

# CHRONICLE

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

VOLUME VI, ISSUE 24, NOVEMBER 27, 1995

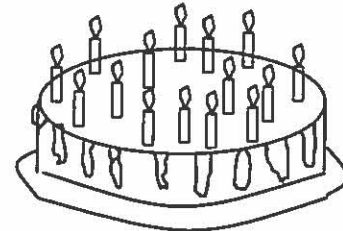
Published By H. C. Mondy,  
P.O. Box 1696  
El Prado, NM 87529  
Phone: (505) 776 5571

Tax cuts, balancing the budget, medicare and medicaid, education, feeding the poor, etc, and etc and so on; we hear it all and there are multiple solutions proposed, and most of us haven't the vaguest notion what it is all about. If they are proposing cutting social security, I'm against it -- I don't want to lose mine. That's because it affects ME. I couldn't care less if they cut out food stamps -- I don't get them. I'm only interested in what affects me. I think this is the attitude of the general public. This is the "Me attitude", but is it right?

Why, for example, should we spend money on the space program? I'm not going out there in space, why not divvy all that money up and give ME more money? I could use it. I could buy a new car, or a better computer, or donate some of it for cancer research, -- but not AIDS, I don't have AIDS.

Let's back up a bit. What have you gotten out of the Space Program, for example? Well if you are wearing a pace maker you owe it to the space research program. Do you have a microwave oven, or a TV set, or a computer, or a hand-held calculator, or a cellular phone? You are benefitting from the scientific research that made space platforms possible.

What about atomic bomb research? We have enough bombs to destroy every human on earth now, do we need any more? I'm sure the average person would say we don't. But we do, -- I'll tell you why. A few months ago the scientific



HAPPY  
BIRTHDAY

DECEMBER BIRTHDAYS

*7 Bill Withers*

ic world observed in awe when Shoemaker-Levy-9, the big comet, crashed into Jupiter. What if it had crashed into earth instead? None of us would be here. It would have destroyed most life on earth. Next April 1 we will be treated to the view of another comet -- the Hale-Bopp comet. It won't strike the earth either, -- it was here 4700 years ago and will return 4700 years from now. It was discovered when it was 700,000,000 miles from the earth by two men using earth-bound telescopes. The Hubble telescope could have spotted it much farther away. What if it was headed for earth? What could we do about it? At present we could do nothing. Hopefully, with enough research we will be prepared when such a comet does appear. Hopefully we will have a space vehicle big enough and fast enough to carry a load of atomic bombs toward it that will be sufficient to shatter it into dust, or cause it to change its path sufficient to miss the earth. There are thousands of comets out there in space and one of them is bound to find the earth some day.

Two hundred and fifty million years ago almost all life was wiped out either by a comet or by a

series of volcanic eruptions that might have been triggered by such a comet, and had to start over again. Then, about 65 million years ago a huge comet struck the earth and wiped out the dinosaurs and almost all life -- only a few of the smaller animals survived, and life started over again.

Will we be able to stop the next comet that heads our way? Should we spend all our research money trying to save a few hundred people from cancer or should we spend some of it to try to save mankind from being destroyed? The "ME attitude" in me says "cure the cancer" -- after all I won't be around for the comet crash. But, maybe my great grandchildren would rather I gave up some of my selfishness and spent some money trying to save them. It's time we thought about it. Some day it will be too late.

\*\*\*\*\*

Got a letter dated 11/7/95 from Linda (Jinks) Phelps (Cecil's daughter). I'm always glad to hear from her.

**FROM LINDA**

You know by now that I finally got my transfer after 4 1/2 years. Now I am only 20 miles from Lyons and about 10 miles from my work, and that is a lot better than 12 miles from work and 250 miles from Mom, Roger, and 'Old Ormery'. [New address: Linda Phelps, 508 N. Goethe, Ellinwood, KS, 67526]

My new office is really nice and everyone has made me feel welcome. I go to Lyons every Monday evening where I have rejoined my old "Sweet Adeline's Group" and go there every Saturday to have coffee with Dad and do errands and chores for both of the folks. All in all it is good to be back home.

My 16-year old Cory wasn't at all happy with the move but he has adjusted very well. The little girls enjoy having a new and handsome face and his teachers act as if he is a welcome addition which is the kind of encouragement he needed. The football coach has told him he wants him next year.

**PAGE 2**

Daughter Christy is very happy at Wichita State. I went there last week end for Parent's Day at her sorority. We went to movies, shopping and I treated her to dinner. We enjoyed ourselves so much. I really miss her. I intend to sneak over there in Dec to see her initiated into Alpha Phi. She doesn't know I'm coming. She is working at Lane Bryant Clothing Store -- my favorite.

Thanks so much for having Dad and Roger for a visit. Roger is still talking about it. I was afraid that Dad would get sick again but he still says he had a wonderful time. He knows that his days of driving long trips are coming to an end so he is doing all he can now. If I wasn't working I would be glad to drive him wherever he wants to go but I have my job and it will be another four years before I can retire. Then I'll take him places. He is doing well since he got back and is still exercising every morning which seems to reduce his back pain. He got on the "walking machine" one day and hit the "fast" button instead of the "slow" button, and now they call him "Lightning". Everyone got a good laugh out of it. I think "Streak" would have been more appropriate! I get Friday off so I will go to Lyons and take him to the Veteran's Day Parade.

You write a lot about your weather and how pretty it is sometimes. You should see Kansas right now. We have had a lingering Indian summer and it is still unseasonably warm so the trees are just turning. As I ride to work each morning I really enjoy the reds, golds, and browns not to mention seeing sand hill cranes and geese flying overhead. This is my favorite season. There is a game preserve close by so I see a lot of game.

Hope this finds you both enjoying good health. Have a great Thanksgiving. I'm fixing a big turkey and oyster dressing for Ol Ormery and Mom. Between Christy, Dad, and me there won't be any left-overs! Love to all -- Linda

\*\*\*\*\*

I have never liked crows -- just hated them when I was growing up. They were pests, to be shot when possible. They were always present when the new corn shoots were coming through the

ground and pulled them up to get at the grain of corn underneath. This meant that we had to replant the missing stalks which was a lot of disagreeable work. And then when the watermelons came on, they were there; pecking holes in melons that were not quite ripe and causing them to rot. No! I hated crows.

But last week I saw a crow I would have liked to talk to. On the road to town there was a road-kill, probably a skunk or prairie dog, that had been flattened by cars. Five crows were feasting on it and as I approached they backed away waiting for me to pass on the opposite side of the road. But one was slow in moving away and when I passed I saw the reason why -- he had no feet. He walked on two stubs and had trouble doing that. I felt so sorry for him I could have cried. I saw him plainly; he had no toes on either foot. I wonder if he had been caught in a trap or was he born that way. I'll never know, but I'll always remember him. Most birds will kill a cripple but he seemed to be part of a flock. Could crows be sympathetic? Could one crow love another?

\*\*\*\*\*

George, the unhappy ghost of Trail's End (the name of our house) is back with us again. I thought we had scared him away; we haven't heard him in a long time. We were sitting at the table, eating our dinner when he let go with two bangs like a giant beating two garbage can lids together. I yelled, "That's enough, George," and he was quiet. I didn't hear him again until just after I went to bed. Just as I drifted off to sleep, "Bang, Bang, Bang," loud enough to wake the dead. He even waked Margaret, and that's hard to do. She raised up and asked, "What was that?" I told her it was George. About that time he started again and the whole house rang with his noise. I knew we would get no sleep until I had placated him. I don't know what his trouble is, but he simply does not like for me to turn the heat up in one of the bedrooms. So I got out of bed and went to that bedroom and turned down the heat. He gave two more loud bangs, then three or four little ones and I went back to bed. He has been quiet ever since. I keep wondering

if he is the ghost of someone who suffered from a heat stroke in that room. Maybe, someone who smoked in bed and burned themselves to death. There is a story that someone died in this house but I have never been able to confirm it. Anyway, George has the upper hand, -- I have to give in to him if I expect to sleep.

\*\*\*\*\*

We have just this afternoon (Sat.) returned from our trip to California where we had a lovely Thanksgiving celebration with our kin and friends. Since Margaret is the "society editor" I will let her tell you about it. Because of the fog in the LA area, we were not able to leave early on Friday so we drove only as far as Kingman, AZ (about 360 miles) and continued the other 625 miles today. The weather was clear and the drive enjoyable.

VICKI SAYS:

*[Vicki Roberts is the daughter of Lester and Ercil White; Ercil is Margarets sister. Vicki lives with her husband Monty on a ranch that straddles the three corners of Colorado, New Mexico, and Oklahoma. Recently she wrote us a description of one day on the ranch, and I'm sure you will enjoy it as we did. The letter was dated 10-26-95.]*

I have never felt the urge to write about one of my days until today and I had to write and tell you about it. I'm not a writer, so I will just tell you about this magical day; just one of many I have had in the last 19 years that I have been married to Monty Joe. Being a rancher's wife is interesting, to say the least.

This morning MJ tells me to pack a picnic lunch and we would go up to our pastures in Colorado and New Mexico where we lease 7000 acres from a widow, because he has to look for four cows we missed in the last round-up. He says we will spend the day in the 4-wheel drive pick-up bouncing around all over the mesa tops and canyons looking for the cows --- Oh Boy!!!

On the first mesa we drove out to every point, looking up, down, in, out, around eevery tree

and rock,, into every canyon and on every bench. By the time we got into the deep canyon between the two main mesas it was close to noon. We took our lunch and followed an old cow trail to a large rock pool about a hundred yards down the canyon. It was just Monty Joe's luck that we had to go right over a place where the old Indians had built their campfires along the canyon and he found a couple of perfect scrapers.

There are long needle pines, large red cedars, evergreens, pinyon pines, and cottonwoods all up and down the canyon. It is fairly narrow with mostly large rocks of every formation imaginable over a sand and rock bed. I stopped to pick pine cones for my Christmas decorations while MJ hunted for arrow heads. As usual I did not have any thing to put the pines cones in so I had to take off my shirt and use it as a bag, but who was there except MJ to know that I was half naked. We left our lunch by the rock water pool while we investigatd where the cow trail was going.

We climbed up and over about another hundred yards of trees and rocks and came out over the most beautiful sight. There were large trees below us and wild grape vines growing up each side of the canyon. The colors were breathtaking. Not fall colors, exactly, but every shade of green God ever made against the changing cottonwoods and grapevines. The air was crisp, but not too cool, and the sun was covered with clouds; you know, just "that fall touch" kind of day. All I could do was thank toe Lord for His beautiful world (My beautiful world).

We ate our lunch on an overhang by the rock pool. I don't know how deep the water was in the pool but in the middle all I could see was black. There were tracks where deer, coyote, and other small animals had drunk their fill. As we relaxed and ate our lunch I thought of all the people at work in factories, offices, and tiny cubicles in the towns and cities and I thought about how blessed I was to be at this perfect spot for a perfect moment with someone I love to share it with me and how glad I was to be alive and liv-

ing here.

After we had eaten our lunch, MJ took off up the cow trail and I took everything to the pickup. I was to meet him at the top. We happened onto a large (I mean LARGE) dead red cedar and broke off several large limbs to take home. MJ cut them into large chips for me to use in the house because to smell is so strong and wonderful.

When we finally located one of the cows, she was not inclined to follow the feed wagon (our pickup) so I had to follow her on foot for about three miles to get her into the right pasture. We had to go back up on the mesa to look for the others. We finally found three more cows and their heifer calves, which, thankfully, followed right along to the right pasture. On the way home we had to stop and repair a windmill wheel which had a broken fan so by the time we reached home it was almost dark and I was ready for a good steak and fried potatoes (everyone has to die of something).

So ended my day -- just one day and not movie material, -- just the kind of day that makes for a GREAT LIFE.

Special love to all, Vicki.

\* \* \* \* \*

**FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA (11/19/1995)**  
(Our Springfield correspondents)

Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends:

November is half over. I don't know how the days go so fast. On the 8th Bertha and I were invited to the Mondys' for dinner. Bea and Jack came in from Denver, Tommie and Josie, Bertha and I enjoyed the video of JE's hot air balloon trip from Springfield to Rogerville. Tommie made the video and it was really great as it followed the route, chasing the balloon. JE said it was lots of fun. Someday I may take a ride in one (if I don't chicken out). I think that's what Katie did. But that's OK Katie, you still are a wonderful cook and we enjoyed the food and a nice visit with everyone.

On November18th we paraded all day. First we