

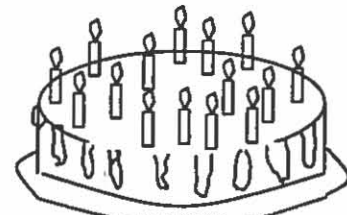
CHRONICLE

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

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I read a little story the other day that brought tears to my eyes. It has haunted me ever since. A teacher told her third grade students to write a paper telling what they would do if they were very, very rich. One boy would buy a plane and hire pilots to fly him to places all over the world. Another would build his parents a mansion with a big zoo in the back yard. Others wrote similar stories. But one little girl wrote: "If I were very very rich, I would hunt all over the world to find a doctor who would make me able to write with my right hand". She had to attend classes in a wheel chair, and had a desk especially designed to support her, but could not write with either hand. To her the greatest pleasure in the world would be the ability to write. Have you ever thought about what a blessing it is to be able to write? When Margaret's mother was severely burned on her 73rd birthday, she lost the ability to write with her right hand, but she started at once learning to write with her left. At first it was difficult to read her letters but by the time she died at about 80, she could write quite well; some said as good as she formerly wrote with her right hand. But the little 8 year old girl just wanted to be able to write with either hand. I hope some computer expert read the story and set her up with a special computer she could use. They make computers today that can be operated by the eyes the person just stares at the letter he wants on the screen, blinks his eye, and there it is. They also make then that can be voice operated - you just speak the letter or word and it appears on the screen.



HAPPY
BIRTHDAY

BIRTHDAYS IN OCTOBER

- 10 LOIS SITZ
- 12 JUDY WASHBURN
- 17 CONA MONDY
- 22 ANNE ARMSTRONG
- 27 NELL MONDY
- 28 BESSIE NIMMO
- 30 MARY JEAN JINKS

Speaking of writing; we have a letter from Mary Jean Jinks, who at the ripe age of nearly 96, still writes a beautiful hand. The letter was personal so parts will be omitted.

MARY JEAN SAYS: "Today is beautiful. The sky is very blue with puffy white clouds. Fort Wayne has the bluest sky, the greenest grass, and the whitest side walks I think I have ever seen. The town is spread out all over the place. We drove down town for the first time yesterday. There are a few high-rise office buildings, but like many cities, people have moved to the suburbs.

Margaret, I agree with you that moving is the worst job in the whole world. Tomorrow I will have been here a week and there are still boxes to be unpacked. *[Mary Jean, we have been here two years and we still have boxes to unpack!!!]*

Jeanie and Richard worked until late last night and are up and at it again this morning.

As you know, I spent a week with Leon and Boots [*in St. Louis*] where I got some good rest, but when I arrived here I have had to get used to all sorts of new things. Every household is different and it is hard to learn at my age.

I have rented an apartment and hope to move in by the eighteenth. It is a retirement place. I have rented a one-bedroom place where I pay by the month. The rent is much higher than the one I had in Houston but if I find something better I can move. (Heaven forbid.)

I received the Chronicles and we enjoyed them a lot. Will send copies of parts concerning Kevin and Julie on to them. They report that they are considering buying a house; they either have to find a larger apartment or buy. They have a dog and need a yard.

I was sorry to have to miss the wedding but the movers were expected early the next morning.

I have so many letters to write. Thanks for your phone call. I do appreciate your sympathy and concern. My children have been so good to me through it all.

Larry tells me his little grandson, Ryan, who will be two years old on Christmas Day knows his ABC's and some numbers. He has a little sister due in November but because Laura is having some difficulties, she may arrive early.

I must get on with my day -- Love -- Mary Jean.

[Mary Jean was married to Margaret's oldest brother, Leon so she is Margaret's sister-in-law and my sister-in-law-in-law, or maybe my sister-out-law -- we have never figured that out. But we love each other and that is all that counts.]

Margaret received a letter from her brother, Harold, today and I am sure he won't mind my excerpting parts of it for the Chronicle. Harold

writes a letter and makes copies for his three sisters about every week or ten days, and they each write him just as often. A bit of explanation is necessary if you are to understand his letter. Wilma is his wife. Harold is approaching his 90th BD and because of a fall down some concrete steps he injured himself and because of problems with his heart, he recently had a pace maker implant. Evelyn, who is mentioned in the letter, is the daughter of Margaret's brother, Barto, now deceased. She is a few years younger than Margaret. She recently announced that she was getting married again soon. Now that you know the cast, here is Harold's letter.

FROM HAROLD: Now that Labor Day has come and gone, and I have just received a letter from Judy, I will interrupt my very busy schedule and write to my sisters. Judy, I can forgive you for being late with my letter for I know you have been busy sprucing yourself up for that wedding. We are still plugging along. Wilma took me for a nice ride in the countryside, yesterday. I know you big city folks will probably say, "Just drive a couple of blocks from your house and you are in the countryside." Never-the-less, we drove around an area that fifty years ago was eroded and gutted with ugly gullies but now has those gullies filled in and covered with green grass and with fat cattle grazing there.

I finished off the Labor Day holiday trying to catch up on last week's schedule -- doing nothing. That didn't cover Wilma's schedule though. We are expecting a visit from some big city folks two weeks from now so Wilma gets up each morning to work in her yard so she will have flowers and shrubs to show off to those visitors. [*Mack, Niece Dottie, and Sister Judy from Houston are going to pay Harold and Wilma a visit.*]

Since my last letter to you, we have received a letter from Bill and Hillary Clinton to come to Washington to visit them. Old age and near invalid status made it necessary to turn down the invitation. They have been our friends for a long time and we are sorry we cannot go.

Now Judy and Dottie, please get Evelyn off to herself and explain the facts of life to her, point out that we are approaching the 21st century and she needs to know about such things as the PILL and modern medicine and other things. She needs the advice of older and more mature women and I know you can do a good job.

Judy, since you were here last, Wilma has bought a new hide-a-bed for you to sleep on, so come on.

Love to all of you -- Harold.

Do you remember when we were kids in grammar school many, many years ago and studied a subject called "physiology"? Every day the teacher emphasized that we should "masticate" (how I loved that word) our food well so it would be easy to digest. Well I have just found out that there is a much greater reason for chewing our food well: On the back of our tongues is a chemical manufacturing plant that makes a chemical that destroys the harmful bacteria that we take in with our food. It takes a chemical from the green stuff we eat, converts it first into a nitrate, then into a nitrite that kills such bacteria as E. Coli. Two teams discovered this about the same time; one trying to figure out how a cow's digestive system works, and another working on rats. Now they are scraping the backs of a cow's tongues to find out more about all this and maybe some of these days we can take a spoonful of something that will keep us from getting sick from what we eat. In the meantime, eat plenty of green stuff.

Single celled animals, including bacteria, reproduce by splitting themselves into, forming two cells. If food disappears, they die, -- or at least you would think they would and that would be the last of them. But not always so. Some cells have a way of dealing with such a crisis. When the food begins to disappear, the cell (called the mother cell) splits into two cells, one much

smaller than the other (called the daughter cell). The mother cell dies, but the daughter cell forms a coating around it from what's left of its mother and goes into a complete dormant state. This can last for days, months, years, or centuries. Recently some scientists examined the insides of an insect that was preserved in resin for more than 65 million years and found some of these daughter cells. When they were placed in a solution containing food, they revived. Talk about a mother's love? How about this example? Even bacteria demonstrate it.

We received a phone call from Brecken at Yale. She is settling in and has become friends with many of the students already. She has had cases of homesickness, she says, but so do others and they sympathize with each other. She loves it there and says she is having a wonderful time despite the home sickness. She says she will write a letter to the Chronicle as soon as she gets straightened out with her schedule. She is already getting the Chronicle.

Got a letter from Lois Sitz. She lives down in Florida where all them there hurricanes keep coming around, tearing up things.

LOIS SAYS: I suppose you are all wondering how we weathered the last two small hurricanes that came through. There was a lot of trash, mostly small limbs to clean up. There was some damage to the fence on the side next to the water that has to be repaired. Some one's pier washed up on top of ours, but a neighbor removed it; took it for himself. We certainly didn't need it.

We could certainly use some rain. Daughter Connie just called to say it is thundering up her way, maybe we'll get some.

Cecil has been on the roof making some repairs and when he came down he said that he had been sitting on top of the roof in a chair. I was in the house and didn't see him, and I'm glad I didn't. I bet most of you would agree that any one who is 86 years old and who would sit in a

chair on the roof ought to have a whopping. Anyway, he got the work done.

We just put up a humming bird feeder and one cute little hummer has been feeding there all afternoon -- wouldn't even share it with a beautiful butterfly.

It is so hot I can't even go fish off the pier. They are afraid for me to be there alone lest I fall in for I can't swim.

Jewel, I know you miss your twin. Thanks for your nice letter.

I have a lot of trouble trying to write letters these days so I don't write as often as I used to, but I sure do enjoy reading all of the letters in the Chronicle.

Wouldn't it be nice if all of us cousins could get together for a big celebration? Love to all of you, Lois

* * * * *

FROM SPRINGFIELD

Bessie and Bertha say:

Here in the Ozarks we have had a little change in the weather; the days and nights are cooler, and we have had a bit of rain. Not near enough rain, though; we are awfully dry. We have had nearly a month of hot days (temperatures in the 90's, one day it was 101 degrees) and hot nights (in the 70's). The grass is brown, and the trees have turned brown and are shedding their leaves. I have already raked 7 bagfuls of leaves from my one tree. I doubt that we will have the pretty colored trees we usually have in the autumn. We are thankful for this cooler weather, it will give our airconditioners and fans a rest.

I am happy to report that all the ailing people around are on the mend. I had a cold and cough (and I mean cough) that lasted about 2 1/2 weeks but I am better.

On the 9th of September we were invited to attend the celebration of Herman and Lillie's 61st wedding anniversary. Lillie's sister, Mary and

husband Bill invited us to their beautiful home in Southeast Springfield for the celebration. J.E. and Katie took Bertha and me; Estalee and husband took Herman and Lillie. In addition there was Estalee's son, Tim, and Bill and Mary's children, and Thomas and Josie. We were served vegetable dip, carrot sticks, broccoli, cauliflower, cheeses, small sausages, watermelon and cantaloupe balls, grapes, cake, punch, and coffee. We had a wonderful time. Herman and Lillie were very surprized. Both are doing well.

Tomorrow, the 11th, JE, Katie, Bertha, and I are heading for the apple orchards to try our luck at picking our apples. We had so much fun last year we decided to try it again this year, i.e., if we can keep JE from eating more than he picks. It will not take us long to get our containers full if the trees have as many apples on them as they had last year. I'll tell you later how we did. Bertha will make a lot of apple butter. She has a great great nephew that refuses to eat any apple butter not made by his Aunt Bert. He has a hickory tree in his yard and trades hickory nuts for apple butter. She feeds the nuts to her squirrels.

Hope we will be reading letters from Jessie and Lois in the paper soon.

Guess I'd better stop writing and get to bed -- gotta go apple picking tomorrow.

LOVE TO ALL, BESSIE AND BERTHA

* * * * *

I got a call from my brother-in-law this week complaining about the picture of him. I declaimed it was him but he was unhappy anyway. Said he wished I was still in his will, he would cut me out again.

As you remember, I solicited comments about the picture but so far I have received only one letter; from his sister Judy who remembers the incident.

FROM JUDY WASHBURN

I don't write very often because I lead such a dull life since I broke my back a year ago. I'm

FROM JUDY WASHBURN

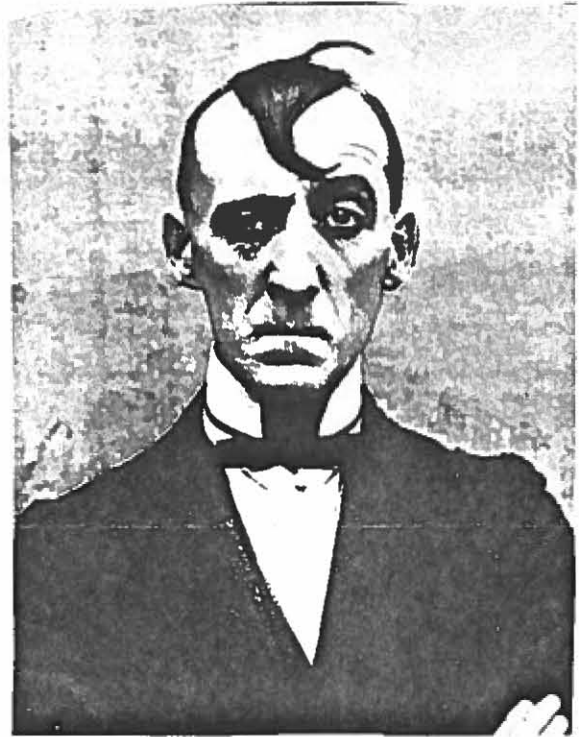
I don't write very often because I lead such a dull life since I broke my back a year ago. I'm thankful to report that the doctor took my brace off two weeks ago and now maybe I can get out more.

Now about the picture of Cecil. I was swimming in the San Bernard river when Cecil was thrown in. He did not fall in. Some one had all they could take from him and just threw him in. I can't remember who took the picture and I don't know how it got mixed among your pictures. Now you are wondering if I am afraid Cecil will cut me out of his will; don't worry, he cut me out of his will a long time ago as I can prove by Geri Mondy, she was there. And I advise you not to hold your breath until you get your share -- that'll be the day. He may be filthy rich but you and I won't see any of it.

I talked to Geri three times when she was in Houston recently. I am so fond of your daughter-in-law. Last winter when I was in bed with my broken back she called me many nights and we talked for an hour or so, and at least once a week she made the long drive across Houston to visit with me. Most of the time she brought our lunch. She is one of my favorite nieces (of which I have many).

Some of the recent things on TV made me think back to a time 50 years ago when I drove from Florida back to Arkansas. Bob had left for the Phillipines. He was so good to write to me, every day and sometimes twice or three times on Sunday. I stayed with my parents there near Mabelville while I hunted for a vacant house I could rent. Sarah and Bud were 3 1/2 and 2 and after raising ten kids of their own and being already in their 70's certainly did not need two little kids under their feet.

The worst time in my life came when I got two of my letters back stamped **THIS SOLDIER IS BEING SENT HOME**. I did not hear from him for 44 days and I almost lost my mind. I did not know what had happened to him and I could



THIS IS NOT MY BROTHER-IN-LAW, CECIL

As a matter of fact, I don't know who it is.

I just found it in a magazine and it looked like the kind of person who would cut you out of his will even if he had millions.

imagine just about anything. Then he called me from New York. What had happened was that they just came in and told him to get his gear together for he was going home. He did not have time to write then, and planned to write from Hawaii. Two days out of Hawaii, the ship he was on received orders telling them to turn around and go through the Panama Canal and land in New York. Only God could know the relief and joy I felt when he called me from New York. I did not have a phone (very few people did around there) but he knew that my good neighbors had one and he called them.

Bob arrived home before the war was over and all he wanted to do was stay at home with the children and me. God was so good to bring him home with a sound mind and body. We had 34 more wonderful years together and I am grateful for all of them. As you remember, life was never dull with Bob around -- far from it.

more than a year. Our church does this several times a year and next Wednesday I will be able to help again.

I have been looking at that picture again. If it really is Cecil, he has changed a lot. He was the most aggravating little boy and made life miserable for Margaret and me. I cannot believe that anyone that looked like that picture could grow up to be such a nice man (except he holds that will business over us) and I love him very much and forgive him for being such an ornery little brat when he was young.

Love to everyone, Judy

* * * * *

You have probably already noticed that this issue of the Chronicle is late.. I could make up a story explaining why, but I won't. I waited until today (Wednesday) hoping to get a letter from one of you, but it did not come. I was very busy the first half of last week doing Harold's life story. It was very interesting and I learned a lot. But that didn't slow things up for the Chronicle ; I just didn't have as much time as usual to hunt up some jokes. I used to threaten to write the entire poem, *The Face on the Barroom Floor* if you didn't write me some letters but now I have lost the poem and I do not know it from memory. Now that is no longer a threat. I am reduced to begging for letters.

An agent contacted me about my novel, *TJI*, and thinks it is publishable. But before it can be submitted, it must be done in double space format. Can you imagine reforming the hundreds of pages and numbering them? Then there are all the corrections to make, and many chapters have to be retyped to get rid of the inconsistencies that have crept into the manuscript. Well I'm working on it. I usually start about 6:30 each morning and except for time out to go to the postoffice and the grocery store, I usually stay with it until near midnight.

Autumn is due to arrive today or tomorrow and it has already arrived here. The trees are turning and in about two weeks we will have a lot of

gold. The fall flowers are in bloom, acres of yellow flowers of several kinds. Our hollyhocks are about gone but there are still lots of sunflowers left. The aspens on the higher elevations of the mountains are beginning to look like gold. Our temperatures have not gone down much yet -- in the 70's during the day and in the high 40's when we get up in the mornings.

I haven't seen any wild geese -- I don't think we will, we are too high for them. Two years ago we got our first big snow on the 28th of September but unless we have a change in the weather, we won't have one so early this year.

We had a visitor a couple of weeks ago who was completely enthralled with our beautiful sunsets. She said, "If I lived here, I would eat dinner every night on the portal so I could watch the sun go down."

Oh yeah -- I just remembered another excuse why the Chronicle is late -- I had to repair Margaret's washing machine. Many years ago I read where some one asked Barton of BBD&O Advertisers what great change it was going to make in his life when he made his first million-dollar sale and he answered, "I'm never again going to use a dull razor blade. All my life I have had to use each blade until it began to pull my hair. After this I'm going to use a new blade every time I shave." Now when I make my first million I'm going to declare my independence from working on washing machines -- I'll just throw out the old one and buy a new one.

Margaret says sh'll be glad when I make my first million. She is going to declare her independence from wrapping presents, -- every time she buys a gift, she is going to say, "Wrap it". She hates wrapping packages as much as I hate working on washers.

Well kids, you've had it for this time. I'm going to put this issue to bed and get back to *TJI*

LOVE YOU ALL ----- ME.

went to Republic to see Grandson Doug in the Christmas Parade. He is a band member and plays the snare drums. Then we came back to Springfield. Bertha, Daughter Sue and I to see the Parade here as Sue's 2 grandchildren and daughter-in-law was in the parade. Lots of fun to watch a Christmas Parade. I just wish they would wait until after Thanksgiving to have them. We don't have much time to think about Thanksgiving as some of the stores are now putting up their Christmas stuff before Halloween. Next they will start putting them out before Labor Day!!! Maybe I'm just getting to be a grumbler in my old age.

Today, the 19th, we were invited to our nephew's for dinner (Elza's son LaVelle and his wife Shirley). His older brother Jim and son, Matthew, were here from California. We certainly did have a lot of good food and a nice visit with all of Elza's family. LaVelle is the one that had his leg amputated just below the knee. He is doing real well with his new leg, -- gets around real good. He went deer hunting this past week and got a deer. My son, Buster got a 9-point buck and his son-in-law got a spike buck. There were lots of deer killed around here this year -- they say we are becoming over populated with them.

Harrison and Margaret, we are glad you had an enjoyable trip to Arkansas and Texas. You should have come by here -- we might have given you a jar of apple butter. We will be looking for you to come by her next year at apple picking time.

Bertha and I are getting ready for our Thanksgiving dinner. We don't know who will be here, but whoever comes by will get something. We always have part of the family and the rest usually drop by for a bite or two.

Hope all of you have a great day and enjoy a good dinner. Love to all of you --- Bessie and Bertha.

* * * * *

[When I returned from California, a letter from Lois Sitz was waiting for me. Lois is the daughter of Earnest and Frankie (Hall) Mondy, and granddaughter of J.C. Mondy.]

LOIS SITZ SAYS:

"Happy Thanksgiving to everyone and I'll take the neck, please"

By now, all of you know that Jessie is at peace in Heaven with all of her family, leaving only me behind. I miss them and her so much. She suffered so much and so long from lupus, but she was a brave soul and fought it so hard. She had the best care her family was able to give her. I will also miss the little boxes of things she used to send me for birthday and Christmas; lots of small boxes of things for me to open, like boxes of dates which I loved. Jessie, I miss you every day and I would love to hear you answer the telephone again.

Winter is slipping in on us -- we have turned the furnace on to "low". This has been a slowgoing summer to me -- I've spent most of it in an air-conditioned room. My operation went well but I have had the burps (?) real bad. I am going to see the doctor tomorrow to see if he can explain it and do something about it.

A funny thing happened this morning. I arose thinking it was Friday, the date of my appointment at 10:00 AM with the doctor in Tallahassee. I got dressed and all ready to go when someone on TV said it was Thursday. I checked, and it was, so I changed to my house coat and decided to write this letter.

Last week end we ha our annual free fish fry but we were short of fish and had to serve chicken fingers. We had more than 3000 people, including Miss America and the United States Band. The weather was great and we sure enjoyed it. Last year, Jessie and Jerry were here to enjoy it with us.

I wish I could see all of you. Love, Lois

SOCIETY COLUMN

MARGARET SAYS:

Thanksgiving has always been a special family time. John and Judy Armstrong were host and hostess for the day. Sixteen of us sat down to a beautiful table artfully decorated by Judy and John who entertain often and do it so well. Judy masterminded the menu, asking each of us to bring something. Before dinner we snacked on yummy hors-d'ouvres of hot spinach balls, spicy cheese wedges, grilled wild boar and buffalo sausage rounds, and the usual dips and veggies. For dinner there was turkey with stuffing and gravy, fresh salmon (about two feet long) smoked on the grill, candied yams, mashed potatoes, green bean casserole, pureed chestnuts, green salad, fruit salad, molded jello and cream cheese salad, squash, cranberry/orange relish, pumpkin, pecan and caramel/apple/pecan pie, persimmon pudding with hard sauce, pear/apple/blackberry cobbler, and home made rolls. We all ate too much.

Before dinner, we stood holding hands in a circle and each of us offered our own words of "thanksgiving". I was particularly impressed by Rufus Rhoades' tribute to our forebears for the hardships they endured in order that we might enjoy our comfortable way of life today. Too often we forget that others paid a heavy price for our luxuries.

Attending and contributing to this special day were: The host family, Judy, John, and Brecken Armstrong; Rod, Carol, and Mary McKenzie; Rufus, Susan, and Christopher Rhoades; Jim and Geri Mondy; Marisa Miller; Bea Ammidown; Anne Armstrong; and Harrison and Margaret Mondy. For Harrison and me it was a joy to have all of our small "brood" together, most especially our granddaughter on her first trip home after entering Yale in September. I am happy to report that she loves college, especially her roommates, and is up to her eyebrows in activities, -- all of which she enjoys. She seems to be doing well scholastically too, which, after all, is the main object of higher education.

Thank you, Judy and John, for a lovely and memorable day.

HERMAN -- do you think we are too old to go 'possum huntin"? This time of year I think back to the winter you were in high school and almost every night we hunted from about 7 to 10 PM, and most of the time we were successful. Each of us had a grass sack into which the o'possums were dropped to take home alive. Sometimes we had as many as 6 or 7 and when you have three or four of them crawling over your back, you thought of how much their pelts would bring and felt rich. If, when we examined them the next morning we found one that was too small, we marked him with the Mondy mark, "crop each ear, split in the right" and set it free. Any one catching it in the future would know that it once was caught by the Mondys. Each pelt was worth about 50 cents and sometimes you made more from catching "possums" than you would have made picking cotton. Ah, Herman, those were some of the good old days. (To the rest of you; pardon my attack of nostalgia.)

As some of you know, putting out the Chronicle costs a lot of money. My brother-in-law, Cecil was here when I had to order toner cartridges for both the printer and the copier, \$95.00 worth and he generously paid for them. So for the next few months, the Chronicle family will enjoy his gift. Thanks, Cecil, you will notice that I have not called you Old Ornery a single time in this issue, even though you haven't notified me that you have put me back in your will.

Have a special Santa Claus letter? Send it and I'll see that Santa gets it. But send it at once. there isn't much time left. Sorry I can't put out a special Christmas edition of the Chronicle this year; there is not enough time.

I love you all

Harrison