

CHRONICLE

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

VOLUME V, ISSUE 12, June 27, 1994

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Well tomorrow is Father's day. I thought I had already received my special gift -- the Xerox copier on which I put out the last two issues of the Chronicle. Margaret told everyone that for the next five years she was going to march into my room and sing "Happy Father's day" to me and point to the copier. But she surprised me. Today she gave me what every man wants -- a lawn mower. Now she did take pity on me and bought an electric one, so I won't have to push one of those that give you so much exercise. (You just wait until next Mother's day -- I have just found a beautiful rub board.)

Margaret just talked to Cecil and he sounded like he was back to normal -- at least he was able to say a few nasty things to me on the phone. He's still groaning about the food he had here -- he was especially disappointed that there was no caviar. I told him he need not come back -- there would be no caviar next time either.

I received a letter from one reader this week asking if there would be much politics in the Chronicle this election year. Since I have turned down political letters in the past, I assured this person that there are two things I stay away from -- specific politics and specific religions. Here are some reasons: Politics and religion belong to a class of emotional phenomena involving individual security. None of us want to be involved in filling the pot-holes in the street, or seeing that the water we drink comes from a pure source, or in trying to guard our property, though all of these things contribute to our secu-

urity and well being. We turn these problems over to the highway department, the water department or the police. We trust them for our security. Without these, our individual security would be threatened. We don't want to have to make the decision as to whether we go to war, so we leave this to elected officials in Washington to take care of. We trust them for our security. When it comes time to leave this world, we want to trust some other entity to see that we arrive at the right place, so we trust God to see to it. No two of us can possibly see the same rainbow at the same time, --- in fact we see a different rainbow with each eye. No two of us see the responsibilities of the president and the legislature in the same way. No two of us worship the same God for we can only worship the God we have built up in our own minds. Not long ago a neighbor-said to me that retired people could have a lot more money if the president would simply order the treasury department to print a lot more money and send it out to those who needed it. I was so stunned that a man in his 80's was so ill-informed about where money comes from that I can't remember what kind of answer I gave him. That was his idea of the presidency. To present letters in the Chronicle attacking ones political security or his religious security, usually make the person angry and would be counterproductive and I do not intend to start such a thing. Occasionally I put something in the paper about something new I have discovered about the Bible but I try to see that it is not controversial. So we each stick to our own religion and politics.

What do you know about the Ku Klux Klan? If you are as ignorant as I am; not much. Then I'll ask you another. What do you know about the women in the KKK? I had never heard of that

until a couple of months ago I was talking to Brecken on the phone and she told me she was having to write a paper in school on *The Women in the Ku Klux Klan*. I asked her to send me a copy of her paper and she did. It was organized in 1923 and was called the WKKK. The idea of having a separate organization called the WKKK didn't sit well with the regular members of the KKK so they decided to start a women's organization within the KKK which was called the "Kamelias" over which they could maintain the kind of control they could not establish over the WKKK which was independent. The idea of the KKK members appears to have been that "women had the responsibility of holding the home together and therefore should remain in the home and out of politics." The WKKK didn't go along with the idea. They thought women should be better educated, intelligent, clear thinking, and able to cast a reasonable vote, since the women's right to vote had just been established by the 19th amendment of 1920. Brecken's report ran about a dozen pages and I gained a valuable education from it. What some kids have to do in high school these days amazes me.

Although I cannot remember much about Uncle Daley I do remember that he had a phonograph and some "Uncle Josh" records which we played at his house. Also I remember visiting him in Colorado when he was in the Modern Woodman Sanitarium for tuberculosis. I also remember that he gave me a red apple once and I planted the seeds. One came up and I petted that tree until it had a few apples on it -- but they had gone back to stock which must have been a crabapple.

Nell has written a letter to her father, my Uncle Daley, and it follows. Thank you Nell.

From Nell to her father

Dear Dad,

Since you died of tuberculosis when I was only two years old I do not remember much about you. My knowledge of you is dependent on

things told me by others who do remember you. Mother always spoke highly of your intelligence, ambitions, and accomplishments. She always believed that our family would have been well off financially had you been allowed to live. She greatly admired your intelligence and your ability to manage. She told me about your ability to add all those columns of figures without the use of a calculator when you were the County Tax Assessor. You would really enjoy all the tools we have today such as calculators, computers, etc., which do so much of our work. You might even become lazy using them.

Evidently I inherited your love of math and I took over the family accounts at the early age of eight. You may recall that mother never liked math so was happy to have me take over the family financial records at an early age.

I still have the letters and cards you sent me when you were in the hospital, and I want to thank you for taking the time to write me. Uncle Ed and Uncle Loyd told me about their accompanying mother and me to Colorado to visit you while you were in the hospital near Colorado Springs. Cousin Harrison also remembers his visit to Colorado while you were there. Harrison has retired and is editing the *The Mondy Morning Chronicle* which is an effective publication for presenting facts concerning the Mondy family. No doubt you would enjoy reading it. Uncles Ed and Lloyd passed away several years ago.

You would be pleased to know that following your death, Mother went back to her job at the *Pocahontas Star Herald*. We moved into the home of grandmother Carroll and she took care of me while mother worked. I received much love from both my mother and my grandmother.

I started to school when I was five years old and fortunately did well. I enjoy learning and have been able to be at the top of my class wherever I have gone. I was valedictorian at Pocahontas High School and this enabled me to choose a scholarship for college. I chose Ouchita Baptist College (now a University) which was a small

school with high standards. At this school I majored in chemistry and finished *summa cum laude*.

I received an assistantship in biochemistry at the University of Texas in Austin while working toward my master's degree. A few years later I received my Ph D degree in biochemistry at Cornell University in Ithaca, N.Y. I was awarded the Cornell Sigma Xi Fellowship during this study. Fortunately, I have been able to support all my education without going into debt or seeking help from others. My grades were always good and I received several scholarships and fellowships. Although mother was unable to help me financially, she always gave me moral support and served as both father and mother to me. You should be very pleased with her. She passed away in 1972.

Mother told me you had hoped for a son who would carry on the family name but that you willingly accepted a red-headed daughter instead. I hope I have not disappointed you. My research publications are read in many countries around the world. Each publication carries the *MONDY* name. I have lectured and/or consulted in 47 different countries. My life has been very full and enjoyable.

I served on the Cornell faculty for 45 years, and Cornell has honored me by requesting that materials concerning my life history be housed in the Cornell Archives. These materials will be transferred to archival paper that will last many years into the future. I have included some of your materials such as your high school diploma along with the materials to be preserved.

Your name will also be honored in the Pocahontas area since I recently gave our Pocahontas house to Williams Baptist College. The College has established a lectureship in your and mother's name. The lectureship is endowed and will continue into the future so that future generations will hear of you and benefit from this gift. Although you died at an early age your name will be remembered for a very long time.

Since you did not get the son you wanted, your daughter has attempted to carry your name around the world. Her motto has been *You Never Fail until you Stop Trying*. This was the theme used in her recent lecture which she delivered to the faculty and students at Cornell University. A tape recording of this speech will be included among her materials stored in the Cornell Archives.

Dad, thank you for bringing me into this world. I hope I have lived up to your expectations.

Your red-headed daughter, *Nell Mondy*

To Dena Houston

I'm mad at you! This is the fourth time you have moved and didn't tell me, and the fifth time I have put you on my mailing list. Next time you move, send me your new address so I won't waste postage on letters returned as unclaimed. *[I guess I'm not too awfully mad. I'll forgive you if you will write a letter to the Chronicle.]*

Ercil's grandmother, Eliza McCormick, wife of Samuel Terral, was born in 1840 and died in 1933. *[If my records are not correct, please write me.]* Here is Ercil's letter to her grandmother.

Dear Grandmother,

I think the happiest time of my young life was the six weeks that I spent visiting you, Auntie *[Aunt Lou Ella]*, several Uncles and a whole "passel" of cousins. I remember I thought I was so grown up. I was 15 and I was going into my senior year in high school. I rode on a train all by myself and I was sure I "knew it all". I was not used to a colored maid and I'm sure I made a nuisance of myself -- I followed her everywhere. She fixed the most delicious fried chicken I ever ate, much better than that we get at Colonel Saunder's, Pop-eye's, or Church's or a dozen other places where people now go to get their fried chicken. None of it tastes like what she used to put on the table; or what my mother set before us. You can't imagine all the kinds of

food you can get already prepared at all the "Fast-food" places that are everywhere.

Now Grandmother if you have received letters from your other grandchildren, you have heard all about our fast cars, how we can get on an Airplane and go over seas for a vacation, about all our electrical appliances such as washers, dryers, television, and other gadgets, so I will not duplicate what they have said.

I want to tell you about my life, how I live, and what I do. Oh I have a nice three-bedroom, two bath brick house in Lubbock but I spend only about 12 weeks a year there. My husband Lester and I belong to a group called "Texas Baptist Retirees" and we work anywhere we are needed so we live in an "Airstream". This is a trailer, pulled by our "Suburban" which is a heavy-duty car that is hard to describe, and you would be surprised at how convenient this is. When we get to the place where we are going to work, we simply connect up to the local water, electricity, and sewage disposal, then push a few buttons and we have all the hot and cold water we need for bathing and washing dishes.

The Airstream, which is 31 feet long and has eleven windows, has a living room, dining and kitchen area, with a fold-down table that seats six people. We have a four-burner gas stove with a large oven, twin stainless steel sinks, a refrigerator with deep-freeze unit, and a built-in vacuum. It is also equipped with an air-conditioning machine that keeps it cool in summer and a heater for warmth in winter. It also has a microwave oven for use when we want to cook meals in a hurry or warm up something. We have a nice shower, a lavatory, and com-mode, and a bedroom with lots of closet space.

We build churches and work at Baptist Encampments, so, I guess that in a small way we could be called "missionaries". Lester is the only one in the group who builds signs so he is in much demand. God has been good to us and our activities allow us to meet His Elite. I miss my house, the roses in my yard, my church and friends but as long as we have the strength to do this type of

mission work, we will keep on. We are never out of touch with our seven children, my two sisters, and three brothers. The telephone is a great invention.

But Grandmother, you would not believe our world today, and I do think you would not enjoy the "fast lane" in which we live, and I know that at our age we should be slowing down. I would love to have another lovely visit with you. Lovingly, your Granddaughter, *Ercil*.

* * * * *

Aileen Lillie Mondy was born in 1914, married Woodrow Trail, who preceded her in death by a year or two. She died in 1989. She was sister to Lois Sitz and Jessie Thornton. The following letter was written to Aileen and Woodie by Lois.

TO AILEEN AND WOODIE

"Dear Aileen and Woodie: I was fishing today and it brought back memories of a time when you spent a week with Cecil and me and our family. I had a picnic lunch ready when you arrived at the motel, so we loaded it and everybody and took off for Waukkla Springs [Florida]. After a nice outdoor basket lunch, we went to the house on the water, grabbed our fishing gear and bait, went to the Marina, and boarded a boat for some fishing. Woodie said he had never fished before but that he was willing to try.

We went out in the water until we thought we might be in a good place, and stopped and were baiting our hooks when some one spotted something coming toward our boat, swimming back and forth with its head held up out of the water. When it came close to the boat we could see that it was a rattle snake. You and I were so scared, Aileen, we didn't know what to do but luckily the swift current of the gulf carried the snake away and out into deeper water where he was probably devoured by some creature as a tasty meal. We reasoned that he had been swept off the beach by a wave and was unable to swim back to land. After he was carried out too far to reach our boat, we moved to another place, and finished baiting our hooks. And then Woodie started catching fish. He kept us busy baiting

his hook and taking the fish off. He was having more fun than any of us. He said it was the most fun he had ever had. Soon other fishermen saw what great success we were having and surrounded us, hoping to have the same success. We caught a bundle of fish for the men to dress. And were they good! Right out of the water and into the skillet.

Now, although we caught some big ones, none of them were as big as one I caught last Thursday. He was a big Red, 28 inches long and weighing more than ten pounds. I wrestled him to the pier but realized it would be impossible for me to land him. I knew I'd need help, but Cecil was listening to TV and could not hear me call. So I put the pole in the holder and went to get him. With his help, we were able to get it into a net. I sure wish you two could have seen the action. Love -- Lois

Does it sometimes seem to you that time is shrinking? Twenty-six years ago the principal of the El Segundo high school called Margaret and asked her if we would be interested in keeping a Swiss school teacher for six weeks. The teacher was one of the many exchange teachers that came to the US on various exchange programs. We said we would, and a little while later Chris knocked on our door and we took her in. She was a lovely girl in her early twenties, spoke good English, and fit right in with our family. We loved her at once. In 1972, we visited her in Berne, Switzerland and she took us to a lot of places, including the Ice Palace high in the Alps. Last week, we received a letter from Chris saying that one of her two daughters is coming to the US as an exchange student and would be staying with a family in San Marino, CA and asking us if we knew where that was. It turns out it is very close to Judy, in fact, until she moved her office, we drove through San Marino to get to it. We FAXed Chris's letter to Judy and now Judy will contact the family where the girl will be staying. She will be in this country for a year and we hope to meet her.

This time next week Brecken will be on her way to Turkey to spend a month or so with a family there. Do you remember Meredith, Brecken's close friend with whom she explored so much of Helsinki and Moscow? Well it turns out that both Brecken and Meredith were selected to go to Turkey though neither knew about the other until recently. From Los Angeles to Istanbul they will be on the same flight. Brecken's host family will meet her in Istanbul and will take her for a tour of the country. Her host father is the manager of a hotel in a town about 70 miles south of Ankara and speaks fluent English as does their 14 year old daughter. The mother does not speak English but with the help of the daughter, Brecken thinks she'll have no problem.

How are you enjoying the "Letters to ----"? I have received several comments on them -- everyone seems to be enjoying them, and several have promised to write one. Harold can remember sitting on his grandfather's lap and listening to stories about the Civil War and promises us a letter when he gets to feeling better. I remember stories my grandmother told of the Civil War so I'll write a letter to her one of these days. Many of us have stories of what our parents and grandparents did that would be interesting to the others. BUT, don't forget that we are all interested in what YOU are doing now, so please write about that. If you have any suggestions for improving the paper, let me know.

FROM THE SPRINGFIELD REPORTER

Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends:

Sure has been hot and dry here in Springfield for the past week, the air conditioners are really getting a workout. We need a really good rain. I have to water my flowers every night. I haven't had time to get in touch with the other Springfield relatives. Bertha usually does the calling and I do the writing, but Bertha is vacationing in St. Louis this week. I go over and water her flowers and pick up her mail while she is gone. Also, I am taking care of my good neighbor's house and watering her flowers. In addition to all that, I'm trying to do a little house cleaning

of my own house. Grandson Doug came last week and mowed my lawn and is coming tomorrow so we can mow Bertha's. He is a great kid.

Lois, I sure did enjoy your letter to your parents in the last issue of the Chronicle; and Brecken, I enjoyed your letter to your grandparents and the description of your trip for the summer. Sounds like you are going to have a wonderful time. You write so well we are looking forward to a report when you get home. I just love what everyone writes to the Chronicle.

Harrison, I enjoyed our telephone conversation but I don't understand why you didn't get my letter. I guess it got lost in the mail. *[Bessie, maybe it went by way of Chicago. I read in the papers that they have mail that is twenty years old that hasn't been delivered. Now if your letter doesn't get here for twenty years, some of us will never be able to read it.]* One thing I did write about was the building going on around Pocahontas. At the Sand Hill, there is a building going up with a sign that says, "Future Home of the Cox Funeral Home" and at the stop light there is another building, "The Future Home of the McNabb Funeral Home". Across the street is a new church building going up.

Hope all of you are staying well. Maybe I'll have more to write about next time when Bertha comes home. I sure do miss her. Love to all, Bessie.

[Bessie enclosed a letter to her husband "Shorty" who passed away more than 18 years ago. It will be included in the next issue. Thanks, Bessie, for your contribution to the Chronicle. I count on your column. Bertha, we hope you had a good time in St. Louis and welcome you back.]

AND FROM LOIS

Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends:

We have been blessed with 4 or 5 days of rain during the past week and we sure needed it. Today a large black cloud appeared over us with a lot of lightning and thunder and looked like we

were going to have a heavy rain, then suddenly it just broke up and disappeared. The news predicts rain for tomorrow, though, extending through the week end. We have made no big plans for Father's Day. For the past three months we have celebrated a wedding, some graduations, an anniversary, and Mother's day, but we'll have to do something for Father too.

Just arrived back on Sunday from Orlando, FL where we spent four days with Bill's family, his wife, Pam, and her parents and cousins from Ohio. When we arrived there Wednesday night, we found them almost in tears because their dog that then loved so much had scratched a hole under the fence and escaped and all of them were out searching for him. They were so afraid he would be killed. But he was lucky and was picked up and taken to the pound where they were able to pick him up on Saturday for a fee of \$25. Everyone was smiling again, and Frosty the dog had had his bath and was under the hair dryer getting dry. The grandmother decided to take him for a walk outside so she put his collar on, and snapped on the leash and started out. But he slipped his head out of the collar and she had to grab him by the tail. She walked him across the street holding his tail and finally got the collar on again, but this time she made it tighter.

We went to see Robbie, the younger son, play baseball. Grandmother Warren took us all out to eat after the graduation, then we took pictures, and returned home for cake (which said "Happy Graduation, Heather") and coffee. Heather and her cousin spent Saturday at Disney World and Sunday at the beach. On our way back we stopped and bought a case of that good sweet Zellwood corn.

We got up Sunday morning thinking that we would freeze some of the apples from our tree. But before we got started on that project we had a real problem. One of the clerks parks her car under a carport on the side of one of the rooms. She had just parked her car when one of the walls of the carport fell on her car, doing about \$3000. damage. Cecil and two handymen had