

# CHRONICLE

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

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Did you look at that cartoon in the last issue? Did you notice that there was not a word about my brother-in-law in it? And yet, with his devious mind, he has come up with the idea that the character in the cartoon is his brother-in-law trying to figure out how to get back into his will. That part doesn't seem to bother him; it's the part about him being so dumb he wouldn't see through the scheme that upsets him. Now here I go and find a cute cartoon, put it in the Chronicle to sorta dress it up a bit and he takes it as an insult. You just can't please everybody. Would I stoop so low as to dream up a scheme like that to get back in his will? And would I state that he is too dumb to see through the scheme????

We have a magpie who comes around every morning for a handout of whatever scraps we might have. His name is "Fatso" because he is so fat he waddles. And most of you know we have a snake named "Slimbo" for obvious reasons. We now have a skunk named "Stinko". Now none of these animals know that we consider them to be ours; -- none of them are pettable though Slimbo doesn't seem to mind being picked up and when I lecture him on the danger presented by Stinko, he just stares at me without blinking his eyes and waits for me to set him down again. (Of course he doesn't blink his eyes for he has no eyelids and can't close them.)

You have probably gotten the idea that I like ants but I don't particularly like them ---I just admire them. They have been on this planet for millions of years, were here when the dinosaurs

roamed over the land, and during that time they have come up with some ingenious schemes for beating the system. It is their symbiotic schemes that fascinate me. Down on the Malay peninsula there lives a certain plant whose roots are only good for wrapping themselves around a limb high in a tree. It gets its food from dust in the air and its moisture from the rain and dew. Now this particular plant is pretty smart. It causes one of it's leaves to swell into a bag large enough to make a home for a certain kind of ant that lives in small colonies of a dozen or so. The ants make themselves at home in the leaf-ball which saves them the trouble of building a nest. The plant is glad to have them there for they provide it with the nutrients it needs. They are rather messy little creatures, always bringing in more than they eat and dropping it on the floor where it rots. Also, when one of them dies, they just let the body rot right there in the corner of their domicile and the plant collects the nitrogen it has to have to grow. But the best part of the arrangement between the plant and the ant is this: The ants breathe the oxygen given off by the plant who sees to it that the oxygen comes out inside the little house. The ants exhale carbondioxide in their breath just like we do and the plant absorbs it, uses it to grow more plant and this process converts it into the oxygen needed by the ants. Wonder how many millions of years it took for these two, a plant and an animal, to figure out this symbiotic scheme for existence?

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**FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA**

Dear Chronicle Family:

We are having such nice weather here in Ozarks between showers of rain scattered here and there, some places get it one day, others

the next. The sun is shining today and the temperature is supposed to go up to the high 70's. It was 60 degrees last night when a cool front came through. Has been in the 80's; -- good for air conditioners.

All are well here in Springfield. I talked to Herman and Lillie one evening recently and they are about as usual. Lillie said she had had better days but was ok. JE and Katie have been camping down Branson way this week and they are ok. Tom and Josie have been vacationing down in Arkansas. Bertha and I just stayed home, mowed our lawns, and got lazy; -- watched baseball on TV a lot.

My two grandchildren , Jennifer and Doug, have been to church camp in Colorado this week and will be home today. Dolly had been in touch with them and they said it had rained three days and was cold out there but they loved the camp so much they didn't mind it. Hope they don't come home with a cold. Jennifer is supposed to start a new job on the 6th (of July).

We, here in Springfield, were saddened to hear of Dewel's death. Our heartfelt sympathy and love go to all of his family and friends. He will be sorely missed I know.

Hey! I finally have a bloom on one of my tomato plants and one on a pepper plant. I didn't get them out very early and it just rained and stayed cloudy and cold and they just set there. I gave them a big dose of Miracle Grow and the sun came out and the weather warmed up and they finally began to grow. Maybe I will have ripe tomatoes by Labor Day. My garden consists of two (2) tomato plants and two (2) pepper plants. Big garden, huh!

Hope all the Chronicle family had a big Fourth. It hardly seems possible that June came and went and I did not see a June bug. Lots of lightning bugs in the evenings, though. Hope all of you are well or improving. Love to all of you from Bessie and Bertha.

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When I was a kid about a hundred years ago, I used to come home after school, grab a piece of Mom's cornbread, go out to the garden, pull up a hand full of radishes, and feast on them. Last

week, Margaret, who can't stand radishes, bought some anyway and brought them home. There were some cornbread muffins left over from the night before, so I had one of my old fashioned feasts. The radishes she bought were the sweetest I have ever eaten. I don't know where they were grown. Had no "hot" taste at all.

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I promised to let you know how the love affair between the two crickets and the refrigerator came out. For three or four days the crickets chirped their sweetest serenades but all to no avail; the "fridge" just squeaked back. Finally, a few mornings ago I went into the kitchen and only the squeak of the fridge greeted me. I looked on the floor and there were the two crickets -- dead -- no doubt of a broken heart.

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Gee Whiz -- The Duffers sent me a whole lot of stuff about the use of vinegar for curing things. I'll summarize it in a separate package and include it in this or the next issue. It was included in their letter which follows.

#### **FROM THE DUFFERS**

To all the members of the Dewel Mondy family:

My heart has been breaking for each of you in your loss. Each of you will miss him in a different way, as an only brother, as a twin brother, as a baby brother, as a husband, as a father, as a grandfather; each in a different way. And you will miss him even more than you did your mother or daddy; I don't know why, you just will. I found out about his condition from Jessie Ann at Christmas and all of you have been in our prayers since. But we do have the Holy Spirit for Comfort as Jesus promised. I can truly sympathize, for I have been through it all except losing a husband. To all of you we send our sympathy, our prayers, and much, much love.

We are doing as well as can be expected with our arthritis and we expect to be doing much better real soon because we are going to try the vinegar cure. We already take some daily and Russell soaks his feet in some

when he bathes and his feet are much better. We will try the other and let you know how it works.

Bob and June spent a week with us during the month of June. We so enjoyed their stay. The six of us, Bob and wife June, Jerry an wife Gerry Hart, and Russell and I were together for most of the week. Their boys are so far apart they don't get to stay long (enough) at either place. They have a brand new grandson named Timothy Ray. Now they have five grandchildren and we have five greats.

Tomorrow (7/8) Jerry and his adult choir will leave for Hawaii where they will give concerts on four of the islands. They will be gone until the 17th (of August??). We'll miss them. We just came from their house, -- telling them good bye and to have a good time. They will.

The month of June was a really dry month and our yards and gardens really suffered. Then we started having rain and we have had a lot of it. Today the sun is shining and as I remember Dewel saying once, "Well it is clouding off". (Remembering things like that will happen often, you will find.)

Harrison, I wrote Margaret a sympathy card after the loss of her nephew and included a "thank you" for your mother's day card. There was also a letter for the Chronicle. I have never been sure you got my "thank you" or that Margaret got her card. I'm just wondering if they got lost in the mail. [RA, Margaret did get the card and I think she has written you a letter. Your letter was published in the Chronicle. Thanks for your kudos.]

To all the cousins and friends we send our best wishes and want you to know we love all of you. Bessie and Bertha we enjoyed taking the trip with you. Good night, God bless all of you, lots of love, Russell and R.A.

[To this letter Russell appended a note as follows:]

Harrison, I am enclosing a sheet about vinegar and its uses. I drink a teaspoon of honey and a teaspoon of apple cider vinegar in a glass of cranapple juice before breakfast and it seems to help in several ways. I also use vinegar when I

take my bath as R.A. has already mentioned. I sit on a stool in the tub with my feet soaking in a small plastic pan with half a cup of white vinegar in it and with hot water running over my feet. I apply the solution to the rest of my body and then shower. This helps my athlete's foot, especially after the shower and the feet are dry, I pour rubbing alcohol over them. Result? No athlete's foot. Also, after I shave each morning I dampen a small piece of paper with white vinegar and rub it over my face -- a great after-shave lotion -- and good for the wrinkles on my face and forehead.

[Thanks, Russell. I hope I hear from some others about the use of vinegar or any other common substance that can be used for common ailments. If my half-Cherokee grandmother was still alive, she could give us a lot of remedies she got from her mother.]

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I have decided to present in summary form the page of vinegar uses but first I must ask, "Have any of you ever seen a copy of the 'vinegar Bible'?" Only three or four of them were published before the mistake was caught and corrected. It was called the "vinegar Bible" because in one place in the New Testament the word 'vineyard' was misspelled 'vinegar'. In the 40's, before lightning splintered the tower of the Old North Church in Boston, I was able to climb into that tower and handle the lanterns said to have been used by Paul Revere to signal that the British were coming. The keeper of the church and I had a long conversation and he asked if I had ever heard of the 'vinegar Bible' and then took me to a little museum next door to the church and showed it to me. It was open to the correct scripture and was kept in a little showcase under glass. The bible had been published with the old Gutenberg press.

Here is the summary. Only apple cider vinegar is to be used.

1. For sore throat, mix equal parts of honey and vinegar and take a tablespoon full every 4 hours.

SPONGERS AND PEOPLE WHO TAKE BUT NEVER GIVE. CAN'T YOU GIVE A FEW MINUTES TO THE CHRONICLE?

2. For sore throat, mix half cup of vinegar, half cup of distilled water, three tablespoons of honey, and one teaspoon of cayenne pepper. Sip sparingly. [I bet!]

3. For a dry night cough, sprinkle the pillow with vinegar.

4. For gargle or mouthwash, use tablespoon of vinegar to a glass of water.

5. To chase away a cold, soak a 8 inch square of brown grocery bag paper with vinegar, sprinkle with pepper, and apply pepper side to the skin to the chest for 20 minutes. Remove and wash area. [What kind of pepper? Cayenne or black? This is the kind of recipe I see in books. No wonder cooks complain.]

6. For hot, tired feet; half a cup of vinegar in enough water to cover the ankles. Walk for five minutes, morning and evening. [Does one walk in the bath for five minutes, or dry his feet and walk? Walk barefoot or with shoes on?]

7. A good shampoo can be made with half a cup of vinegar in two cups of water.

8. Equal parts of vinegar and olive oil can be used to prevent sunburn and chapping.

9. For itchy welts, swellings, and blemishes, apply a paste made of vinegar and cornstarch.

10. My remedy for anything that ails you, mix equal parts of vinegar and honey and save it in a bottle. Then twice a day, put a tablespoon of the mix in a glass of water and drink it.

I DON'T GUARANTEE NOTHING!!!!

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I received a large number of sympathy cards, letters, and telephone calls when Dewel passed away. I tried to respond to each with a 'thankyou' card but I am afraid I may have missed some of you. If I did, please forgive me and accept this as my "Thanks".

\*\*\*\*\*

How do you make buttermilk to use in recipes?

Heloise says. "Add two tablespoons of white vinegar to a cup of milk, let stand about five minutes and the milk will sour." [She did not say what kind of milk, is 2% ok?].

\*\*\*\*\*

I want to give full credit to Old Ornerly for the following statement: "I can't understand why so many folks won't admit their faults. I would, if I had any."

\* \* \* \* \*

I started the Chronicle on May 14, 1990. Yesterday I found Issue 9 which went out on July 1,1990. I had 17 "subscribers" then -- today there are 54. Most of you never received the early copies so I thought I would include two pages from V1, I9 as a filler. Jim did the heading for me; the rest was composed on my old Kaypro-10, and printed on the old Silver-Reed. (Both are still operable and used almost daily by Margaret who loves them because they are so simple to operate.) Just thought you might like to see what the first issues looked like. I have added a few explanatory notes.

\* \* \* \* \*

I sure feel sorry for all of you who are suffering from the hot weather. Our temperature has been going up to the low 80's and we think that's hot, but it drops to the 50's at night and we have to pull up the thin blanket. It is very dry and so we don't feel the heat as much as we would if it were humid. We water some part of our yard every day and our little trees twice a week. Right now our Mama Flycatcher's family has learned to fly and we have to make sure no doors are left open. They grew up under the roof of our portal and are scared of the open space. If they find a door open, they come in (as did six of them last year -- into our kitchen). One got into the garage yesterday and I could not drive it out. Finally I left the doors open and the mama bird managed to get it out.

I'm getting ready to re-do my computer room -- build shelves, move in some file cabinets, etc. Hope everything works when I move back in.

Love to all of you, including Old Ornerly.

If you want to look young and thin,  
hang around old fat people

# MONDY MORNING CHRONICLE

PUBLISHED BY MONDY ON MONDAY OCCASIONALLY

VOL I, #9, 7/1/90

---Editorial (written 6/22/90)

Temperature in Houston, 99 degrees, Temp in Springfield nearly a hundred, Temp in Colorado not much less; Temperature in El Segundo, 68 degrees at high noon. For the first time since last summer I have opened the window in my little office so that the breeze could blow through the house and clear out the stale air.

This will be my last letter before leaving. (Did I say that last week?) Thank heaven for a computer that will address envelopes, a chore I detest. Maybe someone will develop a program that will lick stamps and seal envelopes. My lick gets tired every week.

*We were getting ready to go to Australia*

---From Noel

"Mondy, you're a poet,  
You just don't know it."

---To which I reply

"I am a poet,  
And don't I know it  
Look at what I have writ,  
The words did rime  
'Cause I said 'em in time  
Now ain't I the wittiest wit

---Corn

Dad used to go to the field, find the tallest stalk of corn, stretch the leaf as high as it would go as say, "Look it's waist high". That's the height of my popcorn now. *I grew lots of Popcorn in El Segundo*

---From Jake P.

Girl entering hospital, "I want to see the upturn"

Nurse, "I think you mean 'intern' don't you?"

Girl, "Yeah, I want a contamination"

Nurse, "You mean 'examination'?"

Girl, "Yeah, I want to go to the fraternity ward."

Nurse, "You mean maternity ward?"

Girl, "Upturn, intern, contamination, examination, fraternity, maternity, what's the difference? All I know is I haven't demonstrated in two months and I think I'm stagnant. [That's enough out of you, Jake.]

---Advice from Bessie

"Avenge yourself; Live long enough to be a problem to your children!"

---Also from Bessie

Jack was out of town when his wife's birthday came so he sent her a check for a million kisses. Being a bit peeved she sent him one saying, "Thanks for the check. The milkman cashed it for me this morning."

---Thanks

Thanks to all of you who have sent back your yellow forms. I'm getting all the info together so I can distribute it. It is interesting. I am catching up on my long lost cousins and what they are doing (or have done).

---It was Grandpa's fault

I have had dentures almost all of my life, for the last 50 years, anyway. Remember how grandpa had a typewriter (an old Woodstock I think) that set right behind the candy counter? He thought I was learning to type when really I was ruining my teeth eating candy. I guess all's well that end's well and I haven't been to a dentist in about 50 years, while Marg and the Kids have spent a fortune on teeth. I have never had trouble eating corn on the cob or apples or anything else and I've never had the toothache. The only thing I can't do is crack nuts with my teeth and that's no handicap. So Grandpa, all is forgiven.

---About eyes

Mom had the world's best eyes I think. When she was out here in '87? she could still thread the tiniest needle with no problem. When she and Margaret went shopping, she kept up with the

street signs which she could see nearly a block away, far better than Marg (who now suffers from a deterioration of the retina and is slowly losing her sight). I have been lucky. I had a cataract on my right eye. The doctor simply slit the eyeball, removed the lens and replaced it with a plastic lens. The world became a new place. When I developed a C. on my left eye he did the same thing. Since then, I only wear glasses when I drive, I don't need them to read or thread a needle. Modern technology is wonderful.

---Huh?

What this country needs is not a "good 5-cent cigar" as Teddy said. What it really needs is a good automatic sidewalk sweeper, a good leaf picker-upper, and a good pilot light for pipes.

"Dear Marg. Please hurry home. I ate the last of the fried chicken for supper last night and the cake and icecream for breakfast this morning. I've saved a can of hominy for supper tonight. Love"

Last week's paper is at the printer but his machine is out-of-whack so it might not get out on time.

*Marg was visiting in Houston.*

July 1 1940



---To Jake P.

I assume you drew this cartoon. I don't want the Chronicle to be sued for plagiarism. We wouldn't dare slam ours.

---About the trip.

One serious disadvantage to going to Australia at this time of year is it is dead winter there and it can be very cold in the part where we are going. It will also be crowded. This is winter break there and skiing season. Skiers from all over the world come to the Snowy Mountains to ski in our summer. But December is not a good month either. I have a picture of my Christmas Wreath with a thermometer reading 110 degrees in the

center. I have often seen 120 degree weather in December and January in The Center.

---The Pitcher House (across the street)

Mr Pitcher (my age) moved there when he was about 5 years old and reared his daughter there. He sold it a few weeks ago (for over \$200,000 I hear) and the new owner is rebuilding on the lot. The Pitchers were scarcely out of town when a giant back-hoe/shovel on caterpillar tread moved into the front yard. In exactly 34 minutes it was a pile of rubble being loaded onto huge trucks for the trip to the dump. All those memories, gone. He would have cried had he been watching.

---A bit of sentiment

Brecken will be celebrating her 13th birthday soon. When she was born I sent the following to Judy. I'm she won't mind my including it here. Some of you have daughters.

My little Girl you used to be  
And we had lots of fun  
Reading stories, chasing bugs  
When you were only one

"Homework, Daddy, I got homework"  
And I got quite a kick  
To think you'd love you homework so  
When you were only six

The boys began to look at you  
We noticed way back when  
We lived in Louisiana  
And you were only ten

And you grew up and entered Hi  
And the boys came more and more  
And I found myself in second place  
When you were ten and four

And then you were old enough to vote  
A new life had begun  
And you'd become a full adult  
At the age of twenty-one

Then He came along, that man of yours  
And gave your life a twirl  
And you went away to live with him  
And were no longer my little girl

And now you have arrived at a stage of life  
That can be compared to no other  
You've achieved the ultimate of success  
You are now an adorable mother

---Yes, Jake P.

I'd like to go to Birdell and see if I can find any of our relatives. There must be some of them left. Dad had lots of cousins there.

---To Lorell

We never know what a word will do for some one. I grew up thinking I was rather stupid. [That may have been Dad's fault, though not intentional. I do not remember a single time in my life when he told me I had done a good job. Even when I thought I had done well, he simply said that it was OK but that everyone should do their best.] One day you and I were walking to school and a new car passed us. We looked at it and talked about how the shape had changed since the last model. I told you that some day cars would not have windshields that were flat but that they would be curved to reduce the wind resistance. In fact, I told you, cars would have a "tear-drop" shape for that shape was the best. You said, "Harrison, you are so smart." I don't know whether you were the first to ever say such a thing to me but it made me feel that maybe I was not so dumb after all. I've loved you ever since for making me feel so good. It is truly amazing what a few words of encouragement will do and what effects negative criticism have on a person's life. I loved Dad and tried hard to do something to make him proud of me. If I ever did, he never mentioned it.

*Lorell Passed Away 2/4/1991*

---To Tom

Judy said to me last week, "Pop, see if you can get Uncle Tom to send something for the paper. He can tell such interesting stories about his childhood and growing-up years, everybody would love to hear them." I agree, Tom. Your dad left behind a lot of stuff that would be most interesting to all of us, especially Mom's Grandchildren.

---From Bessie

"Bertha and I together with Charlie's daughter Norma Lee and husband Bert Essary went to Joplin last Saturday to see Charlie. He is doing real well. The rest of us in Springfield are OK. We had no spring, just went from furnace to air conditioner with temperatures in the high 80's and low 90's.