

# CHRONICLE

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

VOLUME VI, ISSUE 5, March 6, 1995

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I have been busy in my "exhumatorium" digging up stuff buried in ancient (10-years old) files. I found letters I had written to my family, to some of my cousins, to Brecken; even a "diary" I attempted to keep. They were all written to CP/M format and could not be read by my present computer. But I have an excellent program that allowed me to convert the old CP/M language to MS/DOS so I spent several days converting the old stuff and printing it. I put it all in a large notebook with a title page that reads, "MEMORIES, Exhumed from Dead Files and Old Letters".

One thing I recovered was a two sentence letter Mom proudly wrote on the computer to her friend Eva. Mom had to hunt all over the keyboard for each letter but she was so proud of having written a letter on the computer she had to tell everyone about it.

I also found a lot of old type-written letters (and a few hand written ones) that had been saved; most were from Australia.

The letters and dead files ranged in length from Mom's two-sentence letter to my relation of our hijacking experience by the PLO. I even found Brecken's story of her "Turtle Walk" in Florida when she was able to watch a 300 pound sea turtle bury its eggs in the sand, and one of her little short stories written when she was about eleven. I'm sure she has forgotten it so some day when I need a filler, I will use it.

Speaking of fillers, there are a number of bits of information about the Aborigines of Australia I may be able to use. Though many of you are not interested in this, there are some who would find it useful. Most of you have not made as deep a study as I have of the Aboriginal culture and I am sure you would find much you do not know. Why, for instance, should all the girls in one of the eastern tribes have their little finger on the left hand bitten off by their mother as soon as they are born? Why are the boys taken away from their mothers at puberty and never allowed to talk to her again? Why are girls wed to an old man at about age 13 instead of marrying a young man? What are the reasons for the practices of tooth avulsion, circumcision, subincision, and others? Why is the mother's oldest brother considered to be the closest male kin to a child instead of the father? How is it possible for a man to be killed by having a piece of bone pointed at him? (One of my good Aboriginal friends was killed that way.) Why and when do they bury some of their people alive? All of these things have meaning and tend to weld the tribe into a unit. all are useful to the tribe. A discussion of some of these practices might make a good filler from time to time.

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I haven't heard from Old Ornerly in several weeks but I have heard about him through his daughter, Linda. How do you suppose a man like that could sire a lovely daughter like Linda who writes to the Chronicle and tells the news about her family (her two wonderful kids that she calls "the brats"), and about her dad.

FROM LINDA

"...Got the Chronicle which I enjoy very much, especially what you have to say about "Old Orner". I called him on his 81st birthday to wish him a happy one and all he wanted to talk about was what his mean old brother-in-law said about him. (Uncle, I think you should be more diplomatic, especially if you want to get back into his will.) He had a very nice 81st; lots of calls from friends and relatives, and the bank in Lyons gave a little party for him complete with cake, and, pardon the pun, he ate it up. [Linda, do you suppose it's all those millions of dollars he keeps in the bank that brought on the birthday cake?]

Mother's 78th is today. It is hard for me to grasp the idea that my parents are getting older. I am realizing more and more how very precious they are to me and I try to be with them as often as I can. Mom's health is still good and her knee is healing nicely. I think I told you that she fell in a ditch when she went out for the mail and slipped in the snow, tearing the ligaments in her right knee. I went home and took care of her for three days and got help lined up to get her to the doctor. Roger was a great help; she couldn't have made it without him. Roger has never flown in a jet and he is looking forward with glee to the family reunion.

Despite the cold weather my little family is fine. We've all had bouts with flu and colds but so has everyone else. We went to Wichita last weekend so Christy could compete for scholarships to Wichita State. Prior to the competition she had to write several essays and gather up 7 semesters of grades, her ACT score, and recommendations from teachers and mail them ahead. In Friday's competition there were 18 others. They were divided into teams. Each team was assigned a business to name and operate and had to make up a yearly report, showing a profit. Judges were watching everything they did and listening to their conversation. That night at a lovely banquet Christy was given a crystal alarm clock for the best essay and was one of five students awarded a \$4000.00 scholarship. On Saturday, Christy competed with about 75 others

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for one \$40,000 and one \$30,000 scholarship. We won't know the results for several weeks.

Whatever happens, I'll certainly miss Christy when she leaves for college. She has been a wonderful daughter. Now I'll have to concentrate all my mothering on Cory -- much to his dismay.

Hope you had a pleasant trip to California. Take care and know we love you. Linda and Brats

[Linda, tell Christy we congratulate her on her achievements and hope she will win one of the scholarships she wants. She is such a lovely girl. hcm]

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Well El Nino is still at it and according to the weather reports, shows no sign of changing, at least for the remainder of 1995. Jim and I discussed this yesterday on the phone. It appears the jet stream has been pushed much farther north than usual and all kinds of strange weather results. Here in Taos in the middle of winter, the temperatures reach the mid fifties during the day and drop only down to freezing temp at night. The temperatures in Los Angeles have been running above 90 degrees for a week or so.

We have had only one big snow and now nearly all the snow is gone. Only the tops of the mountains are white.

Two of my tomato vines have survived and have been blooming profusely. I even have a few green tomatoes. Don't know how the blossoms were pollinated, --maybe by a fly. I used a camelhair brush to play like a bee yesterday to see if it would help. Watch out, Bessie, I may have ripe tomatoes before you do this year.

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Dear Lois and Jessie T.

I know you are both unable to write but we sure do miss your letters. Lois, Bessie wrote me a letter about the 6th of Feb telling me about your stroke but I have not received the letter yet. I did not find out until I called her to find out why

she had not written. I'm sure I speak for the entire Chronicle family when I tell you we are all pulling for both of you and hope you will write as soon as you can.

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Got a letter from Mark (Mondy, Dewel's youngest) today. Becky is his wife and Jamie and Stephanie completes his harem. Now that he has a new computer, maybe we'll hear from him more often.

#### FROM MARK

"...I haven't written in quite a while so thought I'd give it a try. We recently bought a computer, so writing is now more fun. I was not very well acquainted with computers and what they could do so I had to call on my brother Dick for some help.

Everyone is doing fine here and are all staying busy. Jamie is manager of her basketball team and sometimes has to be at school as early as 6:00 AM. They play about two games per week and sometimes she has to remain after school for practice.

Stephanie has it a little better -- she doesn't have to be at school until 8:15 and usually gets out at 3:PM. She plays the clarinet and sings in the choir. Both girls are doing well in school and made the honor roll the past quarter.

As for Becky, she is still selling lots of "stuff" at Wal-mart, and I am still selling apples and oranges and lots of other produce at Safeway. Both of us are constantly running the girls somewhere they are supposed to be.

The last weekend in April the Youth Drama Group from our church, of which Jamie is a member, is going to be performing at our State Youth Conference in Denver. Thousands are expected to attend. It's a great opportunity for them. Later in the summer they will be going to Glorieta (down near you) then on to an Indian reservation to do some mission work.

Stephanie will probably go out for baseball

again. The team on which she played last year was mixed -- had three girls on it. There is talk that it may become an all-boys team, but there are other teams on which she can play.

We are still enjoying the house we bought last summer. We are waiting for summer to come again so we can do more in the yard. We didn't get to do much last year for we were just getting moved

in. We've had great weather for February. The high has been about 70 for the past two days. That may portend a hot summer. We don't need it any hotter than it is now.

Gotta go pick up the girls --- Mark

*[Glad you got a computer, Mark, not only for your sake but for the sake of your girls. They need to learn all about it before college for I think that now-adays all papers presented in College have to be done on a computer. Don't you wish we had had one when we were in college?]*

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A few weeks ago Bob Duffer requested to be added to our Chronicle Family so he could keep up with some of our goings-on and I agreed to *provided* he made a contribution to our paper from time to time. He lives in Hawaii and many of us do not know as much about that state as we would like. Well he has come through, with both a literary contribution and a monetary one (though the latter was not part of the agreement. Thanks, Bob.)

Bob is the oldest son of Russell and RA Duffer, the grandson of Dona Goings, and the great-grandson of James Campbell Mondy. That makes him my first cousin, once removed. From that, the rest of you can figure what kin he is to you. The following is excerpted from his letter, part of which was personal.

#### FROM BOB DUFFER

"...Here comes that letter I've been intending to write for a couple of months. I sure have enjoyed getting the *Chronicle*. I do wish I knew the family better so I would know all the people

who are writing in and some of the stories behind the stories. I guess I'll get better acquainted in the months ahead. Do you have a family tree with the branches named? *[Bob, I have several family trees and can show some of your lineage back to the 1700's. I am reworking these now, bringing them up to date and will be sending them out as soon as I have completed them. A couple of your cousins have recently joined our family and have asked for the same and I'm working on them now. You might like to know that one of your ancestors was a full blood Cherokee, one of the most honored tribes and most badly treated tribes of Amerindians. I am honored by having two great grandmothers who were Cherokees, one on my mother's side and one on my father's.]*

You asked about life in Hawaii. It is like life almost anywhere right now -- more things to do than there is time to do them. We don't even get daylight-saving time here. I can look out my window and see a lot of ocean and know there is a nice beach where there are not many people but we seldom go there. Instead, when we go we usually go to a beach where many tourists gather because it is a wildlife conservatory and the fish and sea turtles are protected. Since most people who go there have learned that fish like to eat peas (the only really good use for peas) *[amen]* and corn, the fish have learned that they are going to be fed. So they will follow you around, waiting for some food. As you open your hand filled with pea, the fish will eat right out of your hand. Some of them are big enough you feel like counting your fingers after they are through.

They are not as big as those brought in by the fishing boats. Kona is known for it's Blue Marlin fishing. One friend of mine caught a 657 pounder. The best I've caught was less than 200 pounds (hope June doesn't proof-read this before I get it in the mail -- she'll tell you how much less than 200 it was. She always does.) On good fishing days, usually toward the end of December, because the Japanese residents must have fish for the New Year's meal, we can see fishing boats everywhere. Many times we have counted more than thirty boats. It sure is hard to

concentrate on work when all that is going on out there.

Our island has the active volcano, Kiluaea, on it. Last week we had a pastor's conference at the Volcano's National Park. One evening I got to do something I have wanted to do for many years. We drove down to where you could walk out on cool lava and watch new, red, slow moving lava cover it. As I watched, my old dream came back. I found a stick about 30 inches long and moved toward a small flow. I covered my face with my sweatshirt because of the intense heat, and quickly stuck my stick into the lava.

I was surprised two ways. First, the lava had cooled enough, even though it was still red, that my stick could not penetrate it. The second surprise was that my stick did not have to heat up to burst into flame. As soon as it touched the lava it was burning. I made a quick retreat, blew out the flames, and regrouped. I moved in again where it was flowing faster, dipped my stick into it, and retreated with a glob of hot lava dripping off my burning stick. I tried to blow out the flames with no success, so I let it burn while the lava cooled and then let the lava fall off onto the rocks. It took about twenty minutes for it to cool enough so I could pick it up. While it cooled I repeated the process getting more of it for the guys that were with me.

What a miracle of creation that was! I've been there before and watched the lava move down the road, burn up trees, and flow into the ocean producing glowing waves of water, but I had never been that close and been able to get lava that was red and flowing. I can't guarantee anything, but if you will come over, then we'll show you the volcano and maybe we can get some lava.

Here is a bit of our family history. June *[Nee Opal June Zimmerman]* and I have three sons; Russell, Robert, and Jeremy (Jack). Russell is in Texas and has one son. Robert lives in Springfield, MO and works for BassPro there. He has two daughters. Jack lives in Lawrenceburg, KY, and is a Minister of Youth and Activities. He has one daughter now and is expecting a son in June.

Thanks for the *Chronicle*. Aloha ke Akua (God is Love) Bob Duffer.

*[Bob, My computer is an antique -- Amiga A2000 -- with a 8088 Bridgeboard, limited to MS-Dos, V3.3 so I doubt if I could use a disk from you, though I would certainly like to do so. Thanks for the offer. Thanks also for the two calendars, especially for the photos. Wish I could get similar ones for the Chronicle. Thanks again for the monetary contribution, and most of all for your interesting letter.]*

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It is now Saturday, March 4th, and I found two letters in the post office. And yesterday there was one from the Duffers. Now I can finish the *CHRONICLE*, provided I spend tonight and a lot of tomorrow putting it all together. But I am grateful to RA Duffer, Jessie Pemberton and Nell Mondy.

Frequently I get letters from persons saying that they have trouble identifying the other members of the *Chronicle* family, so I've been thinking about writing a bit about each so they can be identified. Now I'll just be a bit more explicit.

#### RA SAYS

"...These most beautiful days have kept us busy in the yard and garden. I have reset about half of my fern bed (about 8x15 feet). I'll do the rest next week if it is as pretty as this one. We planted one row of potatoes and did a lot of winter cleanup. The trees are beginning to bud and the early flowers to bloom. It is great to watch the world wake up after a winter's sleep. I wish you could see my elephant's ear caladium. It is much higher than my head and the leaves are enormous. There were several flowers on it. It hasn't been nipped at all this winter because, so far, the temperature hasn't gone below the high 30s.

We received the *Chronicle* today and enjoyed hearing from all the sick and well. We were not aware that so many were having trouble. Harri-

son we were glad to learn that the sore on your ear turned out to be a nonproblem. Marg we were glad to see that you were still improving, hope you will soon be as good as new. Jessie P., we didn't know about your surgery but are happy after your second go-around.

Lois, Looks like these old hearts sorta wear out and the doctors have to give them a boost. We're glad your is over and you are on the mend. Be sure to take those daily exercises and they will help you to keep going and enjoying life.

We are doing great except for the usual aches and pains, some of which seem to have babies that multiply as time goes on. But we are so grateful to the Lord for being able to do all the things that we do around the place, -- even like washing the windows. Our kids are all well so far as we know. We hear from them quite often.

Isn't it great to see our kids, grandkids, and greats perform in any kind of activity. Jerry with his little ABC performance on the piano, until now his great presentations year by year in his church. Jay, (Jerry's youngest) will graduate from Nev. University this spring. He is a real performer. Then there was Bob receiving his Doctorate, and all the others doing so well. I know of nothing that is more wonderful than watching all of our children develop. So, please, all of you, write about your kids and grand kids. It will help us all to know more about you.

Harrison, we are looking forward to your catching the ghost and putting a chain around his neck. We are looking forward to the next episode.

It's bedtime, so good night, and Happy Birthday to all of you who have birthdays this month. We love all of you, The Duffers.

*Then followed this post script:*

Harrison, how about asking each of the cousins to write a short article about each of their offspring, telling us what they do and a bit of their history, so we can "meet" and get acquainted

with them. We've met Brecken and all of us enjoy her writing so much. Harrison, we have not even met your two children! And I do not even know your profession.

I am making a pictorial history and I would appreciate all the pictures I can have of everybody. I'm sure others would enjoy this as much as I. I'd like to fill my book with a short history of each aunt and uncle, child and grandchild. There are all kinds of people that make up our "family", lawyers, ministers, actors, writers, engineers, and who knows what?

*RA, I wish I could print pictures in the paper. I am hoping that when I get a new computer, I can also get the facilities to convert ordinary pictures to a kind I can print. Of course, when I win the sweepstakes, all my problems will be solved.*

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Nell's letter was personal but I will excerpt some of it for you

#### . FROM NELL

Harrison, I'm dying to know more about your ghost. You have made it sound so interesting, -- and then left your readers up in the air. Do hurry up and tell us what it is -- I can't wait.

Margaret, you must be doing very well to undertake to wash the car. Now, I could use a little help in that category. In Ithaca, with all its hills, a great deal of salt is used on the streets and highways, and salt is deadly on cars. I'm always amazed when I am in the southern part of the country at the general appearance of the cars, -- no rust.

Jessie P., I'm glad to hear you are doing so well after your surgery. Jessie T., I hope you are still improving after your bout with the flu. Lois, I'm glad to hear that you are improving. Bertha and Bessie, I appreciate your letters and calls.

Tell your granddaughter we love to read about her travels. She writes almost as good as her grandfather. *[Tut, tut]* Has she selected a college

yet? Harrison, tell us more about *your* book. Love to all, Nell.

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And here is that letter my sister Jake (Jessie) has been promising to write for many months (and in it was a whole passel of stamps, Thanks, Jake).

#### FROM THE PEMBERTONS

"Oh, what a beautiful morning."

Looks like we are in for a beautiful day. It snowed last night and is still doing the same this AM. We have about 5 inches, the temperature is about 26 degrees, and the chill factor is minus 4 degrees. Last Sunday it was 72 degrees; we've had quite a change in temperature. There you have it, our weather report. We really do need the moisture and cooler weather. Our apricot tree is budding out, looks like the buds could pop any day. Normally they don't bloom until about the first of April. *[I sure hope a freeze doesn't get it, Jake.]*

Me? I'm doing good. I got a card that said, "Don't think of this as an operation, think of it as a recall to the factory for an adjustment". The adjustment worked, but I could use a little more fuel. I seem to run out of ZIP pretty quickly. I'm taking advantage of this time off to get caught up on my correspondence. You know the Post Office needs all the help we can give them. When we got home from Arizona we had a huge container full of mail. Took us half a day just to sort it into "bills", good correspondence, and junk mail. What did we do for entertainment before junk mail?

We left here for a visit with the Vycitals in Arizona about the middle of December. We had a beautiful trip down. We are always glad to get to Tucson, then we know were are really down south. We feast our eyes of the giant saguaro cacti, huge yuca plants and all the other cacti and flowers from there to Chandler.

Chandler always has a large Christmas tree made of tumble weeds right in the middle of town. It is decorated with lights and artificial

snow and is very beautiful. During the holidays, someone torched it and next year they will have to build a new one.

This year we arrived in Chandler in time to see Jim and Norma in the cantata in their church; Ken, who plays in the hand bell choir; Emily and Brian who sing in the Children-Adult choir. It was a real treat. We also were in time for the Cookie-Bake. The four children made cookies at Aunt Suz's house and Granddad Jim got a big bag of them which he is expected to eat. From that time until Christmas it is just shop, eat, and have fun; never a dull moment.

Christmas dinner was on Christmas Eve at Suz's. We made pictures and had a great time. On Christmas day we had a huge ham and cinnamon roll breakfast at Lu and Steve's house and exchange of gifts. The rest of the day we played games and visited -- just a calm day.

Lu and Steve have two adorable daughters. Megan is 5 1/2, first year kindergarten. She likes school but I have just heard she is going to finish school this year. She can read and count, and will know a lot of big words by summer. After all, isn't that all that counts? No need to go back. I'll bet most of you mamas have heard that before. Katie is 3 1/2, has big blue eyes, and a lovely smile. *[Jake, let me add that when they visited us about a year and a half ago, Megan and Katie sat at the table like grown-ups, and ate like ladies. I have never been so impressed with two young ladies. Their behavior is certainly a tribute to their parents.hcm]*

Ken has Emily and Brian. Emily is eight and in the 3rd grade, does real well in school, always has a big smile, and has lots of friends. She is cheer-leader for Brian's football team. She sings in the Children's choir and loves to cook. *[I should explain that Ken has no wife to help rear the children.]* Brian is eleven, is quite an artist and writer, has a great sense of humor, plays football, and makes excellent grades in school.

For my birthday (on Jan.2) the gang took me to

"Planet Hollywood". It is a very interesting place, owned by some movie stars, and decorated with Memorabilia from old movies. The food was good, and so was the atmosphere. At least 10 or 12 young waiters and waitresses circled our table and sang Happy Birthday to me.

By now I am sure you have guessed that we had a wonderful time in Arizona.

Joyce, it was good to hear from you, and you have lots of company in not writing letters. We are like the "Little Red Hen", Who wants to write letters? Not I, etc. Who wants to read letters? I do, etc.

Mary Jean, Harrison is right; you do write beautifully. I hope he never decides to show a sample of my handwriting. I look forward to your letters. Mom and Dad always looked forward to visits from you and Leon when you lived there. I appreciate the quote. My Bible is so full I now copy them in a little book with the contributors name ad use them as "windows" when I am teaching my SS class. I have several from Russell Duffer that has helped me a lot. One of my favorites: "Only one life / 'Twill soon be past/ Only what's done/ For Christ will last."

Harold, I really did enjoy your story.

Cecil, you don't suppose that Harrison's ghost is trying to give him a message like "Straighten up and fly right" do you? I'd sure like to know. I don't think I'll be visiting him for a while.

Noal gave me the neatest gift; a "Franklin Electronic Bible, KJV". It runs on batteries, and is so small I can carry it in my purse. It hunts up words, verses, etc. Great help in SS class. I need it; my memory is not very long.

Love to everybody, Jake and Noal..

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Yesterday morning the telephone rang and I picked it up and the voice on the other end without any introduction whatever asked, "What kind of broom did you give your wife for Valen-

tine?" I told him it was an electric broom. "Well that was a dumb thing to do," he said. "You should have given her a jackass and a plow and put her to work." I was simply stunned by the suggestion and the only thing I could say, was "Just a minute, I'll let you talk to her about that." Then I yelled to Margaret, "It's Old Ornerly. He needs to talk to you." I didn't listen in but I suspect she set him straight on the business of following a mule through all the sage brush that beautifies our surroundings.

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As I reported last issue, I have chased the "Ghost of Trail's End" to his lair but I have not been able to put a chain around his neck as suggested by RA. As I have described him before, he seems to get on the roof and start slamming giant doors so loud that you can't sleep. Seems like the whole house trembles. Then just as I think I will catch him, he stops and there is dead silence. Sometimes he does not appear for days, then sometimes he appears four or five times in a half hour. And regardless of where you are in the house he appears to be directly over your head. Marg can be in the back bedroom and I in the kitchen and each of us swears he is directly overhead. I climbed up onto the roof and examined everything there that I thought might be loose including all the vents, the one door that opens out onto one part of the roof; even the chimney pots for each of the five fireplaces, but there was not a loose piece of anything.

Then last week I happened on a bit of good luck. I was reading at the kitchen table when he decided to give us a shake. On the first stroke I rushed out of the kitchen intending to climb to the roof but by accident the door to the basement was open and I realized the greatest amount of sound was coming from there. I rushed down the thirteen steps and got there before he stopped the noise which was almost deafening.

Now as I have described before, the house is heated by a large gas fired furnace that heats water to a temperature just below boiling, then has six or seven circulator pumps that pump this water to the coils in the floor of each room and to the baseboard heaters around the edge of the room. Behind little doors in the walls are valves for regulating the amount going to the floor coils and the baseboards. So you can see that the walls and floors are full of pipes going in all directions plus one large return

pipe.

When I arrived in the basement, I found the Ghost standing on the furnace shaking all the pipes at once, sending the vibrations into the floors, walls and ceiling of every room. Now I could not see Him, but I could see the pipes shaking so he must have been shaking them. His being invisible made it impossible to put a chain around his neck.

(Actually, there is a flapper valve somewhere in the system that can't make up its mind about whether it wants to remain open or closed, and in trying to decide, there are tremendous vibrations in the whole system. I think the solution is to have all the pipes drained to get rid of air that has accumulated. But that project will have to wait until I can turn off the furnace. In the meantime, we'll just tolerate him.)

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#### BITS AND PIECES

Many thanks for the contributions toward the publishing and mailing expences of the Chronicle to Anne Armstrong, Bob Duffer, and Harold Jinks. Thanks, thanks, thanks.

Margaret's brother, Harold, who turned 89 in February has been a life-long Democrat, and nearly a 60-year Arkansas Democrat. He has never run for office but has been out helping every Democrat who did all these years. Three years ago the Arkansas Democratic Convention established a HAROLD JINKS AWARD to be given in perpetuity to the outstanding male Democrat every year at the Jefferson-Jackson Day celebration of Arkansas Democrats. Harold was presented the first award two years ago. Last year he was ill and not able to attend the banquet and present the award. This year his health has improved so much that he was able to travel from his home in Piggott (7 miles from the MO line) to Little Rock to make the presentation himself. There were over 900 in attendance at the banquet with Senator Christopher Dodd, new Chairman of the Democratic Party as the guest speaker. Harold and Wilma report that a great time was had by all, especially by Harold who loved all the hugs and kisses he got from the women in attendance.

Congratulations, Harold.

Love to all, Harrison