

CHRONICLE

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

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Where do you suppose my father ever got the "by words" he used to express his disgust? If he was trying to repair something and it came apart in his hand, or if he discovered that something had been broken, he would utter, "The douse and Tom Walker" and if he was utterly disgusted, he would come out with, "The Devil and Tom Walker". Now you will probably say, "He got it from Washington Irving's little story called, *The Devil and Tom Walker*. But Dad never read the story. Now Irving said at the end of the story that the people in Boston used the phrase but I wonder how it got to the hills of Arkansas. [Margaret says that her dad used the phrase in somewhat the same way, so it was used in northern Louisiana.

It is now Thursday, 2/2/95, Groundhog day. I am going to try to get out another copy of the *Chronicle* before we leave next Wednesday 2/8 for California. I have a "sore" in my ear (upper part of the flap) that may be a skin cancer and I want it looked at by my doctor. We will also be able to attend a couple of performances at Brecken's school in which she will participate, and we will be able to have our income tax papers processed.

Speaking of groundhog day, I don't think we have any such animals around here but if there was one he would have certainly seen his shadow. The sun rose clear and bright, remained so all day, and set in a series of gorgeous colors. The temperature was 22 degrees at sunrise, rose to about 45 at mid afternoon, and now at 7:30

PM has fallen to 32 degrees. Even so, it is pleasant outside, I have just been out for several minutes with only my undershirt on my top. The air is so dry, one can not feel it.

What have I got for this issue? Well there is a letter from my maternal cousin, Joyce Powers who lives in Cottage Grove, OR; a very descriptive letter from Pat telling about the trials and tribulations of her daughter who chose to move into a new home just before Christmas; and, believe-it-or-not, a letter from "Old Ornerly" who has notified me that he has cut me out of his will again. And if there is space and I have time, I'll tell you about The Ghost of Trail's End. (Trail's End is the name of our house as can be seen on the sign over our garage as one approaches. The sign was a gift from Judy Washburn.)

Before I get into the letters, I must give you our health report.

My cold has about disappeared. Margaret had quite a cough and last week she developed a severe pain in her left side that was so great we considered going to the doctor. Then after about two days it disappeared. Tentatively, we think that maybe one of her stitches was acting up, but we are not sure. Today, she feels fine; even slipped out and washed the car when I wasn't looking.

We are soon going to have a neighbor. She is building a 5 bedroom, 5 bath house, with individual saunas in each BR + a lot of extras. She has five grown children and wants a separate BR for each when they come to visit her. In the meantime she will operate the house as a Bed & Breakfast place. If she charges like the others do in this area, she'll have to get at least \$85.00 per night. Margaret told her if she had any overflow,

she could send them down to our house (for a lot less money). She is a lovely person and we are glad to have her. She hopes to be able to move in in April.

OK, time for the letters.

First is the one from Pat Mondy. For you who have trouble trying to find which limb on the family tree she hangs; Pat is the wife of Holland Mondy, who was the son of Fred and Edna Mondy. Fred was the son of Houston H. Mondy, brother to my grandfather, James Campbell Mondy. Since Fred was my father's first cousin, Holland is my second cousin and Pat is a second cousin-in-law. Got that straight? She is the "Irma Bombeck" of the Chronicle, but writes a better column. I am abridging her column a bit for some of it is of a personal nature.

PAT SAYS:

"...Does it seem to you that every Christmas presents us with an unbelievable story? In retrospect, maybe we could say that this is just another in a long string of curious holidays. Remember a couple years back when we tried to fly from Corpus Christi to Albuquerque only to find that so many airports were closed by winter weather that we almost ended up back in CC? Well we did not have that trouble this time -- it was a completely different story.

To begin with, we just dropped everything when we got Kristi's plaintive request that we be in Los Alamos yesterday so we could help her today with placing her furniture in the new house they had just bought. Especially, she wanted advice as to the placement of furniture and paintings (as if we were authorities).

What she really needed was some one to help because she and husband, Ray, just didn't have time to do the job of moving in, arranging the furniture, unpacking all those boxes with unnamed contents, putting up the books, finding the right place for multitudinous dishes and all the other tasks. How they had found enough room in their former house to stash all the stuff is a mystery. They are collectors and have, in the book

department alone, enough books to start a public library.

Our ten year old granddaughter Catherine's room proved to be a mover's horror. She was so thrilled over her spacious room in the new house, she had begun to pack even before the deal was closed. This was achieved by getting up in the middle of the night and dumping everything within reach in her old room into containers or boxes or paper sacks. I believe she made an exception of the aquarium which probably has yet to be located. I would not have been surprised to find a caged lion in any box for Catherine is a great animal lover. Has a gerbil, two white mice, and a parakeet in a large cage. Plus three dogs, but they live outside.

Although Krista and Ray had worked diligently to unpack and create order, the whole house when we arrived looked as if a hurricane and an earthquake had had a brawl in each room, and clearly, a tornado had run rampant through the kitchen.

While we were helping them get settled in the new house we were so busy we never got our Christmas shopping completed. As the time relentlessly moved toward Christmas, we realized how few presents we had for our grandchildren beside a few books. I kept fretting until our girls [Krista and Lisa] suggested we go shopping for the children among the presents already purchased and hidden in their closets. Both Krista and Lisa buy during the year and had accumulated items they knew the children wanted and had naturally overshopped. It was great fun and worked out fine for all concerned. Saved fighting the crowds in the stores. But I got the job of wrapping everything.

Krista and Ray are making a Bed & Breakfast out of a separate part of the house so after Christmas we went shopping for all the items needed for the B&B plus paint, tile, etc. for a bathroom being expanded. (I hate walking on concrete and an all day session leaves me almost a cripple.) All day and into the night we shopped. Finally, long after dark, we stopped to

pick up some posters we had left to be mounted. Holland and I decided to remain in the van, which by this time was crammed with boxes and packages, a TV, microwave oven, small fridge, bedding and other. Krista and Ray were gone longer than anticipated, and we could see the mall security police walking around. I just knew that sooner or later they would see our van and come to see why we were still there. I could just see them shining their flashlights in our eyes and questioning us about where we had stolen all the loot. Of course they would ask for sales receipts which we didn't have because Krista had them in her purse. We thought up all kinds of stories to tell them. (1) We were just a homeless couple who had stumbled on this van and were trying to keep warm. (2) Our children had abandoned their poor old parents, loaded them into the van and they could find no other place to park. (3) We had been waylaid by pirates --- well we dreamed up some doozies. Fortunately, before the police got too nosy, Krista and Ray returned.

Before we arrived in NM Krista had already put out a flyer advertising the B&B saying that it had all the things we had just been buying, and since we were to be the first occupants Holland thought that he ought to report to the Better Business Bureau that the place had been misrepresented. B&Bs are needed in Los Alamos for there is a scarcity of motels and rooms in the area, and it is 35 miles to Santa Fe where the accommodations are expensive.

Isn't it odd that your mind can play such tricks on you? We have been back in CC for weeks and yet sometimes just before I drop off the sleep I get this feeling that I must jump out of bed and go Christmas shopping. Am I really that far behind, or am I just a ball of energy getting ready for next Christmas. And then there are times when I seem to see poor Krista with all those boxes and think how lazy I am for not helping her.

I tried to describe Krista's new house to my brother in Norman, OK, telling him all about the space, lots of shelves and closets, and the three

attics for storage, and all the storage for groceries in the kitchen -- then I thought he was going to cry. He had just received word that they were having company -- twelve guests that were coming to visit for a week in his medium size house suitable for retired people. His wife had gone out and bought enough groceries to feed the crowd and had no place to store them. I could just picture them having to put hundreds of dollars worth of groceries in bags and hanging them on trees in the back yard. Haven't heard yet if they all survived.

Getting back to Christmas at Krista's; we survived. We got Ray to cook the turkey as punishment for not ordering the whole Christmas dinner catered by Luby's as we girls thought would be a good deal. Santa found us though Beth was afraid he wouldn't know she had moved. Catherine's parakeet will probably have fond memories of the day. Someone chasing our grandson, Eliot knocked over the stand, spilling bird seed all over everything, and freeing the bird for an exhilarating Christmas whirl around the house until Catherine caught it. It is probably "Dreaming of Next Christmas" which will arrive for me in about 6 months. Cheers to all, Pat.

The next letter I am obligated to print in this great little news paper comes from my wife's brother, Cecil, but I will not print parts of it. I will just tell you some of what it says, but in my own words. Cecil has had trouble with his back for a long time and is now having to wear a "contraption" on it that sends periodic "shock waves" to his muscles. He says it gives him some relief but not a lot but that any relief is welcome. He says, "I have lost so much weight, my wristwatch keeps slipping down my arm. I guess I'll have to wear it on my leg, but that presents problem because I can't get my leg up high enough to tell the time."

Then he addresses a section to the Chronicle readers, to wit:

"Now to the Chronicle Readers: I wish more of you would write to the editor of that paper if for

no other reason than to stop his little fibs, and insults, and innuendos directed at me. He has made several remarks in the paper hinting at my ingratitude for his Christmas gifts. Well he did send me two gifts. One was the Memory Enhancer which I would like to use because my forgetter works overtime. I would use it but I forgot where I hung it. The other gift was about the biggest insult I or anyone could get. He sent me two rolls of bathroom tissue made out of straw, pine needles, cactus thorns, brambles, thorns, and pieces of barb wire. *[Now just hold right there, Brother-in-law, there was no barb wire in it. If you will read the label, it does not show any barb wire. - the Editor]*. I would not treat my worst enemy this way! Whatever was left in my will for him has now been codicil out. It's gone, period.

I want to say thanks to the Springfield ladies and to Pat for their faithfulness in writing to the paper. Their letters and columns are enjoyable. I wish I could get some of the Jinkses to write more -- none of us are very faithful.

I want you to know that I am not canceling my subscription to the *Chronicle*. I wouldn't get any money back and besides, I don't want to miss any of the insults the editor keeps throwing at me.

I love all of you (including the editor) Cecil

Well there you have it. Straight from the horse's mouth -- or actually from Old Ornerly himself. And there goes my half-million dollars I was hoping to get from his will. Leaves me kinda down -- I was counting on that for my old age. Harrison

I have two communiques from the Jinkses. Ercil, Margaret's sister, in a private communication reports their cousin, Dr. Forrest Terral, died during the last week in January. I have no further details to report.

The second is from Margaret's sister, a member

of the Chronicle Family in good standing, and admits that Cecil (Old Ornerly) is actually her brother. *[He cut me out of his will -- how awful.]*

I will omit a few lines from Judy because they are personal.

FROM JUDY W.

"... I do not write very often but I get so much news from Margaret and give her so much news that I seem to have little left to send to the Chronicle. But Harrison I do enjoy the paper and all the little tidbits you put in it. I especially enjoy Pat Mondy's column. Cecil reports that he visited her in Corpus Christi and that she is as charming as her letters indicate.

I am getting along really good, now that I am over the flu. It left me with pleurisy, but now that is gone. I have now been in this brace *[back brace, she broke her back last August - Ed]* for 5 months and still have 7 month to go. I can now do a lot of things that I haven't been able to do since last August. As many of you know, I had rather cook than do most anything else so now I get up and bake something (if we need it) *[Judy I think you mean if you can find an excuse - HCM]* before I get tired. Bud loves chocolate and I've already baked him a Toll House pie this morning. (I'm enclosing three recipes for Margaret just in case you get any urges, Harrison.)

I have talked to Mary Jean *[sister-in-law to the Jinks clan]*, to Evelyn *[niece]*, to Dottie *[McDonald, niece]* and to Helen *[CP's wife]* lately. It is always so refreshing to talk to Mary Jean. She is really remarkable for a lady 95 years old.

Helen and CP have moved into a Baptist Retirement home over the week-end. CP's youngest son, Kenneth and wife Nancy came from Phoenix to help with the move. When CP gets used to the new place, Helen will have back surgery.

Evelyn is doing ok. At 73 she is in love again and calls me every day to tell me about it. She has very little short term memory *[because of her stroke]* but can remember every thing that

happened 50 years ago. She is looking forward to the family reunion in May.

Dottie and Mack are going to Arkansas for Harold's 89th birthday celebration on the 11th of February and have invited me to go with them. I'm going. I have not been on a long trip with this brace on but I'll never know whether I can until I have tried it.

Harrison, I enjoyed your mother's poem that you retrieved from her waste basket. Your Mom was a great favorite of mine; I was always entertained when I was with her. I especially remember our making sandwiches for Judy's wedding reception. I was always glad when she visited you while I was there and I enjoyed visiting her in Colorado Springs. I'm glad she gave birth to you and that you married my sister and became my brother-in-law. *[Better be careful what you say, Judy. Old Ornerly reads the paper and he may cut you out of his will for saying such nice things about me. HCM]*

I'm going to talk to Geri tonight. I really miss her. She is as good to me as my own children.

Keep the Chronicle coming. I feel like I know a lot of your cousins just from reading it. I'll think of you when I'm eating that good catfish in Arkansas. *[Why do you have to mention Arkansas catfish and Toll House pie in the same letter? HCM]*

Did you hear about the boy who went off to college and his father, feeling sorry for him, sent his old dog, "Old Blue" with him to keep him company. Well the boy hadn't been in college very long until he discovered that there were prettier things to chase in college than possums and coons. But he also found out that they cost a lot of money. Knowing how much his dad loved Old Blue, he wrote him a letter saying that there was a man on the campus that would teach the dog to read for a hundred dollars. Soon he received the money but it didn't last too long so he wrote another letter saying that Old Blue had done so well in reading that the man had agreed

to teach him to talk for another hundred dollars. Well that lasted til spring break and he had to go home to face his father with the fact that the dog could neither read nor talk. Along the road he devised a plan. He shot the dog and drove on home without him. When he arrived at home and drove up into the yard, his mother threw her arms around him and smothered him with kisses but his father ran past him and out to the car to see his dog. Then he asked his son about what happened. The boy said, "Well Dad I have to tell you the truth. We were riding along and Old Blue was sitting in the back seat reading the Wall Street Journal. Then he put the paper down and said, "I wonder if your dad is still messing around with the Widow Jones". The Dad jumped up and down and said, "That dirty liar. If I'd been there I would have shot him." The boy said, "Well Dad, you'll be happy to know that's just what happened".

Now this story came out of the Hutchinson News and it sounds just like the kind of story my brother-in-law would tell. I know he associates with the editor of the paper and I'm wondering if this was one of the ways he accumulated his fortune. Anyway, whether he wrote it or not, I thought it a good one and I hope you do too.

My mother had four sisters and one brother. One of her sisters, Aunt Mag, had a whole passel of children, all of whom have, so far as I know, passed beyond the pale. So has Aunt Esther's only. But her brother, Uncle Earn had two children, a son Paul, and a daughter, Joyce. Paul has been in a "Home" for several years and is failing fast. When we visited Joyce a few years ago I asked to see him about some dates and other things I needed about our ancestry. He agreed to see me for half an hour. He answered every one of my questions with lucidity but before the half hour was up he became very nervous and asked that we leave. Since then, all the news I receive about him comes from Joyce.

But Joyce is fit as a fiddle, lives in the edge of Cottage Grove in a lovely home in the edge of a

forest of beautiful evergreens. When Margaret and I visited her and her husband Raymond Powers a few years ago we enjoyed it very much. (I ate too many cherries right fresh off the tree, and you know what comes of that.) Joyce has been one of the Chronicle Cousins almost from the beginning. (But she doesn't write very often.) Here is her letter sans some personal information.

FROM JOYCE

I just hate to write letters - besides I've been very busy. The weather is beautiful, just a little cool today. Today the OJ Simpson trial starts and I guess it will run for three to six months (and I won't be able to see my soap operas -Ha.)

Paul is still in the Home and still does not like company. Now he doesn't want any company at all and does not even recognize Glenola (his wife) part of the time. Their daughter, Pauline (Mannings) has moved back to Cottage Grove. Glenola was living with Paul, Jr until he took a good job in Eugene, so now she lives alone.

Well California has certainly had its troubles; earthquakes, fires, and now floods and mudslides. We got a lot of rain here and some flooding in the lower areas, but we were not bothered by it here on this hill side.

Raymond has a brother in Rocky Ford, CO. He and his wife drive tractors and do contract work for the farmers there. Our children have good jobs so we have no worry about them.

We had lots of tomatoes until the deer decided they liked tomatoes and ate them. In the past, they have not bothered our tomatoes; just ate the peppers. Raymond now has a fence around them. They ate cherries as high as they could reach and the birds ate the rest so we had a poor crop of cherries. There are about a dozen deer that hang around here. During the summer they lay around under the apple trees waiting for an apple to fall. Two of the does gave birth to twins.

We will probably not be traveling in you section of the country this year. We are expecting a visit from Raymond's brother and wife from Graham, Texas.

I'm glad you like New Mexico but I bet you miss your children and your granddaughter. I sure do enjoy her articles for the Chronicle.

Raymond has bought a riding lawn mower and a small trailer. He hauls the wood for the house in the trailer. Right now he is mowing and soon he'll come in complaining about how tired he is. (Takes a lot of energy to ride the mower around? Ha.)

I hope all the Chronicle people like the paper as much as I do. Keep up the good work. Love to all, Joyce

* * * * *

The name of our house is *TRAIL'S END* for it is here that we expect our trail to end. We didn't build the house but no one ever lived in it for more than a few months so it stood here for five or six years with the security lights on day and night and only a weekly visit by the caretaker, so what better place could a disgruntled ghost find as the proper place to vent his rage. We think he took up permanent residence while we were in Calif. for Christmas. One night after our return we were quietly reading, I at the kitchen table and Margaret lying propped up in our bed which was one room and a long hall removed from me. It began with a tap as if some one wanted in but before I had time to reach the door it was banging so loud that it sounded as if a giant was slamming doors in a great rage, but on our roof. I started for the bedroom to see if Marg had heard it and met her coming down the hall to ask me what on earth it was. She was sure it was directly over the bedroom, it must be something in the bedroom above. But I was positive it was right above the kitchen. Mark had borrowed my ladder and I could not get on the roof. There was not a peep until about 4 o'clock the next morning when the same thing happened again. Then began a series of appearances, day and night. (To be Continued)