

THE MONDY MORNING

CHRONICLE

PUBLISHED BY MONDY ON MONDAY FOR THE MONDYS
THEIR KIN, NEAR KIN, AND FRIENDS

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E.C. MONDY, EDITOR
929 SHELDON STREET
EL SEGUNDO, CA 90245
PHONE: (310) 648 9700

NOTICE

In the interest of ecology
The Mondy Morning
CHRONICLE is printed
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EDITORIAL FOR WHATEVER IT'S WORTH

I'm not sure whether this will be the last issue this year or the first for 1993. I'm starting it on December 21 and only time will tell whether I can get it ready for this year or next.

Christmas is only four days off and there remains a lot to be done. Not even my nights are clear for there are lots of things (such as separating the many books into piles to take and piles to give away) that I can be doing. However, I do need to sit and rest a bit from time to time and writing for the Chronicle can be done while I am resting (Australians would say, "whilst I'm resting"). I picked up a lot of Aussie expressions while I was there but "whilst" was not one of them. One word that really stuck with me is "petrol" for gasoline. In some places there they do not know what you mean if you use the word "gasoline". So I became so used to the word, I almost always say "petrol", even now, twenty years later.

I have already received so many Christmas cards that we are running out of space to display them. But more important, so many of them tell

me how much they enjoy the Chronicle.

So much praise for so little talent!

But thank you very much.

Many of the cards also contained messages for Chronicle readers and I will pass them on to you later. In addition to the cards I have received from you, I have received numerous cards and one phone call from the students I had in my radio school in Little Rock in 1941-42. One of them lived in the section of Florida hit by Andrew. Perhaps I'll include part of his letter so you can have a first hand account of the damage.

Well, did you find your name in Santa's Puzzle? I'm afraid I left out few names -- I'm not perfect you know (if there is any doubt you can ask Margaret). Of course you didn't have to find your name to win a free subscription to the CHRONICLE. You just had to fill in one little blank.

Speaking of perfection, if we get through our proposed move with our marriage still intact -- well that ought to say something.

Enough junk for now.

ABOUT MILLIE LOAR

Herman, Jake, Jewel, and Dewel; I know all of you will remember Millie Loar. I see in the Star Herald that she died a couple of weeks ago at the age of 84. Millie was mentally retarded, whether from birth or because of a childhood illness I do not know. So far as I know she never attended school. Millie was a rather husky person and easy to get along with though occasionally she became angry and it paid to stay out of her way. Usually, though, she was a pleasant person, and very good at picking cotton. She was a hard worker at any thing she could do. For some unexplainable reason she had the amount of "eight pounds" impressed on her brain so that it did not matter how much cotton she picked in a day, if you asked her she would tell you she picked eight pounds that day. Only one of her sisters is still living, Ina Thaxton. Her brother Bill died last year I think.

FROM AVA, A REQUEST

[I was delighted to get a short letter from Ava (Pickett) who lives in Ravenden Springs but keeps up with what goes on

at Shiloh. Ava, we wish you would write us more often. Here is Ava's letter and request]

"...I love hearing about everyone through the Chronicle.

"Baby" Owrey and Bert Jr. are both very ill. Baby had gone to live with her daughter Anna in Oregon for the winter. Bert has Alzhiemer's and doesn't know anyone.

"Gerald Camp came to visit us in November.

"Harrison, will you please put a notice in the Chronicle that Shiloh Baptist Church will be celebrating its hundredth anniversary with a "homecoming" the first Sunday in May. We would love for all of you to come. We would especially love having RA and Russell Duffer come. I think he is the only person who ever preached at Shiloh who is still living. Gerald Dean Camp said he would return in May to be there."

"The Shiloh cemetery and your family's graves look good."

TO AVA

Thanks for telling us about the celebration. I cannot promise to be there but I sure would like to. The early years of my life were centered in that old church and I have a lot of fond memories of it and the things that occurred there. Were I to go, I wonder how many people I would recognize or would recognize me. Very few, I suspect.

FROM PEG BARNHART

[Peg is responsible for much of the material I have

been able to use to tie our family together. Peg has a husband named Bob, who must treat her awful -- making her use his old hand-me-down computer. But I can't criticize -- Margaret uses my old hand-me-down Kaypro 10, vintage of about 1984, which, in computer history is certainly an antique. But she gets along with it quite well since she only uses it for letter writing. Now Peg's computer is much more modern. Bob and Peg have a lovely home on a beautifully wooded hill on the Blackwell Den Road about half way between Dalton and Warm Springs.]

"...Wow! What a surprize to hear about your move! I thought you were a died-in-the-wool Californian. I think you will love the peace and quiet of Taos. Your life is so full of activity you will not miss the hubbub of Los Angeles. With energy fading as we advance in years, we have found that our days are so full there just aren't enough hours to take care of life's necessities, let alone any extra work. I am having to scale down my genealogy research because I am busier than I like to be at this point.

"Having been the wife of a military man for 24 years, I miss moving every few years. I always looked on moving as a step up to a better standard of living and to new areas of interest to pursue. I did not like to leave a house I had just "house-cleaned" for another person but I did not have to go through the yearly ritual my grandmother did of emptying

out the entire house to scour it.

"Harrison, you may have to publish your own news letter when you move." *[You are right -- there may not be a place in Taos where I can get it published for the price I enjoy here.]* How about a laser-jet printer that prints color? Bob has promised me he will put in my CD drive this afternoon. We have been waiting for the tower case, etc to arrive. Just when I was backing up all my material so that nothing would be lost when he installed the new equipment, my 3.5" drive went flaky. He had some trouble with this machine when it was his (I get his old stuff) and now he has decided that while everything is down he'll install a new drive. I can hardly wait until I get the machine up and running again. I now have 15 CD disks to search. Antiquated Archives says that the nine disks used for SS Index will be reduced to three disks when their new software is available. *[Peg -- is it true that Antiquated Archives has a list of all the people who ever lived in the United States? I have heard it was true, but I can't believe it. Some program that is out now has all the telephones listed for every person in the US, but it would be a rather expensive phone book, -- but it would be handy.]*

I am enclosing an obituary I found while researching another family. It mentions a Mondy in it and I thought you would be interested.

TO PEG

Thanks for the letter and the obit. I will summarize the obit for Mrs. Williams below. It was in the 24 Sept 1981 issue of the Star Herald.

"Mrs. Rosemary Elizabeth Williams, age 57, of Pocahontas died suddenly in Little Rock on Sept 16. She was the daughter of Martin and Mary (Wyllie) Mondy of Pocahontas. Since infancy she had made her home with her grandparents, the late Mr and Mrs Patrick Wyllie of here. She is survived byand Mrs Hosea Wright. She was preceded in death by a brother, Robert Mondy.Her nephews Paul, Robert, Jim, and Pat Mondy....were pall bearers." Peg, I believe from your obit of Fred Williams, that Rosemary was his wife. I met her once when she was working at the Pocahontas Floral Company, many years ago. Martin was Dad's cousin. I remember attending the wedding of Martin and Mary. I thought it lasted two days but Mom said I slept through most of it and it just seemed like two days. I was about 3 or 4 years old at the time.

BILL WITHERS SAYS

"... Now don't pass out, it is just my semiannual letter. First, let me tell you that I do enjoy the Chronicle greatly for it keeps me up on the news and wellbeing of everybody.

About two weeks ago I had the opportunity to go back to Arkansas and see what folks we have there. Aunt Mary

(Haynes) Barden has now left Pocahontas and moved to a retirement home in Paragould. She is 89 years old and was not able to stay alone any longer. Also in Paragould is Aunt Charlsie (Haynes) Layl and she is now 98 years old. The youngest is Walta Mildred Haynes (Rufus Haynes' widow) who is 82. I think that is all the Hayneses left except three cousins there in Paragould. I did nothing but visit with those three aunts. They told stories of years past and I laughed until I cried. We had a fine visit and they insisted that I bring my family to see them.

I am glad you and Margaret are getting out of California. You should have done that a year ago because the week I got the Chronicle saying you were moving, I got a contract to sell my house here in Dallas. The move will be made the first week in January. My new address will be:

Bill Withers,
7511 Ashton Drive,
Houston, TX 77095.

As for your move, you will miss the family, especially Brecken. Your next visit to the Texas gulf coast must include a stay with me.

I want to wish everyone in the Chronicle Family a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Love to all, Bill.

FROM NELL

[Each year nell summarizes her year's work and sends it to her many friends. This year she sent us a copy and appended a special message to

us. We appreciate Nell and the tremendous amount of work she has done in her lifetime to relieve the suffering of people all over the world. I am glad that at age 70 she doesn't feel that it is time to stop. Wouldn't it be nice if there was someway she could be given a new body so that she could continue for another 70 years.]

Dear Friends, Greetings from fairyland. The snow-covered hills, along with the lakes and waterfalls convert Ithaca into a spectacular place at this time of year. I hope that 1992 was good to you, and I look forward to hearing about your activities.

I spent the first part of 1992 recovering from major surgery. This was my first major surgery, and I now have a much greater appreciation for good health. We often take good health for granted. Friends and relatives were very kind and helped me through the ordeal. I was back to work in a short time but only part time at first. Since I enjoy my work, it is therapy for me. I thank you for your thoughts and prayers.

In March I had a good rest in the home of my cousins, the Sitz, in Florida. Because of the surgery I had to forego some of my usual meetings such as the American Association for the Advancement of Science in Chicago in February. Friends were kind and substituted for me on my committee assignments.

Upon reaching the landmark of 70 years, I thought it appropriate to go through the retirement process, so I

permitted Cornell to express appreciation for my 43+ years of service. Retirement is in name only, for I have not stopped working, still operate my two laboratories and office.

This fall Dr. Kalpana, FAO Fellow from India is working in my laboratory along with my students. Although my teaching load is reduced, I am still quite active with research. I did not want a retirement party but Cornell insisted, and now I am glad for I really enjoyed every minute of it. Friends and former students came from far and near. Especially enjoyable was my visit with former students who came with their families. I consider the students a part of my family. The party was held at the A.D. White House, the lovely old home of the first president of Cornell. It is located in the heart of the Cornell Campus and with its nice antiques furnished a lovely setting for the occasion. I was presented with the traditional "Cornell Chair" and a beautiful engraved silver tray. I also want to thank each of you who wrote letters which Cornell bound and presented to me in a book. Your kind words were greatly appreciated, and I shall always cherish these letters. I had hoped to write to each of you, but time slipped away so fast

In June we presented our research at the Food Science Meetings in New Orleans and this brought recognition from the National Press. While in New Orleans I was able to visit my cousins the Thorntons. Also in June I attended the national meeting of Graduate Women in

Science in Chicago and in July I flew to Fredericton, New Brunswick, Canada to attend the meeting of the Potato Association of America. I presented our research findings at the meeting of the Northeast Regional Research Committee in Beltsville, MD in October. The fall colors in the Pennsylvania mountains on the way to Beltsville were spectacular.

Best wishes to you for 1993.

The following was addressed to us.

Harrison, although I am not a very good correspondent, I want you to know how much we appreciate your work on the *Chronicle*. It has been a blessing to many families.

I agree with you on the abortion issue. You said it very well. In the 1950's when I was studying toward my doctorate I took a course in International Nutrition and at that time the hardships caused by population growth were clearly defined. Of course, at that time we did not know about AIDS and the miseries it brings. One of the biggest problems in the world today is the population explosion. Bringing unwanted children into this world is criminal.

I am delighted that you are going to move out of the LA area for I have worried about you and the earthquakes. The pollution of the LA air makes my breathing very difficult. Your new home sounds wonderful, and you deserve it. However, I must extend my sympathy to you

concerning the move after so many years in the same house. Deciding what to discard is very tiring. I moved from my College Avenue house in Ithaca after thirty years, so I know how tiring it can be. We are anxious to see a picture of the new house. Margaret, this move should keep Harrison out of mischief.

I'm sorry to hear that our cousin, Jessie, fell and is now in the hospital.

Love to all, Nell

FROM THE DUFFERS

"...Dear Kin and Friends: First, We wish your a Merry Christmas!! One filled with love, joy, peace, and thankfulness for what God has done for you in the past year. We, at our house are doing as well as usual, having about the same aches and pains, some days better, some days not so good. We are so grateful we can be up and able to do the necessary things and be involved in so many enjoyable things. Well, maybe not all things are enjoyable like raking leaves by the bushel and hauling them to the compost by wheelbarrow.

The boys and their wives, the grandchildren and wives and the great grandchildren, two girls and a boy are all going great.

Bob and June are still living in Hawaii where he is serving as Director of Missions over four of the Islands and where June is teaching in a Pre-school near their home on the Big Island. Jerry Ralph and Gerry Hart live in Friendswood,

Texas, twelve miles from us. He serves the First Baptist Church as their Minister of Music and Gerry Hart is an interior Decorator. Jerry and Gerry Hart will spend the holidays with Bob and June in Hawaii.

Our grandchildren are scattered. One in Las Vegas with the FBI. Another one is in the University of Nevada, teaching Music and working on his Master's Degree. One, together with his wife, is in the Southers Seminary in Louisville, working on his Masters Degree. Another with his wife and two daughters live in Springfield, MO and is a Computer Technician. Some of the grands will spend Christmas with us.

The Lord has been so good to us

In this year of ninety two
We send lots of love from us
To each and all of you
From the Duffers.

FROM INA HALL

Dear Harrison,
Congratulations on your decision to move to New Mexico. I have been very concerned about the earthquakes in California and I am so glad you have decided to leave. I do hope you will be happy. Taos is a very pretty place. I have been there many times. I think the whole state of New Mexico is enchanting.

Our daughter and her husband lived there for three years back in the 70's and Jesse and I would go out and spend our summers there with them. We covered about all of New Mexico. I had a nephew living

in Farmington at the time and we visited him.

I am still enjoying the Chronicle and look forward to receiving each copy.

I hope all of you have a Merry Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

Love to all, Ina.

FROM ALMA THOMAS

"Happy Holidays to you and to all of the Chronicle Family. I look forward to receiving the Chronicle and as soon as it comes I sit right down and read it through, then later in the day I read it again and enjoy it some more.

I hope everyone is well. I am still able to cook my own meals, do my laundry, and go to the grocery store to buy my own food when my youngest daughter drives me to town.

I planned to write earlier but it is so easy to put off until tomorrow what I should have done yesterday and I am real good at that.

Take care and stay well. Best of everything to everyone. Much love, Alma.

FROM THE THORNTONS

I received a picture of the Thorntons in the mail today. It shows them at their "Fiftieth" with a big cake they are ready to cut.

FROM JEAN THOMAS

[To help keep everybody straight: Jean is married to Jim Thomas, who is Alma Thomas' son. they live in Pocatello, Idaho. Jean has sent me several data on our families. Alma is the granddaughter of

James T. and Sarah Louisa (Sammons) Brewer. Sarah Louisa was sister to my grandmother, Rhoda Alice (Sammons) Mondy. So Alma and I are third cousins. Our great grandparents were Jacob and Sarah Sammons who were killed by bushwhackers just after the Civil War. It has been suggested that they were killed because Sarah was an Indian. (She was a full blood Cherokee Indian girl from the hills of Tennessee.) Now are you straight? Well I could add that Jean is my third cousin once removed in-law. How's that? Jean's letter was written to her friends and family so I shall excerpt parts of it and change from third person to first. You don't mind, do you Jean?]

"I am slow getting my cards out but I have a lot of good excuses. I have been taking a computer class at ISU. Everything else was put aside, even house work, so I could make a passing grade for I want to enroll in a more advanced class in January. Sometimes it is beneficial to be a senior citizen, -- I only have to pay \$35 for the course whereas, if I were not a SC I would have to pay a couple hundreds of dollars.

Jim has gone back to work full time. The ten-hour days are getting to him but the income is much better than unemployment. He has been working at two part-time jobs and that was getting old, --especially since some of the time he would be called out at three o'clock in the morning to make a 200 to 300 mile trip.

After one heavy blizzard it took him an hour to drive 20 miles so he said he had had it.

We have had quite a bit of ice and snow already this year. We welcome it though because we needed the moisture. The roads turn to skating rinks after dark, but are nice during the day.

Added to Jean's general letter was the following:

Keep the Chronicle coming. I was born in Arizona and think you will love New Mexico. We have both lived in Los Angeles and are glad we now live in Idaho. When that ironing board comes walking across the room, it is definitely not a ghost! Lots of people are moving from California to Idaho. We have had a few earthquakes in Pocatello in the past thirty years and there are some within 60 miles of us recently. Yellowstone National Park has had several and Salt Lake City is getting it's share.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Margaret asked me the other night how I was getting along with my Christmas cards and I told her I was doing quite well. She wanted to know how I was doing it and I told her I put a nice green or red sheet of paper in with all the Chronicle papers wishing all of you a Merry Christmas and did the same with all the NDRS students I used to have. She thinks I cheated but I think I was smart, don't you?

One night about the first of December I heard her give out a yell and when I went to see what the matter could be

she said, "Look what I just found. I opened this box and found several boxes of Christmas cards I bought on sale last year after Christmas when I could get them at half price. I had forgotten about them and was sweating out the trip to the stores to buy cards. That's the greatest find of the season."

I think that the weekend after Christmas I'll say, "Look, Dear, this is a good time to go shopping," and I'll get her to do it again. Just think how good she'll feel next December.

Come to think of it, she may not want to buy them without a coupon, though..

CHRISTMAS EVE

Here it is, Christmas Eve at last! We have looked forward to it for a long time, and now it has finally arrived. And we are ready for it. Margaret's long list of people for whom gifts were to be bought lies on one side of her and the list of Christmas cards to be sent out lies on the other. She has scanned them once again to make sure each and every one has been crossed off. She has a line drawn through every name on both lists. Packages that had to be sent out of town by UPS or through the post office have identifying notes showing the date of mailing and the carrier. (Margaret is very careful that way.) She scheduled each shipment so that it would arrive a week before Christmas, and all UPS receipts are carefully stapled to her list. All Christmas cards were sent out weeks ago, all except the ones for people who had moved and she needed the new address. There's always a few like that.

It's Christmas Eve, early in the morning, and we've nothing

to do but wait; and while waiting, listen to beautiful music. The packages piled around the tree were wrapped long ago and were ready when we put up the tree on the fifteenth. All signs of the gift wrapping session have been erased, the floor vacuumed, and the rolls of paper put away for another season.

It's Christmas Eve and we are waiting to take a car-load of gifts and boxes of food to Judy's where we will spend the night. The food has been specially prepared and needs only to be run into the microwave oven for completion. No last minute preparations for Margaret -- everything planned for, even contingencies.

It's Christmas Eve, very early in the morning and my bed is shaking and Margaret is saying, "Honey, get up. There's a million things to do. We have to go shopping for stocking stuffers, there are six or seven packages I need your help to wrap, I have found five people on my list that I have to send cards to, and there are three people I still haven't found a gift for. Besides there's a ton of food to be looked after and we simply can't go off and leave this house looking like a pig sty. Store all that paper, but leave out a couple of rolls for last minute wrapping. Carry the wrapping tables down to the basement and bring up the vacuum." And so endeth my very pleasant dream

AFTER CHRISTMAS

It is now December 26, time to take down the tree and put away the lights, store the leftover wrapping paper and the leftover Christmas cards (carefully marked so that we don't send the same kind to the same people we sent them to this year, make a list of all the presents we got from whom, and get set for thanking everybody for what they sent.

I got my harmonica -- I was pretty sure I would get it; I've been a very

good boy most of the year. I don't understand the note attached that said it operates best in a basement with all the doors closed. What kind of harmonicas do they make these days? Well I will try it out some day when Marg is out shopping.

I got some other things too, (the harmonica was from Judy and John,) but I don't have space to mention them all. I will say I got books from Anne, from Geri and Jim, and from the Millers, and a lovely rocker (not an old man's rocker) from Marg. My prized gift was from Brecken and I will mention it later. (Thanks, Nell, for looking all over Ithaca for a harmonica. You can stop looking now.) I simply must mention the GOOD peanut brittle I got from Jewel and the good supply of tobacco I got from Judy W., and the note pads from Jake and Noal. And lots more but I can't mention them all.

MY BEST GIFT

[I mentioned above that Brecken gave my my most prized gift of the season. It is a book of her original poetry, carefully bound in covers of paper made by her when she was learning how to make paper. It contains eleven pages of poetry but there is not enough room for all of them in the Chronicle. There is room for the last one for it is addressed to me and touches me deeply.]

LESSONS

Giving is said to be the best thing to do

The most honorable, the most kind Presents and objects are real nice to give

But nothing beats giving a piece of your mind

You give me a piece of your mind
with the stories,
The Chronicle, the novels, and
poems
This glimpse of the soul within you
Couldn't be matched by the
Basilica's Dome

Every time that I see you
You always teach me so much
Anything from grammar
To trig and math and such

More importantly, however, is one lesson,

This lesson is one I will always need
Not like grammar, trig, or anything
This lesson has planted the seed

For everything I will ever do, say,
or think;

This lesson is soul-deep
All the other lessons are nice to have

But this is the one I'll keep

This lesson is just a piece of you
I don't know if you realize
This lesson teaches me to be good,
No stealing, cheating, lies.

It also teaches me to be kind,
Intelligent, charming, witty,
With every word you say to me
I know it is a pity,

That every kid doesn't have
A Pop-pop just like you
Who teaches me life's lessons
And grammar, and math, too

(Brecken, 1992)

FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA

I am like Pat -- I woke up to the fact Christmas is almost here and I am not quite ready for it, but will make the best of it. The kids and grandchildren will be around on Christmas Eve or Christmas Day to see what goodies Grandma

and Bertha have for them; -- we have been baking cookies and making candy.

We have made several trips to Joplin to visit Charlie. He is back in the hospital and it appears he will be there for ten days to two weeks. Dissolving the blood clots is progressing slowly. Bertha was over there for a week but has come home. Lela is doing a little better and started therapy again. She stayed off therapy about three weeks while Charlie was in the hospital and after he went home so she had to start over again.

We have really been having some gloomy weather with rain and snow. The snow didn't stay on long but the rain just keeps coming. We are now above on rainfall after being below all summer.

So sorry to hear about Jessie T's accident. Glad to hear that Russel and RA are doing OK.

You asked if we read the Chronicle -- Bertha and I sure do. We can hardly wait to get it. We enjoy reading all of it. I wish I could write interesting things like you and Pat. We certainly enjoy what the cousins write about themselves.

Love and best wishes for the New Year, Bessie and Bertha.

Charlie is in the Freeman Hospital, Phone # (417) 623 - 2801, Room Number 203.

FROM NELL

[Nell renewed her subscription to the Chronicle (she did not have to, since her name is on my permanent list) but she found her name in Santa's Puzzle and I hope Santa was good to her. She appended a note to her "subscription blank" as follows.]

When do you find time for all of this? I'm amazed at your accomplishments. Moving is a full-time job. Ten years ago I moved across town after living in

the first house for more than thirty years.

My solution? I kept the first house and rented it, reserving the entire attic for storage of my treasures. (That's where I found the Santa Claus letter I sent to you [*last Christmas*]). I must clear that attic, but each time I think of it I decide to stay in Ithaca a little longer. I think I like Margaret's solution. Cornell has requested some of my things for the archives, -- that will be some help.

PS: I can't find a harmonica in all the city of Ithaca. I'll keep you in mind when I go to the big city.

FROM EDNA

An earlier card I sent came back -- I had made an error in your address.

Harrison, I never wrote letters to Santa when I was little. Some well-informed little girl told me there was no Santa Claus and she was so convincing that I fell for it, and decided she was right. It shattered my faith. I never again believed in Santa. When my children came along, I went along with the idea. It seems to me it makes gifts seem more important to let the feeling of a mysterious Santa Claus bring them.

My arm has not completely healed -- it is still weak and shaky. Have a nice Christmas and a Happy New Year.

FROM CECIL (Jinks, that is)

The phone rang this afternoon and when I answered the voice on the other did not identify himself, just said, "Yeah, I found the slot for my name. I refused to write "Cecil" on the line that said, "Old Ornerly". And just because of that I have cut you out of my will again." This is the umpteenth time I have been cut out of his will so I didn't grieve much. He has threatened to come to see us when we move to Taos. I am so glad that

we have a guest apartment that is separate from the main quarters.

He did have a joke to tell; I never knew him to fail on this score. It seems that a certain young man went to his grandfather and asked him for money to buy a car. The old man looked him over and said, "There are three things I don't like about you: You are irreligious, you make poor grades in school, and you have long hair". A couple of months later the boy came back to see his grandfather again. "Look," he said, "Here is my report card and you can see that I have been studying hard and brought my grades up to A's and B's. And here is my Bible which I have carried to church every Sunday and which I have read all the way through." The old man was impressed, but saw that the fellow still had his long hair. "But you haven't had your hair cut, why not?" "Well, you see, I have been reading the Bible and I found out that Peter, James, and John all had long hair." "If you had read a little more," the old man said, "You would have found out that they walked everywhere they went."

FROM JEWEL

Talked to Jewel and Tom on the telephone and found out that they survived the holidays. Jewel has recovered a great deal of her strength and is feeling quite well. The doctors want her to take it easy for several more weeks; in particular, they want her to avoid lifting any thing. They have had a great Christmas -- Brent, Karen, and little Christopher were there to enjoy the holidays, and for them to enjoy Christopher. Jessie and Noel have gone to Phoenix to have Christmas with the Vycital clan.

ANIMAL RIGHTS

Almost every week I get mail wanting me to support some endangered species. Then I read in

the papers how some group has broken into a laboratory and destroyed some of the test animals. And the Animal Rights Group is threatening to sue somebody in the name of Animal Rights to prevent the killing of animals. Well let me tell you how I feel about one particular animal. That animal is the lowdown, sneaking, good-for-nothing tomato worm that drilled a hole into my big beautiful beefsteak tomato I was saving for Christmas.. I went out and pulled it, saying to myself that I bet there are lots of Americans who will have to eat store bought tomatoes while I am eating a vine-ripened one. Now you can plead the case for the worm if you want to but if I had had a cannon I would have ended his life before he found my tomato! Talk about cruelty to animals, you ain't seen nothing to compare to what I would have done to that worm!!! There are half a dozen more that are the size of teacups but still very green. I shall check them over and see what I can do about them.

* * * * *

Congratulations, Bill Withers! I'm glad you were able to sell your house. I hope I can sell mine within the next three or four months. I need the money from it to pay for the other. This is a terribly depressed area right now--Hughes, and a lot of companies associated with the aerospace industry have moved out of town, leaving us with a glut of houses.

* * * * *

As you will note from the first sentence in this issue, I was not sure whether this would be the last issue of the old year or the first of the new. As you can see, it is the last issue of Volume III. The next issue will be the first of Volume IV

HAPPY NEW YEAR

Chronicle family of cousins, and friends, a very Merry Christmas and a most Happy and Healthy New Year. We send our love to all.

FROM LOIS

[Lois I will rearrange your letter so that the most important part comes first.]

"...Wednesday night (12/2) after we arrived home, Jerry called and reported that Jessie had fallen at th beauty parlor and broken her wrist and fractured her shoulder and hurt her arm. She is in the hospital and very sick. Jerry is staying in the room with her at night. She can't talk on the phone yet, so if you call, do it at night when Jerry is there. She is at East Jefferson Hospital General, Room 773, Houma St., Metairie, LA 70006, Phone: (504) 454-4000.

Dear Harrison, I have been expecting news that you would leave California if you ever found a place you liked better. And the house you have found sounds like a dream house and I think you will enjoy the changes of the seasons. Now most people our age look for a smaller house so that there will be less work but if you can get help there it will be great. It certainly sounds like a great location.

[Lois, we think a bigger house will be easier to keep. There are so many closets Marg says she will have to label them, then computerize the contents so she'll be able to find them. I will not have to have boxes sitting around to try to hide when we

have company, there will be plenty of storage space. I bought about 80 storage boxes, 2ft x 1ft x 1ft. So far I have packed 20 of them full of "stuff" out of my little office alone. In Taos, I will be able to set up files so I can find things instead of digging through boxes.]

Thanksgiving was with our son and his wife and three children. We stayed six days. Had baked turkey with light bread dressing dressing, smoked ham, with all the goodies. The weather was nice, beautiful sunshine.

We dropped down by Fort Meyers to visit a couple who moved down from Fort Worth, Texas at the same time we moved. They had a very bad car wreck in June in which Rhea, the wife was almost killed. She spent seven weeks in the hospital and three or four more in a recovery home but has now recovered sufficiently to walk and do a few things. She used to teach square dancing and was an accountant. They have decided not to buy another car; their's was totally demolished. As the traffic gets worse and worse how much longer will we be able to drive?

Cecil has developed a muscle spasm since we got home. I had my tree up and decorated before we left so now I am busy getting out my Christmas cards and wrapping packages.

Merry Christmas to everyone from Lois and Cecil

REQUEST

When I was very small (before I was seven I am sure)

TO
JESSIE
THORNTON,
HURRY UP
AND GET WELL.
WE MISS
YOUR LETTERS.
AND FROM
NOW ON
I'LL BE GOOD
AND I
WON'T TELL
JERRY HOW
MANY PAGES
YOU WROTE.

there was a custom in the little village of Lorine (and in other parts of the county) of shooting fireworks and shotguns on Christmas Eve. . And I remember one Anvil shoot when we borrowed an anvil from some one, put it on top of Grandpa's anvil which had been moved out of the shop. The stress-reliev hole in the top anvil was filled with gunpowder, then the anvil was inverted with sufficient powder in the crack between the two anvils to serve as a fuse. Then some one with a long torch lit the fuse and there was a terrific explosion that could be heard for miles. I suppose that Dad continued the custom of going to the front porch and shooting his shotgun into the air each Christmas Eve until he died.

Now several years ago I heard where this custom came from. It came from some valley in Germany, I think, but I have

not been able to find any reference to it in any literature. I am hoping that some of you know the story back of the custom. As I remember it, there is a small town in a deep valley where all the men bring their noisiest guns etc. to the hills surrounding the town and spend a great deal of Christmas Eve making loud noises to scare away certain devils so that the little village can celebrate Christmas day in total peace. If any of you know the story or can tell me where to find it, I would be most appreciative.

ABOUT THE SUBSCRIPTION FORM

Some of you will find out that I have already put a big "YES" in the "Yes or no" spot so you do not need to send back the form if you don't wish to do so. If the spot is open, Write yes or no and send it back to me. I will wait until January 15 before dropping you from my subscription list.

ABOUT TAOS

I hope I did not leave the impression that we are moving into a mansion -- it is not a movie star's home, it is just a large comfortable house. It does have a lot of things this house does not have, like large bedrooms, floor heat, five fireplaces, and a strange stairway constructed of planed logs, cantilevered out from the wall with no visible means of support.. The house was built by an engineer and suits me to a tee. I never did like shoveling out ashes so he built the master fireplace so that the ashes come

down a chute into the basement where they can be carried away without mess. The builder was even thoughtful enough to put a shower in the basement so if I get dirty, I can shower before going back up to the quarters. There is also a beautiful sauna where one can get rid of all his diseases in one fell swoop. with a shower next door. So it is not a mansion, just a very comfortable house built by an engineer for an engineer like me.

BUT before we get there we have an awful lot of packing, repainting this old house, repairing any sagging doors, cleaning out the attic and the basement, getting some one to haul all the trash to the dump, repairing the patio, replacing all the screens, and a million other things. The list just keeps growing. I spent one whole day making some repairs in one bath (replacing the tiles) and I told Jim that if the people who buy this place decide to tear it down and rebuilt it I will have wasted my time. And that is quite likely to happen. '

ABOUT MY CHRISTMAS CARDS

I did 'em the easy way as you can see. Hooray for computers! You don't mind I hope. Time is too precious to waste it hunting through all those two-dollar cards at the drug store to find the appropriate one.

MY CHRISTMAS LIST

My Christmas list this year is short -- just one thing, a harmonica. I figure I can go down in the basement at our

new home and close the door and make music -- er, whatever else comes out. I can remember when a Hohner (sp?) harmonica could be purchased at Joe Pete's in Pocahontas for fifty cents. I've no idea what they cost today but I'm sure my family can come up with the price. (They might wish they hadn't later, but what the heck, it's Christmas, isn't it? Besides, it's a lot cheaper than an electric train for which I sent a lot of Santa Claus letters that must have had the wrong address.

* * * * *

A couple of Christmases ago I proposed that we celebrate Christmas on the wrong day -- it should be celebrated on the 19th of March and I offered what I considered sufficient proof that Jesus was born on the 19th of March in 5 BC. Only one person ever responded to my proposition and she said I had convinced her but she was not about to change her date for celebration. Anyone else want to challenge me?

If you don't get another copy of the Chronicle before Christmas, it will not be because I wasn't thinking of you. We have had company and with all the activity of buying a new house and trying to sell an old one, there is simply not enough time. So I want you to know that I appreciate all of you and I hope that next Christmas will find me not so busy and I can get out a better issue. As Tiny Tim would say, "God Bless us everyone".

I love you all