

# CHRONICLE

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

VOLUME V, ISSUE 19, November 28, 1994

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

See? I told you so. Two years ago I told you that it did not matter which candidate was elected, it would not satisfy the people. Why? They want health care from the cradle to the grave, they want good roads and gripe like mad about the pot holes, they want a reduction in crime and protection from gangs, they want to get rid of the illegals, they want a balanced budget, they want a reduction of the national debt, AND they want a reduction in taxes. Now you can't have it all! But the American people think they can. So they tried the Democrats, -- sent them there with a mandate to change things so they could have it all. The Democrats couldn't give it to them. So now they are sending the Republicans with the same mandate, and the Republicans will not be able to do so either. Why??? Health care costs money, crime reduction costs money, filling pot-holes costs money, balancing the budget costs money, I can't think of any thing but love that doesn't cost money (and I'm not sure about that). And we certainly can't pay off the national debt or fill the potholes with love. It takes money; and money comes from taxes. And taxes come from people.

We are here in California waiting for the doctor to remove some of Marg's no-longer-needed insides. Last Friday she had a physical and Tuesday she had some of her blood removed to be preserved for her in case she needs it. She went to the hospital at 5:45 AM on Wednesday, the 16th. At noon the doctor called me and said that the operation was a total success, that she was in recovery, and would be assigned a room so we

could visit her within a couple of hours. When we saw her we found that her color was good, that she had no pain and that she was a bit sleepy. She sent us home and told us to visit her next day after noon. She was ready to come home but the doctor did not leave instructions for her dismissal. On Friday, she called in the AM and said that the doctor had released her and she was ready to go home. Jim and I picked her up, took her home and put her to bed. But that didn't last long -- within an hour we heard noises and found that she had gone to the kitchen and was washing the dishes. Well needless to say, we had an awful time keeping her down. From 6 AM two days after the surgery, she has felt no pain, she has some trouble sitting down and some discomfort because of the stitches but that is the extent of her pain. She has not taken a pain pill, even on the first day home.

On Tuesday and Wednesday before Thanksgiving she baked three pumpkin pies, a sausage casserole and the sweet-potato dish and on Thursday we took her to Judy's for Thanksgiving. Great Thanksgiving feast. On Friday AM the 25th at 5:45 we loaded ourselves in the car and started for New Mexico. Anne had given us an "egg-crate" mattress which we spread in the back seat (over a lot of boxes etc.,) so that on the road home she would sit up (on an "egg-crate" pillow) in the front seat for a couple of hours, then lie down for a couple. (I think this spoiled her, -now she wants to ride this way every time we go places.) We spent last night in Holbrook, AZ then came on home today. We had a perfectly blue sky all the way from Los Angeles to Santa Fe, but as we were approaching Santa Fe I pointed out that there were some low hanging clouds in the direction of Taos. Half an hour before reaching Taos, the clouds were looking

ominous and we began to sweat out the pass we have to go through but when we came over the last hill before going down into Taos we could see that there was no snow. We arrived at home at about 4:PM and hadn't finished unpacking the car when a blizzard struck at 5:PM. It lasted about 15 minutes.

We found that our furnace had gone out, probably blown out by a windstorm while we were gone, and the house was cold, about 55 degrees (the outside temp was 32 when the blizzard struck, but dropped to 22 within an hour.

\*\*\*\*\*

I talked to Jewel and Jessie; both came through their surgery fine. Jewel had a cataract removed and can now see much better; Jessie had a hernia corrected and seems to be getting along fine. I hear that she tried to get the doctor to declare that she would be unable to do any house work for two years, but that Noal got to the doctor first and got him to cut that to two weeks. Well I guess we will hear more about it. I'll let you know when I find out. I talked to Dewel and he said they had a wonderful trip to Indiana to see Dick and family, and to the east coast to visit Lynette's son there.

You got a short Chronicle last time but I simply did not have enough time to put together a longer one. I started some parts of this one on Jim's machine and will take it home with me to publish. It may be the last issue of the year. Here I will be able only to report on my immediate family so you will hear more about them than usual. Mostly, it will be the results of telephone calls.

Last week end (11/12) we had brunch with Judy, John, Brecken and Anne to celebrate Anne's birthday (two week's late because she had been out of town on her birthday). Had a good time and now Anne admits she is a year older.

I have been so impressed with Brecken's schools that I have written about them several times before. This year she is a senior in Poly High and I have been doubly impressed with it. Poly High

was established for the children of the professors at Cal. Poly-tech, but each year they allow a few of the students from other schools to enter. Brecken was fortunate enough to get into the school, and it has provided her with a marvelous education. Do you know much about the "Mathematics of Chaos"? Well I am aware of its existence; it came into being within the last decade and is studied in graduate work. Now her professor has introduced them to this branch of math, and Brecken, who has always been good in math has found that it offers a real challenge. She has never been really challenged by other math, it just seems like logic to her -- even the calculus. How many high schools even have a teacher that can teach "Chaotic Math"? And how many would introduce high school students to a subject normally taught to college graduates working on their Master's or their PHD?

Now this scares the "pee-diddling thunder" (that's Old Orner's expression and I want to give him due credit for it) out of me for the following reason: We may be building up a "caste" system in this country. On one hand we are turning thousands of students out of high school that are not even able to fill out an application form for a job because their reading ability is so limited while some schools are graduating students that are already equivalent to graduates of some of the smaller colleges. In other words, we are building up two groups of people -- the elite and the common. Now a more able person than I could expand on this idea to a more philosophical conclusion but my talents don't lie in this direction. But I can think about it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Many of you knew Terral, Margaret's brother who died in 1991 (at age 91) and others of you have met him through the Chronicle. He and Ann had two lovely daughters, Patti and Barbara. Patti was recently diagnosed as having breast cancer and went into the hospital last week end for removal of both breasts and is now at home recovering. Judy Washburn reports that she is doing well.

When we left for our trip to California, we asked Mark Miller, who lives less than half a mile from us, to pick up our mail and leave it for us. Well our dining room table was piled high with about two bushels of mail -- mostly catalogs. But there were some choice pieces, -- like letters to the Chronicle. One was from Bessie and Bertha, our Springfield reporters.

**FROM BESSIE AND BERTHA (11/9/94)**

We have had a beautiful fall and the leaves have been full of different colors. We have been having quite a bit of rain the last two weeks but not too cold yet. It was down to 27 degrees one night. It is drizzling rain right now and there is a cool front moving through so it will be colder soon.

We did not have so many spooks on Halloween, about 40 or so. I suspect that many went to some of the things set up for children; besides it was cool and windy. Talk about wind, it has just about blown all my leaves to the ground. I have had six bags hauled away and there are at least 12 more on the ground, (mostly my neighbor's, I think).

Brecken, we wish you good luck in your quest for beauty queen in the rose parade -- we will watch for you. [*Brecken made it to the top 25, but was eliminated there.*] We always watch the parade on New Year's day -- not much else to do while recuperating from the feast of the day before.

Hope all of you have a good Thanksgiving. Bertha and I will fix dinner and we never know for sure how many will be here, but there will always be more than enough to feed all who come by.

Bertha talked to Herman and Lillie and reports that they are doing well. She also reports that the Mondys are OK and that she got a note from Bea and Jack and they are safely back in Denver. We haven't heard from Lois and Cecil since they left so we assume they got bck to Florida. Had a letter from Cona this week. She is nearly worn out from working and going to Pocahontas

once a week to visit Dorothy who is in failing health.

Jessie and Jewel, we hope your operations came out OK. Margaret, we hope you a speedy recovery from your operation.

Daughter Ann and her husband, Ed, have just returned from a four-day trip to Hawaii. Ann was on a working trip from her Travel Agency. She, along with 24 others, had to tour the motels so they would know what to recommend to their customers. Says she wants to go back some time when she can stay longer and see the beautiful country. (Ed says he wants to go back so he can see the beautiful Hula Girls again.)

Well the election is over and I guess the mud-slinging will stop for a while. We'll see if the new ones can do what they have promised. If they don't, I guess the mud-slinging will start again. I think the politicians are in it for the money, not for the people.

Our Christmas parade will be on the 19th of Nov. I have a granddaughter that will be on the girl scout float, and Dan will be in the band in the Republic Christmas parade. Weather permitting, we will see them. I love parades and the bands.

Happiness and good night to all of you, Love,  
Bessie and Bertha.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now some of you are not going to believe this but I got a letter from Erva Deen Hanson (of the George Buckley clan). She has moved and wanted me to be sure to change her address and also include it in the Chronicle. Part of her letter is included below.

**FROM ERVA**

Harrison, I hope you have a strong heart. I wouldn't want you to fall over from sheer surprise and disbelief when you receive this letter. I just finished reading the Chronicle and after reading the admonition from both Aunt Bessie and yourself, I decided that I simply must write.

I am the worst kind of writer and telephoning costs too much for I am so long-winded

Sounds like you and Margaret are enjoying your new life in Taos. Harrison, I called you before you moved and you did not call me back. I wanted to see you again before you moved. *[Erva, I owe you an apology and an explanation. The last week before we moved was fraught with so many happenings that we just collapsed when we finally got that van loaded. There was a constant trek to the bank to dot another "i" or cross another "t", and at the last moment we thought we were going to have to hire another van driver. It was chaotic with a capital C.]*

Harrison I did not send you and article for the Chronicle last holiday season because Marisa and I are Jehovah's Witnesses and we do not celebrate any of the holidays that have pagan origins. *[Erva, I am omitting the two paragraphs that deal with the specifics of your faith for it has been my policy since the beginning not to include the tenets of any church in the paper.]*

I enjoy keeping up with the family through the Chronicle and I enjoy reading about your family's travels -- especially Brecken. She could be an excellent travel agent; she's seen so much of the globe.

Marisa and I returned earlier this month from a trip to NY and New England. We were gone only eleven days, but they were wonderful. I am just finishing putting together my photo/scrap albums. We decided on New York mainly because we wanted to tour the World Headquarters of the Watchtower Bible and Tract Society in Brooklyn, the Watchtower Farms in Walkill, NY and the new Educational Center in Patterson, NY. The latter is where the Gilthead students are taught to become missionaries.

We picked the most beautiful time of the year to go. Every day was gorgeous and we got to see the changing of the leaves the farther north we went. We stayed one night with friends (who used to be our neighbors in Torrance) that now live in Sharon, Mass., just outside Boston. I'd

love to live back there but I don't think I could handle the harsh winters. Then we drove up to Kennebunkport, Maine where we stayed at the K. Inn which was once the home of sea captain. It is a beautiful place (see the enclosed photo). Kennebunkport is such a quaint and charming town. Of course we had to have a lobster dinner! *[Erva, I spent a lot of time in the Boston area during WWII and at that time I could get a good lobster dinner for \$1.50 in the basement of a big hotel, but which cost \$3.50 in the main dining room. Now I'll just bet that you did not get your lobster dinner for that price!!!]*

Then we did the touristy sightseeing and shopping in the "Big Apple". We saw one Broadway Show, "Guys and Dolls" which starred Jamie Farr (from MASH).

And now the finale: We left for the airport where I dropped off Marisa, the friends we were traveling with, and all our luggage at the Newark Airport, then I headed for W. Caldwell, NJ to drop off the loaner car I had gotten from the NY Region Toyota Office. I told Marisa that in the event I missed the flight she was to get on board with our friends and go to LA and that I would catch the next flight. Well, I missed the flight by only a few minutes and I was pretty frustrated 'cause I had driven like a maniac to get there before it left. However, there were two beautiful young women (Continental employees) who were assisting at the America West ticket counter, and when they saw how upset I was, they went totally out of their way to help me get home to Marisa. They not only carried my bags, walked me onto the plane, gave me a big hug, but arranged for me to fly first class on Continental. The next available flight on America West wasn't for another 10 hours and it was out of JFK and that would have been a long delay plus all the expense of getting to JFK. A couple of days after I got home I received a postcard from those two girls, enquiring about my trip home. I wrote a very complimentary letter to their customer service supervisor commending them on how they aided a complete stranger in trouble.

Marisa is enjoying school now that we are back from vacation. She attends a private Christian school run by the Witnesses here in Long Beach. She is going into cosmetology after she graduates in June. She has always wanted to work as a make-up artist. She has grown into quite a beauty over the last few years; I can hardly believe she is mine. I only wish her Grandpa and Grandma Buckley could have been here to watch her grow up.

After she graduates and we get her settled into a job and a place to live I'll be moving to Seattle. I've always wanted to move back to the Northwest but Marisa doesn't want anything to do with it. She has grown accustomed to California and wants to keep this as her home. I'll miss her dearly but we have to do what is best for each of us.

Tell Aunt Bert and Aunt Bessie I said "Hello" and I promise to drop them a line real soon.

Love, Erva Deen

Erva and Marisa Hanson  
174 East Sunset  
Long Beach, CA 90805

*[You are right, Erva, Marisa is beautiful. If I can get a good print of the picture you included, I'll put it in the Chronicle.]*

One notion that seems to dominate most of the letters we receive here at the Chronicle is that some of us are not as young as we used to be. Now isn't that a real pile of profundity? Well Jessie Thornton is not a young as she used to be and I have letters to prove it. Jessie and Jerry used to make a really big thing out of Halloween. They converted a portion of their house and porch to a haunted house and had hundreds of kids come by to get scared and a bag of goodies. Those kids have now grown up and many of them still come back bringing their kids. In the following letter Jessie admits that she is not as young as she used to be. Now don't apologize for it Jessie, Nell says she is not as young as she used to be and Lois said about the same thing. And I'll let you in on a secret -- I ain't as young

as I used to be! But Jessie, we are all glad that you were able to write us a seven page letter and tell us what you did this year. (Now Jerry don't fuss at her about wasting seven sheets of paper and a 29cent stamp. I know you can't afford it, but let her splurge once in a while -- makes her feel better.)

FROM JESSIE THORNTON,  
JERRY'S WIFE

We had a beautiful Halloween. More than 80 darling children in some outstanding costumes came our way. Jerry and I always enjoy the kids and visiting with their parents. WE do not do our haunted house any more. It just sort of got to be too much for us, especially climbing up on the roof to arrange the sheets and that kind of stuff -- we just decided that the risk of a fall was too great. And the kids that used to come by to help us have now gone off to college or are off some where working. So now we just decorate with lots of ghosts, witches, pumpkin lights, and this year we had a door mat that let out a horrible scream like a woman dying when someone stepped on it. It was fun just to watch how each kid reacted. Also how each kid reacted to me in my costume. One friend brought his 17-month old grandchild by and he was ok as long as I kept my mask off. We had a little ghost in the shrub and he love that. He discovered that he could make the mat holler by pulling on it. He was having so much fun he didn't want to finish "trick-or-treating". We enjoyed it all, but were kinda sad when it was over. This was the fewest children we have had since we stopped doing the Haunted House bit. We used to get over 200 then that went down to about a hundred.

I have loved Halloween ever since I was a kid and I still enjoy it. It is a good feeling to hear the kids ask, "Where is Miss Jessie?" or "Miss Jessie is that you with the mask on?" I hope they always remember me this way. Some of those now in college or working or married come by to see me or the bring their children.

There was a very interesting happening the other day. I had the noon news on and the reporter mentioned Memphis. I looked up and Charles

Lee Gill, Zelma's 3rd son was talking to the reporter. I yelled for Jerry to come see. Now I thought I was doing a lot for Halloween with my haunted house, but here was Charles Lee with a full size cemetery in his yard and a full size coffin. He said that this might be his last year to do it because his health was not so good. One little girl said to him, "Mister Gill, do you remember me? I was the little girl who laid in your coffin and my mother had trouble getting me out of it." He told me that he had made the coffin and sometimes lay in it himself. And if he moved, the people scattered. I called him that night and he was so excited that I had been able to see his display on TV in New Orleans. He said that NBC had carried his little show for several years. I am glad he is still able to entertain children. He said that Lois and Cecil were at Roma and Bills and he begged them to come by and see his display. They thought it was great and Cecil said as he was leaving, "Charles, looks like you will never grow up", to which Charles replied, "I hope not if it means I have to give these happy times away." Charles is ill and would like to be remembered in your prayers.

I guess Lois and Cecil are back home by now, they didn't come back by here.

Jerry finally got his hernia operation and his eye operation. Both went well and I think that tomorrow is the last check-up on them. We hope to get our flue shots this week. Hope all of you have gotten yours. We got our pneumonia shots a couple of years ago for which we are very glad as there is a lot of pneumonia around here.

My Bird-of-Paradise was really beautiful this year. I was going to send some of them to Nell but I found out they were blooming only one blossom at a time. I guess that is good though, it spreads them out so they can be shared with more people. If a freeze gets them, they will not bloom for two years. Mine have not been frozen for several years and I hope they get by this winter again.

Sorry I haven't written more often but sometimes I can't write. Maybe you wish I hadn't

tried to write a book but when I feel like writing, I write. Jerry will find out how many pages I've written and will probably take my pen and paper away again, but if enough of you write to Jerry, maybe he'll give them back.

Harrison, keep up the Chronicle. We enjoy it. We were talking to Nell the other night and we thought we had been forgotten. But then we got another copy. Please don't give up on any of us -- we all like the paper. We like to hear from you, even if you have received no letters to put in it. And we love to read what your granddaughter writes about her trips. She has a real talent for writing. I would love to meet her and all of your family.

\* \* \* \* \*

Well Lois and Cecil did make it back to their home in Florida. Lois's letter was waiting for me when I got home. I apologize for some of these letters being late but I couldn't help it.

#### FROM LOIS

Harrison, the trees in your section of the country must be beautiful and I wish our eyes could look at them.

Cecil and I did get to make our trip to Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, and Missouri, visiting friends and relatives along the way. The outstanding joy and unspeakable beauty of the trip is such that we will never forget, thanks to our many friends and relatives. Thanks to all of you for making our trip so enjoyable.

The Ozark leaves were in their first glow of beauty and the drive from Springfield to Branson was something to behold. J.E. and Katie had the Mondys, Sitzes, Taylors, Buckleys, Reasons, and our friend Olie Bacon for wonderful and beautiful dinner which we all enjoyed. Of course we all enjoyed being together all in good health and able to eat good Ozark food.

We particularly enjoyed the drives to Branson and was able to see the Presley show. The Presleys were our neighbors when we lived in Springfield. They have a great show and I rec-

commend it to anyone. Also saw the Louise Mandrell Show and the Bacon Gospel Singers which are improving each year.

The trees in the Springfield cemetery was like a bouquet; the elm trees were all decorated with their golden leaves. It was all so beautiful it was beyond description.

In Thayer we visited with Doris and Paul and in Hardy we visited with Cecil's sister who was having her 80th birthday. Now Cecil and all four of his sisters are in their eighties. We enjoyed watching her open her gifts and the food they had prepared. We visited Cona and girls in Memphis who were so gracious to drive us from home to home. We saw Hazel and Holly's new home in Mississippi near Ened Lake, a beautiful spot for anyone who likes to fish and enjoys a good fish dinner. We had lots of good laughs and many card games. Some of the games Cona had never played but after we showed her how, she beat us.

Roma and Bill drove us up to visit their son, his wife, and three cute little boys. David is a dentist and belongs to a gun club and he and Bill, his father are looking forward to a lot of hunting this autumn. We enjoyed the visit in their home which is about 70 miles from Memphis.

How I would love to be young again and visit all the beautiful places in this country. We would love to see the area around you, Harrison and Margaret, but it is a long way from here. Thank God for friends and relatives who share their love and homes and make a visit like ours so wonderful. Wish all of you could have been with us on the trip.

Love to all, Cecil and Lois.

\*\*\*\*\*

Nell Mondy is one of the busiest people I know -- and she ain't no spring chicken. Nell is a little younger than I but she is always busy; her philosophy I think is that she would rather wear out than rust out. She still goes to her offices each day where she writes manuscripts for scientific

journals, reviews manuscripts written by others, and supervises others. She serves on many scientific committees and was recently on a national hook-up for one committee meeting. In addition, she is writing the story of her life. Now this would be a load for a young person in the best of health, but since Nell's accident a few years ago which makes it difficult to stand and hard to sit for a long time, it is a real load. Several times a year she takes time out to write to us for she keeps up with us through the Chronicle and wants to contribute to it. Here's a letter I received last week.

#### FROM NELL

Last year all of us kept reporting on disasters -- floods, tornadoes, hurricanes, earthquakes, blizzards, etc. I did my part in reporting our "record breaking" snowstorm.

Now I want to inform you about our beautiful fall in Ithaca. For weeks we have had sunshine and beautiful colored leaves. Ithaca is known for its beauty in the fall, but last year we had so much rain that the leaves dropped off early. This year all went well and we had weeks of beauty. With its hills, lakes, and numerous waterfalls, Ithaca ranks high in natural beauty. We seldom, if ever, have tornadoes, floods, hurricanes, or earthquakes -- just blizzards. But Blizzards enable us to get additional holidays since almost everything comes to a stop. Our houses are well insulated and we just stay inside and look out on the snow. And all the residents know how and when to drive.

Ithaca has so much rain we do not have to water our lawns and gardens. The growing season is just long enough to produce abundant crops of strawberries, cherries, blueberries, grapes, and apples as well as many vegetables. Before my accident I enjoyed driving to the farms and picking these items myself.

Ithaca is a small town with two large universities. My laboratory overlooks a small lake on the campus and one of the Finger Lakes, Cayuga, can be seen in the distance. There are several high waterfalls on the campus. We have very

few traffic problems. I can be at my office in five minutes.

Perhaps you have guessed that I like Ithaca in spite of the blizzards. It has been my home for many years.

It is always good to read your letters in the Chronicle and I wish you would write more. Best wishes to all, Nell.

*[Nell - I hear that I shortchanged you on a recent issue of the Chronicle -- I left out a page. I'll try to correct that.]*

**MARGARET SAYS:**

Here I am back home in New Mexico after 24 days in California undergoing surgery and enjoying Thanksgiving with my offspring, in-laws, granddaughter, nieces, and friends.

Anne, Judy's mother-in-law, gave us an eggcrate mattress which we put in the back seat of the car to make a bed and I travelled in comfort. I was not the least bit tired after traveling 600 miles the first day.

To All of you who called and sent cards, my heartfelt thanks. My good friend in Australia called; I got a log distance call from one great niece and a card from another; got a card from sister Judy's Sunday School class; and numerous cards from the Chronicle Cousins, some of which I have never met. I even received a card from an Australian friend living in Germany who had heard by the grapevine via Australia that I was having surgery. It is, indeed, "a small world after all".

I am trying to take care of myself. The doctor said I was not to drive, lift more than five pounds, sweep, mop or vacuum for six weeks. Now house keeping is not Harrison's favorite pastime but this is an easy house to keep and we'll manage. This was the first time I had spent a night in the hospital since Jim was born 45 years ago next January. Not a bad record for a 76 year old. I had excellent hospital care and never felt one iota of pain. I was given pain

shots every four hours from the time I came out of recovery until 6:30 the next morning. The pain pills left by the doctor if I should need them, have remained untouched.

Harold was in the hospital at the same time I was but went home the day before Thanksgiving. Wilma says he is feeling better. C.P., my next oldest brother is in the rehab hospital to get him in condition for surgery on a knee. Judy is much improved from her broken back and has been to church a couple of Sundays and out to dinner a time or two. Cecil is holding his own which does not mean he is in great condition, but at least he is not in the hospital. Ercil, my 83 year old sister is the best of the lot at this time. Guess you could call our problems Old Age as we range in age from 76 to nearly 89.

Best wishes for a Happy Holiday Season! May 1995 bring good health to each of you.

\* \* \* \* \*

Christmas is just around the corner and in the past I have tried to put out a special Christmas edition. This year, it has been impossible for me to do so because of having to be gone most of the month of November.. Maybe -- just maybe -- we can put out a special edition in May, our fifth anniversary. I wish each of you would write me suggesting something to do. .

\* \* \* \* \*

I have just found out that those cute little deer mice also hep spread Lyme disease. The ticks feed on the mice where they pick up the spirochetes. Now when the tick bites a human the blood it pickes up from the human starts the spirochetes to multiply. It takes 36 to 48 hours for them to reach the saliva of the tick where they are then passed into the human. So, if you can remove the tick before it has been on you for that period, the spirochetes will not get into you. If you ar in deer tick country, be sure you look yourself over each time you are exposed. remove the tick at once. (Just thought you would like to know this.)

Love to all of you, see you soon.

Harrison.