

CHRONICLE

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

VOLUME VI, ISSUE 2, JANUARY 23, 1995

Published By H. C. Mondy,
P.O. Box 1696
El Prado, NM 87529
Phone: (505) 776 5571

Hey! Is there such a word as "exhumatorium"? Well if there ain't, there ort to be. The way I figger it, if you can have a crematorium where you burn up something, then you could have an exhumatorium where you dig up things that shouldn't a been buried in the first place.

Well for the last week I have been operating my exhumatorium. I have about 200 disks, some of the old CP/M format and some MS-Dos. The old CP/M stuff was written in the middle 80's and I was amazed at all the stuff on them; letters to friends, accounts, business stuff, -- even a two-year diary. I printed out dozens of pages of it and gave them to Marg to read. A great deal of it was most useful in establishing the dates when something happened. Every few minutes Marg would say, "I didn't remember that it was April when we ----", or "You know, I forgot that so-and-so was there when we ----". I "exhumed" letters to friends and kin that are no longer with us, business deals we had both forgotten about, letters to Mom telling about something that would interest her. It was like panning for gold in a creek bed, some pans had little or no gold, some more, and every once in a while I found a real nugget.

The mail box has been real good to me the last few days. I have heard from several people, and going back over the Christmas cards I found a lot of people added a little note saying they really enjoyed the *Chronicle* and wanted me to keep it up. There were at least a dozen "subscribers" from whom I received nothing.

I came home from California with an awful cold and shortly after arriving here Marg developed the same symptoms -- no fever, just a horrible cough, and in my case, a lot of nose run. Then I read in the paper that what we have had was a new type cold called RSV, (Respiratory Syncytial Virus), which is rated as dangerous for infants and young children. The cough was particularly hard on Margaret because of her recent surgery and the possibility of damaging her stitches. We both have a residual cough.

I also came home with what we used to call "pink eye". Jim had a bit of it and several others in the Los Angeles area. But when I arrived here, I found that Gabe had had it and some other people around, so I cannot ascribe this ailment to California. As for treatment? Well, when I was a child, the most common treatment was urine from the patient (M urine came after that). I tried several of the over-the-counter things like 20/20, and others, but I think I got the best relief from honey. I mixed a small quantity of honey with about 5 times that much water and used an eye dropper to apply it each time the itch became unbearable. (You know the old saying, "When nothing else works, try honey".)

There are two persons that I have "met" within the past two months that I did not know existed and I am so happy to make their acquaintance and to welcome them to the *Chronicle Family* and I know you will want to know them too.

The most common comment I get is that you do not know all the people who write to the paper and what relationship they bear to you. From now on I will try to remedy that as much as I

can.

"And now," as they say on TV, "a word about the weather." It was +3 degrees this morning but it did not feel cold. There was no wind and our relative humidity is so low that the air cannot absorb heat from our bodies. Last evening we had about an inch of snow but now at ten o'clock most of that is gone where the sun is shining. It is a glorious day, not a cloud in the sky, the Sango de Christos look like some one spread a blanket of silver lame over them.

TOM - I was sorry to read in the Star Herald that your Aunt Lucy (Lucile Celeste Hulvey) had passed away. I see that she was buried at Clearview.

HERMAN and LILLIE - Thanks for the picture. You both looked great. Thanks, also for Bonnie Hanley's address.

DICK - Thanks for the pictures of your two good looking boys, Adam and Aaron, and of your beautiful Amanda. Better keep an eye on her, the boys will start flocking around your place.

Got an interesting letter from Roger Jinks, Cecil's son this week, written on 12/31. His sister helped him write it. It was a thank-you letter for a T-shirt Margaret sent him for Christmas. When he was here last June, he became enamoured with the mountains around Taos and was constantly asking about how high we were. The T-shirt had a picture of Taos Ski Valley with the altitude shown. Here is Roger's letter:

ROGER SAYS : Linda is helping me write this letter to thank you for the great sweat shirt you sent me for Christmas. Everyone wants to wear it but I tell them, "No Way".

Every one was here for Christmas at one time or another; Sandra and her family, Linda, Aunt Norie, Dad and Mom, and me too. Linda's son and family came in the afternoon, Christy and

PAGE 2

her boy friend David, and Cory got here Christmas night. Now all are gone except Linda and Cory, and they are leaving after she finishes this letter. I tell her she is crazy because there is a blizzard going on but she is anxious to get home.

We are all fine. I'm still working at the body shop. The owner came to pick me up this morning because of the snow. I see dad every day, just to give him a hard time.

We are coming to the family reunion in May. Linda talked Dad into flying from Okla City. I have never flown in a big plane before. Hope you had a good holiday and thank you for remembering me. Roger.

Got a long, long letter from R.A. and Russell Duffer this week R.A. was named Rhoda Alice Goings when she was born to Dona and Frank Goings in honor of her grandmother, Rhoda Alice (Sammons) Mondy, the wife of J. C. Mondy. JC Mondy was the grandfather of a whole bevy of us cousins including me. R.A. had three brothers (Waymon, Jack, and Paul, all deceased) and one sister (Eula, also deceased). Here's RA's letter:

(1/12/95, 1 AM) It has been a real stormy night [here in League City, TX] thus far tonight, but now everything has settled down and quiet. Since I can't go to sleep, I decided to keep one of my New Year's resolutions, to write to the *Chronicle* every once in a while. I write to so many people it is hard to do. But, Harrison, we do so enjoy the *Chronicle*; especially all the letters written by so many of the cousins. [I wish they would all write.] And Harrison, we enjoy all the tidbits you put in. We enjoyed your story about Lorine [Vol VI, Issue 1]. Maybe I'm just getting old, but I love to read about things that happened to my cousins a long time ago.

We had such a wonderful Christmas! A house full most of the time which was just great. Angela, her husband and three children, Kadell, her husband and two daughters, spent the night of

Dec. 22nd, adults here, children at Jerry's. (Angela and Kadell are Eula's granddaughters.) Had 17 for dinner that night including Jerry's family. On Friday morning Bob and June arrived from Hawaii. On Saturday, Jack (Bob's youngest) and his wife and baby arrived from Louisville and stayed until Wednesday. Bob and June stayed until the 8th, which was just great. On the 29th, Robb (Bob's middle son) and his wife and two children came and stayed until the 5th. While they were here they trimmed trees, painted the bath room, got new counter tops for the kitchen and rugs for the kitchen and bath. Of course Jerry's three children were here most of the time; all eating here or out. All worked so hard but we enjoyed it and enjoyed being together. Since they left we have been busy raking leaves and picking up the trimmings from the trees, and doing a general cleanup.

It was so cold while they were here the paint dried very slowly but since then the temperature has been running from 15 to 20 degrees above normal.

Harrison, we enjoyed your Christmas card -- and original individual cards are not "cheap". We loved it because it was personal. We received about 90 cards altogether and a lot of them had letters and notes in them.

Bertha and Bessie, we are so sorry to hear about Elza's son losing his foot and we hope he is recovering ok.

Russell had some trouble before Christmas and had to have a lot of tests. They couldn't find out what his trouble but they did find out what it wasn't. But they did give him some medicine and now he is doing ok. So am I.

It is now 1:30 AM so maybe I can go to sleep. Love to all, RA and Russell.

Got an interesting letter from Bill Monday this week. Now there is no doubt that we are kin-folks even if he does spell his name kinda funny, -- puts an "A" in it like the day of the week. We

know we are kin but so far we have not been able to uncover our common ancestor. But he is a member of the *Chronicle* family and some day we hope to find out we are fifth cousins, thrice removed, or something like that. Here's his letter:

Harrison, I hope you are having better luck writing "1995" than I am. *[several years I heard this admonition on the radio: On Jan1st, get out your check book and date the checks with the new year. It worked for me.]*

Jean and I got home last Thursday from wet and damp Florida. Charlee (our oldest daughter) said it had been that way most of the fall. They have a beautiful old home near Leesburg, on Lake Griffin, with five acres bordering the lake. Part of it is in citrus fruits; lemons, oranges, tangerines, and has about every flower you can imagine. Just keeping the grass cut is a full time job. We had planned to stay into the new year but the weather reports caused us to come home and we are glad we did. There is a lot of ice outside, the trees, bushes, power lines, and roads are covered with it.

The kids loaded us down with fruit picked from their orchard. Had enough to share with the family here. Took a lot of pictures. Those big old water oaks laden with moss were something to see. Florida is a beautiful place but I wouldn't want to live there -- just too many people.

In your last letter you wrote about WWII and this brought back a lot of memories. I served on the PCE(R) 849 as a radio operator most of the time but did do some deck duty, from April of 1944 until May of 1946. We were one of General McArthur's communication ships -- followed him on the invasion of Phillipines (Leyte, Luzon, fall of Manila) We were the first ship there since the Japanese took it. We were at Okinawa for a while, then Borneo with the Australians, then to Yokahama for the signing of the peace treaty on the *Missouri*. After that we were the first ship to dock in Tokyo since the beginning of the war. we were credited with 4 planes shot down and for 5 invasions. This group of men

was a real family. I received a call from one of them a couple of months ago and we are planning a reunion in Phoenix, AZ for June 1-3, this year. (Better start saving my money.) I remember the commissioning of the 848 in New Orleans, our plank owner's party in Key West Florida, and when I left her in New London, CN. There were only a few of the original crew aboard. I wonder if a bunch of 70-year olds can remember back 50 years and recognize each other. Bill.

BOB DUFFER, ATTENTION: Your mother said that you wanted to become a member of our exclusive *Chronicle* family so you are now on our mailing list -- but this is just a trial membership -- you have to pay for your membership by writing us occasionally and telling us about life in Hawaii. That is not too high a price to pay is it? After all you will have the pleasure of reading this great and wonderful news paper, and find out what makes us tick. Welcome aboard, Bob.

You have heard by now about the horrible earthquake in Japan which occurred one year to the day after the one that devastated so much of the Los Angeles area last year. We have not heard from Yuchan, our Japanese daughter, but she lived a rather long way from the epicenter so we think she was not affected. We will attempt to call her after things have calmed down over there and international calls are not so crowded. There are thousands of Japanese living in the US that have relatives in the area and they are anxiously trying to get information.

The whole Pacific rim, which includes Alaska, San Francisco, Los Angeles, the coast of Mexico and South America, and Japan are all sitting on the edge of the Pacific plate which is moving and which will produce many horrible earthquakes in the next few years. And don't be surprised if there are not some along the Atlantic seaboard. There is a weak spot in the center of the North American Plate about the place where the eastern part of Missouri dips down into

Arkansas, and it is over due for a Big One. When I was a kid, I thought earthquakes and volcanoes were something that happened millions of years ago and would never happen in my lifetime. I was wrong.

Did you read in the papers about the 11-year old boy who used a .38 Smith and Wesson to rob a bank in Georgia? He escaped on a bicycle but was apprehended about 20 minutes later and most of the loot recovered. He is now in jail. What is this world coming to??

I received a request from Mark Mondy of Pueblo CO this week saying that he had a lot of 8mm movie film that was taken of his parents and family and he wanted to know they could best be put on video tape. I'm sure that there are many of you who would like to do the same. The most satisfactory way of doing it is to take it to a shop that specializes in this kind of work. They have the best facilities. I have no idea of the cost. If you have a projector, you can project the picture on a small screen (sheet of paper) and focus your camcorder on it and do it yourself. I have done that. But you will have to have a projector for that kind of film and the new 8mm projectors won't show the old film. I don't have one of the old projectors. I have some film I would like to put on tape and if I succeed in getting one of the old projectors, I would be glad to do it. If any of the readers have some suggestions, please let me hear from you and I will pass it along to every one. This works well with slides and old pictures, too. Mom once brought a lot of pictures of our ancestry including some tintypes and she held the pictures and explained who they were while I recorded both the picture and her voice.

(Mark -- tell Jamie I have a good video of her crawling naked across a blanket on Mom's floor when she was just learning to crawl. I'm keeping it until she gets a boy friend to see how much she will pay me not to show it to him.)

The Pocahontas Star Herald for Dec 29 (I think) carried an article about our cousin Nell Mondy and the endowment of a Lectureship at Williams Baptist College of Pocahontas/Walnut Ridge. Nell is the daughter of Daley D. and Ethel (Carroll) Mondy. Uncle Daley was the 7th child of JC and Rhoda Alice Mondy, grandparents to many of us. The article reads as follows:

WBC ENDOWS MONDY-CARROLL LECTURESHIP. Dr. Nell Mondy of Ithaca, NY has made a gift to Williams Baptist College to endow the Mondy-Carroll Lectureship in memory of three Pocahontas natives, Dr. Mondy's parents, Mr and Mrs D.D. Mondy and her cousin, Bill Carroll.

Dr. Mondy is Professor Emeritus of Nutritional Science, Food Science, and Toxicology at Cornell University in Ithaca. A Pocahontas High School graduate, she has been on the faculty at Cornell for more than 40 years. She is a *summa cum laude* graduate of Ouachita Baptist University with both bachelor of science and bachelor of arts degrees in chemistry. She holds a master's degree in biochemistry from the University of Texas and a doctorate in biochemistry from Cornell.

Her father, Daley D. Mondy died as a young man in Pocahontas in 1924. He had been a school teacher and had served two terms as Randolph County Tax Assessor. At the time of his death, he had become successful in the restaurant business.

Her mother, Ethel Carroll Mondy lived in Pocahontas many years. She was an active member of the First Baptist Church and was employed by the Pocahontas Star Herald for approximately 20 years. She left Pocahontas in 1943 to follow her daughter, Nell, to Arkadelphia, AR, and later to Austin, TX and then to Ithaca NY. She died in Ithaca in 1972 at the age of 83.

Her cousin, William "Bill" Carroll lived in Pocahontas all of his life and was one of Nell's classmates. He was owner-publisher of the *Pocahontas Star Herald* 1963 to 1973 and as Mayor of Pocahontas from 1976 to 1980 during which time he served as a member of the Arkansas Crime Commission. An accomplished builder contractor, Carroll constructed some of

the finer homes in Pocahontas. He died in 1990 at the age of 68.

In the masthead of the *Chronicle* you will see that it is published for "friends" also. One of those friends is Margaret Barnhart, a genealogist who has published such books as *The Cemeteries of Randolph County* and alphabetized records of a number of censuses dating back to 1850. Margaret and I visited her in her lovely home near Warm Springs, AR in 1991. When we were there she had rack after rack full of shoe boxes full of data she was computerizing about most every body that ever lived in Randolph county. She has a husband, Bob, who must love her a lot or has a guilty conscious for he bought her a brand new Pentium equipped computer with a large screen (she has eye troubles) for Christmas. [*Peg, tell Bob I don't mean it.*] She probably knows more about you than you know about yourself. She has been of great help to the *Chronicle* and often sends me loads of information. When we returned from California there was a letter from her from which I have extracted the following:

"... Would love to come to see you [*In response to my invitation for her and Bob to visit us.*] I like that part of the country and have not seen much of it. Unfortunately, traveling is getting harder and harder for me. We get comfortable at home and hate to leave it and when we do we are always anxious to get back.

Have purchased some more CDs which fill the cracks even more and, of course, there are more I want. With my new Pentium computer, I can find items faster. Bob bought me a new computer with a larger monitor when he bought his. Yes, our Pentium chips are defective and Intel is sending us new ones. Instead of putting *Word Perfect for DOS* on it he put *Word Perfect 6.0 for Windows* on it and now I am having to learn the new Word perfect and Windows at the same time.

I agree with you that most Americans will never use this superhighway to technology that is be-

ing touted. It is a lot of bull. They won't use it because they have't the equipment or because they don't have the ability. One of the things it can be used for is to order a pizza from your computer. *[whoop te do]* Now can you see me ordering one from Pocahontas? Why order one over your computer or TV when it is much handier to use the phone? The return on investments in such equipment will either take longer than my lifetime or the companies will go broke. Remember the Studebaker? *[I do -- I had two of them]* It was too advanced for its time, and now the others are just now coming up with the sleek lines it had. Before we can foist high-tech items onto the nation, we have to improve the educational system a lot so that adults will be ready for it. That means wiping out old educational methods and administrators and a change in the attitudes of parents. When I was teaching, I found that so many parents wanted their children taught in the same way they were taught, as if times had not changed and the work force required the same skills as the parents had. And computers are not the panacea a lot of people think they are.

And now I'll get off my soap box. Thanks for the invite. Best to all, Margaret Barnhart.

* * * * *

One of the "nuggets" I mined this week was something written by Mom. If she did not have something on which to write and was too comfortable to get up and try to find something, she would pick up a piece of cardboard, or the back of an envelope and write on that. I found the following on a piece of cardboard in her waste basket once when I was visiting her, and put it on the computer when I got home. I had forgotten about it until I found it last week. She was in her late eighties or early nineties when she wrote it, and was probably reminiscing about her childhood. It is poetic. I have called it *Mama Remembers*.

Mama Remembers
(Mary Mondy)

An old house on top of a hill
where the winter wind blows,

The snow flakes fall
Make frost on the windows on the inside
The crackling fire in the old black fireplace
Hooks and shovel stand at one side
The squeak of the pulley, some one is drawing
water from the well
The screaming door, the click of the latch, foot-
steps in the hall
The sound of the dash in the churn
The soud of the old mantle clock striking four
o'clock

The beginning of the night chores
Boots on, a heavy brown coat, cap, ear flaps
over the ears, home-made mittens
At the barn: the horse in his stall whimpering for
hay and corn; feed him and fasten the door
The cow is ready for milking, give her the cotton
seed, bucket on ground so to milk with both
hands, she won't kick the bucket over, sit on
three-legged stool, warm hands first.
The old sow and the pigs, all squealing for their
food, but milk to house first.
Cats yeolling for their milk

To the woodpile for armload after armload of
wood, pile behind the stove, put some on fire.
Sweep snow from porch

Hot crackling cornbread on the table
Dad's cup filled with coffee
Children around the table, some on stools, some
on benches

Plates filled with navy beans, red gravy, a
chunk of meat, sorghum molasses with butter
stirred in until it is golden yellow
Baby gets a slice of bread with butter on it

Children ready for bed, wearing their long un-
derwear, each with a string of asaphoedita
around the neck to ward off colds
Cough syrup made from horehound weed and
molasses on the mantel to use if child coughs

I think she was describing her home as she re-
membered it. I found it interesting -- I hope you
do too..

In November, while we were in California for Margaret's surgery, a telephone call came in and Jim took it, then passed it on to me. The caller identified herself as Martha Keller, and after a lot of hum-hawing on my part while I was trying to get my brain working she discovered to me that she was the daughter of Noma Jean (Goings) ???, the granddaughter of Paul Goings, and the great granddaughter of Dona Goings. She wanted to get some information about her ancestry. I wrote her name and address on the back of an envelope and promised to write her as soon as I returned to Taos. The envelope on which I had written her address was so wrinkled that I was not sure of the address so I wrote for confirmation. Her letter of Dec. 8 was waiting for me when I returned after Christmas. Please welcome to the *Chronicle Family*

Martha Keller
PO Box 3702
Antioch, CA 94531

Excerpts from her letter follows:

"...Harrison, you have reached the right address and I thank you for your letter an a copy of the paper. I have no idea who all these people [mentioned in the paper] are.

I have two boys: Joseph Clayton A???, known as Joe, born 11/2/1973 in Santa Clara County [CA] and Shawn Phillip A??? born 10/22/1977. [I'm sorry, Martha, but I could not make out the spelling of the boys' last name.] Shawn is a Jr in School and plans to become a Doctor of Veterinary Medicine (somebody has to be good on this side of the family). Both sons tower above me (I'm only 5'2") and are very protective. Both took after me in looks, (cute) dark hair and brown eyes.

My goal is to become a paramedic, then go on to be a flight nurse.

Shawn, working with his Uncle Sonny [Paul Goings, Jr] is trying to draw his family tree and would like to have as much info as you have. Also we would like to know how much Indian blood we have. Some say I look like my great grandmother, Sarah Caldonga Goings. My Mom,

Noma Jean, lives in Arkansas and is doing well. Please keep in touch, Martha Keller.

Martha - I am bringing some of the family trees up to date and you will be receiving them soon. They will be accompanied by a letter that will answer some of your questions.

From Herman and Lillie I received the name and address of Bonnie Hanley so I wrote to her, identifying myself and asking her to tell me who she was. I received the following from her:

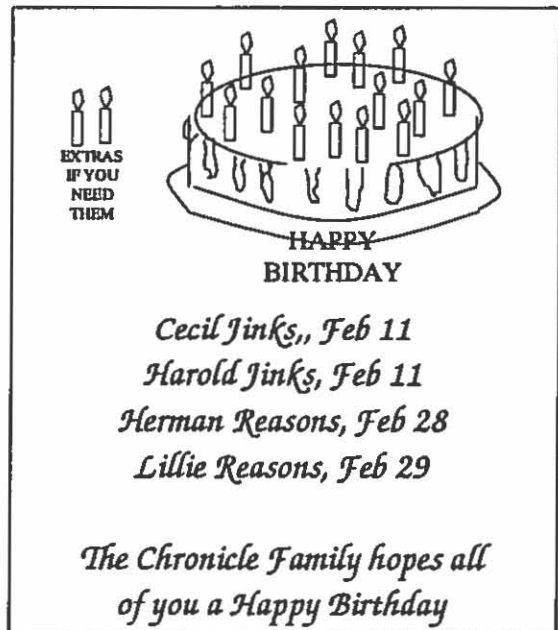
"...I am the daughter of Sherman (Reasons) Hanley and the granddaughter of Lewis Leo Reasons. Sherma passed away August 14, 1990. I met Herman and Lillie in Arkansas in September of 1989 at my grandparent's Golden Anniversary celebration.

I would like a family tree and the paper."

Bonnie - you will receive the trees showing your ancestry as soon as I have been able to up date them and assemble them.

Meet:

Bonnie Hanley
10234 N. E. Fargo
Portland, OR 9722



As you can see I have found my birthday list but sad to say there are a lot of birthdays missing. I do not have birthdays for the following:

J.e and Katie Mondy
Thomas and Josie Mondy
Steve, Megan, and Katie Schipper
Cecil Sitz

Now I may be able to find some of these if I search long enough but if you want to get greetings from the Chronicle family and staff, how about doing me a favor and sending me those birthdays. I need them for the family trees, too

* * * * *

TIDBITS AND PIECES

. **Harold Jinks** is writing his life history and I have promised to format it and send it to his friends and family. Should be very interesting, covering the greater part of this century..

Jessie and Noal Pemberton should be on their way home to Colorado Springs from their month-long Christmas visit with the Vycitals in the Phoenix area.

Judy Washburn continues to improve from her broken back but has had the flu and a case of pleurisy.

Tom Kirk says that there has been very little snowfall in Colo. Spgs this year, very, very dry. El Nino plays a lot of dirty tricks on us -- changes the weather around the world.

Cecil Jinks reports that he is the same as ever. (I guess that means he is still ornery.)

Haven't heard from **Mike Landwehr**, our distant half-cousin (I never have figured out exactly what kin we are) in a long time so I'm beginning to worry about him

Mark Mondy says his family is so wrapped up in work, school, and church activities they do not have time to be bored.

Margaret still hasn't been notified that she has

won that million dollars Of course she hasn't spent any of it yet.

Once when **Mom** was visiting us, she wrote a letter on the computer. It was three sentences long and the last one was "I'm writing this on a computer". She was real proud of herself. I found the letter last week.

Had a long talk with **Lynette and Dewel** on Friday night. Both seemed to getting along ok. We discussed the effects of El Nino on the weather and how it was affecting the snow fall in the Rockies. As of now, their moisture on the east side is 38% below normal which means the Arkansas River will not be getting its normal runoff. If the conditions are the same on the other side of the mountain, the Colorado river which supplies so much of the water for California and Arizona will be short this year also. I saw the other day that another El Nino is forming in the western Pacific and is being watched carefully by our weather men. These days, satellites measure the surface temperture of the ocean daily and are of great help.

Our old house in El Segundo weathered the storms in So Calif quite well, **Jim** reports. Some of the lower areas in town flooded but the total damage was estimated at \$3 million. Only one family had to go to a Red Cross shelter. About a score of homes had flood damage, and there was considerable damage to our new Library. This was the kind of downpour that happens only once in a hundred years, and the pumps were simply not able to meet the demands. Several businesses in the lower areas suffered considerable damage

I still haven't heard from my brother-in-law telling me what a fine gift I sent him for Christmas. He knows I'll print it so you will be able to read all about it. He's probably getting his lawyer to write it for him -- wouldn't surprise me at all.

Be good til next time, AND WRITE.
I love you all

Harrison