

Where's your Profile?

The Mondy Morning

CHRONICLE

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

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EARTHQUAKE

Monday Evening: Anne reports that there was no damage to our house in E.S. Jim in Houston. Judy reports wall cracks in every room, many things fell off shelves. No breakage of china etc. Brecken very calm. They have been through it all before. better report soon

If you hold your nose
To the grindstone rough
And you keep it there
Long enough
You'll soon forget
There are such things
As brooks that babble
Or birds that sing
And soon these things
Your world compose
You, the grindstone,
And your poor old nose

My family discovered that little poem on a plaque on the rim of the Grand Canyon many, many years ago and we all remember it and often quote it. In fact, Margaret knows that I have devoted a lot of time, recently, to updating the Chronicle profile list and reminded me of it yesterday. But the Chronicle is not a grindstone. It is more of a dream, unfulfilled of course, but still a dream. There are more than 200 people listed in our family trees and I feel that we should know as much about these people as we can. Our descendents would appreciate this, I think, so I am trying to do it. I need your help, though, so get ready for an avalanche of requests for that help. And PLEASE send me your profile if you haven't done so already.

Many of you read the Profiles submitted at Christmas and enjoyed them. I know because I have heard from you, either by letter or by phone.

This issue may be short because I do not have many letters. Most people are still recovering from Christmas. Before giving you the letters, let me tell you about our weather. I think everyone pictures us as being snow-bound but we are not. Except for the 11-inch snow we had about the 29th of October we have had very little snow -- a few little flurries. We awake each morning to a beautiful blue sky and, as Marg said yesterday, "It's just one gorgeous day after another". Of course our mountains are still covered with snow but there's only small remnants of it around our house. Our north lawn is shaded all day so it still has some snow left. The temperature drops to about 10 degrees during the night and sometimes rises to near 40 degrees during the day. If there is no wind, it is very pleasant and we have not felt the cold. Our house is snug and warm so we don't even know it is winter unless we go outside.

I received the following letter from Mike Landwehr last week. Mike has been a good friend to all of us for several years though most of us have never met him. He is a cousin of Lois Sitz and Jessie Thornton and is a genealogist. He has researched our past and supplied me with a lot of the information about our family that I have published in the past. He lives in West Des Moines, Iowa and publishes a family newspaper called *HALL HERITAGE* which he sends to me. Here's his letter, written on Christmas Day 1993:

FROM MIKE LANDWEHR

"...Dear Harrison, it's been 21 months since I last wrote. Time passes much too quickly. But I'm pleased that you have continued to keep me on your mailing list. I enjoy reading the Chronicle. I share them with my mother who also en-

joys them.

I'm writing this early on Christmas Morning. Sue [*his wife*] and I have read the paper and worked the crossword puzzle, and are now waiting for the kids to wake up. They're not really kids, I guess, Brian is 24 and Amy will soon be 20. As soon as they come down we will open our gifts and have our Christmas Breakfast. Last night Sue's family came over for a Christmas Eve buffet. This afternoon, we will go over to Mother's for a Landwehr Christmas get-together. My mother and three sisters all live here. My two brothers live in Overland Park, Kansas and in Seattle and weren't able to make it back this Christmas.

We're all well here. We survived the floods of '93 without personal loss, though it did make life very interesting for a few weeks. We have had a pleasant fall and early winter, until the last two or three days. The ground is white this morning with a surprise Christmas Eve snow. It's lovely, though it has made the roads very slick for travelers last night, and the wind chill factor this morning is 27 DEGREES BELOW ZERO.

The past year was a good one for our family. We vacationed in Puerto Vallarta, Mexico in late January. Sue accompanied me on a business trip to Orlando, FL in early March and we had a good visit with Amy while we were there. She's a sophomore at the University of Central Florida at Orlando. I spent four days in the genealogical library in Salt Lake City in October, and we spent two weeks in Florida in November including Thanksgiving with Amy. Brian is doing computer-graphics work for a local video and film production house, and is enjoying the work. My job has kept me very busy this year with some additional responsibilities, but I work for a good company and enjoy the work.

Thanks for all your efforts on the Chronicle. I'm sure that you're enjoying your new home in the desert. Our very best wishes to you and Margaret and to the rest of the family for the new year. [Mike Landwehr]

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FROM MARY JEAN

"...Thank you a million for sending me the Special Edition of the Chronicle. It is the greatest! I am enjoying reading the profiles of the people whose articles to the Chronicle I have been reading and have been touched by the way they care so much for each other and the courage shown in their daily lives.

Even though Leon and I watched his younger brothers and sisters grow up, I had forgotten some of the moves they made and when they made them. The profiles are a good reference.

I had a good Christmas. Another wonderful gift I got was a new great grandchild born on Christmas Day. He is Ryan Kastigar. His grandfather, Larry, spent most of Christmas day at the hospital waiting for his arrival. I was at Jeanie's. We knew that Laura was in labor and every time the phone rang we expected to hear something, but it was the middle of the afternoon before we got the news. The next day after Ryan's arrival, Larry and Claire went on their vacation (in Mexico) and when they got home yesterday, Larry was holding the baby while he was talking to me, and I got a good description.

Hope you had a great holiday season. I, and all the other readers I'm sure, thank Mr. Withers and Mr & Mrs Reasons for their support in getting out the Special Edition. [Mary Jean]

A LETTER FROM NELL

[Nell is still having some trouble with her hand and cannot write a lengthy letter or report.]

"...Harrison, thanks for the nice Christmas present -- the *Chronicle Profiles*. I have enjoyed reading it and learning more about my relatives. I think your idea of having us write about ourselves was a wonderful idea. Your time in preparing this material must be enormous and I'm glad that Margaret agrees to give you "time off" for this. Your efforts are greatly appreciated by all of us.

This year I was especially grateful that you took the time to write my profile for me. You did a good job. I always look forward to your "memories of the past". It helps me recall items I had completely forgotten.

I especially enjoy reading Brecken's report of her travels. Her description of Russia was particularly interesting because it helped me recall my visit there in 1987. Brecken seems to know just how to relate it in a very interesting manner, such that I felt I had had a return visit. While I was in Moscow I had a visit with the Department of Food Sciences which was very informative. Since my return, the Chair of the department has paid a visit to Cornell U. and we are now cooperating in a few projects.

I look forward to Brecken's future report on her trip to China. I visited China in 1987 as part of the US Food Science Team. We gave lectures at several of the universities there.

I'm happy that you are enjoying your new home and the snow. We are having quite a winter here in Ithaca -- sub-zero temperatures already. Of course snow is the usual thing around here. It is not as much fun as it was when I first came here, for now I have to worry about falling on the ice.

I have not yet completely recovered but I do go to my office each afternoon. Cornell has requested my material for its archives and I'm having fun reviewing my history here.

Please let me know how Margaret's eye is getting along. [Love, Nell]

TO NELL

Several people have asked about Margaret's eye and how she got along after the removal of the cataract. A bit of history is in order for you to understand. She was born with a "cocked" eye and when she was in the first grade the school doctor sent a note home to her parents saying she needed glasses. Her parents simply did not have the money to buy glasses for her and she went until she was eighteen and had a job before getting them. During all this time of growing up,

she spent most of her time with her right eye closed for it was of little or no help in reading. Only when she needed a wider peripheral vision did she use it. It developed into a "lazy" eye. In the last few years, the vision in her "good" eye deteriorated to the point that she began having trouble reading and had to get a doctors report to renew her driver's license. In addition, a cataract formed on her "bad" eye and she was getting desperate. Our eye doctor, who had done such a good job with both of my eyes (I only wear glasses to drive) decided to remove the cataract from her "bad" eye in hopes of improving her vision. There was a retinal problem with her "good" eye and he was not sure he could help it with any form of treatment. The removal of the cataract improved her vision from 20/200 to 20/80 which was quite an improvement. At her last visit she was rechecked and the improvement had increased to 20/60. But she still has a lot of trouble reading because there seems to be a problem of trying to get the two eyes to focus on the same spot. She was able to pass the eye test here in New Mexico and get her driver's license but she has great difficulty in reading street signs. And the problem with focussing still tires her when she tries to read. Too bad, science has not found a way to transplant eyes -- I would be glad to give her one of mine. They are not perfect but they are good.

PAT SAYS

"...I really wouldn't mind Christmas arriving every three months, as it seems to at my house, if all the holidays were as pleasant as this one has been. Not that there is anything wrong with the others, but I think I will remember the Christmas season of 1993 as one of the most enjoyable. Seeing our children and grandchildren and finally meeting you two in person, made it memorable. We appreciate your overabundance of hospitality and your able guide service through that labyrinthine house of yours. We can certainly understand why you fell in love with it and it occurs to me that all the Chronicle readers could just move in with you, thereby saving considerably on postage. [Now hold on Pat. One objective in moving here was to get away from crowds. Moving 53 families into our guest quar-

ters, basement, and guest bedrooms would negate that objective.]

Chronicle readers have been told about the bedrooms and the five fireplaces, the Taos decor, and all but the setting should be emphasized as well. The view of the mountains is superb, and I'm not being facetious when I say the whole area is elevating to one's spirits. Also, we were introduced to sweet potato pie, something which our southwestern Missouri up-bringing had sadly neglected. Margaret, that was really good.

By the time we arrived back in Los Alamos it was quite dark and early the next morning we started on to Corpus Christi, which made for a long three days of traveling. But the sunshine and scenery were so pleasant. Even in eastern New Mexico seeing hawks, coyotes, numerous deer (one herd of about ten), and any number of strange drivers relieved the monotony of rolling plains. We arrived home about six in the evening and noticed that it was still daylight. The days *are* getting longer. We had driven in a gamut of weather from snow and sleet flurries to rain and windy clear weather. Our van was a mess, covered with souvenir New Mexico dust.

Before Christmas when we initially arrived at Cedar Crest, our daughter Lisa met us at the door with the announcement that she had flu-like symptoms including 103 degree of fever and thought we might like to go on to our other daughter's house in Los Alamos. Two different doctors had told her two different things and she had just given up and gone to bed. (Later we found out that what ever this plague was, it was also in Santa Fe, Taos, and other areas.) But here there were 3 1/2 year old Beth and six month old Elliot to care for and since we had had our flu shots and Lisa needed our help, we braved the malady and stayed. In a few days she felt much better and although we were a bit under the weather for a few days I think we escaped the actual flu or whatever it was.

But I did not escape my usual problems with changing my grandson's diaper. I had not forgotten the flooding episode in June, but nothing

in my experience then helped much now. If anything, the problem was augmented by the addition of solid food to his diet. He is a gentle, calm child, and easy to handle, but he does manage in some manner to get dirty in front and all the way up his back as well. I put him on the changing table and had just finished cleaning the front and pulled him up by the feet into a curled position so I could work on his back side. It was obvious he was enjoying it for he was cooing and laughing, then he let go again. But this time his aim was at his own face and he caught the full brunt of a stream one might expect from a placer mine right in his eyes, face, mouth, and hair. He yelled mightily at his own mistake, closed his eyes tightly, and waited very impatiently while I scurried to find something to wipe his face. It all happened so fast, just seconds, but it seemed to take forever for me to get his face wiped clean. I do hope my grandson will not hold this against me. Especially do I hope that his vision is not blurred permanently. I hate to think that some day in the future I'll see him leaving for his Senior Prom when he turns back and waves his white cane at me and snarls something about my being an inept old woman who ruined his eyesight and consequently his personality and life.

[Now Pat, I thought you were more intelligent than that. You should have put the changing table in the bath tub and when it came time to curl him up, you put his head in a bucket. But I don't think you should worry about the accident. In India most of the people drink their own urine at frequent intervals to keep well, and the treatments for "sore eyes" which was common when I was a kid, was to wash them in the patient's own urine. Where do you think Murine gets its name?]

A few days later Holland and I attempted to give Elliot a bath in his tiny bath tub in the big tub. We were giving the parents a night out. Lisa told us that Elliot was really grubby but that he enjoyed his bath. We agreed that we would enjoy ungrubbing him. We got the water just the right temperature -- you know how to do that, you put the baby in and if he turns red and screams, you

know it is too hot for your elbow. Elliot couldn't wait to get in the water. He kicked vigorously and splashed happily for all of three seconds before he fouled the water. Well we wrapped him in a towel, got more water and started all over again. This time he was more cooperative and we completed the job. But it is not easy to bathe a slippery baby when you are feeling the need of a good massage on your own tired back. I'm glad we didn't drop him though, for in addition to the white cane, he might never have gone to the Senior Prom, would have had an addled look on his face, and cruel friends would have called him Igor.

After Christmas Krista, Lisa and I spent some time playing with polymer clay (which isn't a clay but a plastic) and we made barrettes, necklaces, buttons, and much else, modeled and baked in the oven. Almost anything that can be made in glass or in ceramic clay can also be made from the polymer. One of the fascinating things to me is the similarity of the processes Venetian glass makers in the middle ages used to create their remarkable products which are now in museums. One, a folded bead, has representatives in numerous museums and were included in a number of art books, but no one had figured out how they were made until recently. It made me feel in touch with some shadowy Venetian while I made several of these. The Venetians had also improved on some early Roman methods using colored glass rods which they fused together and cut, like some of the Christmas candies I recall. These early glass-makers were so highly prized and their glass so highly regarded that they were kept as prisoners on an island off Venice so they could not reveal their glass making secrets.

Getting home to all that laundry and all those chores awaiting us makes me want to turn around and head back to New Mexico.

We had a great Christmas vacation and thoroughly enjoyed meeting both of you. Happy New Year, Everyone. [Pat and Holland]

TO PAT

I am not as good at describing things as you so I have never tried to describe this house other than say it is Spanish style and that doesn't mean much. Everyone knows what a bedroom is so when I say the four bedrooms are 18 ft x 18 ft they can visualize that. (They are large enough for a king-size bed with enough room for a Hide-a-bed divan plus a couple of chairs and bedside tables. The first house we ever owned in New Orleans would almost fit in our living room/dining room which is about 18 ft x 30 ft. But it was not the sizes of these rooms that sold me on the house -- it was the way the house was built. The "beams" in the open beam ceilings throughout the house are either huge logs (10 - 14 inches in diameter) or 4 in by 12 in beams of unfinished wood. The "logs" are called *vigas* and they are covered with small saplings about 2 to 4 inches in diameter called *latillas*. These are covered with a thick layer of roofing material I haven't had a chance to examine. The kitchen, living room, den, and one of the bedrooms use the *viga/latilla* construction; the other bedrooms, laundry room, my office, and the quarters use the open beam/tongue&groove ceiling. It has the appearance that everything is "overbuilt". Even the tongue and groove ceiling is made of 1 by 6 boards. The stairs are logs protruding from the wall with no other support, each log being trimmed until it has a flat surface. The basement is approximately 20 by 40 feet with a 9 ft ceiling. The three-car garage is large enough to get around in comfortably with three cars in it. It is a far larger house than I ever expected to own. It is only about five miles to the base of the Sangre de Cristo mountains which rise to more than 10,000 feet. These are on the east side of the house. On the west we can watch the sun set over a distant range of snow covered mountains which I have been told are about 85 miles away. The view in every direction is fantastic. We both love it here. Occasionally we hear a coyote barking close by, and one morning recently I had to slow down because two skunks had decided to run down the road in front of me (and I didn't want to argue about who had the right-of-way). We throw old bread and other stuff out for the birds and sometimes as many as 15 magpies and

five crows come to our fence to eat. We use our fireplaces only for enjoyment. The house (three of the bedrooms have the heat cut off) stays at 68 to 70 degrees. The floors are heated by floor coils of hot water under the tiles and by baseboard water heaters. In the case of the living room, kitchen, and guest quarters, we have forced air heat also. There is one drawback, if we have a long power failure, all of our heat goes off for the water, which is heated by natural gas, depends upon circulators to move it through the coils and baseboard heaters. Hopefully we will not have such a failure. (We might starve too, since our range is electric.)

Well that's about the best I can do with a description. You'll have to come see if you want a better description. As I have said before, it is neither a mansion nor a shack -- it's somewhere between.

* * * * *

Too late for me to include in the Chronicle Profiles, I received profiles for Alma Thomas, her son James, and her daughter-in-law, Jean. .

I am including them with this issue. You may want to take them out and put them with the others. They were sent by Jean and she had appended a note to them saying:

"If you ever do find out more about the Carnards and the stubblefields, let me know. I am corresponding with a fellow by the name of Stubblefield who married Rebecca Brewer who was once married to William Wilkerson. She was the daughter of John R. Brewer and Cynthia Hall. This person is related to John Rodman (or Redman) Stubblefield born in 1843 in Randolph County, Arkansas, who married Rebecca as his third wife.

I feel that there must be a connection to our Absolem Stubblefield who married Sarah Carnard. I located one Rodman but the date of birth does not fit the requirement.

TO JEAN

I made a quick review of the information I have available was not able to find any information

but I will keep looking. And, Jean, -- thanks for all the info you have sent me and thanks for your profiles.

TO MARGARET BARNHART...

You inquired as to what I use for a computer -- well it is certainly not a modern one, -- I have an Amiga 2000 with an old XT bridge board. Works pretty well but my mouth drools when I see all the new stuff that is on the market. Some day I'll update. If you can send me some stuff on an XT format, I'll try it out. I print the Chronicle from Professional Page on a HP-3, with a Pacific Page cartridge. There is a lot of room for improvement and maybe I'll be able to upgrade some day. Thanks for your consideration. PS, Margaret, my machine only takes the 5.25 inch disk.

ATTENTION PLEASE.

If you haven't received your Christmas packet, let me know at once. Pat called to tell me she has not received hers and I don't know why. If you haven't received it, I'll make up a new one for you. I need to know at once while I have all the material at hand.

Thank you

This is Sunday morning, 1/16/94 and I am just about ready to put the Chronicle to bed. I did not realize until yesterday that tomorrow is a holiday and so your paper will not go out until Tuesday. I think they have moved the mountains, -- I can't see them. Must be snow clouds coming in low. We are ready, -- two gallons of milk, two loaves of bread, plenty of sausage, eggs, cereal, two pounds of coffee -- don't think we will starve. After four months of ideal weather, we are overdue for some winter. We predicted it; cows resting at noon, flocks of birds eating everything they could find, the flicker hunting a warm place to roost on our porch. I have plenty of work on the computer to do and Margaret has enough work trying to organize her closets. Besides, there are several books lying around we haven't read.

Let you know next issue.

ALMA CECIL (DAVIS) THOMAS
Profile # 142. See Geneatrace 3 and Tree 21

Alma was born on Friday, May 17, 1907 to Robert Pierce (147) and Ina Belle (Brewer) (123) Davis near Hazen, Prairie County, Arkansas.

I was born at home in the country near Hazen Arkansas. We lived near Hazen and Carlisle until I was 10 years old. My mother died when I was nine. My dad ran a store in Carlisle, Lonoke county. He sold the store and we moved to Houston in Perry County, Arkansas in 1917 and then to Martin Bottoms at the foot of Petit Jean Mountain west of Oppelo in Conway County in 1919. It was at the Oppelo store that I met my future husband Homer Thomas in 1920. My father was taking me to Houston to have a tooth pulled and to pick up a load of sorghum molasses and Homer was in the store. After we were married he told me that he had said to the man in the store, "That is the girl I'm going to marry".

My father, Robert Pierce hauled freight and rice and put up hay. He and Uncle Tom Davis ran the store in Houston. It was in Houston that my father met and married Sally Fuqua. She was native of that area but had been married and divorced in Texas. She was as good to us children as if she had been our own mother.

One thing I still remember about Christmas was when a neighbor dressed up like Santa and came to our house.

I was always a homemaker and house wife. We always had a garden for me to tend and I also worked in the fields. Later in life I took up quilting; today I just listen to the radio and watch TV.

[The following by HC Mondy.]

Alma has been a member of the Chronicle Family since a few months after it was started. I wrote to her asking if she would like to get the Chronicle and she responded at once. Although I

told her that subscription was free, she immediately sent me a book of stamps out of her meagre income. That's Alma. She's a very sweet person and every time I put out an issue of the paper I ask myself if there is any thing in it that Alma will like. She told me in a letter not long ago that when she reads the Chronicle she feels like she is reading letters from her friends; that the Chronicle Family is like an extension of her own family.

Alma's grandmother was Sarah Louise (Sammons) Brewer, sister to my grandmother, Rhoda Alice (Sammons) Mondy so she is my second cousin.

(142-1) JAMES EARL THOMAS
Profile # 142-1. See Geneatrace 3 and Tree 23

I was born 7 April 1931 at home in Oppelo, Conway County, Bently Twp, Arkansas to Homer Clarence (142A) and Alma Cecil (Davis) (142) Thomas. My father was a farmer and a carpenter; my mother was a home maker. I have an older brother, Clarence, and two younger sisters, Lois and Lucile.

I attended grade school at Oppelo and Humphrey, AR., and graduated from Morrilton High School in 1950.

After high school I worked in Kansas in the wheat harvest, then took a job with a contractor painting buildings in the midwest. In 1950 I went to southern California where I worked with my mother's brother, Robert Davis (147) roofing houses in the San Fernando Valley until 1952 when I returned to Arkansas and joined the US-AF on June 27, 1952. I went through Basic at Lackland AFB in San Antonio, TX. After Lackland I was stationed at Lowery AFB in Denver, CO for Weapons Mechanic training and then to Luke AFB in Glendale AZ until I was discharged 26 June 1956 as a weapons mechanic on the Republic F84 Fighter Bomber.

On July 2, 1953 I married Jean Curtis, a native of Phoenix, AZ whom I met while stationed at

Luke. After my discharge from the USAF I attended Arizona State at Tempe for two years. We then moved to Holbrook, AZ where I worked as a Park Ranger at Petrified Forest National Monument, and as a service station attendant. In May, 1960 we moved to Pocatello, ID so I could attend Idaho State Univ. I studied Wildlife management at both ASU and ISU.

In June 1962 I started work in a steel fabrication shop where I have worked as a painter, paint foreman, yardman, electrician, warehouse clerk, and receiving and warehouse foreman. In 1987 I worked in Anderson, CA on the Signal-Shasta Co. Generation Plant as General Foreman of Receiving and Warehousing for Zurn-NEPCO.

My hobbies are hunting, fishing and reading -- especially western history and novels.

(142-1A) JEAN (CURTIS) THOMAS
Profile # 142-1A

I was born in Phoenix, AZ in 1929 shortly after the BIG CRASH. The house in which I was born was built on a nest of scorpions and at night, with the lights on, they could be seen on the walls. (Now I don't remember a bit of this, it was told me as I grew older.)

My early life was centered around the Free Methodist Church and the family. Mother's family was very large with lots of uncle, aunts, and cousins. And then there was my grandmother who was called "Mama". We had reunions on Thanksgiving and Christmas every year, and one of my uncles was always Santa Claus.

I entered Nursery school at age 3 1/2, graduated from the 8th grade, then went on to Los Angeles Pacific College for high school and junior college. Then I went to Arizona State College in Tempe. I received a B.A. in education from Seattle Pacific College. LAPC and SPC were private Free Methodist Church colleges. LAPC had two years high school and two years college. It is located in the small town of Herman near

Highland Park not far from Pasadena, California.

My father was a carpenter, a bee-keeper, a secretary during WWI, and a lay minister in the Free Methodist Church. He was born in Iowa and moved to Arizona at age 17. My mother was born in Liberty, AZ and raised on a ranch near Buckeye, a few miles from Liberty. She ran a dairy farm for many years while she was raising her three children. During the depression years our family always had plenty of milk, chickens, eggs, and day-old bread while many families were on much slimmer rations. Dresses and underclothes were often made of bleached flour and sugar sacks. Mother had been a seamstress before she was married.

During my teaching years I was involved with 4-H club and Camp fire Girls activities. Our entire Thomas family enjoyed square dancing as a family activity and we traveled quite a bit throughout the western states. Teaching school was always a challenge where ever I taught. I taught 1st, 3rd, and 4th grades and also music. Although I enjoyed teaching, I was ready to retire early five years ago and I am enjoying my retirement.

Knitting, crocheting, counted-cross stitch, genealogy, choir-singing, and spoiling grandkids have been my favorite hobbies.