

CHRONICLE

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

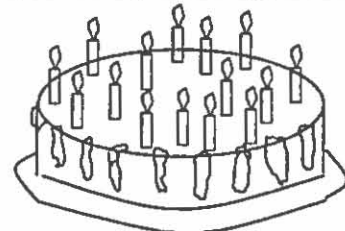
VOLUME VI, ISSUE 9, APRIL 17, 1995

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

What's in the news? Well on this date, April 8, 1946, Margaret and I stood before a minister and said our "I do's" in front of some of my family and some of hers and a few friends. More about this later. Harold has been talking to Clinton again, I'll tell you what they talked about later. Bessie and Bertha will tell us about Springfield and some of its inhabitants. And surprise of surprises, Ken Vycital wrote from the Phoenix area so you will see how his family is getting along. And, enclosed with Ken's letter was a clipping from a local newspaper about his Dad, Jim who after being a banker for most of his life has become a wrangler. And then there was the visit of Judy, John, and Brecken who, because it was Brecken's "Spring Break", decided to spend it here where they could shop, eat, and ski. All are good skiers and enjoyed the slopes of Taos Ski Valley, just eleven miles from our driveway. And what did I do? Well J, J, & B brought word that a mutual friend of ours, to whom I sent some of my short stories, was busily engaged in trying to find a publisher. She was also interested in my novel, *Tji* so I spent about 14 hours a day re-formatting several hundred pages into a double-spaced manuscript. And what has Margaret been doing? You'll have to ask her. All I know is that she was on her feet too much and suffered several nights from leg cramps. This seems to be a hand-down from her father who suffered most of his life from the malady.

Other tidbits: Our weather has been beautiful -- up in the 60's today. Still drops to the low thir-

EXTRAS
if you need
them



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY

BIRTHDAYS IN MAY

4. INA HALL
5. AMANDA MONDY
11. VICKI ROBERTS
17. ALMA THOMAS

CONGRATULATIONS, ALL YOU
GOOD PEOPLE, AND MAY YOU
HAVE MANY MORE

ties at night. Snow is predicted for Monday. We could sure use the moisture. This has been an extremely dry winter. Some of our trees are beginning to exhibit some small buds -- maybe they know something I don't know. Our little snakes are out and Margaret walks carefully around the yard. Our little fly catcher is busy rebuilding her nest on our portal. She thinks it is spring. Wonder what she will do if it snows?

I will start out with Ken Vycital's letter, but before I do, let me introduce him to all you new comers and maybe some of you older ones. Ken is the son of James and Alma Vycital, and is my nephew. Alma was my sister. She passed away on March 17, 1990. Ken has two children, Brian and Emily.

KEN SAYS: Everyone is fine here. I am always busy just keeping up with the kids and their programs. A couple of weeks ago Sue [*his sister*] and I surprised the kids with a trip to Las Vegas for their spring break. We woke them up early on Sunday morning and rushed them to the car and to the airport. They had to dress in the car as they went. This has become a strange but fun ritual. We surprise them with a trip to some place new to them. By now they have learned to read and by the time we get them on a plane, they usually have found out where we are going. They are adventurous and love to fly and go to new places.

We stayed at the MGM Hotel but I think we saw all the other hotels in our travels. We spent the first day watching the white tigers at the Mirage, the dolphins and their new baby, the talking statue at Caesar's and in general sight-seeing. We caught the dinner show at the Excalibur with King Authors Court. Next day we spent some time at the theme park at Circus-Circus. All in all we had a good time. Brian liked the buffets best, (I can't keep him full), but Emily likes the Rockette's new show. Sue and I gambled after the kids were in bed; Sue came out ahead, I broke even, which for me is a win.

The kids got their report cards today. Brian is on the honor roll again. Emily is hot on his heels. Her grades were all 2's and 1's. Brian got straight 1's. (1 = outstanding, 2 = excellent.) I'm proud of both of them. Brian wrote a book and it was published by his school with hard back and jacket cover and he was recognized for his work by the Vice-Mayor of our city. He wrote the story, illustrated it, and produced it all on his own. I have suggested he send you a copy, perhaps a chapter at a time, but right now he is on another project so I may have to get you a copy. He loves to draw; I'm enclosing a quick sketch he drew in about 3 minutes of his favorite animal.

Emily is my music lover and is already memorizing the words and music to her spring musicals at school and church. She has recorded the songs on tape and comes home each night and practices. She has become pretty good at

singing and on stage she is a real HAM. I've no idea whom she takes after for that!

I play in the hand-bell choir, lead the children's choir at church, and run the taxi for the kids. In a few more months football will begin again so I will be coaching Brian's team and Emily will be cheer leading. I am still working at the bank; it gives me the hours I need so I can be with the kids.

Lu [*Ken's sister*], Steve, and their two daughters, Meagan and Katey are doing fine. Steve is working two jobs right now. Meagan is in first year at school. They are so busy I haven't talked to them lately.

Dad [*Jim*] was written up in the paper here; I've included the clipping.

Bye for now; I've got to go pick up the kids.
Love to all, Ken

When Brecken was here I asked about the various requirements for entrance to the colleges to which she had written for admission. One of the requirements was a short paper on something. I did not see the question, but Brecken showed me the paper she wrote to Princeton. She may have written the same to others, I didn't enquire. Here is what she submitted:

White, female, Christian, American, teenager, white cheese, *maviche*, foreigner. How does it feel to be different?

I experienced life in Turkey not only as an American in a foreign country, but also as a Westerner in a place where we are not accepted, a female in a culture that suppresses its women, a Christian in a nation where 99% of the people are Muslim, a white person in a dark-skinned country. For the first time in my life, I was in the minority.

Turkey is comprised of two cultures, two peoples with different ways of life and ideas of right and wrong. There is conflict between East and

West, progressiveness and tradition, Christianity and Islam, and those of light and those of dark skin. An invisible boundary separates the distinctly different ideas and cultures of the East and West. The Aegean coast of Turkey is very westernized. People dress in western clothing, watch American television, believe in western democracy, and subscribe to western traditions. Once you cross into the East, however, the whole scene changes. Suddenly you feel the overwhelming presence of the Muslim religion. Women are covered in the traditional Islamic way and there are as many carts and horses on the roads as there are automobiles. This dualism of character makes Turkey the crossroads of the world.

I lived with a western family in a small, fundamentally religious town in eastern Turkey. I was the only white, Christian female. Most of the women wore veils intricately wound around their faces so that only their eyes peeked out. Walking around in my T-shirt and jeans, I became aware that all eyes were on me.

It was here that I saw my Turkish family embroiled in deep conflict with the people of the town. I became an eyewitness to the struggle between cultures. I remember my host sister dramatically opening the curtains to our apartment window one morning and bursting into tears. "This town is bad. The people here are not like us. They hate us and we hate them." My "sister" was modern, educated, wore western clothing, and spoke English. She had a passion for rock music and malls, high rise buildings and anything else that she labeled "modern". It is no wonder that she hated the backwardness and isolation of our small town and that she could not relate to the "evil Muslims" in our midst. It was truly painful for me to watch this young girl with so much ambition, so much life and passion, being stifled by the society around her.

On vacations to the West my "sister" had a lively spirit and a sense of adventure and independence, but when we came back to our town, she didn't leave the house. She retreated into a meek, little girl. I realized that she was scared,

afraid of the judgement of our town, afraid of being too free. She recognized the differences in cultures and adjusted her behavior accordingly. I, too, discovered our lack of liberty and learned to adapt. One day while walking in the open market with my host mother, I suddenly felt a sting on my cheek. Looking down I found that someone had thrown an apricot pit at me. On other occasions, young boys threw gravel at me and tried to grab me. It was not the pain of the actual acts, rather the shock that someone had made violent attempts against me that was so disturbing. I began to dress more conservatively and to walk with my head down, never making eye contact with or smiling at a male. It was not that I was required to do this; it was just the best way of avoiding unwelcome attention.

My light brown hair, blue eyes, and white skin made me the center of attention wherever I went. Every day a crowd of ten little girls waited eagerly at the entrance to our apartment for me to emerge. They were enamored with my eyes, my voice, and the fact that I spoke English. My friends and family created elaborate nicknames for me, all of which referred to my appearance. I was called *beyaz penir* because my skin was the color of goat cheese; or *maviche*, "blue eyes", and my host sister and I were called "coffee and cream". These names were not intended to be insulting. In America, though, it is not acceptable to refer to another person by the way they look, such as "Hey, Blondie" or "Fatso". Everyone judged me by my western appearance rather than by my character.

I wanted to assimilate into Turkish culture and, therefore, not to question it. But to do so, I had to violate my own nature and compromise every value I hold dear. I am a fun loving, friendly person. I smile at people when I pass them in the streets and offer to help people who appear to be in trouble. But, increasingly, I found it difficult to be this person. I realized that it was not acceptable to laugh and talk loudly out of doors, so I learned to keep my head down and be silent in order to become an invisible female. Feelings of racism that I had never experienced first hand became personal for me as I tried to deal with

my own identity as a Westerner.

My experience in Turkey has given me a new perspective on who I am and on the society in which I live. Though I have had an opportunity to observe Turkish culture and the manner in which it differs from my own, I do not want to judge it. My tendency is to disapprove the way in which Turkish women are treated, but I must realize that they, too, may not approve of the way in which I live my life. Instead, my experience has caused me to evaluate my place in my own society, to understand the true meaning of cultural relativity, and to respect those people who are different from me.

EX-BANKER FINDS WRANGLER'S JOB NO HORSING AROUND. That is the way the headline about Jim Vycital changing from a banker to a wrangler appeared in one of the newspapers in his home town (Chandler, Arizona). The article proceeds as follows:

After wearing a suit and tie to work for 30 years, Jim Vycital is now on the job in jeans and boots. His big hat fits comfortably on his head, and his spurs, he pointed out, don't jingle, and ride easily on his boots. How did he get from banker to cowboy? When he retired from the bank where he had worked for 20 years, Jim was restless. Too young for a rocking chair and in good health, he knew he wanted to keep busy. His wife of 40 years had died and he was free to choose how he would spend his time.

Jim's idea of retirement is different than some others'. "A lot of people, when they retire, retire from living. Me, I just retired from going to work."

His son suggested he find something he liked but never had the time to do before. While looking through the newspaper one day he saw an ad about horseback riding lessons out at Apache Junction. This renewed memories of his childhood, so he decided to check into it. After a couple of lessons, the trainer asked him why he didn't see about getting a part-time job at the

stables as the owner was always looking for help. Jim had not particularly thought about getting a job, but if he could get paid for something he considered fun, why not? So that is how it started.

Jim found that there is a lot of difference between life as a banker and life as a wrangler, not the least of which is the amount of physical exertion. At his age, lifting 140 pound bales of hay and wrestling 15 to 20 saddles a day with muscles used to lifting sheets of paper was a new experience. The first day, after the 30-minute drive home, he found that he could open the car door but couldn't get out. However, after a good night's sleep he was feeling rested. This contrasted greatly with the way he felt each morning when he was a banker and arose unrested.

About three years ago Jim remarried. His wife, Norma, shares his interests. He said, "We don't go to work at our old vocations anymore, but we are doing things all the time. I know some retired people go home, shut the door and don't come out. That's not our idea of living."

Since his time at the stable is flexible, they have plenty of opportunity to travel. They go to every rodeo anywhere around, even to Las Vegas to the national finals. The last two years they have gone back to Kansas State University, Jim's alma mater, so that he could play in the alumni marching band at one of the football games. Picking up a trumpet after many years and playing in front of thousands of fans was one of the scariest things he has ever done, but one of the most rewarding.

He and Norma are active in their church. Both sing in the choir and attend services faithfully.

Jim says he thinks he will have to retire. Why? "All the time I've worked out there I've talked to the horses, just as all wranglers talk to horses. But now the horses have begun to talk back to me."

[Jim; that's a perfect place to say something

about horse sense but I'm not going to say it. Good luck. Maybe there will be a rodeo around here somewhere and you and Norma will come by to visit us. HCM.]

TO DENA HOUSTON in your last letter you asked what role Mark Miller played on General Hospital. When he was here for dinner the other night I asked hiim about it. He said, "I was Randy Washburn. I had more fun in that role than any I ever played." [We were in Australia at the time he was on G.H. and I never saw it.]

Your other question dealt with burning the woods each year, the pros and cons of it. When I was a kid, many woods were burned off every year or two. I was told at the time that it killed off the ticks and other insects and killed the underbrush. If the underbrush was allowed to grow for several years and then caught fire, not only did it burn but the larger trees burned also. In the edge of the mountains here there is a heavy growth of pines and a lot of them are dying. The forestry people say that because the forests have not been burned over, the undergrowth has sapped the land and the trees are dying for lack of nutrients. There has been quite a row between the forestry people and the conservationists and I don't know who will win. Since I have never studied forestry, I don't know the answer to your question.

[Who is Dena Houston? For a long time she was Mom's next door neighbor in Arkansas and did a lot of things for Mom. She was about fourteen when I met her for the first time. After Mom died, Dena wrote me a letter and we wrote back and forth for a while, then when I started the Chronicle, I put her on the mailing list. She is one of the "friends" mentioned in the masthead.]

Harold Jinks is the 89 year old brother of Margaret, Judy Washburn, and Ercil White and brother to Old Ornerly and uncle to a whole pasel of kids. He is Mr. Democrat in Arkansas politics. He is also a good brother-in-law and writes faithfully to his sisters. Last week Margaret got a letter from him and from that letter I am excerpting the following.

"I got a call last week from President Clinton asking that Wilma and I meet him at Arkansas State University where he was dedicating a new library. Then I got a call from the secret service asking me some stupid questions. In the meantime I had contacted three men I had known for a long time who had agreed to go with me so I told the Secret Service men they had better check them out for I was bringing them with me. They called me back and said they could find no reason I shouldn't bring them. Dr. Gene Smith, the prsident of the University is a good friend of mine and he reserved good seats near the speaker's platform. After the program, Bill Clinton came to where I was seated and asked me what he was doing wrong. I told him he had been elected with 43% of the vote and that according to the latest poll he had a 49% approval rating so he had gained 6 points. He told me to get well and bring Wilma to Washington to visit him and Hillary. I guess he talked too long to me for members his staff who were standing behind him kept giving me the sign to cut it off so he could get on with his schedule."

Bessie Nimmo and Bertha Buckley are sisters, the daughters of Erva and Joseph Buckley. Erva was the daughter of James Campbell Mondy. They are our Springfield, MO reporters and they do a good job.

FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA (4/2/95)

Dear Cousins and Friends -- It has been a beautiful day here in the Ozarks, temperature up to 75 but by next Wednesday it may drop to 24 degrees at night and in the low 40's in the daytime. Don't know what that will do to everything. The redbuds are in full blossom and the dogwoods are just beginning to bloom. Maybe we will get some of the rain we so badly need. The ground is so hard and dry, the robins are having a hard time getting worms.

Bertha and I went to church today and afterward visited with my son Buster and family, then after lunch we visited Bert and Norma, Charlie's daughter and husband. All are doing quite well.

Bertha talked to Lillie on Friday who reported that she and Herman wer doing well. Herman had gone to get a haircut. She talked to Katie who reported that J.E. is improving but not fast enough to suit him. Our nephew, Lavelle, (Elza's son, see Issue 8) will be going to the hospital tomorrow to have about two mmore inches of bone taken from his leg. This will permit them to pull more skin down so that the leg will heal. We hope this is the last of his surgery.

We had a letter from Cona this week. she is still working. She had cataract surgery which went well. Her sister, Dorothy, is not doing well. Bertha had a short note from Lois; she is improving. *[Cona was married to Sular Mondy, the son of Earnest Mondy who was the son of James Campbell Mondy]*

Lois and Jessie, hang in there, we are looking to hear from you through the Chronicle. Nell, we are hoping to hear from you again soon.

Christiy congratulations to you on your \$4000 scholarship. We wish you the best on the other scholarships and though we have never met you except through the Chronicle, we wish you the very best; sounds like you deserve it.

Brecken, we send you our best wishes. We have enjoyed your writings, especially about your trips.

Good night -- love to you all, Bessie and Bertha

It might not be of much interest to you, but Margaret and I are very much interested in the weather just now (Sun. evening, 4/9). For the last hour the snow has been coming down in bucketfuls. The temperature at midafternoon was in the forties but has now dropped below thirty and the snow has already covered the sage and chamisa. It is not sticking on the road or on the portal, but the lawn is well covered. We are glad it waited until now to come. Last week, while Judy, John, and Brecken were here we had lovely weather -- warm, springlike weather with robins hunting worms, fly-catchers chasing flies,

and magpies hunting hand-outs. Last week was spring break for Brecken, 25th weddinganniversary for John and Judy, and 49th wedding anniversary for Margaret and me. J, J, and B came to Santa Fe on Sunday. We went down and picked up Brecken on Monday, leaving J&J to spend a night alone. They arrived on Tuesday and Margaret had a Dinner party for them that night with Mark, Barbara, and Gabe sharing it. On Friday night they took us out for a great feast at one of the good restaurants here to celebrate our anniversary.

So we have had a lovely week, and tonight winter has returned. We are glad, we have had so little moisture it looks good.

It is nearly midnight Sunday night, 2/9. We have just talked to Jim. He is leaving tomorrow for Bellingham, Washington to train a group there. He is so busy these days he hardly has time to look up.

Remember George, the friendly Ghost of Trail's End? Well we sorta got rid of him, but now his son, known to us as Son of George has been visiting us from time to time. About 3 AM one morning last week Son of George started beating two garbage can lids together and woke Margaret. She thought there was more light in the house than normal and decided to investigate. At first she thought the light was from the laundry area outside the kitchen but when she arrived there she saw that it was coming from the half open door to the basement and was about to return and beat me with a wet noodle for leaving the light on in the basement when she heard a noise and opened the door to find herself staring a real ghost in the face -- the face of John Armstrong who had been wakened by Son of George and was in the basement searching for him. It was a further surprise -- both were in their night clothes. Later I asked John if he saw the ghost and he said that he disappeared just as he got to the bottom of the stairs. Yeah, we have one smart ghost.

R.A. Your letter just arrived. It's a little late for this issue but I will get it in the net one.
Thanks a lot

Doctor Sam and Ben found Tji almost dead from a fall from a high cliff. They saved his life and he lived with them for two years. During this time he learned much from them and they from him. Throughout the book "Tji" are letters Dr. Sam wrote to his friend in New Orleans. Many of the letters told of things the doctor had discovered but included anecdotes about Tji. The following is part of one of those letters and illustrates some of the problems encountered when Doctor Sam or Ben tried to explain something to Tji.

Tji had never seen a camel, Alf was the old Afgan camel driver.

Dear Cranston:

.....

Tji was fascinated by the camels and Alf has been very patient with him and has even taught him a few choice epithets to throw at them from time to time. Although still afraid of them, he will help load them and rides from time to time. Sometimes he threatens them in his own language -- threatens to eat them I think -- which they obey as readily as any other, i.e., not at all.

He has inquired more than once if camels are eaten but we told him we had never eaten one. He thinks their meat would be "palya", his word for "good". We laughed when he described how his people would prepare one for a feast. First they would dig a hole -- he drew the size on the ground -- into which they would pile brush, dead tree trunks, and grass. Then they would start a fire -- a big fire. He mimed every act --digging the hole, struggling with the brush, blowing the fire to get it going, piling rocks in the hole after the fire is roaring, removing the hot stones, and finally getting the camel in place, on its back with its four feet sticking straight up and its neck sticking out. He thought a pile of stones would support the head. This, he made us to understand, was important because they would not know when it was ready to eat. He was too far ahead of us at this point so we had to ask some questions. He had omitted the preparation of the camel. They would cut the camel open and remove the entrails. Then they would gather the green leaves from several kinds of trees (some were eucalyptus; we had no idea what the others were) and fill the insides with these leaves. (That was what made it "palya".) After they buried the camel in the hot hole, they would pile all the hot stones on it, then more sand, then they would build another fire on top of it. They would stoke this fire until the steam came out of the camel's nose. Then they would know it was time to eat it. (Now this seemed to make sense to us.) Tji's explanation with his limited vocabulary together with his miming was a real show and we laughed. Tji understood our laughter as approval of his acts and the more we laughed, the more he acted. He can imitate all kinds of bird sounds and any other thing he has heard and his imitation of the snorts of the camel as the steam came out of it's nose would be worth preserving if we had a way to do so.

One day he was able to demonstrate the value of at least one of the sounds to us. It was after we had removed the cast and he was able to walk again. Tji, Ben, and I were walking toward an area where Ben had found some petroglyphs he wanted to copy. (Here is an interesting fact, Tji would never go into a place where there were any kinds of paintings. He was not allowed by his tribal customs to look at such unless brought to them by an elder who would explain their meaning to him.)

The three of us were walking along when Tji raised his arm for silence. He had heard something near a large stone. It was evident that what he had heard was not a human for there was no place for a person to hide. Tji held his spear at the ready as he approached the stone. From around the stone there came a giant lizard -- I don't know whether it was a perentie or a

goanna, they may be the same thing, -- which ran in our general direction. Tji emitted a piercing whistle and the lizard stopped instantly and flattened itself against the ground where Tji's spear pinned it a split second later. Tji explained that his whistle imitated the scream of a diving eagle and the lizard stopped to prevent getting caught. That was the proper time to throw the spear. I have had an opportunity since that time to actually see an eagle diving at something on the ground, and it does scream, but the scream comes from its wings as it feathers them to slow to down. Ben and I were amazed and showed it. Tji was extremely well pleased, not because he had demonstrated a new (to us) way of getting our food but because he had proven that he had recovered. Up to this point, he had been frustrated because of his lack of coordination following his accident. I had told him it would come in time but he was impatient.

We have been very careful not to laugh at his sincere efforts to comprehend something. As I mentioned in one of my other letters, when he prefaced a sentence with "This I learn", it usually meant that someone -- usually Ben -- was in for a session of trying to explain something. And these were not simple to explain, like where were our wives, or where did we come from. There was usually no way the answer could be simplified. Ben has never been able to explain to Tji how a telescope or a microscope works. Try explaining them to some one who has never seen a piece of glass or knows nothing of lenses let alone such terms as focal length etc., etc. Ben is much too honest to fake an answer so Tji asks the same question over and over and Ben says he'll try to explain it to him when he has learned more words. Ben has become exasperated with me for I say "I don't know." But Ben has told Tji that he knows and is stuck with the problem.

When it came to the magnifying glass I got the honor of explaining it. Things looked larger and he wanted to know why. I told him it was a kind of magic. I piled up a small pile of grass and using the glass I set the grass ablaze in a few seconds. He could not believe it and I let him hold it so that it was focused on the back of his hand to feel the heat. He was so unbelieving that he actually burned a blister on his hand before he moved it away and licked the burn. "How it do it?" he wanted to know, while still licking the blister. I told him it was magic -- that it took heat away from the sun to make it burn. I focused on a flat stone and showed him the "little sun". I had him put a leaf where the "little sun" was and the leaf burst into flame. He was convinced. But this did not answer why the rock samples looked larger. I told him that the glass took part of my eye down into the rock and made them look larger. "Uwa, uwa, uwa," (his word for yes and he used it when he understood something.) So his next question was to Ben, "When I look through telescope, it take my eyeball out where I am looking, and I see better because my eyeball is closer?"

I could see that Ben was torn between the desire to be honest and the desire to rid himself of the subject once and for all. After some thought he settled it by a non-committal "Something like that," and gave me a dirty look.

There may be a way to check on his age. He says that he was born while the sun was being eaten up by the moon. When I get back I'll try to find out when a partial eclipse of the sun passed over this area.

It will be six weeks or more before I post this letter unless some one passes this way and I can send it by him. In the meantime, I may write more. Be sure Barton sees it and saves it for me.