

CHRONICLE

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

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Wouldn't it be nice if the publisher of a family newspaper could publish only good news? That is not possible. I have to publish the sad stories along with the others.

The sad story this issue is that the oldest son of Ercil and Lester White, Dean White died last Sunday with a heart attack. Dean was sixty-two and apparently in good health. He was rehearsing with a college group for a musical in German. During a break he went to the men's room. Just as he entered, he collapsed, and one of the men caught him as he fell. He was rushed to the hospital, but was beyond resuscitation.

Ercil's brother Cecil and her two sisters, Margaret and Judy, plus all of Dean's siblings and Jane's brother are attending the funeral today (Friday, 12 May 1995). Ercil's brothers, Harold and CP were not able to attend on account of their health..

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Two weeks ago we went to Los Angeles to attend Brecken's school's performance of *Oklahoma* in which she starred as Ado Annie and did a superb job.

Jim and Geri have moved from Houston, Texas into our old home at 929 Sheldon Street, and their furniture and belongings added to what we had left there was more than a full house, so on Monday morning we rented a large moving van and loaded it full of our left behinds and Jim and Geri drove the van through to El Prado, arriving Tuesday night after our arrival about 4 PM Tuesday. They were able to spend three full days

with us which we enjoyed very much. They flew home on Saturday so that Jim could do a week's training programs beginning on Monday. All four of us are happy; they were glad to get all of our stuff (including our washer and dryer, my desk, several book cases, TV, etc) out of their way, and we were happy to get the stuff here. Margaret was particularly glad to get her washer and dryer which were much better than the ones that were here in the house when we moved in and we were glad to get our Encyclopedia Britannica's which get a lot of use in our house. They are now about 40 years out of date in history, the geography of the world, and the latest technology, but they are still very useful.

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Now he's done it! Margaret's brother Harold, I mean. He wrote a short, four paragraph article for the Arkansas Democrat-Gazette presenting the changes in the national debt from the end of the Ford administration to the present. Well, the Ku Klux Klan read the article and decided that Harold and Wilma would be ideal members of the KKK and sent him an invitation to join. Harold did not send me a copy of his reply but I can imagine what it may have said.

Here is another part of Harold's letter that has nothing to do with the KKK. He says

"I must tell you about my latest misery. I had a hammertoe that swelled up on me and the pain was unbearable, so off to Jonesboro to a foot specialist we went. After two visits, he decided that the only solution was an operation. So on Monday, April 10, I became a cripple, complete with walker and cane. Now my full-time nurse (and wife) has decided that I cannot move unless she is there to guide me. We went

back to the doctor on April 17 to get the stitches removed and then my miseries multiplied; I now have to wear a wooden shoe and am house bound. I am going back to the doctor tomorrow with the hope that the doctor will remove the rubberized bandage that restricts circulation. I already have enough trouble with circulation in my feet."

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BRECKEN decided not to sell her birthright for a mess of pottage.

She says that her birthright is the dream of going to an Ivy League school; a dream she has had since early grade school. To sell that dream for money is something she thinks she will always regret. She talked to me about it while I was there and I told her that I thought she should write a short note to the *Chronicle* so that the readers would all understand her decision. Today I received a letter from her containing such an explanation. Her letter follows:

"Dear Pop Pop,

Here is my letter of explanation to the whole *Chronicle* family about my college plans.

I made the impossible decision last week as to where I will spend the next four years of my life. I had to turn down eight schools in favor of only one. Sometimes I wished I could go to all of them.

I was accepted at Yale, Princeton, Stanford, Dartmouth, Georgetown, Bowdoin, Swarthmore, Duke, and the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. (I was rejected by Brown and wait-listed by Williams.)

The first big decision I had to make was whether to take the Morehead scholarship at the University of North Carolina. I had to decide whether I wanted to go to a large school or a small school, an Ivy League school or a public school, live in the East or the West; my heart told me to go to either Yale or Princeton, which are expensive, while my pocketbook told me that I should accept the scholarship and go to North Carolina.

Ever since I was eight or nine years old I have dreamed of going to an Ivy League

University, and ever since then I have saved my money and studied hard to make sure I could go to one. So in the end it came down to deciding whether to follow my dream, or accept the monetary advantage of the scholarship. The scholarship offered two enticements; free college for four years and summer jobs. As to the jobs, I have only to use the connections I have already established to line up my own jobs; I just need to take the initiative to do it. As to the money, my parents have said from the first that I must not let money play any part in my decision. So the whole thing came down to comparing the schools and what I would get from them.

So on the night before the Scholarship Foundation required my decision, I decided to follow my heart. I turned down the scholarship.

Then I had to decide among the other schools. Stanford was in California, and I wanted to study in the East. My parents and I had visited all the campuses so it was easy to decide that I would go either to Yale or Princeton. Both of these had great appeal, so now came the time to decide between the two. Here again the choice had to be mine; my parents would not press me either way. I studied everything each had to offer and when the day of decision came, I chose Yale. Now I am a Yalie, GO BULL-DOGS!!!!.

I am so excited about the next year. Yale has an unmatched vitality that I just love. The architecture is beautiful; it seems that each building has its own history and personality. The campus is designed in large quads, each quad has grass and trees and benches to relax on. But of even more importance to me is the college system. The student body of about 5100 is divided among twelve residential colleges of about 400 students each. In this way the colleges provide a smaller family environment for the students as well as more personal attention from the faculty. Each college has a master and a dean to take care of the students' personal and academic needs, as well as fellows (professors who are assigned to the colleges to participate in the college life) to provide more access to the faculty. Each college has a dining hall, a library, computers, theaters, exercise rooms, music halls, etc. They are almost individual communities within

the Yale university. When I arrive I will be assigned to one of the colleges and there I will live for four years.

I have already lined up two jobs. This summer I will again work at the Norton Simon Museum of Art in Pasadena as an assistant to the librarian. The Alumni Director at the University of Redlands (my mother's alma mater) has offered to help me get a job in Yale's Alumni Office during the school year. She is a close friend of the Director of Alumni Relations at Yale. "

Then there was the following personal note: "I hope you tell everyone what great grandparents I have; who else has grandparents that would drive two days to see their granddaughter in a musical? Only I do!!! You might also tell them what a great boyfriend I have, -- one who would fly 3200 miles from Maine to see her do Ado Annie in *Oklahoma!!!*

Love to all, Brecken

The weather here in Taos has been as strange as in other parts of the country. One day we had bits of snow, hail, sleet, rain and sunshine in rapid succession. Most mornings until recently we arose to a temperature of about 30 degrees. For the past week it has been a bit higher, going up to the mid 60s during the day. So I decided to take my tomatoes out to the south portal and let them have a taste of the weather. Also took my 8 little elm trees out too (I'm going to plant them for a windbreak) and lined them up on the portal. Yesterday we had wind, -- I mean WIND. No storm, just gale force wind. It blew so hard that it whipped off several leaves from my little elms and actually blew off one green tomato and sent it rolling across the flagstone. Neither the tomato plant nor the elms have been exposed to wind before so they did not have very strong limbs or leaves. Now they will grow stronger ones.

But spring is here. The pussy willows are in bloom, the apple trees are in bloom, the trees along the road are putting out their buds, some

IN MEMORIAM

DONALD DEAN WHITE

Colonel, USAF (Ret)

June 25, 1933 - May 6, 1995

Lovingly Remembered by

His Wife, Jane (Jipp) White

Two children, Christa and Michael

His Parents, Lester O. and Ercil White,

His Brothers, Keith and Jinks White

and Sisters, Margaret Apperson,

Martha McKinney, Kathy Schell,

and Vicki Roberts

Plus three Grandchildren, Several Uncles,

Aunts, and Cousins

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings:
Sunward I've climbed, and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds - and done a hundred things
You have never dreamed of - wheeled and
soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there,
I've chased the shouting wing along, and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air,
Up, up the long, delirious, burning blue
I've topped the windswept heights with easy grace
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew
And while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
the high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

John Gillespie Magee, Jr.

This poem is probably the best known poem among pilots and by many others and I'm sure that Dean repeated it many times as he soared the skies.

have leaves already. The ants are busy repairing the winter damages to their homes, and yesterday I saw two prairie dogs about a hundred yards apart standing on their mounds whistling to each other while several others were busy grazing. Our little flycatcher that insists on building her nest on our portal, has a family which means that soon we will have to be careful about leaving a door open. When the young leave the nest, they are afraid of the wide open spaces and tend to stay around under the portal.

If they find a door open, the whole flock come in, then there is the problem of chasing them out. Six birds in one kitchen is pretty much to deal with we found out last year..

Everybody knows I have a brother-in-law named Cecil who is sometimes referred to by his daughter and others as "Old Ornery". He is a *Chronicle* reader of long standing. From time to time Margaret adds small notes to the *Chronicle* when I mail it and recently she added such a note to Cecil's issue. She received a letter from him a couple of weeks ago and though it had some rather cutting remarks about the publisher of the little news letter, I'm going to be fair and publish them. I feel that it is the duty of the publisher of any newspaper to promote freedom of the press by printing the scathing remarks by the reader. So here is the letter from Cecil to his sister (my wife), Margaret.

"Thanks for the newsy note you attached to the *Chronicle*; it offsets some of the acid remarks made by the publisher about me. I read in the paper that he gave you, my little sister, a broom for Valentine. I suggested that if he was going to be that ornery, he should have given you a plow to plow that four acres of land around your house but he said that would not be enough to keep you busy. By now he has probably bought you an axe, (he is too chincy to get you a chain saw, so that you can cut the wood for all those fireplaces you have.

In the April 3rd issue of the paper he was wondering if he was back in my will. He has hundreds of dollar where I have pennies, so I don't know why I should put him in my will. Originally I considered putting him in my will for a nickel or so but I don't see why I should.

What I can't figure out is where he got his poison pen addiction. I knew both of his parents, wonderful people. I used to visit his mother in Colorado Springs in the 80's and a sweeter woman never lived. I know he did not get it from them. I know his brother, a fine upstanding American Citizen, and he is not like that. I have

met his sisters in Colorado Springs and they are not like that. In fact, in the April 3rd issue they admonished him for his harassment of me.

I know well his two children and finer people do not exist. I know his granddaughter, too. She is my great niece and she is great in more than kinship, she is brilliant, intelligent, and beautiful, but her greatest asset is the beauty that lies within.

And though I have never met them I know he has wonderful cousins who write to the *Chronicle*, two in Springfield, one in Louisiana, one in New York, one in Florida, three or four in Arkansas, one in Arizona, another in Oregon -- his kinfolks are every where and I can't believe any of them are as bad as he is.

I have a great suggestion for all of you readers of the *Chronicle*; each of you write a letter to him. You don't have to tell him to lay off me, just write long letters and he won't have enough room left to harass me. And a little prayer might help.

I truly love all of you and I do love reading all of your letters. It gets kinda lonely out here in Kansas but your letters make me feel less lonely and though there are many of you I have never met, I feel like I know you (and thanks to my brother-in-law, I think you feel like you know me. But you really don't. Honest, I'm not nearly as ornery as he makes out I am.

Mike Landwehr (cousin to Jessie Thornton and Lois Sitz) puts out a family record paper called *The HALL HERITAGE* and I have just received the latest issue (Thanks Mike). This issue was devoted to the Ernest and Frankie Mondy family.. I shall quote from it from time to time since Mike and I exchange information on our related families. If you will consult the Geneatraces I have supplied you in the past, you will find out that Aunt Frankie and Uncle Ernest were step cousins. She was a Hall, he was a Mondy. Her step mother, Sarah Louisa was my grandmother Mondy's sister..