

# CHRONICLE

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

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2/15/95

Yesterday was Valentine's day. I said "Happy Valentine's Day" to Margaret and she to me, somewhere along the road out of Kingman, AZ. I think we repeated the ritual over a bowl of hot porridge when we arrived home about 5 PM last evening. So went Valentine's day for the Mondys of Taos.

A week ago we left for California with three things in mind: I, to see a skin specialist about a small "sore" in the pinna of my ear that would not heal, making me think it might be a skin cancer; we, to see Brecken in one of her plays and to attend her piano recital; and to have our income tax papers processed. By 12:30 on Monday we had accomplished all three of our goals and left California for Kingman where we spent Monday night and continued on home yesterday.

The doctor was not disturbed by the little growth in my ear, -- said it was a form of wart which was seldom troublesome. She cut it out and sent it for tests.

On Friday night we saw Brecken in a play. Since I had never read the play and did not know what it was all about, and since it was performed in an old auditorium with very poor acoustics and unequipped with a speaker system, my evaluation of her acting is based solely on her appearance. She was very natural and certainly had no trouble with her lines, so I gave her an "A". She also got an "A" from me for her piano recital on Sunday afternoon.

As for the third object of our trip, the income tax, we over paid a bit last year and got a little back.

When we arrived back here we had boxes and bundles of mail; lots of pieces telling us how close we are to winning several million-dollar prizes. There was one box 9x12x18 inches that we wondered what it contained. It was big enough to hold one of those million dollars in cash but was from the wrong company. Then we remembered that we had ordered (for \$14.98) a portable doorbell. It is the kind that requires no wiring. Simply put the button on any door, then carry the doorbell with you to what ever room you are in. It is good for us here for if Margaret is in the bedroom, she cannot hear the doorbell in the kitchen. Since the doorbell and button fit in a box 4x4x1 inches, we wondered if the rest of the box was full of peanuts.. It wasn't; it was full of the following "freebies".

1 coffee helper -- a measuring spoon with two "legs" with rubber tips to help in picking up a filter.

1 3-in-1 closet organizer -- not quite sure how to use it yet

2 Crystal Candle holders -- which we need like a hole in the head.

2 Silver-plated shell trays -- very pretty, may end up in Gabes toy box.

1 Backend Envelope -- which we could not identify, nor could we determine whether it was for a woman or a man.

4 plastic glasses --looks like ivory, very sturdy, just the thing to take on trips.

1 Letter opener -- razor blade in a protective plastic frame; does a good job.

1 Scraper, Strainer, Cutter -- at least that is what it says.

1 Event Indicator which has the dates when each of the amendments was added to the constitution and about 50 great events in American History.

4 Key Markers -- little rubber things to put on the head of keys so you won't get the wrong one.

4 Sock Separators -- little plastic things you put a pair of socks in to keep them together in the washing machine.

1 Book on how to win sweepstake and lottery prizes -- I can't wait to find out what I have been doing wrong!

And just think! All those were freebies for ordering a 15-dollar thing. What if I ordered something expensive!

In addition to all of that, there were in the mail about a dozen magazines, one of which is bigger than the old fashioned Sears catalog, weighed 4 pounds and has more than a thousand pages, most of which is advertising.

Now most of the above was not news, -- just filler stuff from the publisher.

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Talked to Jessie and Noal Pemberton last night after we came home. They called, primarily, to let me know how Jessie came through her most recent surgery. Do you remember that last October Jessie had a hernia -- a break in the wall of the perinaeum (I got that word out of *Gray's Anatomy* and I think I'm right in what was wrong). Anyway, the doctor went in through a big slit in her tummy and sewed up the hole. Later she began to feel the same pain and thought that the stitches didn't hold. On Monday of this week she went back, but found that the stitches were still holding; now there was a smaller hernia which had either been overlooked during the first operation or was a new one. The doctor took care of that and now she is feeling much better and hopes this is the end of the hernia problem. I expect this extended Noal's term as house keeper but I didn't ask about that.

Noal and Jessie spent the Christmas holidays with the Vycitals in the Phoenix area, (Steve and Lu Schipper and Megan and Katie; Susan; Ken, Brian, and Emily). I have learned that Brian, now age 11, is a published author, having won a writing contest. Now this is just rumor, but I'll update you when I get more information. Jessie has promised a complete report in the near future.

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I mentioned in a recent issue of the *Chronicle* that Margaret's brother Harold was writing a history of his life which goes back about 89 years, and is progressing nicely with it. He sent us many pages, written in his special cursive hand writing, and I have typed it into the computer. He tells one particular story that I found enjoyable and thinking that he won't mind, I am repeating it here, paraphrasing in cases where necessary because I am lifting it out of context.

*"We moved into the Wadsworth area which had both plusses and minusses. One of the minusses was the absence of educational and religious facilities. Papa took the lead and a school was built. Papa was on the school board and I was hired as a janitor at a dollar a week. I never saw that dollar; it went into the general fund for operating the school. I vividly remember one incident when I was the janitor. There was an unusual cold spell and the temperature dropped so low we had a frost. That particular morning Papa decided that I should wear shoes to school, and the ones he chose for me to wear was a pair of Sears Roebuck shoes that my sister Ozella had outgrown. Now these were button-up shoes, definitely girl's shoes. On the way to school to perform my duties I began to think of what the kids would say about my shoes. It was three miles to the school and I was riding a mule. Before I got to school, I arrived at a solution: I got off that symbol of the Democratic party, removed the shoes, and hid them under a culvert. By the time I got to school it was raining and it rained all day, so by the time I got back to the culvert there was nothing but a sea of water. I rode my mule up and down the road looking for*

*those shoes for I knew what would happen when I had to face Papa without them. There was a plowline that was used to "build character" and as a result of my false modesty because of what I thought the children would say about me, my character would need some building.*

Keep going, Harold, you might not have enjoyed the charactering building but we enjoyed reading about it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Mary Jean, Thanks for the lovely Valentine; thanks for thinking of us.

\* \* \* \* \*

As most of you know, the Langes were our best friends in Australia. Lisl, whom many of you have met has visited us three or four times here in the States and Margaret has visited her three times in Australia. Lisl has a son, Volker, who has been stationed in Germany for two or three years whose wife, Jenny writes to us at frequent intervals. She writes very interesting letters and in her last letter she inclosed a letter that had been written to The Ladies International Association to which she belongs describing the conditions in Croatia and Bosnia (which is only an 8-hour drive from where she lives). I will excerpt part of it for I am sure we do not really appreciate the conditions there.

"We used the money for the children in Novi-Travik. [*This, I think, is a small village in Bosnia --HCM*] Last week end we drove to Bosnia taking with us some items especially for the children's Christmas surprise. For the children the conditions are particularly bad. There is no heat in the schools and they cannot give normal lessons. They have no school supplies, so we took notebooks, pens, and paintboxes. When you realize that there more than 4000 children there it is clear that much help is needed.

"There are 150 widows, none over 35, with their 300 children living in Novi-Travik. These women were driven out of their homes and allowed to take with them only the clothes on their back. There are no jobs there so they are totally depen-

dent upon outside help. The greatest shock came when we visited their "hospital". It is located in the church. A hospital bed is two church benches pushed together. The operating room is the sitting room of the priest. It has a small stove which can be used when wood or coal is available. The Intensive Care Section is in the priest's bedroom and there were 10 patients, men, women, and children in it and only the meagerest of equipment. Most operations are performed without anaesthesia. There is very little medicine available and no means of performing blood and urine tests. There are no beds or sheets or towels.

"In Croatia, the conditions are even worse. The worst cases are sent from the "hospital" in Nova Biba to Travnik by the Muslims and the Catholics are told to ask the Pope for help."

*And we in America think people are in an awful condition if they don't have a soft bed to sleep on and three square meals a day. Any one of those people would be glad to trade places with the poorest street person we have.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Margaret received a letter from Mary Jean [*she was married to Margaret's oldest brother, Leon,*] today and from it I will excerpt several paragraphs, paraphrasing a bit if necessary. Somewhere in this issue, I am enclosing a sample of Mary Jean's handwriting and I bet each of you hope to be able to write as clear a hand when you reach 95.

#### MARY JEAN SAYS:

One week ago today, CP and Helen moved [*from their apartment in the ccomplex where Mary Jean lives, to a Baptist Nursing home.*] They ate lunch here in our place for the last time and said they would be moving out at 2:30 that afternoon. I took a short nap, picked up the mail, then went by to say goodbye to them. In the mail was a copy of the Chronicle which I always share with them, so I gave it to CP. He read it from cover to cover in spite of all the confusion of the moving that was going on all around him. [*Mary Jean, since you will not be*

able to share your copy with him any more, I will put him on the mailing list and send him each copy from now on.] Helen was worrying about the apartment keys which had become mislaid but finally found them in a vase where some one had dropped them. I felt so sorry for them. I have moved so many times I know what it is like.

I called them on Wednesday and Helen said both were ill; CP was nauseated and her stomach was bothering her. CP had an appointment with his doctor to try to find out what was causing his trouble.

Getting back to the Chronicle, it was a most interesting issue! I have read it twice and enjoyed the second reading as much as the first. I especially enjoyed the article, "Mama Remembers" which you rescued out of your mother's waste basket. She had made a poem out of her memories of her life as a young mother, -- I think it is great. Also, I found the article about your cousin, Dr. Nell Mondy most interesting -- as I said earlier, all of the issue is interesting.

Last week I saw my doctor for the first time in two years. After she had examined me she changed my prescription for blood prssure and found nothing else wrong. I weigh 114 pounds -- up four pounds from last summer. My eyes are failing and I will see if new glasses will correct that. Also I am getting forgetful. Outside of that I guess I can't complain.

Yesterday, Jeanie and family came and took me out for Sunday lunch and to pick up my new prescription. Richard [Jeanie's husband] was in Pennsylvania attending his company's annual sales meeting. He received one of the two awards that were given out. He is a hard worker and deserved to be appreciated.

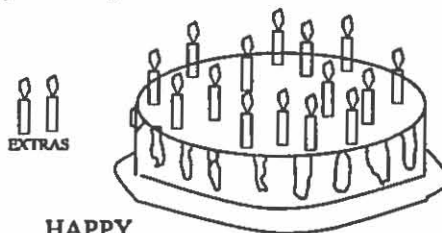
Mugs [that is what all of Margaret's family call her] I really don't deserve the "brownie points" you suggested. On the flyleaf of Leon's Bible is a little quote which says, "I shall pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there is any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do,

let me do it now for I shall not pass this way again." I try to remember and live by this out here where so many people have so many problems.

I want to thank you and Harrison for sharing the Chronicle with me. I enjoy it and share it with others. I have been sharing it with CP and Helen.

[Later] I called Helen last night. They are still having trouble. CP is still vomiting after every meal. She thinks that his problem may be caused by his medication.

It is another beautiful day here. Take care. I love you. Mary Jean.



HAPPY BIRTHDAY

The following members of the Chronicle Family have birthdays in March

		B
3 - Tom Kirk	H	I
11 - Aaron Mondy	A	R
15 - Jamie Mondy	P	T
15 - Dewel Mondy	P	H
15 - Jewel Kirk	Y	D
17 - Pat Mondy		A
19 - Harrison Mondy		Y
30 - Jessie Thornton		

(If these birthdays are wrong, correct me for these are the dates I have in my record book.)

It is now Friday Night, February 17. Since I have been expecting a letter from Bessie and Bertha and none came, I decided to call Bessie to find out if she was ill. What I discovered was that she was not ill and that she has written me two letters that I have not received. (When I was in California, Anne told me she had written me a

letter on the 6th of Feb and asked me if I had received it. I haven't received it either.) Now this is strange for two of the letters I was expecting contained checks and this makes me wonder. I hope each of you who sent checks will see who cashed them for there may be some one in the mail system who has found a way of cashing checks.

Now for some information I received from Bessie. Lois Sitz has had open heart surgery and is recovering. Josie Mondy (Thomas's wife) has had a stroke but is recovering. Both of these were reported in one of Bessie's lost letters. She reports that Bertha has been in contact with Herman and Lillie and both are well. I will let you know more when I find out the details. I am so sorry to have to report that little bit of news to you and very happy to tell you that both Bessie and Bertha are in good health.

Although I wanted to get this issue of the Chronicle out on Monday, I will postpone that for a couple of days to see if any of the lost letters come.

Saturday, 2/18/95

Bessie -- Received your letter of 2/13 today, but not the other.

Anne -- I have not received your letter yet. The two missing letters contained checks. Very strange.

#### FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA

Harrison and Margaret -- hope you had a nice trip to California and back home. Hope you got to see Brecken in her performances. We enjoy what she writes for the Chronicle. Harrison, I hope there was nothing serious with you ear.

Bertha and I are about to get cabin fever from staying home with all the snow and cold weather we have had here in Springfield. We were able to go to church only once after the big snow then it got cold again and we were unable to go this past Sunday. I haven't seen Bertha since last Thursday but we keep the phone line busy most of the days. (Thank goodness for Ma Bell or Pa

Bell or whoever.)

Margaret, we hope you have gotten rid of the pain in your side. Seems to me that as we get older, we develop a lot more pains we don't know where they come from or what to do about them. My family are all doing pretty well. Sue and Dick have gone to the doctor today for check-up on their diabetes. Carolyn Fay, Edward's daughter, who has been ill for several years with a little bit of every thing will have cataract surgery on one eye next week and if all goes well will have it on the other in about a month. She is diabetic but the doctor sees no problem with the operation. She also has emphysema and is on oxygen 24 hours a day. Lavelle is doing quite well with his surgery and the doctor says he will have a new foot soon. Josie expects to be back at work about the first of March.

The Reasons are doing well and we wish them a Happy Birthday on the 28th of February. If the weather ever clears up, Bertha and I are going to see them. So, watch for us, Herman and Lillie, we hope to see you before long.

Bertha has a little squirrel that visits her often. She puts out hickory nuts for him and enjoys watching him (or her) get them and take them to bury. She may have a crop of hickory trees on her lawn. But she does enjoy feeding him. (My grandson has a hickory tree in his yard and took her 2 or 3 grocery bags full.)

We haven't heard any more from Lois; hope she is getting along ok. Hope all of you are well, Bessie and Bertha

PS: 2/14, we are having a freezing rain this morning; more stay-at-home for me.

\* \* \* \* \*

You will be happy to know that I did a little better about Valentine for Margaret -- I gave her a broom. She stared at it a long time, then said, "Well that is better than a washboard". Actually it is an electric broom, a very light vacuum cleaner which she can carry up and down stairs

Getting back to the Chronicle. It was such a most interesting issue! I have read it twice and enjoyed the second reading as much as the first. I especially enjoyed the article "Mama Remembers", which you rescued out of the waste basket. She wrote a poem out of her memories of her life as a young mother - I think it is great! Also, I found the article about your cousin, Dr. Nell Wondy, most interesting - as I said earlier, all of the issue is interesting.

How's that for good handwriting at age 95?

when she wants to. She is quite happy with it.

\* \* \* \* \*

And then there is the ghost -- The Angry Ghost of Trail's End.

He is elusive, he is noisy, he is angry, -- but he is a coward. I cannot catch him at work. As soon as I get out of my chair and start looking for him he stops and is as silent as a tomb. As long as wait for him to begin slamming doors on the roof, he is silent. Sometimes he will not appear for two or three days, sometimes I scarcely get back to my computer before he starts again. It doesn't make any difference what room we are in, he is directly over our heads. When he is at his worst, it seems like the whole house is vibrating and we can scarcely talk.

There is a rumor that some one died in this house but we have not been able to confirm it. We don't know whether it was a man or a wom-

an but it must have been a man. And he must have died violently.

But I have set certain traps and I am sure I will have him trapped by the time I put out the next issue. Be sure to read all about it. Don't miss the next issue -- if you haven't renewed your subscription, do so at once.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do you realize our little paper will be 5 years old on the 14th of May? I'm glad I started it. I'm sorry that so few write letters that I can publish. Lots of people say they enjoy it but make no contribution to it. Come on you-all. You don't want to read my filler stuff. Liven the paper up with a letter from you so that the others can enjoy it. It will make you understand that it is more blessed to give than to receive. Love you all and think of you daily

Harrison