

*The Mondy Morning*

# CHRONICLE

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

The CHRONICLE is now four years old

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The cost of publishing this issue of the Chronicle  
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**Thomas Lee Mondy.** We all thank you

I'll bet you don't give a hoot that fossil hunters have found a crawdad that is 220,000,000 years old -- but it appears to be important to them because they have thought for years that lobsters came first. Now aren't you just bowled over by this discovery? *I didn't think so. Margaret wasn't either.*

We had a heavy frost last week but my two tomato plants that I paid \$1.50 a piece for survived without damage. In fact, their two baby tomatoes just kept on growing. R.A., I do hope you find a way to protect your tomato plants during next winter to see if they do not produce a better crop the second year. I am considering putting a tent over mine with a light bulb inside to see if I can bring them through the winter. The plant from which I harvested more than 300 patio tomatoes last year was in its second year and the beef steak plant that is producing a good crop now in California is in its second year.

I'm starting this letter with a hope that I will get some letters from you today or tomorrow. I don't like to waste postage on 6-page issues and I don't like filling the paper with my gibberish. (Who cares whether the crawdad is older than the lobster?)

Got a personal letter from our good friend, Peg Barnhart in Warm Springs, AR who has supplied us with so much of our genealogy information. I had sent her a lot of info that is more up to date and she had sent me some info on disks that I was able to utilize. She knows my comput-

er is an antique but was able to download her info onto a disk I could use. I have excerpted parts of her letter below.

## FROM BARNHART

"... Wow! it will take me a while to sort out all the family material you sent; I will look through it and see if I can fill in any blanks. I am glad you were able to read the floppy I sent. Now I can send the equivalent of many pages on one little disk and save a lot of typing and postage.

I have gone to CD's for storage. When they first came out they cost \$125. per disk, then they dropped to \$69. and last week I was offered them for \$20. each -- that fits my pocketbook a lot better.

*[I have learned to "save often" in this land where thunderstorms happen frequently, but the lesson was emphasized yesterday. I had saved this letter up to this point, then typed in the rest of Peg's letter plus another page or two, left the computer without saving it, and walked out side and saw a bolt of lightning, and sure enough when I came back, my computer had a big orange message saying I had lost everything that had not been saved. So this morning I'm having to retype about two pages I lost. "That'll learn me!!!" ]* Now I will continue with Peg's letter.

Not much going on in our house hold. We have had the usual wet April, accompanied by some very severe storms. We have installed a super surge protector for the satellite receiver so we don't have to turn off the receiver and TV set

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every time we hear a rumble.

The cold spells that punctuated this spring delayed the trees from getting leaves as early as usual but they are now well on the way for full foliage. The humming birds were back on schedule the middle of April. There seems to be a full contingent eating at our five big feeders which hang from the upper deck of our house. I think we are going to have to buy sugar in 25-lb bags to satisfy them. Bob left some of the wild flowers growing around the house when he mowed the area so that the hummers could have some natural food. I think the hummers pollinate the flowers for exercise and come to our feeders for their food.

So glad that you felt like you were coming home to New Mexico when you left your old haunts in California. Moving around the country as much as we did during Bob's Navy career, I always looked forward to moving. It meant a fresh house to make into a home, and usually a step up in size and locality. I doubt that we will ever move from this house. The locality is ideal, -- beautiful scenery, isolated, and relatively good climate year around. Our house is two levels, one for Bob and one for me to do our work. There is a big kitchen with plenty storage space and a large pantry in the basement for the extras, so we do not go shopping at the commissary but about once every two months and go to town about once a week. Sounds like we don't have much to do, but when we come out of our work areas at the end of the day we wonder how it got so late so quickly.

Thanks again for all the family stories, Peg.

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Peg mentioned the hummingbirds that returned in mid-April. They amaze me. Hummers migrate out of the cold climates each year because there is nothing for them to live on during the winter. But they cannot fly the long distances from the cold area to a warm area so they hitch a ride on the migrating geese. They take hold of a feather just between the wings of the goose behind the neck, go into a dormant stage, and ride

to wherever the goose lands. The dormant state is necessary for they cannot go long without food. I saw a picture not long ago that was made from a plane of a flock of geese. On one goose, there were three humming birds riding. How these little birds with their tiny brains ever learned about hitch-hiking I don't know.

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Got a welcomed letter from Cousin Thomas Lee Mondy this week, welcomed because he supplied some information I needed about his family, and because he took time to write, and because he sent a sizeable contribution for the furtherance of the Chronicle. Thanks, Thomas. I'll have more to say to you some time soon.

#### THOMAS SAYS

"...I'm starting this letter -- whether I'll ever get it finished or not, I don't know. I have written 17 letters to the Chronicle about my memories. Some day I'll filter them through to you one at a time.

My first fifty years were just regular years, some exciting, some humdrum. Going into my second fifty, I was in overdrive on a straight-away, then came hills and valleys and sharp curves, and the last eight years every day is Friday, 'no workee, no nothing". After being flipped end over end off a RR switch engine, they put me out to pasture. Well Mom used to say, "You have the world by the tail and a down hill pull".

I guess you can see that the pen moves but the brain remains at rest. Here's the information you asked for, *Thomas*.

*[Thanks, Thomas, I'll see you later.]*

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Several people have written to say that they think the suggestion that we write to our parents, grand parents, or others that have passed on to tell them about how things are going with us now, was a good idea. This week I received a letter from **Judy Washburn**, Margaret's sister, containing a letter to her parents who died about 40 years ago. But first, her letter.

### FROM JUDY

"... I am sorry I do not write as often as I should, but I really do enjoy the Chronicle, and I feel like I know a lot of your relatives besides your brother and sisters, whom I have seen many times.

Ole Ornery (sic) came on April 29th and spent five days with me and we attended our brother CP's 85th birthday celebration. We had a nice visit. Neither of us likes to drive, so we rode to the party with our niece, Barbara and her husband, Bill Hedrick. [*Barbara is Terral's daughter.*] When we left the party 93 guests had signed the guest book but Helen, CP's wife, said that after we left a lot more people came so I don't know the final count.

While Cecil was here we drove over to Dottie's and she drove us to the hospital to visit our oldest niece, Evelyn, who had been there 32 days already. [*Dottie is the daughter of their sister, Ozella Miller, and Evelyn is the daughter of their brother, Barto.*] Geri Mondy met us there so she could visit with Cecil. She was working and could not go to the party. After the nice visit with Evelyn, Cecil, who is really an old softie and a really nice person and not stingy (as the editor of a certain news-letter makes him out to be) took us out for a shrimp dinner.

Cecil likes to eat and while he was here I tried to cook the things he likes, collard greens, okra, gumbo, hot biscuits, corn bread, banana puddings, and peach cobbler.

I had a lovely Mother's Day. Daughter Sara went to church with me and took me out to lunch and gave me some lovely ear rings. Bud was on a flight and couldn't join us but when we came home I found he had installed a new speaker phone next to my dish cabinet so I can work in the kitchen and talk at the same time. Then my precious granddaughter called from Rockport to wish me a happy Mother's day.

I am sending you a letter I have addressed to my parents. [*See later.*]

Thanks for the Chronicle, Love to everybody,  
*Judy.*

### PAT SAYS

"...Here I am to say that we are among those present and accounted for, and that I finally am about to complete the last week of another semester at the college. It's been fun and I'll probably do it again. What I'll do, now that I have no lesson preparations to think about, I don't know.

Everything happens at once. Both Nixon and my dishwasher died. So we had to buy a new dishwasher when the old, old one decided to throw in the towel. Now I expected this of the dishwasher, but not Nixon. This has caused a big hassel in the kitchen (which has been missing for some time, but I located it when the dishwasher gave up and I screamed.) So far I think I like the new dishwasher except it does not take out the dishes and put them away -- a distinct disadvantage and disappointment.

An old friend who has moved to Illinois is arriving for a visit today and she has brought with her some rain and a cool front. But she should have known that this is not our typical warm weather because this is the time of our citywide fiesta and Buccaneer Days celebrations are in full swing. There's a big fancy parade and the pirates will capture the mayor and toss him off the Columbus ships into the ship channel. This invariably brings the biggest rain and sometimes thunderstorms of the season.

Early last week a huge barge moving through the ship channel broke loose from its tugs and slammed into the fragile replicas of the Columbus Fleet which had been moved to this particular location as the safest harbor in the event of a hurricane. These replicas are on loan for fifty years (for several million dollars) from the Spanish Government that built them as part of the 500th celebration of Columbus's big mistake. Remember, he thought he had discovered India and saddled our native population with the name of "Indians". The largest ship,

the Santa Maria, was damaged only slightly in the collision with the barge, the Pinta was unscathed, but the poor little Nina had to be towed to dry dock for temporary repairs since she had been scrunched against the Santa Maria. She is back in her proper position and all three are being trampled upon by the thousands of visitors who are astounded at how small the three ships actually were. They are really worth seeing, if for no other reason than to make you glad you don't have to "sail the ocean blue, and discover America in '92" in three boats as apparently unseaworthy as these three. Only the captains had a roof over their heads, the sailors slept on deck looking up at the stars -- or the rain. Even from on the deck, one could see the steering apparatus, and how the water that came on deck was drained. The construction techniques, the way the various parts, decks, masts, etc., were held together and the various kinds of knots and the materials used were fascinating. The Spaniards did a wonderful job researching how the originals were built, and did a splendid job of duplicating them. Never-the-less, I don't want to go sailing on one.

I'm working on that "My, Grandfather, How the world has changed" letter. I think it a fine project that will make us look with nostalgia but also help us appreciate much of our own life and times. (Witness my new dishwasher which would have astounded my grandmother.) I've got to get back to that patio/greenhouse cleaning project. Wish us luck, *Pat*.

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Jessie Thornton has been in contact with Nell who sent her a copy of the bulletin that was used to advertise her lecture on the Cornell campus as part of their heritage from her fifty years of love and labor on their behalf. In part, the bulletin reads:

"The WSH Program Board and SLU Training....Present....You Succeed Because you Think Like a Man! 50 years as a Chemist, One woman's experience. Guest Speaker .... Nell Mondy .... Professor of Nutritional Science, Food Science and Toxicology.

"Professor Nell Mondy: Pioneer, Chemist, Nu-

tritionist, World Traveler. An up close and personal look at her experiences of over 50 years in the field of chemistry. Professor Mondy will discuss how she chose her field at a time when few women could have pursued that option. In addition, she will share anecdotes regarding her research in Nigeria and in other parts of the world, problems she encountered as a woman in a predominantly male field and how she was able to address them constructively and her experiences as a professor at Cornell University."

At her lecture Nell had a full house and afterward many came by to congratulate her on her speech and accomplishments. Nell is still "hanging in there" despite the pain that results from her fall that damaged her pelvis and from which she has not recovered. I would have enjoyed being there, (*so would I, Jessie,*) and hearing her account of her work in Africa where she spent so much time and energy teaching the people there how to feed their children. I think this was a task most men would have avoided.

Harrison, I'm passing this on to you for I am sure you will want to pass it on to others. I am proud of Nell and her accomplishments and I am glad that her lecture, along with the slides, and other parts were taped and will be placed in the Cornell Archives for posterity.

My hand still causes me a lot of trouble, but I will write whenever I can. Love to all the Chronicle Family, *Jessie*

Here is Judy Washburn's letter to her parents who passed away forty years ago.

Dearest Mother and Dad.

I never get with Margaret or Cecil, both of whom were born after you were 39, or, in fact, with any of the others that we do not talk about you and what wonderful parents you were. We did not have much money but I never missed it because we had so much love. You were both so caring and you taught us values that have made us the persons we are today. Of course I did not appreciate your good qualities until I had a family of my own.

Mom, I remember you telling me once that a mother always keeps her family together and that you hoped that your family would not scatter after you were gone, and that you hoped we would all get together once in a while. We have said so many times that we wish you could know how many times we have gotten together and what a good time we have when we do. Almost every year for some one's birthday, or wedding anniversary, or a family reunion, we get together. You'd be happy to know that at our 1991 family reunion there were 93 of your children, grand children, great, and great great grandchildren present. They came from as far away as New York and California and many of the states in between. Of course, now that the older four of your children have passed on, only their children are there to represent them.

We often talk about the modern inventions that help women today with their house work and wish you could have had them to help you. I remember how Dad would have to get up early, build a fire under that big black kettle in the back yard and see that you had plenty of water, and how you stood at that rub board washing all those piles of dirty laundry. Now we have a water heater so Dad would not have to build a fire, and we have automatic washers which we load with the dirty clothes, push a button and go about our other work and when we return, the clothes are washed. Then we remove them from the washer, put them in an automatic dryer, push another button, and go ahead with our other work while they dry. No hanging them out to dry and hoping that it doesn't rain. I remember you had to spend all day ironing all those clothes but today there is very little ironing to be done. Almost all of our clothing today is manufactured of such material that once they have been pressed, they always go back to their original shape after being laundered. This is called "wash-and-wear" material and you can imagine how helpful it would have been when we were young.

And now, Mom, we have a new kind of oven called a "Microwave Oven" that can cook food

in a few minutes. I make the filling for my cream pies in that oven and it never sticks or lumps; no more standing over a hot stove stirring the filling to keep it from sticking. I wish you could have had some of these modern conveniences to help you when you were rearing your ten children. You worked so hard; yet you were always cheerful, singing all the time you worked.

Before I close I want to tell you about my children and grand children. You were always partial to Sara, Mother, and I want you to know that she named her daughter for you. We call her Becky and she is the joy of my life. Sara had a baby boy that died at birth. Bud, who was your favorite, Dad, had three children, two boys and a girl. The girl was a "special child" who lived for 19 years, so I only have three grandchildren. But God has blessed me with 4 great grandsons by blood, marriage, and adoption. Children are truly a joy from the Lord.

Thank you dear Mother and Dad for the life you gave me, for the values you taught me, and for the love you shared with me. I would not have wanted to be born to anyone else. Love to you both, *Judy*.

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Teacher: Johnnie what is the meaning of the word "monotony"?

Johnnie: I think it means having only one spouse.

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A father said to his bachelor friend, "Do you know what it is to come home from a hard day's work to two adorable, well-mannered children who are thrilled to see you, hang onto your every word, and think you are the smartest person in the world?"

"No I don't"

"Well I'll tell you what it means, it means you are in the wrong house."

**ALSO FROM PAT**

*[Pat had an addendum letter so here it is.]*

"... My friend who came down from Illinois was honored with so many get-togethers and luncheons that I have really gotten behind.

As you can see I have not yet written my grandfather letter, but I have started it. There is so much to write about and I am now trying to make it shorter. If my grandfather had only lived until this year, it would be much easier, but he thoughtlessly departed from us in the late 1930's. Such a great old guy. I am very lucky that he lived long enough that I was able to know him well. Holland is unfortunate -- both of his grandfathers died before he was born.

The patio is still not clean or neat, but is getting roomier and we can now walk around. Much of the potted stuff is sitting outside and got a good soaking when we got nearly four inches of rain last week. You wouldn't believe how a giant Brazilian fern had become so overly aggressive it had nearly filled the whole area. It is called a macho fern for good reasons. I have been joking about getting a machete, but I may have to make good my threat. *[Pat, I might be persuaded to let you borrow my machete. It is quite old but manufactured by a company that specialized in machetes. I understand they are no longer available, and now sell for \$150 to \$300. if you can find one. This one will take an edge that will shave.]*

We have just learned that we may be trekking out to New Mexico some time in June. Our plans are incomplete at present. Hopefully we may get to visit you again. We have not forgotten that we have promised to be your guides for a tour of some of that area. such a trip will have to be planned at a time when we can find our way out of the house. Right now it is piled to the ceiling with art projects. I am absolutely sure that if Holland ever decided to take on another wife, (He'd better be sure that I have departed for that big art studio in the sky, if he knows what's good for him) he will not pick a nutty artist that likes to write -- he'll look for some one with enough time for house keeping. Cheers, every body, Pat.

**COULD IT HAVE BEEN HANTAVIRUS?**

Remember last year when several people died of the disease, Hantavirus? It was so called because the virus that caused it was similar to one found in Korea and killed so many troops fighting in that area. (Hanta is a place in Korea.) The disease is carried by mice, especially that cute little mouse, the deer mouse. People get the virus from breathing dust that contains dried urine, feces, or the hairs of the mouse.

*[You didn't know this was a Sunday School lesson, did you?]*

Last week I was reading the story in the Bible of how the Israelites lost the ark and recovered it. Seems the Philistines captured it and took it to one of their five main cities. Shortly after it arrived they were invaded by hordes of mice, and hundreds of them became ill and died. The people in the first city, Ashdod, decided they did not want the ark in their city so they took it over to Gath, but there the people encountered a horde of mice and began to die off too. So the ark was passed on to the next, then to the next, then to the fifth (and last) city of the Philistines, but every time it entered a city, so did a horde of mice and the people began to die. Finally they called a meeting to decide what to do with this icon of the Israelites. Some argued that the ark had nothing to do with the scourge, others thought it did. Finally they reached a decision that satisfied both sides. They hooked up two milk cows to a new wagon built for the purpose, loaded the ark on it, then drove the wagon down the road until it came to a fork. There, they left it up to the cows to decide which was the right way to go. If the cows went in the direction of the Israelites, then it was the ark that was causing all the trouble, but if the cows took the other fork, then the ark was not causing the disease and they would bring it back. Well the cows took the road to the closest Israelite village. (as you knew they would)

Now the Philistines did not want to send the ark back with no apology so each of the five cities had a golden statue made,, put the mice plus

some other things in a bagand put it all on the ark. (Coins from that region have been found that have a mouse on one side and the image of a man on the other. He was supposed to have been helpful in getting rid of the mice.)

The most interesting part of this story is the description of how the people suffered and the manner in which they died which is very similar to the description of the illness of hantavirus encountered by the Navajos last summer. And since it appears that this disease of the Philistines is so intimately tied to the presence of mice, I am led to believe that it might have been "hantavirus".

*[Hey, you all. Why do you not comment on my Sunday School lessons? If you disagree with what I say, then write me your side of the story -- I'll publish it. I'll do most anything to get you to write a letter.]*

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Margaret got a letter from Old Ormery last week and he signed off, "Give my best regards to "The Thing". Now who else could he mean but me? He wouldn't be sending regards to the stove or the bed or the TV. The next thing I know he will be calling me "The Obnoxious Thing".

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Jim came on the 16th with a pickup full of things we left behind in El Segundo. Among them were a couple of file cabinets, the Weedeater, my router, hedge trimmer, and a lot of other things I have needed desperately. We enjoy our visits with Jim. He and Margaret settle all the world's political problems and he and I discuss all the latest advances in science and technology. Jim is a voracious reader, devouring everything readable, and has an opinion (with which I generally agree) about everything.

*I have written another letter to Grandpa Mondy- which I will put in this issue. I wish all of you would write a letter to someone you would like to talk to if you could do so..*

Dear Grandpa:

When did they install your telephone? Was it about 1924? I remember you had it placed on the west wall of the store in the southwest corner. At the time it was installed, they ran a line up the road to Uncle Arch Stephens, and one west along the Water Valley road to a lot of people who lived over there. There were 16 families on that line, and Aunt Mattie, who lived down the hill from the store was the nearest to Pocahontas. The charge for the phone was 50 cents per month, payable quarterly, except everyone on the line paid an extra ten cents per quarter which was given to one man who acted as secretary to collect the fees from the other 15 and take the money to the central exchange in Pocahontas. That dime from 15 persons was enough to pay for his dues. Dan Kirk was that secretary for many years. My sister, Jewel, married one of his sons, Tom.

Do you remember how difficult it was to talk "long distance?" each person had to shout into the phone and there was a lot of repetition for it was very difficult to hear. There was a lot of static and the voices were weak. Your phone, like all the other phones on the line, was a "Kellog" phone with a crank on the right side of the box that you used for signalling "central" to tell her what number you wanted. If it was a long distance call, she had to call other operators until she finally got to the town where the person lived you wanted. Phones and phone services have certainly changed. Now, instead of calling an operator and having her find the person, we press some buttons on the phone instead of turning the crank, and the call goes through automatically. A few minutes ago my wife Margaret (you never knew her) wanted to talk to her friend in Australia, so she pressed a few numbers on the phone and within less than a minute, her friend answered. She sounded as if she was next door, no static or other background sounds.

The telephone lines are used for a lot of other things too, things you never thought of. My telephone is a combination answering machine, telephone, and facsimile machine. If I am not available when someone calls, the machine an-

swers the call and records what ever they want to tell me, then when I come in I can listen to their message. My son in California has a similar machine and if I want to tell him something I just jot it down on a sheet of paper and press one button on my machine, stick the sheet of paper in and in less than a minute a sheet of paper comes out of his machine that looks exactly like the one I put in my machine. This is called a FAX machine, FAX is the abbreviation for "Fac-simile" and they are wonderful devices. It costs 29 cents to send a letter these days and may take two or three days for him to get it. I can send the same letter by FAX for about 16 cents and he will have it in less than a minute.

The telephone companies are now manufacturing telephones with screens on them so that you can see the person you are talking to. That's good if you want to know it's the right person, but Margaret says she doesn't want one -- she often answers the phone when she has on only her night gown (or less) and she certainly doesn't want some one to see her.

Yes Grandpa, things sure have changed since your day. Now you can call just about any body in the world and reach them in less than a minute (if they are at their phone). And of course, as you would expect, they now have telephones mounted in cars. I don't have one in my car but my daughter has one and she can call any where in the world and talk to someone while breezing along the highway at 65 miles per hour. These telephones are not connected to a phone-line, they use a radio link. Do you remember radios? They were just coming out when you passed away. Now they are everywhere -- even Poahontas has a few broadcast radio stations. More about them in a future letter.

Almost everybody has a telephone, and many families have three or four. Sometimes each kid in the family has his own phone. Of course they cost a lot more but in terms of the salaries people make today, they are not too expensive.

There is something I remember about you and your telephone. You will remember that the telephone line was a single strand of #9 wire that was mounted on "insulators" on top of a pole between the store and town but the road to Water Valley was lined with trees so a lot of the line was simply wrapped around an insulator nailed to the trees. One night a limb fell across the line that crossed the road in front of the store and there was not enough wire to patch up the break, so some one got a piece of barbed wire and used that. I remember you saying that you wondered what the persons would sound like if the sound had to jump over all those barbs. Of course the barbed wire worked just as well as the regular wire and it was there for many years.

*I'm glad you were my Grandpa and I apologize for all the worry I must have caused you. I'll write again soon. Harrison..*

#### **WE DOOD IT**

Well I guess I shouldn't say "we", because it was really Margaret who did it. Every time I go to have the paper printed, it costs from 20 to 27 dollars. A couple of weeks ago she found a sale on a Xerox copiers and began begging and pleading and cajoling, and threatening and all the other things women do to get their husbands to do something, and I finally gave in and allowed her to order me a brand new Xerox 5820. Now I don't have to go to the printer and stand in line and sometimes have to go back two or three times because his machine is broken down. Of course among her argumeents was that I could save enough in a couple of years to pay for it and since I expect to still be printing th eCHRONICLE for that long I let her talk me into it. At first I thought she was worried about the girls down at the printing office, but she has seen them -- one is fat and the other is ugly. ANYWAY, the beautiful thing is sitting here waiting for me to finish the paper and see how good it works. I'm hoping that the cost per page will go down to about 2 cents. This issue of the paper will be its shake-down cruise.

*Love toall, Harrison*