

*The Mondy Morning*

# CHRONICLE

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

VOLUME V, ISSUE 7, April 18, 1994

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

This is Monday, April 11, 1994 and Margaret and I have been home about 3 or 4 hours. It is almost one thousand miles from our driveway here in El Prado to our driveway in El Segundo (966 miles to be exact) and we have found that we can divide our trip into two segments; one 600 miles long (from here to Kingman, AZ or El Segundo to Holbrook, AZ) and the other, a 400 mile trip (from Kingman to El Segundo or from Holbrook to El Prado). The 600 mile leg takes about eleven hours, the 400 mile trip about 7 hours, so we can predict our arrival time within half an hour. By leaving early in the morning, usually before 6AM we arrive at our destination at a reasonable hour. When we approached Williams AZ yesterday afternoon, we met some snow and drove through snow and sleet all the way past Flagstaff, but had none on the ground in Holbrook. Today as we approached Santa Fe we could see a lot of clouds in the direction of home but found that they had had their big snow storm yesterday (looked like about 6 inches) but the roads had been cleared so we had no trouble getting home. The snow had even disappeared from our driveway. We have a few clouds over head and from time to time we have a few snow flakes.

But now we are back in our snug little home and we don't care if it snows another foot. It felt a lot colder in El Segundo than here, probably because of the dampness there. We even had rain while there.

We had our checkups and the doctor said if I

didn't fall and kill myself, I'd probably live until I died. Told Marg about the same thing. The income tax man did well by us too. The Fed owes us money, and we owe the states of CA and NM nothing.

So we came home feeling good. (Of course that mean old doctor had the audacity to tell me to lose more weight -- can you imagine that? I took her two copies of the Chronicle -- those with Brecken's report and she called me to tell me how much she enjoyed them. She had read Brecken's first installment, the one entitled "Helsinki or Bust" and requested the follow-ons.)

Before we left for CA I received a letter from Margaret Ann Segrest and you will find it later in this issue. When we picked up the mail on the way home I found several letters, some were of a family nature that I will excerpt, and some to the Chronicle. One was from OLD ORNERY (I can call him that now and you will see why when I print his letter).

\*\*\*\*\*

JAY (J.E.MONDY) writes from Springfield.  
"...We do enjoy the Chronicle, -- especially the letters from all the cousins. Just talked to Herman and Lillie. They are doing fine and said they enjoy the paper too. Bertha and Bessie are also ok -- just talked to them."

*[JE also sent his Family Tree ad now I can fill in some blanks in my profile list. Thanks, Jay. I will soon send you a sheet with some blanks to fill out so that I will have some more data. I didn't know that your name was James Elmo and I'll bet that few, if any, of your cousins knew it.]*

FROM LINDA (JINKS) PHELPS

*[That's Cecil's daughter - I think she still claims him.]*

"...A belated birthday, Unk! I have got to find out everybody's birthday. I knew yours was in March but did not know what day. I'm trying not to think about mine *[10th of April]*. I thought you were very diplomatic in not blabbing in *The Chronicle* that my half-century mark is just around the corner but I wouldn't have minded if you had. I don't have any hangups about my age. My super at work -- he's in his thirties -- razzes me about it every time he gets a chance but I love it. Dad says he is driving up for the week-end of the 9th and 10th, and I'm so excited.

I'll be going in for surgery on the 18th. I suffer from sleep apnea and oxygen deprivation and it is causing me lots of trouble. I sometimes fall asleep at my desk and "that ain't good". They are going to widen my nasal passages and cut off that little thingy that hangs down in the back of my throat. I'm not looking forward to it but it is necessary if I expect to hold my job. I've been fighting this problem for eight years and it is time to do something about it. I guess it is about time -- I just finished paying off my hospital bill from the operation I had last year for a herniated disk, so here I go again.

Christy and Cory are just fine. I will be attending our third scholarship banquet the 14th. Each year the school honors the top 10% of the whole school and I'm proud to say that Christy is one of that elite group. She's still pretty serious about becoming an x-ray technician. Cory says he is going to be an architect -- says he can't let Christy make more money than he does. My #2 son seems to have the same sleep problem I have, except he has heart arethymia to go along with it. He had his sleep study test the night before I had mine. Both of our test showed that we do not go into deep sleep.

Right now Cory has three friends over to watch some rented movies, none of which appeal to me so I'm banished to the bed room -- with a good

book to read. Say hello to the Millers for me and tell everyone I love them. *(Linda and Brats)*

*[Now Linda, they are not brats -- I've met them both and if the world was full of kids like them, we could look forward to a much better place in which to live.*

\*\*\*\*\*

Some day BILL MONDAY and I are going to find out who our common progenitor was. This week I got another letter from him correcting some of the mistakes I made in his family tree and sending me more names to consider. Read more below, BILL.

FROM JEAN THOMAS

"...Just wanted you to know that the Christmas packet was very interesting and gave me added material for the family data on the computer. It would probably take me ten years to put it all on the program I use but I intend to put only that part that pertains to my family. anyway, now when I get the *Chronicle*, I know who is who in it.

I have just found out that there is a book called the *Tidewater Virginia Families* that begins with the arrival of the ship, "George", in 1619 and sets forth the genealogical history of about 40 families from that area. Among the names of families covered is the Mundy family. *[Jean included an ad describing the book which costs about 75 dollars - a bit steep for me as she said it was for her.]*

Jean thanks for the pictures of the Brewers. If I ever get a repro machine I can do a bit of experimenting with, I'll include them in the *Chronicle* along with a lot of others I am saving.

I have just upgraded my computer to DOS 6.0 and now I am having trouble with my WINDOWS program -- in fact I am afraid it will crash any minute. Before it does, let me mention that we have found GOING/GOINGS family names in some Cherokee lines. Since that is in some of your family trees, I thought you would be interested.

Are you tired of weather reports? Want to hear another? You have heard all about those big snow storms that were on the east coast -- well I want you to know they all came by here first. I don't see how they had any punch left by the time they reached the coast after what they dropped here. Most, if not all, of Lake Superior froze. Now 15 to 20 inches of snow in a day is OK and 2 to 3 feet, is not bad, and I thought the 10 to 12 foot snow banks were beautiful, but trying to walk on 2 to 6 inches of ice is a horse of another color. But I came up with an answer for that. All I did was think about fifteen years of walking across the Jefferson Davis Parkway overpass at Tulane Ave., at 5 PM in August, and I decided that if I could do that, I could manage the ice just fine.

I have a dear little 93 year old lady that needs care twice a day. One morning I walked the ten blocks to her house when the temperature was 22 degrees below and the chill factor was -45 degrees. She said, "What on earth are you doing out in weather like this?" I said, "Well the word 'crazy' comes to mind". I had to walk in the middle of the street; we haven't seen the sidewalks since early January. I fell three times on the ice. A couple of times I had to stay over at her house on account of the weather.

Once I was walking down the middle of the street when out of the house I was passing came a big black beautiful dog. It looked and acted friendly, so I did what I always do when a dog approaches me -- I stopped dead still. It ran right up to me and put one paw on each shoulder and began to lick my face. When you are standing on slippery ice, there is not much you can do but try to stand still. I had to laugh at my predicament but I was relieved when a child came running out and called her dog, and apologized. It is very unusual here to see a dog running loose.

By the way, Chief, about that butcher-knife/paringknife episode; my advice is for you to sleep with one eye open.

Love to All, Margaret Ann Segrest.

*[Dear Margaret Ann: I have given your advice a lot of consideration. I even thought about adopting the practice of the New Guineans who wear long-necked gourds. Margaret says that Bobbitism is not contagious; besides, she didn't like Bobbit in the first place. But thanks for the advice -- Chief]*

*[If any of you wonder why MA calls me Chief; she knew me when I was chief engineer of WVEZ and in all radio stations, the chief engineer is always addressed by that title -- even by the manager. It's an old custom dating back to the first radio station, KDKA, Pittsburgh, PA. 1921. I was even called that by some of my techs at TRW.]*

\*\*\*\*\*

Margaret says the new name for pastry is "Hazardous Waist Products".

\*\*\*\*\*

The snow disappeared last week (last week in March) and I went out into the yard to pick up pieces of paper and plastic bags that had blown against the fence. Wrapped around one of the vertical strips of the fence was a five-dollar bill. I gave it to Margaret. Then we went to the post office and lying on the ground where we parked was a shiny quarter. I picked it up and gave it to her. When we came out of the grocery store I found a penny and gave it to her. Now she wants me to look harder. She thinks that if I can do that well without trying, I might get rich if I tried. I don't know whether she expects me to do better this week or not.

.....My luck didn't hold -- all I have found this week was a penny and it was tail-side up.

\* \* \* \* \*

**TRIP REPORT**

I have already mentioned the visits to the doctors and the income tax man but the enjoyable part of the trip was not that. We arrived there on Friday (4/1) and then went to Yucca Valley to attend Steve and Jan D'Onofrio's wedding in nearby Desert Hot Springs. What a wedding!! The "I Do" part started at 2PM; the "Sit-down dinner" started about 4PM and few left before

8PM. The dancing and visiting continued until nearly midnight. Both Steve and Jan were El Segundo high school grads; Steve was in Jim's class and Jan a year behind. Steve lived across the street from us from the time he and Jim were 8 years old and they have been buddies all these years. Fourteen of their classmates (now men with families and careers) were there and it turned out to be a reunion, at least one from as far away as Washington. Most of them have been in our home many times so it was a reunion for us too. Jim was "best man" and "master of ceremonies" and did a good job. We had a good visit with Jim, Geri, Judy, John, and Brecken at our motel late that night.

The week following was busy with doctors and income tax man and all the gillion other things we had on our list. Friday was our anniversary and Bea Ammidown (Mark's former wife) invited us to her house for lunch. We left home a couple of hours early so that Margaret could visit with a 93-year old lady she has befriended in a Home for many years. She had recently had a lump removed from her tongue and could not eat solid food. Margaret usually takes her for lunch and for a ride but she did not feel up to it-so she and Margaret just enjoyed visiting for a couple of hours.

Then we spent a few hours with Bea, talking over old times, checking up on her girls, solving the world's problems, and enjoying a wonderful salad lunch. (Bea and I share the same birthday and for many years celebrated it together.) Thank you, Bea for the invitation and the lunch.

During the week Dianne Rhodes (Mike's wife until he passed away in 1989) called and invited us to have lunch with her on Saturday. We had not seen her for about a year and were glad to see her again. She brought with her a friend we had met before and together the four of us solved all the world's problems and caught each other up on our personal lives. They are both very intelligent and it was good to sit and talk to people who know what life is all about. Many thanks, Dianne and Bob, we enjoyed the visit.

On Saturday evening, Judy and John had a "celebration" for us at their house. Anne, Geri, Jim, Marg, and I attended along with Brecken's boyfriend, Jeremy. There was food galore and at the end there was a cake with six candles on it. We were celebrating three birthdays, mine, Jeremy's, and Geri's; and three anniversaries, Anne and John's, mine and Margaret's, and Judy and John's. (I think I got that right!) There were lots of gifts for the various celebrants, one of which was a bucket (more than a gallon) of wild flower seeds for me to plant here to brighten up the place. I'm waiting for the snow to go away before planting them. Thanks to Judy and John for having us, and thanks for all the gifts. (I'm afraid to list them lest I forget something.)

I must tell you this: When we got to El Segundo we found Geri and Jim enjoying fresh tomatoes off one of the vines I planted last year. There were three ripe ones left and Marg and I enjoyed them. The plant is loaded with green ones and there are lots of blossoms. I have decided that tomatoes produce a lot more the second year than the first. Of course, here in NM the season is too short and the winters too long and cold to save the vines over to the second year.

\* \* \* \* \*

In reference to Cecil's letter about getting lost Margaret thinks I should point out that if his driver had followed us, they would have arrived at his B-Day party an hour earlier. So there, too.

\* \* \* \* \*

How about each of us writing a letter to one of our grandparents that passed on a long time ago and telling him or her how things have changed -- especially in our families. True (I think) they will never read it but the other members of the Chronicle Family will enjoy it. See my letter to Grandpa next issue.. Each of our letters will reflect our own lives and give us a chance to express our feelings about the world our progeny will inherit. Grandpa died in 1928 and the world has changed so much in that time I doubt he would recognize it. What would he think of television? How would he react to street gangs, welfare problems, teenage pregnancies, etc., etc. If some one chooses to put out a newsletter like the Chronicle 75 years from now, and write letters to us, what will they say? I challenge each of you to write a "Dear Grandpa" or "Dear Mom" letter for publication in our own little paper.

Love to all *Harrison*

*[Jean, since both my father and mother were 1/4 Cherokee, I am very interested in any information on that line. If you have the address of some one doing research along that line, please send it to me so I can contact them. Thanks.]*

Until next time, *Jean Thomas.*

\*\*\*\*\*

I suppose editors of newspapers should not be shocked by what they receive in the mail but I have just been informed that I may get back in the good graces of Old Ornergy (to the tune of a nickel). That was in a private letter that accompanied the following letter to the Chronicle.

**CECIL JINKS SAYS:**

"...Dear Chronicle Family: I'm sorry that I have waited so long to report on the wonderful party my family and friends gave me on my 80th birthday.

The ladies at my local bank put a "Happy Birthday" sticker on my lapel when I left Lyons to fly to Houston for the celebration. When I boarded the plane the hostess seated me on the front row where I would have more leg room. Later she and the captain announced on the PA system that I was having a birthday so the whole darn plane sang "Happy Birthday" to me. I had so much lipstick on my face I looked like an Indian Chief on the war path. I told those ladies I wouldn't wash my face for at least six months.

On Friday, after my arrival in Houston on Thursday, several of us were invited to a retirement center where my 94 year old sister-in-law, an older brother and his wife, and one of my nieces live. We had loads of good food and lots of chit-chat.

The next night was the party. It was about thirty miles away over in west Houston. I rode with my son-in-law, my two daughters, and my grandson. We were supposed to follow my brother-in-law, the editor of a certain newspaper you read, and, as you would expect, he caused us to get lost. We were the last car to arrive, thanks to him.

After a lot of good food there was a birthday cake the size of a "number-two wash tub". We had to settle for one candle on it because the Fire Department thought that 80 candles posed too much danger. After I blew out the candle and opened all the nice presents, and thanked everybody, I sat down -- only to have a certain brother-in-law get up and say he had a few remarks to make. Then he proceeded to make up a lot of stories and tell a few fibs, and a lot of untruths about me. About half of the people left the room until he had finished his unkind tirade. I don't think any one really believed him but they clapped their hands when he sat down. I was so glad for him to sit down, I clapped too.

It has been the practice in my family to have a party for anyone reaching the age of 80 or 90 or to have a golden anniversary, but until one is the recipient, it is not fully appreciated. It takes a lot of planning, cooking, correspondence, telephoning, and just plain hard work to make it a success. I am truly appreciative and duly humbled by the experience.

I want to take this opportunity to thank Pat and Holland for their card and to send Pat a belated birthday greeting. I also want to wish my OBNOXIOUS brother-in-law a belated happy birthday.

Happy 60th anniversary to the Sitzes. Jessie and Jerry, I hope we can all come to your 75th. Jessie, I sure could use some of your good weather. Yesterday it snowed, today the temperature is 15 degrees.

I want all of you to know I'm not putting Harrison back in my will until he straightens up -- well maybe a nickel's worth.

To all my Chronicle friends, please keep your interesting letters coming. I, and I'm sure everyone would like to see more participation. Cheers and Good Health to you all, *Cecil.*

*[Obnoxious, did you notice that? And after all the nice things I said about him, too.]*

\*\*\*\*\*

### VICKI DOES IT

[What? Her profile]

She says: "...See I did it! I finally did get my profile written! I tried to finish it in time to send with your anniversary card but couldn't make it.

We have been busy with the Easter Pageant and now we are starting our garden. Just planted 500 onions today, plus beets, lettuce, turnips, carrots, parsnips, and corn.

Mom and Dad will be in Lubbock for doctor's appointment this week and after my mail run on Wednesday I'm going down to see them. [Vicki is a rural mail carrier.]

Gotta go -- time for supper. Love to all, Vicki

### MARGARET ANN SEGREST

Reports from Michigan

"...Dear Chief and Friends

When I see the El Prado return address on a letter as I am taking the mail from the mailbox, I make a bee line for my apartment because I know I am in for a treat -- *the CHRONICLE*. Interesting, entertaining, and very informative. Where else could I find out where Murine got its name?

I do want to make a few comments about snakes. They are creatures with some interesting habits. I've kept my distance from them most of my life until my youngest son came along. Years ago my mother had 3 or 4 hens that were forever escaping the chicken yard, going to the barn, and making their own nests there; each in a different place. Mother gave up trying to make them lay in the hen house and fixed boxes with straw in the barn to encourage the hens to lay their eggs there. In one nest she put an old white door knob for a nest egg [because a hen won't lay if all the eggs have been taken from the nest], the iron part still attached but buried down in the straw. Along came a black snake which must have been very hungry

and decided that the doorknob smelled enough like an egg to think it had found a treat so it swallowed it. Mother had not only fooled the hens but she had fooled the snake as well.

I had two encounters with poisonous snakes; on Pigeon creek near the mouth of the Norfolk River where I almost stepped on a Cottonmouth while trying the ford the creek, and again when checking my horse stall I encountered a copperhead. Both are very poisonous but though neither bit me, they scared the daylights out of me.

Later, my youngest son became enamored of snakes and thought they were ideal pets. He had several over a few years; several wild ones, and a few that he purchased. One interesting discovery I made was that if they were kept in the living room, you don't have many visitors.

They often got out of their cages. Once I heard little "Miss Bossy" our dog barking her head off in the living room. I went to investigate and found that one of the snakes that had been missing for weeks was crawling into the back of the television set. I grabbed hold of it and yanked it out. That was the first time I had been brave enough to touch one of them. Again, I wasn't overjoyed one night when I awoke to find one of Mark's snakes curling around my feet and legs.

Now there's one sad tale. Mark, thinking that one snake was hungry released a mouse in the cage for it to catch and eat. But the snake wasn't hungry, it appears, but the mouse was. So it ate off part of the snake's tail. Mark couldn't find a vet interested in treating the wound so the poor snake died.

At the end of one day at a company where I worked a man came in and gave me a king snake to take to Mark. I took it home on the city bus. I can't believe I did that -- must have been a dream!

Did you ever see a snake drink water? Well I did. I had never given it any thought and I was surprised to watch.