

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 13, JUNE 26, 1995

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

WELL SHE DONE IT!!

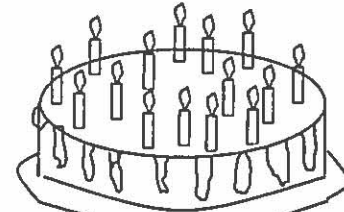
We seen her when she done it!!

Of course, her grammer is much better than that, I should hope.

Last Wednesday (6/14/95) was the day Brecken had looked forward to for twelve years, -- the day she would graduate from high school. The ceremony was held on the football field where a few hundred parents, grandparents, uncles, aunts, friends, and others watched as 81 young women and men came one by one up the long aisle to take their place on the improvised platform where they listened to a two hour program designed to send them on their way to their next step. More than 90% of them will go on to college.

Following the graduation exercises Brecken's friends and relatives gathered at the Ritz-Carlton where Judy and John had rented a special room with gobs of food, tables, etc., so we could mill around and visit and watch while she opened a car-load of presents. There were several dozen persons present. John had taken video pictures of Brecken since she was born and had put them all together so that we had pictures of her entire life. He had a big screen TV and the story was great.

On Thursday night we had a family get-together at the Armstrong house. John's mother, Anne; Margaret and I; Judy Washburn; Jim and Geri; and Brecken's boy-friend, Jeremy were all there.



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY

JULY 18
STEPHANIE MONDY

JULY 22
DICK MONDY

Margaret, Judy Washburn, and I arrived at Jim and Geri's on Monday night where we stayed until Thursday night. Marg and I stayed with the Armstrongs Thursday night and left early (about 5 AM on Friday for Taos. We arrived here today (Sat) about 3 PM to find heavy winds blowing. We have asked the Post Office to hold our mail for us and hopefully there will be letters for the Chronicle. You will understand that I won't be able to get this issue out on time because I will have to wait for the mail.

On Saturday (6/10) I recieved a letter from Bessie and Bertha but it was too late for last week's Chronicle. I certainly appreciate their letters and I am sure that all the other cousins do too. Otherwise, we would not know what is going on in Springfield. I talked to Brother-in-law Cecil at the family reunion and he said, "I have never met your two cousins who write from Springfield, but they write such interesting letters I feel like I know them."

NEWS FROM SPRINGFIELD

(Bessie Nimmo and Bertha Buckley)

"...Well May has come and gone, and we had about 25 days of rain, ranging from sprinkles to down pours; high winds, and a few tornadoes around. Some got pretty close to us; knocked down several big trees, damaged two schools. Bertha and I only had a lot of leaves and small limbs own.

Bertha and I made our annual trip to Pocahontas. We left here at 6 AM on the 26th; cloudy and foggy. We ate breakfast at Hill Billy Junction and started on to Thayer when hit a big rain-storm between West Plains and Koshkenong. It rained in sheets that were sometimes so heavy Bertha could hardly see to drive. Once we did stop to wait for it to lighten up but about the time we got back on the highway, it struck again. When we reached Thayer, they had had only a sprinkle.

On our way we visited cemeteries at Thayer, Myrtle, Walnut Grove, Shiloh, and Pocahontas. We tried to put flowers on the graves of all our relatives. We wanted to go to Clearview cemetery but the last time we went we found it locked so we decided to skip it this time. We did notice that there is now a sign on the highway marked "Clearview Road". All the cemeteries were in pretty good shape, -- Walnut Grove could have been mowed a little better. We returned to Thayer to spend the night with friends and came on home on Saturday. We decorated our cemeteries here and they were so beautiful -- looked like big flower gardens.

Most of our relatives around here are doing ok. There is one exception; LaVelle, our nephew had to have his leg amputated just below the knee but it is healing quite well. The nurse comes to the house each day and gives him antibiotics. Sue and her husband are doing better.

June has started off with rain every day. Last Friday, June 3rd. our nephew (J.W. Edward's son) retired from the City Utilities Bus Co. after

35 years, so Bertha, and I and several other relatives including his sister and sister-in-law, nieces, nephews, and cousins went to the Bus Barn and rode the bus on his last trip. We had lots of fun and it was a big surprise to him. Daughter, Sue, made a sheet cake and decorated it with City Utility Bus and did a wonderful job of it. (I just have to brag a bit, she does such a good job.)

Old Arthur (-itis) has caught up with me and my knees have been bothering me for about ten days, and sometimes I just don't get around so well. (I could say it might be "age" but I won't.) Grandson is coming this afternoon to mow my lawn.

Eloise and Jim will be leaving for Oregon as soon as they sell their home. They have a nice place here and have worked so hard getting it ready to sell. We wish them good luck and best of health in Oregon. [*Eloise is the daughter of Raymond Reasons, who was the son of Hattie (Mondy) Reasons, who was the daughter of J.C. Mondy*]

Love to all, Bessie and Bertha.

The Greeks were among the first to practice medicine scientifically. If they had a patient with a disease which they did not know how to treat, they set him out on the side walk and all the people who came by talked to him and some of them told him what they did when they had a similar illness. The doctor sat nearby and took notes and often found a cure for their patient from among the remedies suggested by the passersby. Well, don't call me Dr. Mondy, but I will tell you how Margaret and I have treated our arthritis in the past and it was totally successful.

When we were in Australia, I developed arthritis in one of my fingers. It was so painful I could not type and could not bend the finger at all. I made a finger-stall of gauze and covered it with plastic. I soaked the gauze with apple cider vinegar. I wore the stall one night, the finger felt

better the next day, so I slipped the finger out and went to work. When I came home that night, I slipped my finger back into the stall and resoaked it with vinegar, and wore it all night. After the third night, the arthritis was gone, not a trace left. About a year later the arthritis came back, I repeated the treatment with complete success. About 6 or 7 years ago I had the same trouble, I treated it the same way and since that time I have not had one pain in that finger and it is as good as ever. Now that was my experience.

A short time after we moved here Margaret developed arthritis in her knee and it was so bad she had difficulty walking and could barely climb the stairs. After she had suffered a month or two I reminded her of my experience in Australia and we decided to try it on her knee. Some one who had lived here left a large long Ace bandage in one of the bathroom drawers so Marg soaked it in vinegar, warmed it in the microwave, and wrapped her knee in it. She cut a hole in the bottom of a plastic grocery bag and slipped it up over her knee and taped it at the top and bottom and slept in it for two nights, removing it in the day time. After her second night most of the arthritis was gone, and after the third it was all gone. A few months ago it came back and she repeated the treatment and has not had any arthritis in her knee since.

Now if any of you try this, please let me know if it was successful. Be sure the vinegar is pure apple cider vinegar. It has something in it that dissolves the excess calcium in the tendons around the joints, so I have been told, and this is why the treatment works. Whether it works or not for you, please let me know. Since it worked in five cases for us, maybe it will work for you. Now I don't know what to do if the arthritis is in your shoulder but I would try soaking a towel in vinegar and applying it as a compress. It certainly can't hurt, and it might give relief.

I know a woman who is now 83 who has never had arthritis. She attributes it to the fact that for many years she has mixed a table spoon of vinegar and a table spoon of honey in a glass of warm water and drank it once a day.

Have I ever told you about one of Dad's experiences in court? Well it seems that somebody's pig got into somebody's garden and in the chase to get it out, the pig was injured, so there was a lawsuit. Dad was a witness to the whole thing and was called to the stand. He took the oath and started to tell the story of what he had seen. Now Dad sometimes had a high temper and a short fuse and he had scarcely started his story when one of the lawyers (Vernon King) interrupted him to question him about some bit of data. After about the third interruption Dad stood up, leaned over the rail, pointed his finger in Vernon's face and said, "Young man, I swore to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Now you just sit down there until I have finished telling what I know and if you have any questions to ask, you can ask them then." Vernon kept quiet and did not interrupt Dad again. Later he became Dad's lawyer and after Dad died, he was Mom's lawyer. When she lived there alone, if she needed to know something, she depended upon Vernon. Now if I had pulled a stunt like that in court, I would have been cited for contempt, but in the country courts, things are different.

Monday, June 19, has arrived, and though there was a bushel of mail, there were no letters for the Chronicle. Now that was a disappointment but two very pleasant things happened today to offset it. Do you remember that in the last issue I mentioned having attended the reburial of ex-Governor Drew and that I could not find anything about him in the Encyclopedia Brit.? Well today I received a bundle in the mail from one of the most helpful members of the Chronicle Family, **Margaret Barnhart**, containing about 15 pages of material about the life of Drew and his re-burial in Pocahontas. I'll review all this material and write a blurb about it soon. **Margaret**, if I were there I might just give you a kiss, -- that is if Bob wasn't looking. I certainly appreciate your sending it and the note on the front that said, "*Ask and you shall receive.*"

Margaret, I'm sure I speak for all the Chronicle readers when I say "Thanks" for all the help you have given us in our search for our ancestry. My invitation to you and Bob to visit us still stands.

* * * * *

The other great thing that happened today was a call from our cousin, Nell. She said she had written a letter but was unhappy with it so she threw it in the wastebasket called me instead. She is as busy as a cat in a room full of mice, -- she is always busy. She may wear out sometime, but she will never rust out.

Anyway, we had a long conversation about a lot of things. She reported that Jessie Thornton is still having trouble with her arm and can't write. That explains why we haven't received one of those long letters from her which we all enjoyed so much. [And all this time I thought Jerry had taken her pencil and paper away from her again.]

Believe it or not, Nell and I discussed the weather. She said she believed that the weatherman had come to his senses and regretted the awful winter he sent to Ithaca last year and tried to make up for it by sending them one of the most pleasant winters and springs she had ever seen. I told her that in all the 35 year we lived in California I had never seen rain in June like we had the day after Brecken's graduation. And after we left, they had a big snow storm in the mountains back of Judy's place, with snow all the way down to the 4500 foot level. And that was after the middle of June.

As I have reported before, Cornell, where Nell has labored so long in so many capacities, honored her by requesting all her work be archived. She spends most of her working hours reproducing all of her papers on acid-free paper for the archives. But Nell, it was a great honor and we all are so happy for you. If your Dad is watching from the great beyond, he must be beside himself with joy. Over the years you have produced so many hundreds of reports, it must be quite a task, reproducing the papers and cataloging them for library access, etc. I bet they

would make wonderful reading; a complete education in themselves.

Nell even said that she enjoyed my blurb about the symbiotic relationship existing between the warrior ants and the little worker ants.

* * * * *

This is Monday, June 26, and by now most of you know that I lost my only brother and have been busy with all the activity that comes with such an event..

James Dewel Mondy, son of Lloyd Waymon and Mary Ellen (Carter) Mondy was born on March 15, 1922 in the village of Lorine, five miles northwest of Pocahontas, Randolph County, Arkansas. He died at his home in Canon City, Colorado, June 21, 1995 of bone cancer.

He grew up in Randolph County, served in the Armed Services in World War II as a corporal in the Army Air Corps stationed in England most of the war. Following his discharge he entered the University of Arkansas in Fayetteville. While working in Colorado Springs during summer breaks he met and on July 22, 1950, married Elizabeth Louise Haska, daughter of Harry J. and Blanche (Carpenter) Haska. To this union was born two sons; Richard Alan (B:7/22/1953) and Mark Douglas (B:4/17/1956). "Betty" died of cancer on December 24, 1971.

On June 12, 1980 he married Lynette (Wenn) Moffitt and became step-father to five children; Laurinda DeSario, Stan Moffitt, Mollie Moffitt, Bonnie Clark, and Joseph Moffitt.

Most of you knew him as Dewel because he and Jewel were twins and their names rhymed, but he became James in the service, and later shortened his name to "Jim" by which he was known to other people.

About three years ago he discovered that he had cancer of the prostate and underwent an operation for its removal. In July of 1994 he discovered that he had cancer of the bone and began a series of treatments which were unsuccessful.

Although he was in considerable pain much of the time, he was still ambulatory at the time of death. He was still able to laugh at jokes, and to read some short stories I had written, up to a couple of days before he died. He continued his work for the Soil Conservation Service until about two months ago when he retired (as I mentioned in Issue 12). He did not want me to mention his illness in the Chronicle, saying that people had enough troubles of their own and did not need to add his worries to their own. When I talked to him on the phone and asked about his health he would give me as short an answer as possible and change the subject.

Before going to Los Angeles for Brecken's graduation I told him I would be up to see him when we returned. We arrived back here on Saturday and made plans to go to Colorado on Wednesday to see him. While we were dressing to go on Wednesday morning we received a call from Jessie that he had passed away. I called Nell Mondy in Ithaca, NY, with whom I had already discussed his condition, and she volunteered to call some of our cousins, then I called Bessie Nimmo and she volunteered to contact the Springfield relatives. Our son Jim was teaching a class in Tucson, AZ and fortunately, we were able to contact him. He reported that he had no suitable clothes but would work out something. He called Anne Armstrong, Judy's mother-in-law, who agreed to go to his house and send him certain clothes by overnight delivery. Geri, who was with him in Tucson, managed to pay a short visit to a store and fitted herself appropriately. Jim's clothes arrived by FedEx in time to have them cleaned and pressed. Our Judy was unable to come to the funeral. Margaret called Judy Washburn and she called the Jinks relatives.

Dick, Dewel's oldest son drove from Elkhart, Indiana with his three children, Adam, Amamda, and Aaron. Mark, Dewel's other son came at once (he lives in Pueblo, CO) but his wife, Becky, and daughters, Jamie and Stephanie, had left that morning at 4AM to visit relatives in Oklahoma. As soon as he heard the news he called the highway patrol but they were unable to stop



JAMES DEWEL MONDY
 Son of
LLOYD WAYMON and
MARY ELLEN (CARTER) MONDY
 BORN: 15 MARCH 1922
 Randolph County, Arkansas
 DIED: 21 JUNE 1995
 Canon City, Colorado
 Married Elizabeth Louise Haska 22 July 1950
 Born to this union
 Richard Alan (7/22/53)
 Mark Douglas (4/17/1956)
 Following the death of Betty (12/24/1971)
 he married Lynette (Wenn) Moffitt (6/12/1980)
 and became a loving step-father to
 Lurinda DeSario, Stan Moffitt, Mollie Moffitt,
 Bonnie Clark, and Joseph Moffitt
 He was grandfather to five
 and step grandfather to ten

them before they reached their destination. They returned next day.

I had never met any of Lynette's children but did get acquainted with them during the time we were there. Joe, the youngest, has a lovely wife and the two of them were there from Richmond, VA where he is in the Baptist Seminary studying for the ministry (and I predict he will be a great one).

The funeral was held at the First Southern Baptist Church of Canon City under the direction of their pastor at 9:30 Saturday morning, June 24, and the interment was in the Lakeside Cemetery. At the end of the graveside service, Dick was presented with the American Flag by a representative of the VFW.

Among those in attendance were my son Jim and his wife, Geri from El Segundo, CA.; Greg Kirk, from Colorado Springs; Brent Kirk and wife, Karen, and children Chris and Erin from Denver; Ken Vycital, Susan Vycital, and Lu (Vycital) Schipper all from Phoenix area, AZ; Dick Mondy with Adam, Amanda, and Aaron from Elkhart, IN; Mark Mondy and wife, Becky, with Jamie and Stephanie from Pueblo, CO; and my two sisters, Jewel Kirk and Jessie Pemberton with their husbands, Tom and Noal, from Colo Spgs; and Margaret and I. Brent Kirk, Greg Kirk, Ken Vycital, and Jim Mondy were among the pall bearers.

Dewel was an active member of the church, an avid fisherman (tying his own flies), and an excellent gardener (you should see his place).

In the days to come, I will provide bits of information that will help you to better understand him.

* * * * *

The first phone call of condolence I received was from my Brother-in-law, Cecil, who asked that I pass his words along to my sisters and to Dewel's family.. Despite all our harsh words about each other in the Chronicle, I do want all of you to know that we truly love each other.

* * * * *

JUST AN OLD SLINGSHOT

On the morning of June 21 Margaret and I started packing an over-night bag for a trip to Colorado Springs to spend the night with Tom and Jewel. Our plans were to go the next day to visit Dewel in Canon City. We had been told that he was getting worse, was suffering more with his

bone cancer but there was still hope that a new treatment might pull him out. Just as we were preparing to leave our house the phone rang and it was our sister, Jessie, calling to tell us that Dewel had passed away a couple of hours earlier.

Many years ago when I was visiting Mom in Arkansas, she came in and handed me a slingshot (we called a "bean shooter) and asked, "Was this deadly weapon yours or Dewel's?" I brought it home with me and last week when we were in El Segundo, I found it. This morning when I was packing to visit Dewel, I put it with a package of magazines I was taking to him, intending to ask him if he was as good a shot as he used to be. The slingshot is now with my memorabilia.

Once when I was visiting him he was putting out feed for the birds and said, "I'm trying to make up for all the birds I killed when we were growing up." [To be completely honest, we didn't kill all that many -- we were not that good a shot. We did kill a few -- mostly English sparrows which were considered pests.]

Until I was in my late teens, Dewel and I did almost everything together. We did a great deal of the farm work, breaking ground, (I with a #42 Chatanooga, he with a #13 Oliver), plowing crops with a double shovel, picking cotton, digging sprouts, etc. We always went to Sunday School Sunday morning but the afternoon was free and many times we would ask Mom to make a molasses cake for us to have as soon as we could get home. We would run all the way from the church to our house, change into our old clothes, grab a big slice of the cake, and head for the Thompson Creek, or some other place in the woods and spend the afternoon with our slingshots. We shot minnows, birds, occasionally a squirrel, but mostly lizards. Once we decided that lizards were very useful (after we found one with a dog tick in its mouth) and decided we shouldn't kill them. But they made such a good target, we hated to give up entirely, so we agreed that if we could just shoot off their tails, they would have to eat a lot more dogticks

and other bugs to grow a new tail and that we would be contributing to the good of the community if we de-tailed them. (We rationalized everything) Now snakes were our most prized target. It made no difference whether they were poisonous or not, we killed them. Our rationale was that Mom was afraid of snakes, and though the ones we found were miles from home, we reasoned that they might,-- just might -- get to our house and scare her. [As I said, we rationalized everything.]

There is an interesting thing about that slingshot I mentioned above. The "stock" was made of persimmon wood, cut from the top of a persimmon tree. This particular tree grew on the slope of the creek that ran back of our stables where lived, known as the "Will Haynes Place". We spotted it two or three years before we cut it. It was too small at first, but when it was of the size we thought to be just right, we cut it. There are probably more old stocks back home, but none to compare with this one.

Pardon me for rambling, but he was my brother and I loved him very much. I'm just sitting here letting my mind wander, wondering what will come next.

* * * * *

Since last November we have made seven trips to California for various purposes, two trips to Colorado, and one trip to Texas. I'm kinda tired of traveling. Acturllly it is not the traveling I am tired of, it is being away from home. I have so much to do here that I get behind with everything when I'm gone.

* * * * *

UH - OH Now I'm in the doghouse -- Ina Hall's doghouse. You will see why in her letter. Now to keep you straight with our kinship , she is my first cousin-in-law, once removed. Clear on that? Well she married Jesse Hall who was the son of Sarah Louisa (Sammons)(Brewer) Hall who was sister to Rhoda Alice (Sammons) Mondy, my grandmother. If you are a great grandchild of JC Mondy, she is your first-cousin-in-law twice removed, and if you are

a great great grandchild of JC Mondy she is your first-cousin-in-law, thrice removed. Oh well, who cares. We all share a few drops of Jacob Sammons/Sarah Carnard blood, and she, Sarah was a full blood Cherokee from the hills of Tennessee. Jacob and Sarah were killed by bushwhackers in the mid 1860's on Eleven-point River in the Dalton area leaving the two girls orphaned at a very young age. They became part of the Stubblefield family. (See Geneatrace 1) Now that I have distracted your mind from the fact that I am in Ina's doghouse, here's her letter

FROM INA HALL

Dear Harrison, I have received the Chronicle, which I always enjoy reading. I enjoy hearing from different ones and reading about how they are progressing.

I was flabbergasted to learn you had been to La Grange, TX to the family reunion. Since you were that close to Lockhart, why didn't you drop in and pay me a visit? Lockhart is only about 50 miles from LaGrange. Jesse and I used to drive over to Roundtop, just a little ways north of LaGrange frequently. It is an oldGerman settlement with lots of antique places and once a year they have a German fest when they serve German sausage, saur kraut, butter-milk pies, etc., and can they put on a feast. For years we went every year. We would buy and sell antiques. They have an old cigar and candle factory which dates back more than a hundred years.

I guess that by now Brecken has graduated and I do hope she gets to go to Yale since that is her first choice. I want to congratulate you on having such a smart granddaughter. I'm sure she will go a long way in this world.

As far as my health is concerned, I an doing very well. I was 85 on the 4th of May. God has blessed me with good health for which I thank Him every day. I get around quite well, do my own grocery shopping, cooking, and house keeping and cleaning, and do quite a bit of going. It is only three blocks to town so I walk ther often. My eyesight is not too good and my hearing is very bad. I have a hearing aid but it doesn't help much.

Sorry about your running into the tail end of that tornado. Now if you had decided to stop in Lockhart for awhile you would have missed it. I would have taken you to Kreuz Market for sausage and barbecue and all the trimmings. Kreuz Market is the oldest market in Texas. They have been in business more than a hundred years. They ship sausage and barbeque all over the United States.

You mentioned the hail storm in San Angelo, TX., and that reminded me of one in Kilgor many years ago. It happened between four and five o'clock in the afternoon and Jess had not come from work, and I was in the house with two little children. I nearly had a heart attack. When the storm was over, the hail was two feet deep in the street.

Ethyl King, Jesse's niece who lived at Myrtle MO, passed away in March a year ago. She was past 90 years old. We used to visit them a lot. She was married to Daniel King from an old family near Walnut Grove. She was such a nice sweet person. Both she and Daniel are buried in the Walnut Grove cemetery near Myrtle MO. *[Ethyl was the daughter of Tina Faye (Hall) Brown, sister to Jesse Hall.]*

I hope you don't faint when you get this letter. I would write more often but I don't know anything to write about.

(Signed; Ina Hall)

Ina you asked if we have relatives near LaGrange, the answer is we have none there. The Jinks family has a reunion there every two years because it is difficult to find any other place similar to The Lone Star Campground which is less than 5 miles west of LaGrange. Some years there are nearly a hundred persons present and they come from all over the country.

* * * * *

I have decided that aggression and the territorial imperative attitudes of men must be a genetic characteristic. I was watching some little boys playing "King of the Mountain" or something similar. No rules to play by, just the attitude that this is my mountain, you can't have it. Boys and men play this game in business and society ev-

ery day. Well they are not the only animals that play the game. Yesterday while I was watering the lawn with the sprinkler, I was watching a wasp-like insect playing the same game. There was a small pebble on the portal that he claimed as his own. If any other insect came flying around, he attacked it and drove it away. Once a bumble bee came by and he even attacked it. Now the bumble bee was hunting for nectar and cared nothing for the little stone, but the little wasp attacked him anyway, whereupon the bumble bee simply fled to a more peaceful place among the clover blossoms. When the little wasp had driven off several other insects, the little stone became too hot for him and he flew away. Do you suppose he had nothing better to do than play "King of the Mountain"? If you will look around you will find men playing the game every day. I wonder why.

* * * * *

Some of you will receive more than one "Thank you" note from the Mondy family for your help and consideration. Jewel and Jessie are writing some, I am writing some, and Lynette and her family are doing the same. I want to thank all of you for phone calls, letters, and cards.

* * * * *

Part of the delay in getting out this issue of the Chronicle can be blamed on the Weather man or whoever sends these afternoon thunderstorms. As soon as the lightning begins to get close, I have to save everything I have written and get my computer turned off lest I lose what I have written. Yesterday, the thunderstorms began at noon and kept coming around until ten o'clock last night. So I had to start early this morning doing all the corrections and last minute changes. Now comes all the printing (about four to six hours, collation (I can't afford a collater), hole punching, addressing the envelopes, stuffing the envelopes, stamping them, and eventually mailing them. Some won't be ready before tomorrow.

Take care of yourselves and see if you can't find a few minutes time to write a single letter to the nearly one hundred people who read the Chronicle each week. HCM