

*The Mondy Morning*

# CHRONICLE

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

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I'm under a lot of stress now -- at least Geri Mondy thinks I might be so she sent me a wonderful diet for people suffering from stress.

**For Breakfast:**

- 1/2 grapefruit
- 1 slice wholewheat toast
- 8 oz skim milk

**For Lunch:**

- 4 oz Lean Broiled Chicken Breast
- 1 cup steamed Zucchini
- 1 Oreo cookie
- Herb Tea

**For Mid-afternoon Snack:**

- Rest of the package of Oreos
- 1 qt Rocky Road Ice Cream
- 1 jar Hot Fudge

**For Dinner:**

- 2 Loaves Garlic Bread
- Large Pepperoni & Mushroom Pizza
- 3 Milky Way Candy Bars
- 1 Frozen Cheesecake, eaten directly

from the freezer

Geri says this is a diet she could live with. I'll keep it in mind. I'm passing it on to you just in case you find yourself in a stressful situation. Geri says there are some other things you should know about dieting. If you break cookies before you eat them, the calories all run out so they are no longer fattening. When you are flying at a high altitude you can eat all you want, calories can't stand high altitudes so the food is not fattening. Also, if you drink a diet soda with a

candy bar they cancel each other out. And, if you eat when nobody's watching, the food has no calories.

If any of you try this diet, let me know and I'll report it in the Chronicle. Keep accurate records; weight at the beginning of the diet and weight at the end. Now don't cheat. I started the diet tonight with chocolate-covered marshmallow cookies because I couldn't find any Oreos. Margaret bought them for me. She thinks that the marshmallows are mostly air, the cookies are very light -- mostly air -- and the chocolate looks like the non-fattening kind.

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This is the 3rd of July. I got the Chronicle ready for mailing but didn't finish in time for it to go off today. Only Anne (Armstrong) got her copy on time -- she was here when I returned from the printers. Margaret has laid out the flag and I have readied the flagpole for tomorrow.

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## HOW ABOUT A FLAG WITH 56 STARS IN IT?

Yes, there were fifty-six of them. They were the ones whose bravery produced the Constitution of the United States. They were the ones who publicly pledged their lives, their fortunes, and sacred honor. Six of them were killed in battle. Five were imprisoned. Richard Stockton of New Jersey was the first one imprisoned. In the prison at Perth Amboy he was beaten so badly that when he was finally released he was in such bad health he died, at age 50, leaving a wife and son destitute. Yes, some of them lost their lives in the war, almost all of them lost their fortunes, but not one lost his sacred honor. Among those

jailed was the wife of Francis Lewis. During her long stay in prison, she was not allowed a change of clothing, nor a bed to sleep on. And when she was finally released, she was so weak, she died within a few months. The British officers occupied the mansion of Thomas Nelson. When he found out that no cannons were being fired at the mansion out of respect to him, he yelled, "Fire on it." The cannons were then aimed at it and it was completely demolished. I think that we ought to have a special flag to fly beside Old Glory on the 4th of July, with fifty-six stars in it in honor of these men who never turned back. To them we owe a debt that can never be repaid.

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What are you having for the Fourth? I'm having a big juicy hamburger, a bowl of ice cream, a quarter of a watermelon, and a big glass of lemonade. And tomorrow night, I'll watch the El Segundo fireworks display from my back yard.

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Margaret got her new glasses. It has been twelve weeks since she had a cataract removed from her right eye. Now this eye has never been used much -- it was considered her "bad eye" and was kept closed most of the time. She grew up at a time when if you were born with a "cocked" eye, no one did any thing about it. She did get glasses at an early age and has worn them all her life. And she was able to get into the Army during WWII when they were not so strict. But her right eye was always referred to as her "bad eye" and the other as her "good eye". But her good eye has a problem with the retina and there is very little the doctor could do for it but after examining her eyes carefully, he decided that she should be able to use the right eye if the cataract was removed and the proper lens put in so he has done that. Now she can read with her right eye which we now call her "new eye" and refer to the left eye as her "old eye". And she is able to read without having to hold a large magnifying glass with one hand while she holds the book in the other.

Today she got her new glasses and looked at me

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as if she hadn't seen me in a long time. (I knew that she couldn't see very well for I could go two or three days without shaving and she wouldn't notice.) I wondered what she was going to say after looking at me so long. Finally she said, "Honey, I think your skin has gotten too big for your body." I spent a good deal of time looking through the medical books we have around here to see if I could find something that would shrink the skin to fit the body but I have not found a thing. Seems to me that I heard in my youth that alum and green persimmons would do it but I haven't seen any alum in years and I don't know where to find green persimmons without going back to Arkansas. I guess she will just have to put up with me as I am. But just the same, I'm glad she can see so much better.

Yesterday she looked like a frog. I was afraid to kiss her -- you know what happens when you kiss a frog, -- but she looks much better today. It was that wisdom tooth she had to have taken out.

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We had a wreck on our honeymoon so I had to take Margaret home in a wheelchair, and carry her up the stairs to our apartment. She was still practically immobile on the Fourth of July so we decided that since I was off from work we would spend the Fourth doing something together. I bought a bushel of peaches and we washed them in the bath tub and spent all day doing the peach thing. Well this holiday we decided to do the attic thing and so early this morning (fifth, not fourth) we started cleaning it. I put a sliding ramp from the attic (our attic is big enough to walk around in but it is only three steps higher than our upstairs hall) to the hall and another ramp from the upstairs hall to the den and then began the big slide. Box after box came down the two ramps and were carried out into the back yard (which is invisible to all the neighbors). There we engaged in the process of sorting it into piles, Judy's pile, Jim's pile, pile to throw away, pile to give to the Children's home, Goodwill, --- we even had a pile of things for Anne to take to the church bazaar

July 6 -- Whow! Got a letter from Bessie today.

**BESSIE SAYS**

"...Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends;  
It certainly is muggy weather we are having in Springfield today. We had a shower of rain early this morning and are now having bits of sunshine from time to time. And it's going to be in the 90's today!!!

Bertha and I made a trip to Pocahontas the last of May. We visited several cemeteries between here and there. They were all very nice looking, except for Walnut Grove; there the grass had not been cut. It may have been that we have had so much rain they couldn't cut it. We didn't get to cover the Walnut Grove cemetery like we wanted to. I was going to look for the Halls and the Brewers to get some information from their stones but we were short of time. Daughter Sue went with us and she drove most of the way so we could be back in Springfield for Memorial Day. Maybe next year I can get the information. We went to Shiloh and it sure looked nice.

We had a real nice visit with Joe and Erva (George's children) and Erva's daughter Marisa while they were here. We just wished they could have stayed longer but Erva had to get back to her work and Joe had to get home to be there for the arrival of his first grandchild. I guess it hasn't arrived yet; at least we haven't heard a big HOORAY from there yet.

The Mondy's are OK. JE was over one day this week. Katie was having a little shoulder and arm trouble but other than that, they were ok. They were at the family get-together for Joe, Erva, and Marisa. I talked to Herman and Lillie and they are doing OK. They were at the get-together too, and Herman sang for us. Did I tell you that there were 68 of us at that affair?

Jessie P., we certainly enjoyed the write up about the home-coming.

Jessie T., we loved your poem about cousins. Looks like all the cousins have talents but me,

-- I'm just the dummy. [*That ain't so, Bessie, you are a good news reporter.*]

Bertha has been making raspberry jelly. She came over to my house today and made eleven jars -- that ought to get me through the winter.

We hope all of you readers are well and are enjoying life to the fullest. (Bessie and Bertha)

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It can probably be found in *Poor Richard's Almanac* or in some other great piece of literature; I mean the old adage "It's a poor wind that blows nobody good". My corollary to that is, "It's a good wind that blows no one evil". El Nino, that strange phenomenon that develops in the southwest Pacific from time to time brought us our great and welcome supply of rains last winter. Our season's supply was nearly 28 inches, almost twice our average supply of 15 inches, and about four times what we received last year. So it blew us good. But it is responsible for all the rain in the upper Mississippi valley, and that's bad. It is also responsible for the warmer water flowing past us now. Normally, the temperature of the water (which has been cooled by the Bering sea) this time of year is about 62 to 65 degrees. This year it is running about 5 degrees higher. Whether this will influence the hurricane just off the coast of Baja or not we will have to wait and see. Hurricane Calvin is now wreaking vengeance on Mexico. Generally, hurricanes developing there turn to the northeast and travel up through the Mississippi valley region (where they certainly aren't welcome) or curve west toward Hawaii. But with the warm water off our coast, it could follow the coast and reach us. This would be unusual, but it is hard to predict what El Nino can produce.

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**JUDY W. SCHEDULED FOR SURGERY**

Judy Washburn (Margaret's sister) will be going into the hospital this week-end for exploratory surgery on Monday morning. Since I am not a woman, I cannot tell you what is going to be explored and what may be removed. I'll let

Margaret do that in the next issue of the Chronicle. I just want Judy to know that we are all interested and pray for the best. I'll send a copy of the Chronicle by Margaret to cheer her up.

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#### FROM JEWEL

I called Jewel tonight (Wednesday, 7/7) to find out how my new little niece (once removed, I think that is called a Grand-niece), Erin was doing, so here is the report. Erin has gained back the weight she lost after birth and a bit more. She is getting along fine. Sonograms show that she is quite normal except she is very small. Karen, who developed pneumonia during the event is recovering nicely. Jewel and Tom took care of Christopher for several days. Yesterday she asked Karen if she would like for them to take him for another few days and Karen said, "Hey, I'm just now getting him straightened out from his last visit with you." Ain't grandparenting fun -- you just spoil them and send them home for mama and papa to straighten them out.

#### PAT DISCOVERS A VESUVIAN FOUNTAIN

*[I think it was somebody named Schallot or something like that that defined a Vesuvian fountain as one that spews powerfully and irregularly and shuts off instantly. Anyway, here's Pat.]*

"...Finally, we made it home after a lovely visit with our girls and our grandchildren, all three of them. That's enough grandchildren for anyone. The newest member of our family is Elliot Jeffrey Miller, born June 12, the son of our younger daughter Lisa and her husband Joel, and little brother to Beth. He has lusty lungs, capable of making himself heard all over the house day and night, and arrived in record time complete with black hair and eyes already dark brown at birth. This further relegates granddaughter Catherine and myself into a smaller minority of blue eyed blonds in our immediate family. Beth, who was three on May 23 loves "our baby" and doesn't seem to be at all jealous. There was a brief lapse in toilet training, however, and as I was helping

her change, she explained it away saying she is "free (three) but my bottom is only two". While we were struggling to keep both feet from going into the same shorts opening, she became fascinated by my neck. Then she felt of her own and said, "If your head wasn't 'tached to your neck, it would probably go rolling off someplace". And I had always thought the neck was to keep the head off the shoulders! Had Beth been designing heads, to preclude such awful events, we would possibly all have had square ones. See what you can learn from a three year old?

As a diaper changer for a new baby boy, I turned out to be an inept bust. And a wet one, at that. Numerous times. Pity the poor people along the flooding Mississippi -- but they ain't seen nuthin' yet. Not until they witness the unexpected geysers which regularly sally forth from this child and may even result in changing the name from Elliot to Old Faithful [*maybe Old Unfaithful, would be more appropos*]. The following scenario happened late one night. Admittedly, I was not only inept, but slow in getting the hang of cleaning all those extraneous parts [*extraneous?*] so after getting the clean diaper ready, making sure the wipes and washcloths were waiting, I was congratulating myself on my efficiency. I had just managed getting the clean diaper under him and was wrestling with some particularly stubborn tabs on the new diaper. Too late! Whoosh! Over my face and hair, this hot spring managed also to douse the overhead mobile (put there for stimulation) before it splashed onto my blouse, ran in swift currents along his thighs soaking his clean clothing and the sheet on the diaper changing table. Startled out of my wet wits, I allowed his little feet to kick the old diaper --- more mess. More clothing changes. He was yelling at the top of his lungs, angry at the whole foolishness of having to wear clothes. More jet stream ejecting now! I grabbed a dry washcloth and vacillated whether to stuff it into his wide open howling mouth or try to staunch the flow from the other orifice. Momentarily, the maelstrom calmed. Panting and out of breath, I finally had him changed and dry (in contrast to

myself). We had gone through three diapers, several washcloths, a pile of small towels, and two complete changes in clothing, not including mine. Now he was happy as a clam and would be about as wet in ten minutes. I fear the landfill people will have already called on Lisa with a first warning about the rapidity with which the local area is filling up only because of Elliot's contribution. And do they really know what is causing all that flooding along the Mississippi? Another good reason for population control!

I was happy to stay out of the kitchen. You have already heard my hue and cry about trying to cook in someone else's kitchen. So I became Beth's playmate. I love to hear a little child laugh so I played a clown, failing to juggle plastic balls, reading familiar books but inserting the wrong words, and in general, amusing her. Far more fun than changing diapers.

One weekend we went to Los Alamos to see our other daughter, Krista, going by way of Las Vegas, around the back side of the mountain from Santa Fe. It is the long, long way to get there but beautiful and at one point we found we were only a short distance from Taos. I don't know if we would have found you there or not, but we were already very late in getting to Los Alamos. In fact, we searched through two little towns before we found a telephone and called Krista to explain our absence.

On Sunday, Krista and Ray took us to a place called *El Rancho de las Golondrinas* (the swallows), an early 18th century ranch and stage stop, the last one before arriving at Santa Fe farther north. It is now a non-profit restored historic ranch affiliated with the Association for Living Historical Farms and Agricultural Museums. (I'd never heard of such.) Anyway, I think you and Margaret would be interested in visiting it sometime when you are in Santa Fe. Best of all, there is no charge except when they have a fiesta. We saw volunteers in costume making soap and candles, carding wool, spinning, weaving, and doing other things. Knowledgeable guides told us the history of the place. We all enjoyed looking at some very old

wagons and buggies. While we girls learned how to make corn husk dolls, Holland and Ray visited the blacksmith shop. There is, of course, a gift shop where items made on the ranch can be purchased. And we found a brush arbor where we could sit and sip a cold drink or eat a bowl of very hot chili. We didn't see half the place and plan to go again some time. (Pat)

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Did you hear (it was on the news yesterday) that a man stole a car, left it running in front of the bank, went in and robbed the bank, ran back outside only to find that some mean person had stolen his get away car. How utterly embarrassing!

Yep! one of the things we are going to miss when we leave El Segundo is the weather. While the rest of the nation seems to be sweating, we find it very nice here with temperatures between 68 and 75. Actually almost too cool with the windows and doors open, especially if there is a breeze.

When we lived in Australia, Margaret developed a strange toothache that was driving her crazy so she went to the dentist who, after several X-rays and other procedures, determined that maybe it was a certain tooth that was causing all the trouble, so he pulled it. When it was out he said, more to himself than to her, "I have pulled a perfectly good tooth". Then, when she was still in pain, she decided to go to Adelaide where there was a team of dentists who were supposed to be experts on the subject. They examined her, put her through the root canal punishment routine, kept her there for 6 weeks treating her for the problem. She returned to Alice Springs in no better condition than when she left -- still pain in her jaw. (Of course she was several hundred dollars poorer and that didn't help any.) About a month after she returned to The Alice, I stepped in a hole while helping to carry a heavy load and did something to my back. The doctor gave me a bottle of muscle relaxers that were supposed to make life a lot easier. I took them but my back problem persisted so at the insistence of a friend I visited a chiropractor and told him of my problem. He did the X-ray

business , showed me which joint were out of place, and proceeded to massage my shoulder and made me feel a lot better. I visited him about three times for more work and once while I was there I mentioned Margarets tooth trouble.He told me that he would bet money on the fact that it was not the tooth but a "trifacial nerve" that was the problem and showed me what joint in her neck was pinching what nerve and suggested that I bring her in. Well when anyone is suffering as she was, anything is better than nothing, so she went to see him. X-rays showed the offending pinched nerve, the one that comes up over the ear and down along the upper and lower jaws, and so he took her under his care for two or three bone cracking sessions and she went home cured. She has never had another pain of that nature since. After suffering for nearly a year, this was a real relief. (Now I don't know whether I have mentioned it before but Margaret was intended to be a giraffe --she has an extra vertabrate in her neck. ) Well I started this story to say that now she has developed the same problem on the other side and is lookin g for a good chiropractor. She has been to the dentist and her dentist told her yesterday that there is nothing wrong with her teeth (imagine a dentist saying such a thing).

I suppose everyone has a fixed opinion about chiropractors -- my doctor thinks they are all crack-pots that just make you feel better by rubbing your neck while her favorite way of making you feel better is giving you a pill and telling you it will work.

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Since Margaret is leaving for Texas tomorrow and I have a lot of things to do, I will not wait for today's mail -- you will just have to make do with what you get this week. I do hope some more of you will take time to write a bit. Everyone is interested in your new offspring, your health, your vacation, how your garden in doing, and whether you have been flooded out. Do write, please. If you haven't written in the past 6 weeks, you owe us a letter, RIGHT?

This is Saturday and I went to have the Chronicle printed and found the printing place closed up and the signs taken down. I don't know whether they have gone bankrupt or just moving. No sign on the door to tell us where to go. Luckily, there are other places so I'll take it there, but maybe not today. It is now past mail time and there were no letters.

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Brecken called her parents last night to tell them she was back in Helsinki. She had had a wonderful time in China -- said she just fell in love with it. She had not had any health problems and had not needed any of the drugs she had taken along just in case. Today she is on her way to Moscow. It will be interesting to hear about her trip there and her appraisal of the Russian people and economy. She is an observing person and will have a lot to tell when she returns. She speaks some Russian but is not fluent in it, but she will be able to find some English speaking persons there. She is not timid and will find out much I think.

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Margaret is leaving tomorrow for Texas so we spent an hour at the grocers getting something for me to eat while she is gone. She is petrified with fear that she will return and find out that I starved to skin and bones while she was away for a week. One of my favorite meals is saur kraut and weenies (she hates saur kraut) so she made sure I had a generous supply. Ant there is a freezer full of TV dinners, cereal for breakfast, cottage cheese and fruit for lunch. I keep telling her I won't starve.

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Did you know that about 1 out of 10,000 people are put together backward? Their heart is on the right, their liver and spleen is on the left and all their innards are arranged backward. Recently some geneticists working with mice and rats found that something they were doing was causing about a fourth of the animals to be born with all their organs reversed so they undertook to find out why. They discovered that a certain gene, when treated with what ever they were using, was responsible so now they have been able to isolate that gene in humans.

So long til next time.