

CHRONICLE

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

VOLUME V, ISSUE 13, 1 August, 1994

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It is now July 21 and I have not yet sent out Issue 12. I prepared it for publication on June 27 and began reproing it on my Xerox machine but when I was about half way through, the Xerox turned belly up and I have had to send it back to the manufacturer. Sometime next week I should get a new one and then I'll start again where I left off. In the meantime I will start this issue and assign a date to it when I can publish it.

We are leaving for Arkansas on July 23 to visit Harold in Piggott. Judy Washburn and Cecil Jinks are flying to Little Rock next Tuesday (we will arrive on Monday) and we will pick them up at the airport and drive on to Piggott. We plan to stay two days with Harold and Wilma and leave Friday for El Prado. Hopefully my Xerox will have arrived and I can get started again.

I'm so far behind I'm really afraid I'll overlook some of the mail I have received. If I fail to print your letters, just forgive me. I want to print them all but I'm not infallible -- I just probably mislaid them. Some of the letters below have been excerpted but I think I have included to important parts.

Mark Mondy and his family, Becky, Jamie, and Stephanie are moving so you will want their new address. The new address is : Mark Mondy, 144 Shirra Place, Pueblo, CO 81001; and their new phone number is (719) 543-7438. Jamie is going with her church group to Montana and their tour will include Yellowstone. Their group of about

18 youths is called the "Lord's Players" and they are making a name for themselves with their skits and pantomime set to music. Steph is up to her waist in baseball, a left fielder, on a team called the "Rockies".

There were several notes of interest in one of Mary Jean's recent letters to Margaret. She reports that her doctor found that on one eye her eye-lashes are growing the wrong way -- toward the eyeball instead of out. He has taken care of this. He also told her that she has the beginning of macula degeneration which is a more serious problem.

Mary Jean also reports that she shares the Chronicle with CP and Helen who are enjoying it. Also that Helen is recovering from her operation and is getting stronger daily. She says, "I was amazed at the story about the ants and the wasps; such cooperation among the little creatures! Who could doubt that a Higher Intelligence watches over all of us."

Margaret has just declared a "non-aggression pact" with our little snakes. She has agreed not to step on them if they will not get in the house. Now the agreement came about because there are quite a few deer mice (which carry the sometimes fatal hantavirus) in this section and they constitute the favorite diet of the little brown-yellow striped garden snakes who have taken up residence under our flagstone porch. Margaret decided that she would much rather have harmless snakes that only scare the beejeebus out of her than sneaky little mice that leave disease-ridden droppings around. At first we only had one snake and when we moved here last August

she was only about a foot long. Now she is about 20 inches long and two more have come to live with her. They are totally non-poisonous; in fact, I have never seen them open their mouths.

I know where they sleep on warm nights and can catch them at will. Gabe, Mark and Barbara's three-year old, loves to hold them and has no fear of them at all. Today we found the female (we don't know what the other two are) who has been here the longest, sunning on the portal, so we picked her up and Gabe petted her for a short time. These snakes are viviparous (give birth to their young alive) so we carefully felt of her tummy where we could feel the young squirming around. Gabe, despite his young age, is very careful and held her close to the ground to let her crawl away. Later in the day we saw her again but he just knelt down and watched her crawl away and hoped that when she had some babies she would let him pet them and maybe let him take some of them home with him. I have taught him how to tell male grasshoppers from the females and he is very good at it. He is the best grasshopper catcher I've seen. Today we caught about 20, most of which he identified as male or female, and put them in a jar. Late in the afternoon he decided they should have a bath so he proceeded to give them one. I was surprised that so many of them survived the ordeal.

Several of you have commented on my little item about Roger in a recent issue. If you knew him you would know why I wrote it. I think most of Lyons, Kansas has seen that issue of the Chronicle by now. While he was here we took him down to the Rio Grande between here and Santa Fe so he could see the "rafters" coming down the river on rubber boats. He was carried away with the idea and said that next time he came to see us maybe he could go on one of the boats. Last week we found a full page picture of a group of rafters photoed from the same place where we watched with him, so Margaret cut it out of the paper and sent it to him. When he comes back again, she wants to take him on one of the boats. *[Me?? Well somebody has to meet them down river, right?]*

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FROM SPRINGFIELD

(7/12/94) Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends:

It is still hot and dry here in Springfield. Some sections of town and the surrounding area have been getting some rain, and we got a small shower yesterday but not enough to help us much. We have to water our flowers and tomatoes every day. I got my first ripe tomato on July 8th; have several green ones but they are not turning very fast in spite of all the sunshine they have been getting. Bertha's are just now putting on little ones so maybe between us we can have tomatoes until frost.

We have had lots of lightning bugs, and the katydids are chirping but Bertha and I have observed that neither of us has seen a June bug though it is now the middle of July. Remember how we used to catch them and tie a thread to their legs and let them fly around? This morning I read an article in the paper that said that June bugs are out in hordes, but I haven't seen one.

[Bessie, what entomologists call June bugs are those pesky little brown bugs that are just about everywhere this time of year. I don't know what they call the big green ones we used to play with.]

Harrison, Did you know that June bugs are the cause of those things we called grub-worms? The grubs live in the ground, sometimes as deep as three feet, for three or four years, then pop out of the earth as adults. The grubs eat on the roots of lawn grass and turns your lawn brown.

My youngest grandson, Doug, now fifteen, mows mine and Bertha's lawns. He is a lovable young man and we love having him -- and maybe we spoil him a bit too. He is my youngest grandson but I have some younger great grands, and great great grands. The two little great great granddaughters, ages 4 and 18 months, were up from Branson for a few days and it was a joy to see them with so much energy.

The folks around Springfield seem to be doing quite well. Bertha talked to Herman and Lillie; they are OK, just staying indoors where it is cool. JE is having the hot foot again. The contraption he uses quit working and he has had to go back to see the doctor. Katie was afraid they might have to perform another operation. Sure hope not as they were planning to go to Hawaii the middle of August. (JE, I don't know how to explain about the hot foot, so you should write to the Chronicle and let Harrison tell everybody about it.)

We sure do enjoy reading the letters all of you write to the Chronicle. But, what about the Colorado cousins? We don't hear much about them. Maybe they are too busy watching the OJ Simpson stuff on TV. *[Bessie, you are not as disappointed as I am. I don't average a letter a year from them. We moved here a year ago and although it is only a four hour drive, not one of them has been down to see me yet.]*

Hope all the Chronicle family is staying well and remaining cool. Bessie and Bertha.

About the weather here in El Prado: Except for the absence of rain, we have just one glorious day after another. The skies are clear when we get up in the morning, the clouds begin to build up about mid morning, we have a bit of thunder and lightning in the afternoon with a few light showers, then by sundown the clouds have dissipated and we have a star-lit night. The temperature ranges from 48 to 62 when we have breakfast then rises to between 75 and 85 by midafternoon if there are no clouds, and by bedtime it has dropped to a cuddling temperature of about 60 degrees. (Under one blanket, please.) Our house is not air-conditioned -- we don't need it. Even at the hottest time of day, the interior is a comfortable 70 degrees or so. But it is dry, very dry. We have to water the lawn every-other day or so, and some of the plants more often. All this watering brings on a mosquito or two but we have not seen very many.

I paid \$3 for two tomato plants back earlier and so far we have harvested only three or four ripe ones, but now the plants are covered with little ones and if an early frost does not get them it looks like they may be worth the cost. I think I'll bring them in the house this fall and see what happens to them. Some day I want to build a green house.

The following letter from Linda Phelps (Cecil's daughter) was written about the middle of June but received too late for last issue. Here is her letter, sans some personal bits.

FROM LINDA

Thank you both for driving Dad back home when he became ill at your house. Bless his heart, he does love his relatives, and does overstep his health boundaries some times. He said he and Roger had a great time. I'll hear all about it from Roger when I go to see them. Isn't he a neat, loving, human being?

We are all going great. Christy works and plays on the girl's softball team, and goes several times a week to cheerleaders practice. She is gone so much I see little of her. Cory is too young for a regular job but I keep him busy mowing lawns. He is active in the De Molays. Tomorrow night they have their annual fund raiser dance. We had a big garage sale last week-end and he used most of his money and all of mine to buy a nice outfit to wear to the dance.

I'm really looking forward to the 4th of July. Son Mike, his wife Suzy, and my two granddaughters, plus several friends from back home will be here. We are going to a Royal's game on the 4th and Mike wants to take his wife and girls to "World's of Fun" on the 5th. I won't be able to go with them, boo hoo, because I have to go back to work.

Gotta go now; just wanted to thank you for taking care of 'Ol Ormery'. I know you love him, too. Love, Linda and Brats.

Brecken is having a wonderful time in Turkey (and spending all her money on stamps, I think). She has written cards to just about everyone. We and the Millers received cards the same day. Took about a week to get them but that is better than some of the mail deliveries in this country. I have the Miller's and our cards before me so I'll try to combine the two.

"I am having a wonderful time. Spent the first three days with my host family touring Istanbul. We visited the Aya Sophia, the Blue Mosque, the Topkapi Palace, and Istanbul's underground cisterns, and went for a boat tour of the Bosphorous. My host father runs a hotel here in Nevsehir. We went there for dinner last night and I met the man who in Turkey is the second in charge, sort of like the Vice President, of Turkey. I am learning how to make Turkish coffee and other kinds of Turkish food. (Also, I'm eating like a pig.)"

As I get cards and other bits of info from Turkey, I'll try to pass them on to you.

LOIS, I received your letter today though there were three things wrong with the address. You sent it to Box 169 instead of 1696 but Mary Ellen at my post office knows me so that was alright. You sent it to El Pardo instead of El Prado and to ZIP 87925 instead of 87529 but somebody in the postal system along the way took a good look at the address and straightened it out. So not everything you hear about the postal service is bad -- there are some good people mixed in with that crowd that is 9 months behind with their delivery in Washington and twenty years behind in Chicago. Let's give credit where credit is due.

FROM THE SITZES

You will all be glad to know that Hurricane Alberta did little damage. We had a lot of wind and rain but no real damage. The rain kept us in the house over the 4th of July and we may yet get some flooding from the rivers in Alabama and Georgia are flooding the lowlands. The rains

are keeping us from having to water our lawns that are growing so fast. We have an overcast sky that helps keep our heat down. The rain was too heavy to go out and shoot fireworks or to see the fireworks displays -- we just stayed in the house and played cards and ate turkey.

It is quiet and still on the water today. the crab boat has come along picking up his nets. I hope he had a good haul. There are a lot of blue crabs here.

Had a nice letter from RA and Russell including a couple of good poems from Russell. Cecil's mother wrote a poem some time before she left for Heaven and I am including it for publication in the Chronicle for others to read. Her daughter found it among her collections. I hope you can print it, Harrison, so that others can enjoy it.

Cecil has just come in from putting out food for the birds. We had our breakfast by the window where we could watch a couple of doves picking up seeds dropping from the feeder. Harrison, we enjoy your writing about the mountains, the flowers, and the animals around. The beauty of the mountains must be greater than I can imagine, living here in this flat country.

We have been following the OJ Simpson case on TV as I am sure every body else has been doing. It is depressing that such a bad thing could happen and that the TV makes him look guilty whether he is or not.

We are still debating as to whether we will go to MO and Arkansas this summer. We do so love the trip and seeing all the cousins. We hope all of you had a good 4th of July. The storm kept us from seeing any fireworks like we usually do. Love to all of you, Lois and Cecil.

It is now July 31. Yesterday about 4PM we arrived home from a visit to Harold and Wilma Jinks in Piggott, Arkansas. As you know, Harold has been quite ill, had been in the hospital for pneumonia, and had lost 16 pounds while there. A couple of weeks ago, in a conversation with

Margaret, he wished some of his brothers and sisters would come to see him. Margaret and I had already planned such a visit but it was to be a surprise visit, but after his invitation we decided it would not be such a surprise. Judy Washburn wished she could also visit him so we invited her to meet us in Little Rock and we would drive her up to Piggott. Then Cecil, who has quite recovered from his visit to us, asked if he could go with us if he flew into Little Rock.. Fortunately, he and Judy arrived on the same plane. The four of us arrived on Tuesday afternoon and spent the remainder of Tuesday and all of Wednesday and Thursday with them and left on Friday Morning at 5:45 so that Judy could catch her plane back to Houston. Cecil had intended to go to Houston at the same time but found that he could not get a seat on any plane that day, so he rode with us to Oklahoma city where he had left his car and Margaret and I came on to Weatherford, OK where we spent the night, then came on home yesterday. Total trip, 2495 miles. But you will see that it was worth it from the letter below.

Dear Harold and Wilma: First I want to tell you, Harold, that for an 88-year old man who had lost 16 pounds, you certainly looked spry and a whole lot more agile than I was expecting. I did not know you had gained most of that weight back. I think you are going to reach that century mark yet. And I do hope that you will feel like coming to see us here in Taos later this summer. With a nurse like Wilma, I'm sure you will.

Of course we nearly starved while we were there; with all those wonderful vine ripened tomatoes and those beautiful cantaloupes, and Wilma's Muffins and cookies -- I think I see how you gained all that weight.

Thank you for taking us to Kennett for the catfish dinner. I have never eaten such good catfish in my life -- makes my mouth water just thinking about it. Did you notice how little your brother talked during the meal? He was too busy filling that long torso of his full of catfish. I'm wondering if I got all I was supposed to get, seems to me there was some missing and since

he was sitting next to me -- well I was just wondering.

Also, thanks for grilling those choice steaks on your BBQ. You are a good chef and when you come to see me I'll try to return the favor.

But most of all, thanks for just being YOU. We certainly enjoyed ourselves (and I am sure I speak for the others).

We were expecting the weather to be muggy, but that little cool front you ordered made it delightful.

Wilma, take care of him and bring him out to see us when you can. We have plenty of beds -- you can have your choice. Love you both very much. Harrison.

Harold, We were talking to son Jim last night and he said to tell you you were his favorite buffoon. He remembers when you used to gather all the little children around you and tell them stories about your children, one of whom was Miss Prissy. He actually thought you had a child by that name and later was surprised when Judy told him she thought you were making up the story..

* * * * *

Have you heard the latest "Knock, knock" joke among the lawyers around Los Angeles?

"Knock, Knock"

"Who's there?"

"O.J. "

"O.J. who?"

"Hooray -- we have found a juror."

* * * * *

Looked outside a few minutes ago and saw two of our snakes sunning. Don't know where the other is. They usually sleep together. John thinks they are Mormons. Anyway, I told them the story about the farmer's wife who was so handy with the carving knife on the three blind pigs, and warned them not to get too close to Margaret for she carried a wicked carving knife.

* * * * *

The latest card from Brecken says: "We are in Bodrum, a tiny little town of 21000 on the Aegean coast. It is adorable. From my window I can see the Bodrum Castle and the long street of bars, discos, and shops for which Bodrum is famous. We live between three nightclubs, one of which (Helicarnus) is the third largest in the world. The abundance of music at all hours makes it difficult to sleep. But it is still lots of fun. Here, the days are sleepy and the nights are wild. But, unlike the US, going to night clubs is a family affair. All go out and party together. My family has a private yacht we will use to explore the nearby islands. Love you all, *Brecken*."

* * * * *

AN IDEAL GUEST

There are guests, and then there are guests. Recently we had an ideal guest, Judy Washburn. She checked with us to find out when would be a good time to come, then told us the date and approximate time of arrival, exactly how many days she would be here, and the date and hour of her departure. She did not have to tell us if there were foods she could not eat, we already knew that. By telling us how long she would stay, we were able to plan the excursions and other entertainment we could provide. So far we have had no "bed and breakfast" dropper-iners as we used to have in Los Angeles. We have had two tries but fortunately we were out of town. If people are too poor to afford a 29 cent stamp to write first, or a telephone call, they certainly deserve some help. So the next one that catches us at home can expect a stamped envelope addressed to us so that they will be able to write first. I detest "spongers". A few years ago we had some welcome guests and Margaret prepared an excellent cassarole but when they arrived, they told her they could not eat certain foods (including those in the cassarole) because of their religious beliefs. Such thoughtlessness on the part of guests puts a housewife in a very embarrassing position. If you are planning a trip to see us, please tell us when you will arrive, how long you will stay, and what you can and cannot eat. (Sounds like a "Dear Abby letter, doesn't it?)

JUDY AND JOHN IN SCOTLAND

Judy and John are about midway through their vacation in Scotland. On their itinerary were such places as Brampton, Cumbria; Mrs Erskine's farm house, Stirling; Kildrummy Castle near Aberdeen; Kildrummy Castle; Invergarry Castle; and Edinburgh. Before they left I recorded a series on the Castles of Europe which included some of the places they are visiting, and gave the series to them when they visited us a couple of weeks ago. While they were here we made a trip into the high country around here and they were fascinated by the multitudinous wild flowers that were in bloom. They declared they thought Taos was as beautiful in summer as in winter. They will return from Scotland on August 6.

* * * * *

It is now Sunday afternoon and the clouds are beginning to form over the mountains. Soon will come thunder and lightning and I will have to turn off the computer. Last night we had a real thunderstorm and a little (quarter-inch) of rain. We need the rain badly but it seems that the clouds must be very dry. About all we get is a lot of thunder, lightning, and wind.

* * * * *

Bessie, you mentioned lightning bugs in your letter. When we were in Arkansas, I saw quite a few. If I thought they could have stood the trip, I would have caught some for Gabe. I did find an earthworm (nightcrawler) about ten inches long which I put in a jar with a lot of wet soil and it seemed to withstand the trip very well.

* * * * *

I saved this space for a letter from one of you but did not get it so I guess I'll just sign off. Please note that you are getting two issues at once. Maybe I'll get back on track one of these days.

MANY THANKS TO JESSIE T AND NELL
FOR THEIR PHONE CALLS TO SEE IF I
HAD KICKED THE BUCKET.

SEE YOU SOON

just gotten off it when the collapse occurred. When they went to tell her about it she thought they were joking and they had to take her out and show her before she believed it. We were thankful that it was the car and not the men that was injured.

Bessie and Bertha, you make me homesick. I used to enjoy going to the cemetery every memorial day. So happy you can make that trip every Memorial Day, and can have such a good time together.

Pat, that noise you are hearing must be coming from a little green tree frog or rain frog. They are small and green and when sitting on a green leaf, they are hard to find. My son-in-law was here one night and heard one croaking and thought it was a duck. Jar flies [*cicadas*] also make noises like that too. I had a friend who kept hearing what she thought was a cricket but when I listened to it I argued that it could not be a cricket. But they searched for it for a long time and finally discovered that it was the fire alarm needing new batteries. We are still laughing about her "cricket". By the way, her name was Pat, also, but she lived in Springfield, MO

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A few weeks ago I wrote a short letter to the Pocahontas Star Herald which they published. Since most of you that attended Pocahontas high school will remember Mr Hulén, I thought you might enjoy the letter.

Dear Editor:

While doing some research on my family roots recently I turned to the Directory of Randolph County Arkansas - 1910. In the section concerning Ravenden Springs I saw that at that time the principal of their school was E. E. Hulén. Of course I knew him, as did most of you, as the principal of the Pocahontas High School.

Now I would like to propose that we change the spelling of his name to HUGHLEIGN for one day each year -- perhaps on his birthday, 18 March. Now don't throw this in the waste basket

just yet. I have a reason. He was a great inspiration to me and I am sure to many others. He had a wonderful sense of humor and brought it into the class room. He taught "civics" and used to tell us that he liked to teach the subject for he could talk about anything and it would still be "civics". We sat spellbound while he told us about an H.G. Wells book about Mars and the possibility of living creatures similar to us that might be living there. Another time he brought in a magazine article about how some Germans had found that if a person was balanced on a scale and given a problem to solve, the scale would tilt showing that while solving the problem, additional blood ran to the brain. He paused after reading it, then read the names of the three German doctors who had performed the experiment. They were long and almost unpronounceable names. With a sort of sigh he said to us, "If I ever amount to anything, I guess I'll have to change my name to something like Hughleign. He did "amount to something". He influenced more lives than he ever knew, and to me he will always be Edgar E. Hughleign. I am sure there are many others who feel the same way.

Harrison C. Mondy

This afternoon (Tuesday) we had a real first class rain storm, -- the first of the season. Some hail with it. Then we had a lightning strike that I'm sure hit the house but I have not been able to find any damage. It burned out all the lights in the garage, and neither of my garage openers will work. Tomorrow when it is lighter outside, I'll look some more. It set off the smoke alarm and the only way I could shut it off was to disconnect it. I haven't found a tripped circuit-breaker so I don't know all the problem yet..

(Wednesday) -Found the trippedcircuit breaker and now we are back to normal. Rain guage shows inch and a half. Still cloudy.. We have just discovered that Margaret's computer was knocked out though it was not even on at the time.



WILLIAM L JINKS (1851 - 1923) and MARTHA JANE GOSS (2/6/1852 -3/8/1901) were the parents of Pearson K. Jinks and the grandparents of Margaret, Judy, Ercil, Cecil, Harold, CP, Leon, Terral, Ozella, and Barto. The last four are now deceased. Margaret can remember having seen her grandfathe when she was five years old. If any of you have anything to add, please send it to me so I can add it to their profiles.

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A NIGHTMARE ? -- TWO OF THEM?

