

(Saturday, 4/22/95. I just talked to Cecil Jinks, sometimes known as Old Ormery and I think he said he would pay me to put something good about him in the paper. (I may have misunderstood him -- there was a lot of static on the line.) He did say that he wanted me to tell my sisters how much he appreciated what they said about him. He says the new exercises his therapist has him on will either kill him or make him better. Right now he thinks it's killing him. Now, what nice thing can I say about him? Well when he visited me he took a bath every day, so he doesn't smell. Wasn't that a nice thing to say?

The Mondy Morning

CHRONICLE

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

VOLUME VI, ISSUE 10, April 24, 1995

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We've been having our share of crazy weather. Monday morning when we got up the temperature was 40 degrees. Margaret keeps a journal which lies at her plate on the table and the first thing she records is the temperature when we get up -- about 6AM for me, If she sleeps later, I remember the temp and tell her when she gets up. Well about 9 AM I looked at the thermometer and it was reading 38, a bit later it had dropped to 36, then to 34, and snow began to fall. It came down in bucketfuls for about an hour or so while the temp continued to fall to 28 degrees before leveling off. Of course the ground was warm and only that that fell on the grass stayed on. After lunch the clouds dissipated and the sun came out and most of the snow melted. We still have frost or ice almost every morning.

I'm starting the next issue a bit early because I already have letters from the Duffers, Pat Mondy, Nell Mondy, and from our genealogist, Margaret Barnhart, who lives in the beautiful Ozarks, less than five miles from where I grew up. By the time I get these typed, there may be more and I may be able to get out an issue next week instead of waiting two weeks. [Of course I may not be able to because the toner cartridge for my printer hasn't arrived, though I expect it daily. Of course I don't need the printer to get all this typed.

Enclosed in Nell's letter were two items of interest. The first was picture of three boys and she asked me to identify them. I can do that for we

had a duplicate of this picture on our mantle most of my young life. The one in the center is Herman Reasons who will be 90 years old next February 28th and is one of our Chronicle cousins. The two boys on either side of him are Lewis and Raymond. Lewis died in 1936 and Raymond in 1964. I even remember when the picture was made at Lemon's Studio in Poca-hontas. Also, I remember when they got the suits they are wearing. Herman has on a suit with long pants; Lewis and Raymond have on knickers, short pants that buckled at the knee. Uncle Ed was a salesman for the National Suit Company (I think that's right) and he took their measurements and ordered the suits for them. (I was about eight at that time.)

The second item enclosed in Nell's letter was a card from a company in Denver offering her "Three Centuries of Mondys". Regular price \$44.85 but if ordered at once the price would be only \$24.85. This sounds good on the surface, but read what Pat has to say about it. It is interesting that Pat's letter arrived on the same day Nell's arrived.

FROM NELL

To all my Chronicle Relatives:

I enjoy getting the news from and about you through the *Chronicle*. Harrison does well to keep us informed although he sometimes doesn't understand the difference in stroke and open-heart surgery. [Now wait a minute, Nell. I have never had either so I'm not up on such things. But the real reason was that I took my telephone notes on the back of an envelope and got them mixed up. All important people take notes on the back of an envelope; Lincoln even wrote the Gettysburg Address on the back of one. Of course he didn't get them mixed up. I just as-

signed the wrong ailment to the wrong person.] We must forgive him though, for otherwise, he is a very interesting writer. [Thanks for them there kudos.]

It is enjoyable to read about your tomatoes and flower gardens while I am still having snow. However, I cannot complain about our Ithaca winter this year. It has been more like Florida, with sunshine each day. We deserve it after last winter with its heavy snowfall. I now have snowdrops and crocus which are most welcome. Just wait until June and July, then I can compete with vegetables. Everything here really takes off when summer arrives.

I enjoy my huge yard and the views from my picture windows in my living and dining rooms. On July 4th my friends gather here at my house to watch the Ithaca fireworks.

I am proud of my cousin, Brecken. She has great potential, and I am interested in her final decision.

Best wishes to all of you for a wonderful spring and summer.

Fondly, Nell.

Here is Pat's letter. Note what she has to say about the book, *Three Centuries of Mondys*.

PAT SAYS

Today in the mail I received a postcard advertising a genealogical book called *Three Centuries of Mondys*. sounds great, but it isn't. This is an out and out fraud and I have decided to warn the Mondy Chronicle readers about. I have read in many of the authentic genealogical periodicals notices warning about these kinds of publications. It's \$45 now but less if ordered soon.

The company that publishes these books has been in trouble with the Better Business Bureau a number of times but all it does is move to another state and change the name. What they in-

clude in their books (and it is easy in this computer age) are incomplete lists of people named Mondy obtained from telephone books, some of which are quite old and the addresses are no longer correct. For example, Holland's father Fred Mondy is included even though he has been dead many years. (We have a copy of one of these books because a few years ago, Holland's sister, not knowing the truth about the book, mailed in her twenty-five dollars and bought one for us. Holland is not listed, but you, Harrison made the list as did also Nell. Krista, our daughter is shown as is her address when she was in college many years ago.

Granted, this new edition may be more complete with the advent of the computer age. Names are easy to come by. I could go to our public library and via the computers there get a list of thousands of Mondys from the telephone books. Many of these Mondys are not related to us since those with English background have names that stem from the day of the week on which the family worked for the lord of the manor in exchange for the use of his ovens, plows, oxen, etc. They were all called the Monday people and the name stuck as a surname, though the people may have not been related at all. Family names were not in common usage until about 1200.

Anyone can research the Mormon stake libraries which exist all over this country where they can find Monday/Mondy/Monday/Mundy, etc. These names begin in Wilshire, England in the mid 1500's. This is where I did a lot of my research but there are thousands of Monday/ etc. names listed. I have copies of microfiche from the Mormon library on the Mondays. There are 33 pages of them with several hundred names per page. Sorting them out is next to impossible.

In a book supposedly devoted exclusively to the Mondy family there are photographs of Chinese, Polish, and Jewish refugees as well as other groups, none of which have any relationship to us -- unless we are Chinese and haven't noticed the slant of our eyes.

Several years ago I called the Better Business Bureau for information about this company and received from them a stack of copies of letters of complaint about a foot high. But the BBB said that though this smacks of fraud, it is not really illegal and they could do little or nothing about it.

Though these people say they have "searched through seventy million names in the National Data Bank" (whatever that is) they managed to come up with only about 40 pages with an average of six name per page. As to an actual history of the family, there is nothing. It's all generalities. They can print books on any name very easily, so don't waste your money, though they make it sound very tempting.

And this ends my one person tirade against fraudulent books!!!

We are looking forward to more visitors, to enjoying this lovely springtime, and to our trip to Colorado/Utah/New Mexico in early June. We plan to go directly to Lake City, CO where Holland's sister lives and spend some time there. While I go to a fancy cabin out of Powder Horn which is owned by a friend, Holland will stay in Lake City. Five of us, two artists and three writers will 'retreat' to Powder Horn to produce a masterpiece, either a painting or a novel. Five days seems to be rather short to get this accomplished, but we'll give it a try. Look for us in the national galleries and at the top of the best seller lists.

When our visit in Colorado is concluded, Holland and I plan to travel down through southeastern Utah to see the spectacular landscape there. Then head back to New Mexico to visit our daughters.

We are still polluted with three cats and a little dog which until recently was a safe harbor for fleas. But no longer. She is on the pill that has just been concocted to control fleas. It seems to be working although it will be a few weeks before we notice a complete difference, given the flea life cycle. Given orally once a month, this

pill keeps the eggs from hatching, effectively sterilizing the fleas. I had begun to question the divine judgement in creating these darned insects. Just hope we do not soon read about pro flea marches and protests in Washington against this awful unfair discrimination against fleas.

Best to all, Pat

[I do hope all you readers respect Pat's secret of how she has declared war on fleas. There are people in this country who protest any inhumane treatment of other animals and if sterilization is not inhumane, I don't know what is.]

FROM THE DUFFERS

(4/10)Dear Harrison, all Cousins, and Friends;
I have been trying to get up enough steam to write a letter for a while now so here it is. Three weeks ago this morning I had to go to the hospital for another angioplasty. The surgery went great but when they removed the tube from the vein, the vein did not close up. Two nurses pressed with fingers right in my groin for over an hour, the doctor said. It was most painful and I felt so sorry for the two nurses. I know they were so tired they could hardly stand. My leg was black from the groin to below my knee and a great big pumpknot formed there. I'm beginning to turn back white but the pumpknot hasn't gone away and is real sore. And so, I have been running out of steam before getting caught up with what had to be done.

I am doing very well, now, and worked in the garden this morning, cleaning off a spot to set out some hot peppers, and also prepared some space for some tomato plants. We will get them and set them out tomorrow. We have some in 5-gallon buckets that are doing quite well and blooming but no ripe ones yet. Our potatoes and sweet peppers are looking good. I want to plant some field peas this week. That will probably be the limit of my garden until next fall.

We were so sorry to read of so many illnesses as reported in the *Chronicle* but we are happy to see that most of you are on the mend.

LOIS : We are sure happy they did get to you in time and sure glad it was not a stroke. [*Yah, rub it in.*] We sure did enjoy your letter. We pray for your continued improvement.

J.E. we did not know you were in the hospital for so long and we are sure happy you are home and on the mend. Take good care of yourself

JESSIE T, we were glad you were able to write again. We always enjoy your letters

BESSIE AND BERTHA, we are always happy to see your letter. Now Bessie, I can think of many things you are good at besides writing for the Chronicle

JESSIE ANN P. We were glad to hear from you. It is always good to get the *Chronicle* and read about all of you. **Harrison** we thank you so much for keeping us in touch. I'm sorry I didn't send you a BD card, but I was out of steam. Go ahead and write your novel, we enjoy the excerpts.

Russell has been busy cleaning up his shop, putting things in place instead of just putting them back. It has been quite a job but now it looks most as good as my kitchen (ha). Now he is making a cart for a leaf blower. It is real handy and saves one from having to carry it. he made one for us and one for Jerry, now he is making one to sell.

Last Saturday (4/8) Jerry and Gerry Hart told us to be at their house at 9:15 and we'd go see the blue bonnets and wild flowers. When we got there there were five motorcycles with man and wife on each ready to go with us. Now Russell and I did NOT ride the motorcycles! We rode in the van with Gerry driving. Jerry rode his motorcycle with the rest. It was a lot of fun. We stopped at several places, had dinner at a fun place, and saw many many wild flowers. We drove about 300 miles, Jerry estimated.

Jerry and Gerry Hart have a new van so we really tried it out. There are about ten couples in

their motorcycle group. They are called, "The Buzzards". All are members of the church and most are in the choir. They are a great group.

Jerry is taking his adult choir to Hawaii on a mission tour in July. Their musical is so pretty. They will go to Los Vegas in may to see Jay perform in "Guys and Gals". He has the leading role. He will also graduate at this time from U of Nevada with his master's degree.

It is bedtime so I will say good night to all of you and remember, we pray for all of you every day. We love you lots, Russell and R.A.

To MARGARET BARNHART: you haven't told me in a long time whether you have done any censuses since 1880 or whether you ever found any traces of the Mondys in the 1870 census. How can I buy books from you if you don't tell me what you have? So far, everything I have ever received from you was super.

FROM MARGRET BARNHART.(4/13)

This has been one of the most beautiful springs I have seen since coming to Randolph County in 1977. All the flowers and trees bloomed in the proper sequence, the blossoms were the fullest, and the weather was just right. We had some warm days, some chilly days, and some stormy days. It takes a combination of all kinds of weather to make a month ideal. This was my objection to Southern California, -- the weather was too much the same all the time. It takes some stormy weather to make one appreciate the nice weather. Life is a lot like that. If one never has any adversity, one does not fully appreciate the good times.

Mainly I am writing to tell you how much I enjoyed the last *Chronicle* which contained the story, "The Birth of Tji". I have always been interested in the peoples of the world, feeling that they are my kin as much as anyone living in this country. Their customs may be different but the basic tenets of living are all the same. I can hardly wait for you to publish this book.

Please note our new address. Since we now have 911 facilities in the county, the Rural Route addresses are not sufficient for the rescue units to find us, thus the change. If one is on a party line, the 911 personnel do not know your address unless you tell them. According to the telephone company the whole county is supposed to get private lines by the end of the year. Some of us who have a private line (and have to pay for it by the quarter mile) together with those on party lines who are having to pay for facilities they can't use formed a group, signed petitions, put articles in the paper, and harrassed the commission that oversees telephone companies, so that now the phone company makes us the promise. (Why do we have to get nasty to get anything done these days?) The rule is that if you are on a party line, you cannot have an answering machine, a FAX machine, or a computer modem. We have all three so we had to have a private line. With more people getting computers every day and wanting to get on the "Information Superhighway" this is becoming a real problem. We will just have to wait and see if the telephone company comes through on their promise.

Sincerely, "Peg" Barnhart
New address: 6020 Blackwell Den Road
Warm Springs, AR 72478-9084

Many of you readers have met Margaret Ann (Hunt) Segrest in the years past. She lived with us off and on from the time she came to New Orleans (about 1949) until she married. We have always considered her a member of our family. She now lives in Michigan. She gets the Chronicle and writes to us regularly. From her last letter I excerpt the following: "Chief (she still calls me that) I remember one of your birthdays. Jim was bringing his BD present to you when he dropped it. It was some kind of Avon product, and it broke. My heart went out to him because he was so upset. And now every time your BD comes around, I think of Jim and Avon."

She adds another memory: "Do you remember one Mardi Gras when you and Mom were both

gone and a man knocked at the door and said he was one of Mom's relatives. I didn't know him and no one had told me to expect him. I did not admit him to the house and left him cooling his heels on the front porch until Mom came home. Later we went to Canal Street to watch one of the parades. He became separated from us at the parade, and had to find his way back to the house alone. I wonder if by this time he felt unwelcome. Mom, you may remember who it was, I've forgotten."

MA sent me a clipping from her Newspaper about a Mr. Ward who works for Intel, one of the computer chip companies. Ward suffers from Lou Gehrig's disease, a disease that gradually paralyzes all the muscles in the body. Today, about the only muscles he can move (except for heart and lungs) are his eyes. He works 4 days a week, sitting in a wheel chair with a board in front of him with the letters of the alphabet on it. He writes his messages by staring at a letter then blinking his eye, where upon the computer types the letter he was staring at. When a message is complete, the computer speaks the words he has written. He is a design engineer and they usually talk with sketches on pieces of paper. It must be awful to be so constrained. What an inspiration! What a contrast to the girl I saw who comes from a home that has never known anything but welfare, has already had two children out of wedlock, and who stands up before a TV camera and yells that the government owes her a living! [Thanks for the clipping Margaret Ann. Hey! has spring arrived there yet? Well for the past three or four days, we have had snow mixed with sunshine.]

* * * * *

I'm not sure when your next issue of the Chronicle will appear. Next Thursday we are going to Los Angeles to see the stage show, OKLAHOMA. Now we saw it in NY with the original cast in '44 and several times since but this is a special event, Brecken has the lead role!!!. I'll report on the trip when we return to Taos.

It's snowing again -- no, the sun just came out!

I received the following poem from Russell several issues ago but couldn't find a suitable place for it. Enjoy it

AND SO WENT LIFE

J. Russell Duffer

Listen! I'll tell you how to grow old fast,
And share with you how to make your life last.
To last I mean how you can be really true blue.
So when you are gone they'll still remember you!
In making your life count is that which matters,
And the sunshine you make will be what scatters

To grow old surely is a good objective goal
To reach such an attainment use body and soul
Seventy years are promised in three-score and ten
To live out beyond these days is every ones yen!
You awakened one day and showed you were alive
And at the snap of a finger you were already five.

The School Marm called amid life's good licks
And before you knew it you were already six!
In life's school you began to study and to grow
The school was telling you things you didn't know
The teachers begin to work with you and to teach
They were loved and respected within everone's reach

Rip! and soar! and pop! and boom! and you were seven
And crash! and bang! and pow! then you were eleven.
Those first years really scoot while you play and delve.
And there it was before a second thought you were twelve.
By then you are a teenager and the years were not mean,
Thirteen, fourteen, and fifteen and long sought eighteen!

The teen years are like a hot melting pot of costly gold
And you realized more than others you were getting old!
Then came the stages, "Aw Daddy", "That teacher", "Aw
Mother!"

And then the sigh, "Who sent me that kid sister or brother?"
The teen-years roll along with such terrific speeds
And really now, "Who can understand what a
teenager needs?"

There were love notes, phone calls, and puppy love galore.
Sometimes life was so cruel you wanted to kick the floor,
Graduation, courtships, good times, pledges, awards,
aplenty
There staring you in the face, the ancient age of twenty!
A strange day came. Your Dad said, "You're on your own."
You turned to your mirror and softly said, "Now I am
grown."

Thus, you faced then more than an empty, dreary dream.
Remember Longfellow said, "Things are not what they
seem."

You could not afford to turn your back to the past.
But you allowed life's bud to burst into a bloom to last.
Time is fleeting.. The grave is surely not life's goal.
So what you gained in your being was spoken to the soul.

FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA; (4/17/95)

We have really been having some weather here
in the Ozarks. On the 10th we had it all; cloudy,
rain, sleet, snow, and sunshine and it got colder
so the old furnace had to be turned on again. I
told Bertha guess we were having snowball
winter as my snowball bush is just starting to
turn white with blossoms.

We had a nice yesterday (Easter Sunday), went
to church and after church had dined with Dolly,
Jennifer and Doug. In the afternoon we listened
to Jennifer play the piano (she is just learning
but did a good job). Doug is in the band at
school and gave us a demonstration on his
drums. Later, we went back to church to see the
young people in Doug's class present a play
called The Challenge of the Cross. It was a very
good play and the young people did a good job.
The choir sang some of it and the pastor
preached between songs. We had a wonderful
Easter.

All the folks here in Springfield are getting
along ok except for our nephew, LaVelle. He
goes back to surgery on the 18th when they will
probably remove some more bone from below
the knee. This will be his fourth time in surgery
since just before Christmas. We hope this is the
last time.

Bertha had a long conversation with Nell re-
cently. Bertha had sent Nell some pictures but
had not heard whether she had received them, so
she had called to find out. Nell had received
them, had written a letter which Bertha had not
received -- maybe it is among the 13000 pieces
of mail found in somebody's basement in St.
Louis.

Sunday the 16th was our mother's birthday --
had she lived, she would have been 110 years
old. She has been gone a long time, 58 years, but
we still think of her and miss her on this day.

Love to all, Bessie and Bertha

C - U - SOON, H.C.M