

# CHRONICLE

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

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Eighteen inches of snow in Harrison, Arkansas!  
Eighteen inches of the white stuff in Branson,  
MO! Sixteen inches of it in Oklahoma! Roads  
closed! Seventeenth heavy storm hits the east  
coast!

Sounds like winter, -- and spring is just around  
the corner!

Well, here at the foot of Mt. Wheeler spring  
hasn't made a little peep, yet. Last week we had  
several 40 and 50 degree days and nearly all of  
our snow around us disappeared. Only some  
snow in the shadow of our house on the north  
side remained. We have heard that March is the  
worst month of the year so we expected the  
snow we received Tuesday night (2/8&9). We  
had about 8 inches of it. We left the blind on the  
french window in our bedroom pulled open a  
couple of feet and the outside light on so we  
could watch it fall. At 4 AM it was still falling  
but by 5 o'clock it had stopped. By noon yester-  
day the sun was out and the snow was melting.  
Today is one of those glorious days, with the sun  
beaming its warmth on us, and the snow is fast  
disappearing. So far we have had very little  
wind, though this is supposed to be a windy  
month.

Margaret was a bit apprehensive about moving  
here for she had never lived in a snowy country  
(except in New York City during the war and  
that was not a good experience) so she did not  
know what to expect. But she has loved every  
minute of it -- stands by the minute watching the

fluff come down. Now, as soon as it stops snow-  
ing she sweeps all of the fresh snow off the *por-  
tal* so that it won't melt there, then freeze into  
slippery ice.

Received some letters since the last issue, I'm  
glad to say, so you will be reading them. Every  
day we go to the post office and look in our  
box, hoping to find more letters. Yesterday  
there were just two pieces of mail --- both bills.  
Today, there were three --three catalogs.

Did you hear about the Mayor of some town  
who was riding to work one morning and saw  
two men working on the side of the road. One  
was industriously digging holes and the other  
was just as industriously filling them up. So the  
mayor stopped to see what was going on. His  
driver got out of the car and talked to the two  
men, then returned to the car to report, "It's  
nothing out of the ordinary, Sir. They're usually  
a three-man crew, but the one who is supposed  
to be planting the trees is out sick today."

The first letter is from our old timer -- Alma  
Thomas. I don't mean *she* is old, just that she  
has been with us for a long time. I'm always  
glad to get her letters.

## REPORT FROM ALMA THOMAS

Dear Harrison, Margaret, an all the Chronicle  
readers. Every day I think about writing to you  
but I'm just a pokey-slow and put it off. And  
then there is this awful winter weather which is  
not to my liking.

I finally got moved to my new house -- at least it  
is new to me. It is so pretty, clean and white and  
warm. The kids went all out to make it so. But I  
still don't have everything organized. The girls

HAPPY BIRTHDAY PAT

helped and I don't know where they put things. When I can't find something, I just call them and and say, "Where did you put so-and-so" and they tell me. Most of the time it was in plain sight -- I just couldn't see it.

I'll tell you, this moving is for the birds. I've told the kids, "Never Again!" I'm completely exhausted before I get half straightened out.

I can hardly wait to get out to work in the yard. There are lots of flowers here in the yard and I love flowers and I love working in them.

Thank you again for the Chronicle. I read and reread it several times. The Profile sent in by James and Jean is quite accurate -- nothing exciting ever happened in my life. I have worked hard all my life and I thank the good Lord that I can still take care of myself. When I see the condition of a lot of people my age and younger, I am truly grateful.

My arm is getting tired so I'll stop this letter. Maybe I won't wait so long to write next time. I have the time, I just don't get with it like I should. Love to everybody -- hope you have a good year, *Alma Thomas*.

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Now let me introduce all of you Chronicle readers to Charles Duke Gill. He has been a member of the Chronicle family for several years but has not written us a letter until now. He is the son Clyde Edward Gill who was the son of Zelma (Mondy) and Edward Morris Gill. Zelma was the daughter of Earnest and "Frankie" (Hall) Mondy. Earnest was the son of James C. Mondy, and Frankie was the daughter of Joseph Thomas Hall. Now are you straight?

#### **FROM CHARLES DUKE GILL**

I have tremendously enjoyed receiving the family newsletter. You and all the family contributors have enlightened me about the Mondy history. Genealogy is a part time hobby with me. I don't spend a lot of time with it but do try to find out as much about the family as I can. The

information you have given me has helped me to go back several generations. I had no clue how to do it before.

About three years ago I made a commitment to be in My own House by the time I was forty. Well I just barely made it -- I am already 39. I managed to scrimp and save, and through a lot of finagling aerobically with my credit report I finally moved into a house owned by ME (and the mortgage company).

Please report my new address and my phone number (which is an unlisted number. My new address is

Charles Duke Gill  
10386 County Road 1292,  
Flint, Texas 75762  
Phone: (903) 894-3334

*[Duke, thanks for your letter and for your profile. Congratulations on making your deadline. HCM]*

#### **AND HERE'S PAT**

"... Sorry I have been so negligent lately. I suppose we have all been super busy; either traveling, working, or doing all those other things that take up our time. I have just finished a watercolor commission that I wasn't terribly interested in, because I'd rather do what I want to do, not what someone else wants me to paint. But it wasn't too bad. Perhaps it isn't too difficult to get me into a painting mode, but then I don't write as much. I'm working on an article for the *Luminaria* on our local botanical garden which has an unusual concept of presenting both the indigenous plant life plus the other multitudes of what you would usually find in a botanical garden. I have done the drawings for its trail guide, so I suppose they'd help me out if I get stuck on the article. And I'm still going to Del Mar College (and at my age too) two afternoons a week. So this accounts for my neglect.

For the past two weeks I've been entangled (caught is a better word) in a task that I would not have wished on my worst enemy. Somehow I found myself chairman of a book publishing

event. One of the members of the Coastal Bend Genealogical Society has spent the last year (!!!) making a compilation of every book in the large genealogical section of our library. A tremendous task, so I feel ashamed of spending only a few weeks working on this. It fell to my lot to get the compilation (280 single spaced pages) published, put into a notebook, and am now in the process of selling and distributing them. It is really wonderful to have all the books listed for easy use by American states, geographic areas, historical eras, etc. There's some Indian and African stuff even. It will save immense hours to know in advance of a trip to the library exactly what is available, plus the call letters to help find whatever you want. I have already discovered books listed that I didn't dream were there. Sure beats going up and down the aisles hoping that the very book you are looking for will fall off the shelf and onto your toe. Anyway, that's partly what I have been up to lately. Unfortunately, some of this will last all summer and maybe into the fall. But the worst is over.

Spring has been here for several weeks now and this always makes me seriously well. It could easily prove fatal too, for I get an urge to get busy outside, clean the patio, and , in general, wear myself out rearranging dirt. (And here I have been stuck in the house by all my other activities.) But as I drive down to the library I can see all the flowers blooming. In January I always enjoy seeing the yuccas (Spanish Daggers) putting up their spikes of creamy white blossoms which last a long time. These may be comparable to the crocus up north for down here we do not have crocus. I remember crocus poking their little colored heads through the snow in Missouri. I guess they have to have colder weather than we have. In particular, I have enjoyed a large bed of snapdragons as I drive to the library and the redbuds have superceded the white flowering plums and peaches. Everywhere I look I see bunches of yellow oxallis, Gerbera daisies, petunias, geraniums, and much else. AND Bananas. A large banana plant in my neighbor's yard has a huge blossom. Too bad the bananas we have here are not as tasty as the African kind. Our neighbor once lived in Nigeria and she

baked some of our bananas with coconut and brought us some. They were good, prepared this way. Now all I need is a coconut tree.

Only a few days ago all the trees suddenly became so wildly green that they almost hurt your eyes to look at them. How an old piece of hard wood can suddenly produce a delicate bright bunch of green seems impossible. I was not out doors enough to check out the local superstition that when the mesquite trees leaf out, spring is indeed here. Now they are quite foliated. Our last average killing frons, when we have one, is February 14, so I am behind enjoying spring.

Say, aren't we all thankful we are not living in the east where they have now had their 17th big snow storm of the season? Under these conditions, if Darwin was right, those people will start growing hair all over their bodies and look like Neanderthals in a few million years.

My next door neighbor has lived here only a couple of months. They moved down from Kansas and she is having a lot of fun putting out tomatoes and such so early. A few days ago I heard loud shrieks and frantic screams coming from beyond the fence and I knew they were not happy screams. When I rushed out to investigate, I found her standing paralyzed with fear. I could not see any strange men, or pirates, or dinosaurs, or dragons around, and when she finally found her tongue she explained that she had "seen a snake". Now there are only two venomous snakes in this part of the world, rattlers and coral snakes, and I knew she had not encountered one of them. The snake had gone into a hole and, so far as she was concerned, it was a grotesque monster. She had accidentally dug into the home of a harmless little Texas blind snake and thought she had discovered a den of cobras. I tried to explain to her that this was not really a snake, it is a legless lizard, and usually are not longer than about 6 inches, and that they are very beneficial, eating only roaches, bugs, worms, etc., and that I had never heard of a snake anywhere in the world that could drag a wonan, little or big, down into its lair. I went into my "snakes are more afraid of you than you

are of them" act but she remained neurotically unconvinced.

Holland got his garden put in last week, but hasn't brought in a crop of beautiful tomatoes yet. I guess you will just have to have memories of your tomato plant in El Segundo, for I'm afraid that the growing season in Taos will not be long enough for you to harvest such a crop. My kidlets in Los Alamos usually have tomatoes but start them in a little hot house.

Our other kidlets who live in a suburb of Albuquerque have gone to Crested Butte this week skiing. Took their two little ones who almost cancelled the trip by coming down with the Chicken Pox. Not very ill but spotted and itchy.

Cheers, *Pat*.

#### **TO PAT**

*I don't understand the fear of snakes but Margaret belongs to that ilk. When she was quite young she had two close encounters with snakes, which seems to have left her with a trauma. In one case the snake ran up her arm and around her neck before escaping. Once we were exploring some indian ruins and she said before entering, "I hope I don't find a snake". Pretty soon the kids and I heard the moaning sounds she makes when she sees one and the words, "There's one, there's one". We rushed into the room and, sure enough, there was a snake -- a brown desert grass snake. She was as scared of it as she would have been of a 6-foot diamond back.*

*I read in the paper last week where a woman in Alice Springs (our old loafing place in Australia) felt a couple of pricks on her leg when she was cleaning her flower bed. She looked down and saw that she had been bitten twice, once by a desert brown snake and once by a funnel web spider. The snake was tangled in the spider's web and she had stepped in it. Now both the snake and the spider are very poisonous and until a few years ago a person could (and many did) die from either bite. But now, Aus-*

*tralia has developed an antivenom serum for each so she was rushed to the hospital and was expected to recover.*

*Getting back to your neighbor's encounter with a Texas blind snake, I must tell you that we had quite a few of them in one section of the farm where we lived in Arkansas. They have to live in a sandy area for they live under the ground like moles and sometimes after a rain you can see what looks like a mole hill. I have plowed up several. I have never been able to catch one without it breaking apart. If you even throw a clod of dirt near one, it will jump up in the air and do something like a double loop, and when it comes down it is in two pieces, the head and body which takes up about a third of it's length, and the tail which is twice as long. The tail goes into violent motion while the head crawls away very slowly, burying itself in the ground. If a cat or other predator catches one, it will invariably go after the tail and the rest escapes to start growing another tail as soon as possible. So far as I know, this is its only defence mechanism. I have seen them as long as 12 inches. In our area they were called "joint snakes" and sometimes, "glass snakes". I learned early on that they were legless lizards, and totally harmless.*

*Another interesting snake we had was called a "spreadin' adder". It was not an adder and was not poisonous. The name came from the habit of spreading itself almost paper thin so it would appear a lot larger, at least three times as big as it really was. If you got too close to it or hit it with something, it went into a "possum" act by flipping itself over on its back and playing dead. We used to have fun with it though for we would turn it over right side up and it would flip right back over -- proving it was not dead.*

*I guess I would have made a good herpetologist. I played with snakes all my life. I learned a few lessons too. I was never bitten by a poisonous snake, but I learned early on not to pick up a gopher snake (a little black snake about 18 inches long). Now they cannot hurt you by biting, but they can make you wish you had never picked it up. It will coil around your arm and excrete the*

most horrible smelling stuff you ever smelled all over you. It's worse than catching a skunk -- or nearly so.

*Of course there are lots of superstitions associated with snakes and other reptiles. One, associated with snakes, was that it always died at sundown. Even if you killed it in the morning, it would continue to wiggle until sunset. Well they do wiggle a lot for a long time after they are killed, but sunset has nothing to do with it. Another was that if a tortoise bites you, it will not let go until it hears thunder. I used to wonder what would happen in dry weather when it might be weeks before it thundered. I could picture myself trying to sleep with a tortoise hanging on my finger. I didn't believe it, but I never had the nerve to make one bite me to prove it wasn't so.*

*Now you see what you started Pat? Got me all wound up about snakes and the Chronicle Readers will probably cancel their subscriptions. I guess I'll just call it a filler.*

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#### HAPPY BUZZARD'S DAY

You know that the swallows come back to Capistrano each year on the 19th of March. At least you know that they come back if you remember the old wartime song, "When the swallows come back to Capistrano" which we were singing in the early forties. Of course you would expect me to remember it for the 19th is my birthday. Now if you will study the genealogy charts you will find out that three members of the Chronicle Family have birthdays on the 15th of March and that is the day the buzzards come back to Hinkley, Ohio each year.

So Happy Buzzard's Day to  
*Dewel Mondy,*  
*Jewel Kirk,*  
*and Jamie Mondy.*

Jamie, how about writing a song about when the buzzards come back to Hinkley, ----. From the looks of the weather forecast, the only thing the buzzards will find to eat will be frozen meat. If

you read the papers on the 16th, you'll probably find that hundreds of people gathered in Hinkley to watch the big birds return.

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Anne Armstrong is our contact with what's going on in El Segundo and sends us clippings from the Breeze and other papers. She also clips tidbits from various papers and magazines, glues them onto a sheet of paper, and repros them to pass out to her friends in hospitals and "homes" for the elderly to read. Sometimes when she sends us the news, she includes one of those sheets and from it I get a lot of the fillers for the Chronicle. The following are from this week's Funny Sheet.

1. A man told his know-it-all barber he was going to Rome and hoped to see the Pope while there. The Barber laughed and said, "You, see the Pope? He sees kings and presidents. Why would he ever want to see you?" A month later the man returned for a haircut and the barber asked, laughingly, "Did you see the Pope?" "Sure did," the man replied. "He saw me in the crowd in St. Peter's square and sent two men to get me and bring me to his private apartment to answer a question." "And what was that question?" the barber asked. "He asked me where I got such a lousy haircut."
2. When you come to the point in life where you realize you don't know very much, you can take that as a sign of wisdom.
3. To get the best of an argument, stay out of it.
4. Before church started the minister called one of the deacons aside and said, "Deacon Jones always sits next to you on the front row, and every Sunday he goes to sleep and snores so loud he disturbs the people. Why don't you punch him and wake him up?" "Well", said the deacon, "I figure that you're the one that put him to sleep, so you ought to be the one to wake him up."



## THE INFORMATION SUPERHIGHWAY

This is being talked about by Clinton, and by a lot of others in the USA today and a lot of people don't know what it is. Do you? Do you know how good (or bad?) it is? Let me shed a bit of light on it. If I am connected to this information superhighway there are a lot of things I can do. It connects me to a tremendous amount of information. If I want to know all about the little snake Pat and I have discussed in this paper, I can simply punch in a few numbers and I will have scores of pages of information, practically every thing that has ever been published on that snake, right at my fingertips. If I want to know about the Great Depression, I can key in the words and I will have on my desk in a matter of minutes a copy of every article written about it in *Life*, *Time*, *Newsweek*, *Business Week*, and scores of other magazines and newspapers since 1929. If I want to know all the facts about Alexander the Great, or Tonya Harding, I can get it in a few minutes. Bill Jinks was killed in the Vietnam war and is mentioned in the congressional reports preserved in the Library

of Congress. If I want to know what was said, I can push a few buttons and have the complete report on my desk in a few minutes. Now, do you see how great this information superhighway can be? If I (or Brecken) wants to do a research paper about Anne Bolyne, she can get enough information in a few minutes to write a superb paper. Now all of this sounds simply wonderful. But is it? Brecken has the facilities to connect into the superhighway (when she adds a few somethings to her computer) and all this would be a decided advantage to her. BUT suppose she has a school mate that does not have a computer and cannot connect to the information super highway. This poorperson will have to go to the nearest library and search for the material. She will not have available to her this great store of information. She is at a decided disadvantage. What I fear from this establishment of the superhighway for information will divide the people of America into two classes; the *haves* and the *have nots*. I hope these fears are not justified and that a way can be found to avoid such a division. I'd like to hear from you on this subject.

I still want your profile

(It is now March 14, the day I was all set to have the Chronicle printed but I decided to wait to see if there were any additional letters I could put in and I'm glad I waited. It cost 29 cents to mail a six page paper and the same to mail an 8-page one.

I received a birthday card from Jewel. On the front it says, "I considered getting you a sports car for your birthday, but got this card instead". On the inside it says, "This way my monthly payments are only 7 cents." They say it is not the cost of the gift that counts, but the thought. Well just thinking about getting me a sports car is not as good as actually getting one.

#### FROM OUR SPRINGFIELD REPORTER

(3/9/94) Bessie says: Dear Chronicle Cousins and Friends;

We thought spring had arrived last week. We had temperatures in the 70's over the weekend and had sunshine for a change. Then Sunday night we had rain and hail and the temperature began to drop and on Tuesday we awoke to 6-8 inches of snow on the ground.

Branson wasn't as lucky; they got about 18 inches. Some of the roads between Ozark and Branson were closed, lots of cars in the ditches. Today the temperature is in the 30's and quite a bit of the snow has melted. It is supposed to drop to the twenties tonight. So much for the weather.

I think most of the Springfield gang is well. Bertha has talked to the Reasons and the Mondys and all are ok.

Russell we are sure sorry to hear you are not feeling well. We send you our best wishes.

My daughter, Dolly, was in the hospital for 4 days with an asthma attack. She really has problems in the spring and in the fall; she is allergic to so many things.

My brother-in-law is doing quite well now, they have gone back to their home at the lake. They stayed with their daughter herein Springfield

while he was recovering. Their home is about 50 miles from Springfield.

Jessie Thornton -- it was sure good to see your letter in the Chronicle. So sorry your arm and shoulder are still bothering you. Do you suppose the fact we are getting older is the reason we have so many aches and pains? I know somebody who is going to be a year older before long. [Jessie -- do you think she is referring to you or to me?]

Grandson Doug, the youngest of my 12 grandchildren, had a birthday today, March 9. He is 15 years old and quite a young man. And I have some great grandchildren and some great great grandchildren that are growing up fast too. It seems only a few months ago that Doug was a little boy I could rock and hug and love. He is a very loving boy and still hugs and kisses me but I can't hold him on my lap and rock him any more.

Please stay well, every one. Love to all of you,  
*Bessie and Bertha.*

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#### TO THE CHRONICLE FAMILY

I have a problem that I don't really know how to solve. Maybe you can give me a bit of advice. I guess this comes under the heading of domestic relations. Two or three days ago I found a butcher knife lying beside the bed on Margaret's side. I didn't say anything about it at the time but the next day it was still there and I thought I should mention it to her for I wasn't sleeping very well at night. When I pointed at it and asked why she kept a butcher knife beside the bed, she said, "Well, first off, it's not a butcher knife; it's a paring knife. And the reason it is there is I was paring an apple the other day when the telephone rang and I dropped the knife and it flipped back under the bed. I forgot about it and I have been hunting all over the kitchen for it. I'm glad you found it." Now that sounds reasonable to me but I thought I should publish it in the paper just in case you heard anything that didn't sound right.

It's simply awful what TV is doing to people these days. Margaret does look at it a lot and maybe she has been confined to the house more than usual

\* \* \* \* \*

Got a lovely birthday card from Nell today and in it was a letter.

**NELL SAYS:**

The writers for the Chronicle have reported many kinds of disasters this past year, -- floods, tornadoes, hurricanes, ice storms, mud slides, and earthquakes. Now it's my turn to report on snow storms. Ithaca has had many this year. Last week we got over 20 inches of snow in one day. Every thing closed down -- Cornell, mail, banks, schools, churches, -- just about every thing. We were told over the Radio to stay home until all county roads were opened. I always keep a good supply of food, so I just sat and watched the white flakes sift down. It is so peaceful to watch the snow descend so quietly when one does not have to get out in it.

Snow stimulates people to be more thoughtful of others and slows down the "frenzy" of living. I am fortunate to have a house adapted for cold weather, -- storm windows, doors, etc. and Ithaca has good snow equipment so the streets are cleared almost as soon as the snow stops. I have engaged a man with a plow to clear my long driveway and he comes almost as soon as the snow stops.

Harrison your 1-inch snow seems so small compared to our 2- or 3-feet but I expect it can be managed more easily. The snow banks in Ithaca now exceed 12 feet. We seldom have snow related accidents for most of the people know how to handle it. I find it quite a contrast to Washing, DC where people don't know how to drive in the snow.

I prefer snow to all those disasters I mentioned earlier. We almost never have an ice storm and our electric power stays on during the worst storms. Our weather last summer was delightful

-- around 70 degrees most of the time, no floods, just enough rain to keep our lawns and gardens bright green. I was particularly grateful for it then for I was in bed trying to recover from a broken pelvis. I did not even need my air conditioner. Not all summers are like that, of course; sometimes we have too much rain but the hills take care of that. And in the Fall, visitors come from around the world to witness the bright colors. So, as you can see, I will take snow with its few inconveniences in preference to the other conditions.

You are still free to send me sympathy cards during our snow storms. The blizzard of 93 will be remembered for a long time and we do not look forward to another.

Isn't it wonderful that we do not all want the same kind of weather -- some places would become over crowded. Love , *Nell*

If you read Brecken's profile you've seen that she would like to president some day. I think she needs a lot of advice that maybe some of you can give her. I have some:

1. If you think it is necessary to kiss boys, be sure you don't discriminate. Divide your kisses equally among Blacks, Hispanics, American Indians, and Asians.
2. Don't join any sororities in college -- they discriminate against boys.
3. If you smoke anything, be sure you have a witness to swear you didn't inhale.
4. Try to get a husband that is not too smart and can't talk. You won't want one that might speak to the press.
5. Start now keeping a record where all your money comes from. Don't accept money from drug people, churches, unions, or S&L's.

I hope you get some pointers from the members of the Chronicle Family. Listen to them. They are voters.

Love you all, *Harrison*