved. One was my Aunt Virginia in Maryland. She died on the 6<sup>th</sup> of October, and now I have only one aunt left on Daddy's side (the Baileys).

Then my boy-friend's Mom died of cancer on the 20<sup>th</sup> of October after a lot of suffering by her and by the family.

On Tuesday the 17<sup>th</sup> of October I flew out of St. Louis for Dulles Airport in Washington, DC. It was a great trip. I was picked up at the airport by my cousins from West Virginia. I met several relatives on my father's side whom I had never seen before. My tickets for the trip had been purchased in advance and couldn't be changed so I had to leave before the funeral of my boyfriend's mother in Winona, MO and could not arrive in time for my aunt's funeral in MD.

I visited several interesting places, took many pictures of the beautiful mountains and colorful trees, and visited the grave-sites of my grandparents, great grandparents, uncles and aunts.

We are expecting rain next week and the deer season opens soon. The rain will make the leaves fall and I don't know what that will do for the deer hunters. No, I'm not a deer hunter, but I did see lots of deer in

West Virginia, on my cousin's 190 acre farm.

While in West Virginia I helped put up signs for the Republican party. I met a man who was 92 and together we put up a lot of signs. He is still quite active and spends his time helping the community and working for the Republican Party.

I had a late lunch at Penn Alps in Grantsville, MD. I saw the famous stone arch Casselman River Bridge which was built in 1813. It is the longest span stone arch bridge in America. It served as a bridge for the stage coaches and covered wagons headed for the western frontiers. It was built as a high bridge to accommodate the proposed C&O canal, There were cabins that dated all the way back to the 1820s.

Penn Alps, in addition to its great salad bar, food bar, and dessert bar, had a craft shop and book shop, and displayed all kinds of jams, jellies and preserves, – great place to shop.

I saw a place called Cold Stream near Paw Paw, WV, where, in a cemetery called Sandy Ridge, my dad's grandparents were buried. I missed seeing Gov. Underwood by seconds, – his bus was just pulling out of an old general store's parking lot as I came around to see if I could get a picture of him.

My cousin raises Carolais cattle and had four calves he called his Dixie chicks. I saw the old homestead where my great grandparents lived. My cousin lives on a 190 acre farm with mountains in three directions, and with a lot of deer running all around. They showed me how they make apple butter in large 30- and 40- gallon copper kettles.

I like your idea of writing about our guardian angels and will send you my story before the first of December.

Thanks for the Mondy Morning Chronicle, – it is still my favorite newspaper.  
Love to all, Dena

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I'm not sure that this genealogy thing is not getting out of hand. Pat has traced some of her family back to the 1500s, others back to the 800s and some others back almost to Adam and Eve. She thinks Eve's maiden name was de Rib and that's how that rib story got started. She is searching for the de Rib family on the Internet. I read in one of the old books left out of the Bible that Adams first wife was named Lilith, that she couldn't stand Adam's domineering attitude so she divorced him. I don't know her last name but you might find it on The Net.

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#### FROM SPRINGFIELD

Bessie and Bertha reporting:

It is nice and warm here in the Ozarks. The temperatures have been above normal. We have had a little rain but not nearly enough to bring us u to normal.

Daughter Sue came last Saturday and took Bertha and me on a long trio through the Ozarks. We sure saw a lot of pretty colored leaves but ran into fog down near Jasper, AR. It was so dense we could hardly see the road and couldn't see the colors for miles. But we had a great time anyway.

We took a picnic lunch but didn't find a good place to eat it so we ended up a Shoney's in Harrison, AR.

Bertha talked to Jim (Mondy) yesterday and he is feeling pretty good. Goes back to St. Louis in November for more tests. She talked to Josie this morning. She was doing okay, having to work a lot because their help is few and they keep calling her back to work. Bert, (Norma's husband) is doing quite well but their grandson in Denver swerved to miss some deer and flipped his car, breaking his leg in two places. He is doing okay, – just waiting for his leg to heal. Of course they have been

quite concerned about him.

I talked to Cona (Mondy) on the 17<sup>th</sup>. She is still having quite a bit of pain in her back. **HANG IN THERE, CONA, WE ARE ALL PULLING FOR YOU.**

Daughter Ann and Ed have been down in Mississippi with Son, Charles, for a few days, – should be home by week-end. I'm so happy they are able to get out and go. They have a houseboat on Table Rock Lake and they are there most week-ends.

Everyone else is doing okay so far as I know. I have a cold and cough and hurting in my left hip and leg. Tried to see the doctor but couldn't get to see him until the 3<sup>rd</sup> of November. I may be feeling good by that time :-).

The tree leaves are falling fast, – I have eight bags ready for pickup and from the look of my back yard, I'll have eight more by the time they have all fallen.

Harrison and Margaret, I sure did enjoy your visit and the visit of all the others who came when you were here.

Love to all, Bessie and Bertha.

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A couple of weeks ago I wrote a short letter to the Star Herald. I'll include it for whatever it's worth.

Hey! Did you know that Pocahontas now has a Days Inn Motel? Supposed to be the finest between Little Rock and St. Louis.

They have had so little rain in Randolph county that many of the stock ponds have dried up and the fish with which they were stocked have died. (Wonder if the catfish pond where the catfish restaurant in Maynard got their fish has dried up?) Barnhart says that if water gets any scarcer, she and Bob may have to go live in a motel.

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#### About Doctor Demastes

How would you like to have Dr. Demastes for your doctor? What? You've never heard of him? Well I'm not surprised. He lived about a hundred and fifty years before the birth of Jesus. Now at that time, most people believed that babies developed from the sperm of the father. But Demastes, being somewhat of a mathematician, had it all figured out. After the first 6 days the sperm turns to foam, after 15 days it turned to blood, after 27 days it turned to flesh, after 45 days the flesh began to take shape, after 90 days it begins to move, and it is born at the end of 250 days. I suppose he, like a lot of men, didn't want to ask a woman. You want him as your doctor?

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Winter has come  
Autumn has went  
And that, you'll admit  
Is no accident  
That white stuff falling  
Is bound to be snow  
For winter has come  
To New Mexico

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And then there was the preacher who was stopped by a policeman for speeding. The policeman stuck his head into the car and smelled wine.

"Have you been drinking?"

"Only water"

"It smells like wine and I see an empty wine bottle on the floor"

"My goodness," the preacher said, looking down at the bottle, "It's Cana all over again".

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Remember Christy Phelps, Cecil's granddaughter who married Clint Knisal last July? She is now a teacher. Here are some notes from a recent e-mail.

**From Christy and Clint:**

Things have been so incredibly busy around here, I don't know where the time has gone. Our house is going up very fast and I'm coming to the end of nine weeks of school. I really like the school where I teach, though I do have a few difficult students. But I also have a supportive faculty.

There are some days when I wonder what I have gotten myself into, then one of my students will say, "I love you Mrs Knisal" or bring me some little gift and I'm hooked all over again. I had one student leave for a doctor's appointment and when he returned he brought me a Diet Coke. He said, "I know you like Diet Coke and since you were so nice to me this morning when I was sick I wanted to be nice too". It's those little things that make up for the lousy hours and pay.

Clint's review after the first six months was very favorable. He puts in long hours and works hard but it will pay off later.

Mail from Brecken says she has settled in at Oxford. She wants me to come for a visit but that is out of the question right now, with the house going up, etc. I told her to give me about five years and I'll come to see her.

Love, Christy and Clint

Halloween came and went and we had no "trick-r-treaters". I didn't hear of any privies being turned over or carried away or any other tricks. I recall one year when I was in high school I passed the water tank in Pocahontas and found it decorated like a Christmas tree with lawn and porch furniture. They must have gone all over town to collect so much.

One year, some one took our wagon apart and reassembled on top of the barn, and we found our calf up in the hayloft.

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Here's an interesting letter I received recently from a Randolph County native:

Dear Ann:

A bit of history:

The spring issue of the Randolph County Historical Quarterly was interesting, but may I add a bit of information few living today have ever heard.

In the early '20s, Lorine, as the area around Five-Mile Spring was called, had a Literary Society. I do not know what all they did but in addition to reviewing books, they produced plays. Now, the only play that I can remember was called "Flap Goes the Flapper." This was the era when "bobbed hair" and "knee-high dresses" immediately condemned a woman to you-know-where. One of the choruses sung in the play was "Roll 'em Girls, Roll 'em/Everybody Roll 'em/ Roll 'em Down and Show Your Pretty Knees!"

Did I see the play? Of course not. Think my Dad would allow his son to see all those floozies with stockings rolled down to show their bare knees?

From Harrison Mondy, P.O. Box 1696, El Prado, NM 87529; Phone/Fax: (505) 776-5571; e-mail: ydnomh@laplaza.org

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They also had a kangaroo court in which they tried people for "crimes" committed in the community. They tried one man for defecating too close to a path through the woods. Another ended up with some on his shoe, and had the other "arrested". Each man had his own "attorney". The "trial" lasted several sessions of the court and drew quite a crowd of men only. The perpetrator of the crime was fined ten cents and put on probation for six months and everybody had a great time.

This morning (Monday, 11/6) I punched the holes in Chronicle, and stuffed the envelopes but didn't seal them. Then we went after the mail and found a letter from RA and Russell and I was glad I hadn't sealed the envelopes.

RA also included several incidents in her life that some would attribute to a Guardian Angel but she interprets some incidents as God's intervention. I hope the rest of you will send me an account of incidents in your life that might be attributed to a Guardian Angel or to God's intervention.

Here is RA's letter:

We always enjoy so much hearing from all of you through the Chronicle. We enjoy your interesting letters. We also enjoy your writings, Harrison, and we like to keep up with **Brecken**.

Every time I think I will write, I tell myself that I write so poorly and make so many mistakes that I am embarrassed to write. Another problem is that my right groin and thigh muscle hurt so badly I can find no position to sit so I can write in comfort. As far as that goes, I can't find any position I can do anything that takes more than a few minutes. I have had MRs, electric shocks, X-rays, all kinds of examinations, and injections, and yet I am as bad as when I started. I have been examined by five specialists and they have been unable to help me. There are days I can hardly make that leg move so I can walk because the pain is so excruciating. Occasionally I have a better day.

Russell is doing much better with his arthritis medicine. His knees don't hurt nearly as bad as they did. He has worked outside several days since the weather has become cooler, i.e. in the 80s instead of the 100's. We sure have enjoyed this cooler weather but we still need rain. There have been lots of rain-storms all around us and we

have had some good showers but it will take a lot more for us to catch up.

Daughter-in-law June from Hawaii will arrive Friday for a week's visit. She will go from here to Springfield to visit one son and granddaughters then on the Tennessee to visit another son and grandchildren. Bob will come along later, visit the boys first, then all of them will get together for Thanksgiving. Then Bob will come here for a few days. We are so looking forward to their visits. June will be over here all the month of November. Bob will be in a week's conference over here.

**Bessie and Bertha**, we are so happy to rear from you.

**Nell**, we are all so proud of you. Wish you were near some of us so we could rejoice with you.

**Jim** (Mondy of Springfield) we are praying for you to get your liver transplant.

And to all of you other **Mondy** boys we want to say how much we enjoy your letters.

And I say again, we enjoy all of your letters

Love to all, Russell and RA.

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From Harrison to RA and Lois:

Both of you say you hesitate to write because you make mistakes or can't write well. It is my job as editor to try to interpret your thoughts and arrange your words to fit what I think you are saying. Write your thoughts and let me handle the rest. I have read worse writing and I think I have done a fair job. I sometimes have trouble with names if they are not clear, but I do my best and nobody has sued me for defamation of character. Split infinitives and hanging participles don't bother me, I even end sentences with a prepositions sometimes.

I guess a flock of white geese are flying overhead and losing their feathers, for there is a lot of white stuff coming down. The temperature is 28 degrees and the ground is covered. We are thinking about building a fire in the fireplace just for looks. Seems the proper thing to do.

A couple of weeks ago we got a bunch of "quotes" attributable to "Bumbling George" and I thought them very funny whether he said them or not. I sent them to Brecken and she sent them on to Christy and Clint (Knisal) who also thought them funny. Somehow they became distributed around the Wichita University campus and one guy, thinking I originated the "Quotes" wrote me a very nasty e-mail. I wrote him back trying to convince him that I was not the originator and that they were meant in fun. He had forwarded my reply to a couple dozen others and soon I was getting copies of their replies to him. It was a real eye-opener to me, - I just did not know college kids were so worked up over an election. I'm glad Wichita is a long way off - the fellow might have come after me. Brecken got a copy of his letter to me and she let him have it with both barrels. I haven't had so much fun since Shep was a pup. (I have found out that the quotes have been floating around since the early 90s and being attributed to anyone running for office.) I still think they were funny but apparently some others did not think so.

Well by this time tomorrow I suppose we will know who the new president will be.

Then we will be hearing *Ruffles and Flourishes*, the drum and bugle fanfare that will introduce *Hail to the Chief*, the ditty that has been used for nearly 200 years to announce the arrival of the President of the United States.

*Hail to the Chief* was derived from an old Gaelic air and adapted by the English composer James Sanderson for Sir Walter Scott's musical, *Lady of the Lake* in 1812. It was first performed by the U.S. Marine Corps Band at the opening of the Chesapeake & Ohio Canal on July 4, 1828. By order of First Lady Julia Tyler it became the president's official introduction in 1841. *Ruffles and Flourishes* was added during President McKinley's administration, 1897 - 1901. (From USA-Today, 11/6/2000)

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Talk about strange weather, we have been having it. For the past week we have been having snow - not lots of snow, just little bits. It may snow so hard we can hardly see and a few minutes later it stops and the snow melts. I think our petunias are about to give up though for a while they proudly held up their heads right through the snow. They may have moved our mountains; we can't see them because the clouds are so low. Last time I saw them they were white.

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When I went to bed last night we had a new president-elect but when I turned on the tube this morning the news was that the election wasn't over for the vote was too close to call. Then when the kids went to school this morning at some school they found a locked ballot box that had not been sent to the proper place last night and now these ballots have to be counted. What in the world is going on? One thing is for sure; the nation is split right down the middle and neither candidate can claim a mandate from the people.

Well I have to end this and get the Chronicle in the mail, election or no. Bye y'all.

Harrison