

CHRONICLE

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

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As we say in my family, "We have retur ned". We were gone exactly two weeks -- long ones to us. The account of our trip could be divided into segments. First we met Brecken when she came home from Turkey, then saw her three more times to hear about the trip and her host family and Turkey in general. Then there was our meeting with Jim who brought us up to date about his work, what has been going on in El Segundo, and other things. There were visits with Judy, John, and Brecken about their doings, especially J&J's trip to Scotland and more about Turkey. Anne, with whom we had several visits, and who was with us in some of our visits with the others, brought us up to date with everything that was going on in our home town. There were visits to the doctors to find out if we were suffering anything more awful than growing older. (She said "no" to that.) Then we had the delightful pleasure of meeting Eva-Maria Nothiger, about whom you will hear more. Last -- there was a very sad note, -- a dear friend of the family, a boy with whom Judy and Jim grew up, died on Saturday. I will address most of these segments later.

There was one other event of great enjoyment, the celebration of Margaret's (belated) birthday and Brecken's birthday on the 20th, the night she arrived from Turkey. These celebrations were postponed until the next night so that Brecken could catch up on her jet lag.

Margaret and I spent most of the week working around the house and yard in El Segundo. The

peach tree needed a lot of pruning and one bougainvillea had grown so large it was destroying the peach tree so it was eliminated. We had ten garbage cans full of limbs, leaves, etc., the first week and almost that amount the second week. We worked so hard, we started singing that old song, "I wanta go home" and got louder as the days passed.

Now we are home and very happy to be here. The weather, when we arrived mid afternoon, was about 65 degrees and there were clouds around with a sprinkle for us. The Millers had taken good care of the property, watering our fruit trees and the lawn. And my tomato plants which are now loaded with tomatoes.

LOIS SITZ SAYS

Harrison, it embarrasses me to think that I made so many mistakes in your address, but that is not unusual, it seems, for me these days. I wrote Doris Schuster recently to give her Hazel Holly's address and later found out that I had left off the name of the town in Mississippi where she lived. But she was smart enough to figure it out. (From the ZIP code, maybe?). I will be eighty on the 10th of October, do you suppose I can attribute my forgetfulness to age? Anyway, I sometimes open the refrigerator and can't remember what I wanted to get, or open a cabinet door and stand looking in it for something that will make me remember what I opened it for in the first place. But, so far, I have not gone to the bathroom and not know what for!!! Anyway, Harrison, I'm glad you got the letter.

I talked to Bertha last night and she said she had just gotten in from working in the yard and taken a shower. She said the weather had been real

hot that day. Here in Florida, we had had a perfectly beautiful cool day that felt like fall might be arriving.

Now Harrison, I wouldn't be very interested in those snakes you write about, but I find it interesting that you can pick them up and enjoy doing it. The one thing I'm most scared of is a snake. When we ran an ice cream store in Springfield, a family who had been traveling in Arizona had stopped and dug up a cactus and had it in the car. What they did not know was that they had also dug up a snake and put it in the car with the cactus. As they were traveling along, the snake came out of the cactus or where ever it had been hiding, and crawled along the back of the seat and onto the shoulder of one of the ladies. You can guess the rest of the story.

We are trying to decide whether to go by New Orleans to visit Jessie and Jerry at the beginning of our trip to Arkansas and Missouri, or wait until we come back. Jerry has a birthday August 30 and that may help us to decide. We have so many relatives on both sides of the family to visit it takes a long trip. But last year it was so beautiful and enjoyable.

Last week, Chris Holly, oldest son of Hazel Holly, Cona's oldest daughter, died of a heart attack in California at an age of about 40 years. He was brought to Pocahontas and buried in the Ryburn Plot beside his grandfather, Sular.

Cona's younger daughter, Roma Jean, and her husband, Bill, have sold their home in Texas and moved back to Memphis near their daughter's family and near Cona and their son who live near Memphis. We are happy to have them so much closer.

Nell, I was so happy to read your beautiful letter to your father. I knew him and I remember a visit from him and your mother and you when you were very small. I remember how pretty you were with your red hair and beautiful complexion and how pretty your dress was. I'm sure your parents are looking forward to seeing you again and saying to you, "Well done, my child,

we are so proud of your accomplishments on earth". And Nell, we are proud of you too.

I hope we have as great a time as you did, Harrison, and get some of those wonderful fresh vegetables. Cecil brought in a few pears from his tree today, and will have them and a sandwich for supper tonight. We have our main meal at noon.

Glad you could have some time off, Harrison, but we missed the Chronicle. (Lois)

Waiting for me when I got home today was a letter from Dena Houston. Dena was a charter member of the Chronicle Family and one of the two "Friends" mentioned in the mast head. She lived next door to Mom when she was a teenager, and I met her when she was about 14. She and Mom were good friends and she used to help Mom around the house, carry things for her, draw water from the well, etc. She no longer lives in Pocahontas but keeps up with things there and SOMETIMES writes me about them. I'm excerpting her letter as follows:

"...Sounds like Brecken is having an interesting time in Turkey and I'll bet she will be one happy person to set foot on USA soil again and see her family. I have heard that it is against the law or custom for anyone to spit on the ground in Turkey, is this so?

Your house sounds interesting; do you have a picture of it you could send me? I'd love to see it. A few weeks ago I found one of your old news letters in which you told about the time you were hijacked in 1972. Did you ever write a follow-up story on that incident? I'd like to read it.

PJ (Paul Goings Jr) did an estate sale in Peach Orchard last week. The sale of all kinds of furniture and household goods netted more than \$17,000 and included a 1963 Chevy Nova that sold for \$900. It was the estate of Flossie (Bill) Compton and I thought you or some of the relatives who used to live there might know them.

PJ's mother, Nellie, is doing OK. She had a stroke, last year I think, and has trouble with her eye-sight. In many ways she reminds me of Mom Mondy.

This is the week of the Randolph County Fair. I won't be able to attend this year, though I would like to. I'm tired and run-down, do you think it is the weather or just the dog-days of summer?

Love to all of you, Dena.

[To Dena: A couple of years ago I talked to PJ and asked if he would like to receive the Chronicle. He said he would and I sent it to him for about a year. Then I wrote and asked if he was getting it, if he still wanted it, but received no answer. So I assumed that either he had moved, or did not care for it so I stopped sending it. I also asked him if Nellie would like to receive it but received no reply. The next time you see Nellie, ask her if she remembers me, and ask her if she would like to receive the Chronicle. She might like to see the news about the family. Thanks, Dena, for sending me a copy of the estate sale. I thought it very interesting. Love, Harrison

**FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA
IN SPRINGFIELD**

Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends:
We send Margaret our belated Birthday congratulations. *[Margaret and Bertha celebrate the same day.]*

Things seem to be settling down a bit for us for a while. Nephew Joe and wife Connie and Connie's parents were here for a while from Washington. We were on the go to Branson for a couple of days seeing some of the shows, and visiting with them.

Son "Buster's" back is improving slowly. He says it is still sore but he has been working. Son-in-law Dick" is home now after back surgery and getting along pretty good, is able to walk a couple of blocks a day, but can't drive or ride in



Mr. and Mrs. Mondy

Mondy

Jay and Katy Mondy, Springfield, will celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary Aug. 28 with a reception at Macedonia Baptist Church. Friends and relatives are invited to call from 2 to 4 p.m. The omission of gifts is requested.

Hosts will be their children, Jim and Judy Mondy, Nancy Hurt and Marcia and Danny Presley. They have four grandchildren and one great-grandchild.

Jay Mondy and Catherine Jones were married Aug. 22, 1944, in Springfield by E.L. Hobbs.

a car for two more weeks. Daughter Dolly is home from the hospital. She had another spell with asthma and bronchitis. The rest of the Springfieldians are doing ok.

Bertha had her 81st birthday on the 17th. She had several phone calls, a lot of cards and presents, was taken out to lunch one day, and to dinner the next. And of course, she had a nice big birthday cake made and decorated by Daughter Sue.

JE and Katie are celebrating their 50 years of togetherness in Hawaii and when they get home they will have another celebration at their church given by their children and grandchildren and will have a lot to tell us about their trip. Maybe they can be persuaded to tell us about it in a letter to the Chronicle.

Well we finally got a break from the hot dry

weather we have been having. We have been having nice nights for sleeping but it warms up during the day. We were getting awfully dry but had a nice rain, rained most of the night. Sure did green things up. Gave our air conditioners a rest they needed. Mine was already resting as it ran out of freon and I had to wait a couple of days for the repair man. But it is working good now. I was sure thankful for my ceiling fans.

We sure do enjoy the Chronicle and enjoy reading about Brecken's summer vacation. We learned a lot about Turkey from her letters and we enjoyed them. We enjoy the accounts of other people's vacations too. Bertha and I have been busy with our homes and just being lazy and did not go anywhere, -- except Bertha went to St Louis for a week. Her friends came and got her and brought her back. We don't do much distance driving any more, and no night driving as our eyes won't let us. Bertha did all the driving when we did go on trips. She loves to drive -- I like to just sit and look out the window.

Aug 21. I did not get this in the mail yesterday. Bertha and I went to church today. It is a beautiful day. I am enclosing the clipping of Jay and Katy's celebration that was in today's paper. Love and best wishes to all of you,
Bessie and Bertha.

[See Page 3 for clipping.]

In Issue 5-13 I told you the Mark Mondy family was moving into a house and what the girls were up to for the summer. Here is an update:

FROM MARK MONDY

Last spring we put our mobile home up for sale. We had about 30 lookers and then some one came along an really wanted it so they bought it and left us hunting for a new house. The Lord provided us with a bi-level in a nice neighborhood. Has a nice big yard and every thing we wanted. We signed the papers on July 22, and now you know what we have done with our summer.

The girls have kept us pretty buy, also. Jamie is in the youth group at our church which is always busy during the summer. She is part of a drama group known as the "Lord's Players. About the middle of July they went on a mission trip up through Montana for about 12 days. She had a wonderful time.

Steph is on a baseball team called "The Rockies" where she played outfielder most of the time. Their team won first place in the tournament about a week ago. There was a picnic for them last Saturday with trophies for everyone. She enjoys baseball a lot and will probably play again next year.

What with all the fixing up of our new house and shuttling the girls around, Becky and I have no trouble staying busy.

Don't forget, our new address is:

Mark, Becky, Jamie, and Stephanie Mondy
144 Schirra Place,
Pueblo, CO 81001
Phone: (719) 543 7438

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ABOUT CHRIS AND EVA-MARIA

One day in the spring of 1968 there came a knock at our door in El Segundo and when Margaret answered it, there was a young lady there who announced, "I'm Chris". She was Chris Strahm, from Berne Switzerland, an exchange teacher who was sent to our town to teach in our high school. She had not come uninvited -- our High School superintendent had contacted us a few weeks before ad asked it we would be interested in sharing our home with a foreign exchange teacher and we had agreed. We did not know how fortunate we would be. We loved Chris from the beginning -- she fit right in with our family. On one of our trips home from Australia we stopped in Berne for a few days visit with her -- trip high in the alps, tours around the countryside and in the town. Another time while we were visiting Judy and John when they were living in England, Chris came to visit them. We have kept up with her throughout the years. Jim and Geri visited her when they were living in

Malta. So we have always felt that she was part of our family.

Not long ago we received a letter from Chris saying that her daughter Eva-Maria, had applied for an AFS assignment (AFS = American Field Service, a student exchange organization which sponsors the exchange of students between the US and most of the nations of the world) in the United States and had asked to be sent to California as her first choice. For some time we did not know where she would be sent, as they do not get their first choice very often. But she was fortunate -- she was sent to a town called San Mareno. We received a letter from Chris asking if we knew where the town was located and hoping it would be close enough for us to meet her daughter during the year she would be in America. It turned out that San Mareno is next door to Pasadena and the family to whom she was assigned live about five miles from Judy. Chris is beside herself with joy.

On Monday after we arrived in California, we had lunch with Judy and Brecken and they brought Eva-Maria. Such an adorable young lady! We had nearly two hours of visit with her. And then on last Monday evening, before we left for Taos on Tuesday, we had a dinner party at Judy's and Eva-Maria was there. She is very like her mother, effervescent, outgoing, and lovable.

Eva-Maria brought us gifts from her family -- a beautiful watch for me and another for Judy, a Swiss Army knife for Jim, two beautiful scarves for Margaret, and I don't remember what else. All were lovely gifts, and we certainly appreciate them.

Isn't there a saying these days, "What goes around, comes around"? And isn't there a scripture (Eccl 11:1) that says, "Cast your bread upon the waters, for you will find it after many days"? What we have found after the little crust we threw upon the waters is certainly more than we ever expected

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BRECKEN RETURNS FROM TURKEY

We were all at the airport waiting for Brecken's plane to arrive. When I say all or us, I mean Judy and John; Margaret, Jim, and I; Anne; the McKensies, Rod and Carol, neighbors; and Jeremy, her boy friend. The crowd stood at the windows and engaged in small talk while urging the plane to come down. Finally it arrived and she came through the chute, dragging her so-called "carry-on". Luckily it had wheels -- she certainly couldn't have carried it. And down stairs on the carousel were suitcases that must have weighed a hundred pounds. I didn't ask her how she got through customs. After she had claimed her luggage they left for home as did the rest of us. That was on Saturday night, the 20th, her 17th birthday.

On Sunday night we, Jim, Margaret and I; Anne; The McKensies, Rod, Carol, Mary, and Mary's boyfriend; Bea Ammidown and her three daughters, Marisa, Penelope, and Savannah; Pene's boy friend; and Bea's cousin from New York, all met with Judy, John, and Brecken at their house for dinner and for a report on Brecken's trip to Turkey. Among the many gifts she brought for us was a beautiful Turkish Carpet for her family. She gave us a good lecture on carpets, showing us how to tell a good one from a cheap one by counting the number of tufts, the number of threads per square centimeter, the edging and a lot of other characteristics. She told us about the wonderful family she lived with while in Turkey, the many customs of the country, her trip to many places while there, and how there are two opposing groups of people there, the fundamentalist Moslems whose women wear veils over their faces and who are trying to overthrow the government, and the modernists who act more like the rest of the world. She is an astute observer and learned a lot while there, not only about the politics but about the customs and mores of the country.

She brought us some nice gifts, her selection being helped by her host family, also some gifts from her hosts. Among the items I received were a couple of packs of Turkish pipe tobacco which I liked very much. Along with it was a beautiful-

ly carved meerschaum pipe. Turkish tobaccos are known around the world for their rich aroma and are used in most expensive blends.

Brecken has promised to write an account of her visit for the Chronicle if she can find time away from her studies, (she is a senior in one of the toughest high schools in the country) and her work (she has a part time job with the Norton-Simon Museum) but she thinks she will have some time to write a column for us.

* * * * *

ABOUT LARRY

Once upon a time there was a boy, -- a boy named Larry David Geer. Jim met him when they were only 8 years old. They met on a giant sand pile where an excavation was being done near our apartment when we first moved to El Segundo and were searching for a home to buy. Through grammar school years he spent every other Friday night at our house; the alternate Friday Jim spent at his house. Margaret says she made dozens and even hundreds of scrambled egg sandwiches for him--his favorite. They were good friends through high school and remained friends. Larry's parents, Louise, and Clifford were our best friends until they passed away.

Once upon a time there was a boy. He grew up to be a musician, writing songs, singing them, building his own studio with beautiful recording equipment. In it he recorded a lot of his music and that of others and became a success.

Once upon a time there was a boy who grew up to become a good businessman, buying and selling real estate in Inglewood (where he got his start) and later in Los Angeles where he owned a beautiful home with a swimming pool.

Not long ago we received a package in the mail and when we opened it we found a tape cassette and a CD and a letter which said, in part, after telling us that his health was failing because of being HIV-positive, "You've always been like a Mom and Dad to me so I have not mentioned my health in the past because it might worry you. At first I was shocked, how could it be?

I've never done drugs or anything like that but the doctors said I may have acquired it 12 to 15 years ago. After a short time, I stopped thinking about how I got it and began to live my life to the fullest. For the past few years I've done volunteer work with all the local AIDS organizations. I found that many of the patients have been disowned by their families just at a time when they needed them so desperately for love and comfort. There is a small possibility that we may never see each other again and I want you to know that I love you both very much and always will. I am proud of myself; I have done everything I hoped to do and more than most. I would like to live another forty years and make more music and new memories and savor what I have already accomplished, but it looks like that will never happen. But I have made peace with everybody and everything and am ready for what ever comes next. I feel happy and proud of the tape/CD I'm sending. The response from industry people has been so good I feel that someone like MCA, Warner, or Sony may want to distribute it. I hope you like it. One last time I want to say, I love you both and I'm sure my mother would be happy to know we're still close friends."

On Friday the 26th, Margaret called Larry and talked to him for some time and asked if we could come to see him on Saturday. He told her to call him on Saturday morning to see how he was feeling and they agreed that Saturday afternoon would probably be the best time. She called several times on Saturday but was able to reach only his message machine so we did not try to see him on Saturday. On Sunday she called again and left a message saying we would be at Judy's and left the number. Late on Sunday we received a message from his room-mate saying that he had passed away just after noon on Saturday.

Once upon a time there was a boy -----.

We are so saddened by his passing. He gave his body to science and arranged for any income from his music be given to AIDS treatment.

PAT SAYS

Knowing that you were in El Segundo gave me a good excuse for not writing and to keep on painting. At present I am up to my eyebrows in acrylics, transparent watercolors, casein, and gouache pigments, and anyone who ventures to come to my front door must sign a contract that he will not break a leg or step through a painting (they are scattered through two rooms) and furthermore, they must have permission to sit down if they can find a chair, divan, or flat spot that is not hidden under some great masterpiece I have just created. In addition, they must have proof that they have had their shots for ptomaine and strange tropical diseases for I have learned there is life after housework. Of course, we may have to use a bulldozer on the dust, and defrost with dynamite in the near future. These last two statements translate that I have not done a thing domestic since about the last week in July, with one exception, just before we had company from Houston for a few days. One of our ex neighbors, his wife (not the one he had when they lived down the street), her son, and his English wife. It was nice to have a break from painting, but it entailed several days lost (but fun) toward my October 1st deadline. One night I even cooked a shrimp dinner. And since it takes all of three minutes to cook them, some of you with more hours in your day than I have in mine will wonder about those cherished three minutes. Of course they do take some time to clean. We buy then directly off the boats and Holland and I have a system down that makes the cleaning go fast -- even for four pounds of shrimp. Before our friends arrived, I spent a few minutes rearranging the dust. No telling what the young people might have caught and taken back to England with them and I have no desire to create an international incidence.

I cannot remember if I have explained the sudden surge in artistic creativity. In an unguarded moment I agreed to do a show for which I would need some twenty five to thirty paintings. And my art cupboard was bare except for a few old moldies, pictures which I did not wish to see the light of day again. So I am painting with both hands and one foot and at times with the brush

between my teeth. So far I have nineteen that I can use and feel pretty good that by the first of October I will have enough to fill the space allotted. Needless to say, I am doing little else. I haven't really painted extensively for several years and am really rusty. Finally figured out which end of the brush to use, but come the first of October when the exhibit goes up, I may have to leave town. There might be riots and rock throwing.

I do take time to read the newspapers though. Every morning I read about those guys in Washington and shake my head,, then spot another editorial or article saying the American people are fed up with the antics in our capital and they are rightfully speaking of both parties. Our local paper is very good about running editorials on an impartial basis though even they are beginning to snipe too. Ant then there's that OJ Simpson story. I wish I had written this scenario. It has so many elements for a good Who Dun It. So it was with real relief that I saw an article that had nothing to do with Washington or Simpson Plus there was a picture of our main Post Office building right here in Corpus Christi. You believe our post offices don't have bats in their belfry? Guess again. Ours did. Thousands of them descended on the rather large building, creating a rookery all over the roof and under the large expanse of eaves, which cause one and all to walk with great care and look up and down first. The bats were harmless except for the odor. I only hope the postal employees scooped up the guano and use it for fertilizer. Everyone was conjecturing as to how to entice them to go elsewhere, maybe to Washington, when they just decided to leave. Now wasn't that cooperative of them? Probably objecting to the way the government runs the post office. But what a change of pace for the readers of the newspapers. A man named Tuttle who lives in San Antonio is a bat expert and for a number of years has been helping to protect them. Many people are unduly afraid of them, not knowing that at night they swoop down and eat tons of insects that are detrimental to fruit crops in the area as well as to animals and man.

Speaking of bats. We had a friend once who visited Carlsbad Caverns in New Mexico just in time for thousands of bats to fly out directly at him (he thought) just as he entered the cave. Apparently no one had told him about the bats. Now he also hated caverns so that, coupled with the bats, left him in a passion. These caves were not his cup of stalagmites at all. Now he also hates the beach here with its icky sticky sand so he proposed that all the sand on Padre Island be scooped up and poured into Carlsbad Cavern, thereby ridding the nation of both at once. With clear thinking like that, maybe he ought to be sent to Washington.

It's been too muggy here to consider much gardening but today Holland pulled up his old tomato plants in preparation for new ones. He has to work up gradually to this idea of digging and planting. It is especially hard work in August or early September for summer just lasts and lasts. But if you want lots of juicy red fruits for early winter, it just has to be done. What we really need are two burly gardeners who just love to dig and weed and repot and transplant and trim --- and don't cost too much.

Holland and I are now harboring a poor stray cat. That wouldn't be so bad but now she has three cute cuddly kittens which will be hard to give away. We had seen her in the yard some time ago, leading us to believe that perhaps she had been abandoned by some one who moved away, or that maybe she belonged to a young woman who has been spending a great deal of time in the hospital. We watched her grow leaner and leaner an once she begged for help. Neither of us could stand that so we began feeding her. She is so grateful for our help and lets us know it. If only she could put her babies up for adoption it would help. I have contacted several friends, all of whom declined my generous offering of free kittens. One of our friends has a ranch (in Texas there are no farms, only ranches) where they visit but do not live. They had several cats once, but they all disappeared, all except one, which insisted on sleeping on the roof. I could tell her why. That was one smart cat. The coyotes got all the others and this one cat saw

that the only safe place to spend her life was on the roof.

I will be glad to mail these cute, playful kittens to any reader who desires. Or even if you don't desire.

Hope your trip to California was great and that you are now safely home. Cheers until next time, Pat.

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Among our many remembrances of our visit to El Segundo is a delightful dinner at the "Stick and Stein". Anne called us as soon as she found out we had arrived and invited us to have inner with her. The restaurant was a surprize to us for it has been rebuilt since we left a year ago. It is a beautiful place and can hold its own among the best. Ann gave me a commemorative postcard showing the landing of the first men on the moon and the ad that ran in the news paper reminding us that the last ten minutes of that historic flight was controlled by an engine built by TRW using software written by us. My work on the Apollo was minimal, but on the first trip around the moon, the astronauts used an antenna network that was my design. The antennas had been redesigned for the succeeding moon flights and I had been assigned to other projects.

* * * * *

We have now been in our house a full year and during that time we have made eleven trips of more than 2000 miles each.

I'm still waiting for some of my siblings to visit us.

The chamisa is beginning to turn to gold, the hollyhocks are about gone, many of the sunflowers have ripened, and there are a few golden leaves appearing. Fall and winter are just around the corner. Fortyeight degree mornings leave little doubt. I wore a jacket and ran the heater in the car when I went after the mail yesterday.

Love you all and would love to see you.