

A History of the White Family

Part 2B –The Family of Arthur Benjamin and Nora Pearl Harbor White 1972 -1985

By Bruce Dale White

After Granddad (Horace) and Grandma White (Nora) died, Papa (AB White) changed in a subtle manner. He was 81 at the time and he stopped going to his lodges all the time and he became a granddad to me and my bother and sister. I can remember many things that I did with him and many fond memories. Papa was a good man and a kind man all the years that I knew him. His one passion was for Jesus and he was the oldest living commissioned home missionary of the Southern Baptist Convention.

We all lived on the 1100 block of Trigg Street in Amarillo. Down the street on Grand Avenue there was a little block of shops. I remember Papa and me walking down to the barbershop and getting haircuts. Now this was not a modern hair stylist place, but a real, honest to goodness, old fashioned barbershop. It had a barber pole out front and inside old men played checkers, no women cut hair there and it smelled like a barbershop. I can remember seeing men get their hair cut and full shaves from the barber, something that I miss being able to get done as a man. Since the advent of HIV, barbers are no longer allowed to shave customers with a razor.

After we got our haircut, we would go to the drug store next door. Like the barbershop, this was an old fashioned, family owned drugstore. It had a wooden bar and the ice cream and soda fountain. Papa would get a cold drink and I would get a milk shake, made by hand by the person working there. Across the street was a “Five and Dime” store, again owned by a family proprietor. Sometimes, he would take me over there and he would buy me some small toy.



AB White “Papa” 1977



One of Papa’s loves was baseball. He loved watching it on TV and he really enjoyed to go see the Amarillo GoldSox, our minor league team play. I can remember going to the ball games with him and we would walk the whole way, at least 2 miles to the stadium together. At other times, my Mom’s mother, Lois Price (Gan) would come and pick us up and take us to the baseball games, which she loved as much as Papa did.

A History of the White Family 2B

I remember one time, after church, I was riding home in Papa's car. He went right through an intersection of two major 4 lane streets. Mom and my siblings were in the car following. My Mom was terribly scared. Once we got home, Mom, Nanny and Bobby got him to give up driving, as he was in his mid 80's and was dangerous. From that time forward, if someone was not there to take him somewhere, he walked or rode the city busses. I can remember riding busses all over Amarillo with him as a child.



Grand Avenue Baptist Church in Amarillo

My Mom at this time worked two and three jobs and my siblings and I stayed at Nanny's a lot. Nanny never had a lot of money, but what she lacked in financial resources, was compensated in other ways. One thing I can say about Nanny's; there was always a place where I felt loved and cared for, regardless of whatever the world was throwing at me. I went to school at Sunrise Elementary School in East Amarillo. I would walk to school in the morning and then walk to Nanny's house after school. When I was in second grade, my sister Brenda "Pete", and I would walk together.

The Day the World Fell Apart

One day in spring 1973, when I was in the second grade, I got out of school and Brenda, who was in kindergarten and I headed home to Nanny's. When I got there, something was wrong, very wrong. This turned out to be the second worst day in my life. Nanny was crying and she would not tell me why. She got distracted taking care of my little brother Barry and I wandered outside. I looked towards my house and I saw a trailer with my father loading stuff into it. I went down there and wondered what was going on. In a few minutes, my Mom showed up and I got hustled back to Nanny's house. My parents were getting divorced and I felt lost. For a long time, as kids often times do, I wondered what I had done to make him leave us. It was not until much later, when I had grown up some that I realized I had done nothing. Mom and we kids lived in the house next door to Nanny for awhile afterwards.



Lois Price (Gan)

Mom eventually was helped by her mother Lois Price to buy a house, as the old house was owned by Bobby and we could not live there anymore because Mom felt uncomfortable. We moved about three miles away on Bagarry Street, just to the south of where Nanny and Papa lived. I remember I used to ride my bike over to see them. Nanny also babysat us a great deal.

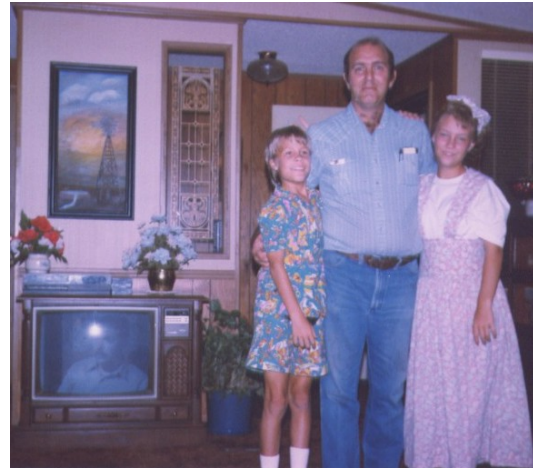
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Bobby next married a woman he used to date in school, Judy Lilly. They were married in 1973, and at some point he sold the house on Trigg Street and they bought a home on the other side of Amarillo. In 1977, Bobby and Judy had a daughter, Amanda Kaye White. In 1981, they had a son, named Christopher Randolph White.



Bobby and Judy, 1974

Barbara - After a while, my mom began dating a man named Danny Gail Scobey. One day when she was on her way home from work, she stopped in a small convenience store on Eastern Street, called Scobey's Quik Chex. Danny had moved back in with his parents and was attending Amarillo College and working part time at the family store. The next evening they went on a date. They continued to date and eventually they were married on 27 April 1974 in Keys, Oklahoma, where my Aunt Claudine lived. I find it amusing when people ask me how long I have been married, and I tell them "I have been married 22 years and my Mom and Dad have been married 32 years!" I always get this weird look from them and I just can't figure why.



Christopher, Bobby and Amanda



Danny Gail Scobey (Dad)

Roof Ranger Parachute Battalion

One day, Mom and Danny went over to Nuna and Poppa Scobey's house for a bit and left us kids with a teenage babysitter. I was around 10 years old, Brenda was 8 and Barry was 6.

Being boys, Barry and I had Army men and assorted other toys. One of us got the notion that we could make parachutes and jump off the house. I am sure it must have been Barry; at least that is my story and I am sticking to it. So we got some sheets, cut them up and using twine made parachutes, or something similar. Next we moved some hay to just below the peak of the house and then climbed up the roof using a ladder.

We had a great time parachuting the 20 or so feet into the hay. That is, until Mom and Danny pulled in the driveway. As a 42 year old father, I can only imagine what went through their minds to see their 10 and 6 year old sons jumping off the roof, with plastic army helmets on and a piece of sheet flapping behind them. Needless to say, we got in trouble.



Soon after Mom and Danny were married, we moved to Liberal, Kansas, where Danny attended Liberal College for his degrees in electronics and Mom worked at National Beef. I like to tell my kids that she was a butcher, but in reality she was an executive secretary. I have some really vivid and sometimes humorous memories of living in Kansas. I was in the fourth grade at this time and we only lived there a year.

Blackie the Dog: Before we moved to Kansas, we had a little dog, that I named Blackie. When we moved, Blackie could not go with us. So we gave Blackie to Papa (AB White). Papa grew to love that dog. He told me Blackie was the smartest dog he ever had. I can remember that Papa would always give Blackie a scoop of ice cream and I honestly never saw Papa happier than when he and that dog were pals. I can remember Blackie would be out in the yards (Papa's and Nanny's were connected) and Papa would open the door and say, "Blackie, you a better get on in here if you want your cookie". That dog would come running at full speed to get his cookie!



Barry, Bruce (holding Blackie) and Brenda, 1975

Highway Stripes

One time, my Uncle Dale and Aunt Cathy and Cousins Tracy and Dale Jr. Scobey were up visiting. We all decided to go and see Dodge City (of Gunsmoke fame) and Garden City, Kansas. We were driving through the prairie on the highway. This was in 1974, when the CB (citizen's band) radio fad was big. Danny and Dale were talking on the CB's and got to arguing how long the white stripes were on the road and how far in between each one. Both cars pulled over and they got out and were measuring the stripes and the distance between them. I imagine people driving on the highway thought they were nuts.

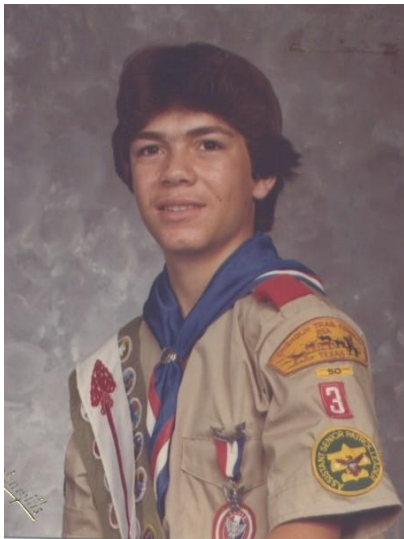


Uncle Dale and Aunt Cathy Scobey

Baby Skunks Don't Smell

Another time, we had to go to the grocery store and since we lived kind of out in the country, it was really "going to town". I remember us driving in the car down the country road. Suddenly a family of skunks, a mama and her babies, were in front of us. Danny stopped the car and said he was going to look at one. My mom was not pleased, but Danny assured her that baby skunks can't spray that lovely smelling odor. Unfortunately, baby skunks can and in this case, did spray him. When he got back in the car, it was so bad we had to roll down all the windows. When we got to the store, mom went in and said for us to wait. Not two minutes after she went in, Danny went in after her, smelling like a skunk himself and embarrassed her, much to his delight. This is where I learned the fine art of practical jokes.

In 1975, Mom and we kids moved back to Amarillo and lived with my Grandmother Price (Gan), while Danny finished school in Liberal, Kansas. Eventually in 1975, Danny graduated from college and got a job with the Xerox Corporation and was assigned to the Abilene, Texas office. He moved down first and we stayed in Amarillo, until they could find a house to move into and other such things. In the fall of 1976, Mom and we kids moved to Abilene. We initially lived in a rented home on Sherry Street in North Abilene, but the next year my parents bought a house on Ambler Avenue, where I grew up. I was in the sixth grade, when we moved to Abilene.



My Eagle Scout Photo - 1980

Brenda, Barry and I all attended Jane Long Elementary, Horace Mann Junior High and graduated from Abilene Senior High School. I was a member of Boy Scout Troop 3 and received my Eagle Scout Award in 1980 at the age of 15. In high school, I was on the swim team and the debate team. I won third place in the state in 1981-82 for Extemporaneous Speaking and Second Place in 1982-83 for Team Debate. While in high school, I worked part-time at Bill's Burger for a man named Clyde Taylor.

By the Rocket's Red Glare

When I was in junior high, my best friend was a guy named Raymond Young. Raymond and I were huge Star Wars fans, as most kids were at the time. Our love of space led us to want to build model rockets. So we built and launched a few but it got kind of boring to just shoot rockets into the air and pick them up after they parachuted to the ground.

Raymond and I had a great idea; we would build a real rocket, complete with a warhead. Danny at his time was into black powder hunting, so we had a can of gunpowder for the muzzleloader. Raymond and I bought a kit for a model rocket of the German V-2 of World War Two fame. This was a large model rocket, at least 3 feet tall and 4 inches in diameter or better. We built the rocket with some modifications; we filled the nose cone with gunpowder and attached a short fuse. We glued the nose cone to the rocket body and used the two stage model rocket engines that were designed to ignite the upper stage of a two stage model rocket.



We were supremely proud of our creation and the day came to launch it. Raymond, Barry and I rode our bicycles to the elementary school and set up the launch pad in the field. We did the countdown and Raymond pressed the launch button, the rocket rose up from the pad and climbed to a few hundred feet in the air. Suddenly, our plans came to fruition as the warhead exploded. It sounded like dynamite and it was really loud. It was so loud that we got scared and loaded up our stuff, jumped on our bicycles and rode home. We passed police cars on our way home. I am glad this was before the days of Homeland Security.

The First National Bank of Barry



I remember an incident when I was in high school and my little brother Barry must have been in the 8th or 9th grade. Barry had figured out that a lot of kids at Horace Mann Junior High often times did not have the money they needed to buy stuff from the snack bar. So being resourceful, he figured out he could loan money to those kids, Of course, Barry being the pirate at heart that he is, loaned lunch money at the fair rate of 100% per day. Not only that, but he also had his own collection agents, big football players that helped ensure the positive repayment of debts. This was all very interesting and all very much against school rules, not to mention about a thousand state and federal laws. So one day, Mom got a phone call from the school and Barry had to repay all of his earnings.

A Dog Day Afternoon

Across the street from our house was a huge vacant lot. Danny had told us that under no circumstances were we to take the Brittany spaniels out of the yard. So being the obedient boys that Barry and I were, we did. We took the practice birdies out and the dogs and were having the dogs retrieve them. Barry, I and the dogs all had a great time and we were all back in our respective places before Mom and Danny ever got home. That evening, we were sitting around the dinner table and Brenda ratted us out. Of course, Barry and I refused to confirm or deny her accusations and we acted shocked that she would even suggest such a thing. This is when she pulled out the Polaroid she had taken clearly showing Barry, me and the dogs out in the vacant lots that afternoon. Once again, Barry and I got in trouble.



The Dogs Loved Barry the Most

As I previously mentioned, we raised Brittany spaniel hunting dogs. Now I have to say these were some the smartest dogs I have ever seen. Dusty, the king of our dog pack figured out how to open the sliding glass patio door and let themselves into the house. We were all amazed at their resourcefulness. Mom mentioned that the dogs really had taken to Barry, as they would open the door and run all the way down the hallway to Barry's room. This went on for a while, and finally we wondered why the dogs loved Barry so much that they would head to his bedroom, even when Barry WAS NOT HOME! So Mom and I decided to check things out. The mystery was solved shortly. Barry had a virtual amusement park for dogs under his bed. There were snack foods of all sorts, from candy, to snack cakes to beef jerky.

Papa and the Possum



One time when I was in high school, Papa (AB White) came down to visit. Danny and I took him fishing, which he really enjoyed. But when we were driving back from the lake he asked if

we could shoot him a possum. Danny said sure, so we went hunting and got him a possum. We brought it back to the house and Papa commenced to making stewed possum. I guess it must be an acquired taste, because none of the rest of us could stand the smell, let alone eat any of it. It should be considered that Danny will eat almost anything, from ants to kimchi

Mom and the Dog Food

One time when I was around 18 years old, I was living at home and like most teenagers, I wanted to do anything except what my parents asked me to do. One particular day was no different. We raised Brittany Spaniels and it was time to go get some dog food. Now we didn't just buy a little bag of dog food, we had to buy a 60 lb. bag of dry feed and three or so cases of canned food, which we mixed into the dry. My mom, being a person of small stature (she his 4'11", exactly one inch shorter and she would technically be a midget), could not load or carry all of this dog food.

She came to my bedroom and told me that she needed me to come with her and help her carry the dog food. Being a teenager, I was busy watching TV or some other such vitally important task. I did not want to go to the grocery store with her. But using her Mom powers (giving, taking and grounding), she convinced me to accompany her. She did not convince me to be happy about it.

We went to M-System, the local grocery store and I put the dog food into the basket. She also needed to get some other things. I remember at least a gallon of milk and some beer for Danny that we also got. When we got all the stuff we needed, we headed to the check-out lane. I lifted the dog food to the counter and the cashier rang them up. Then she rang up the milk, beer and other items. Being friendly and a courteous clerk, she asked my Mom if she needed anything else.



Barbara (Mom)

At this point, using my acquired talents of practical jokes which I learned from the Grand Master (Danny) himself, I spoke up. I looked at my mom and made this pleading face and said, "Mom, next time when we get the welfare check, can we get something besides this dog food, I can't stand it anymore?"

The clerk was shocked and I can still remember the look on her face. My mom got flustered and told me to tell her I was joking. I looked at the clerk and said in a diminutive manner, "I wish I was joking, I am so hungry!"

My mom never made me go shopping with her again. And I learned something else from this event as well. Even if your mom is only 4'11" tall, she can still hit you hard.

The Accident

In 1982, when I was a senior in high school, I had an accident and nearly died. One day at school, we were going into the auditorium to do something and the lights were out. I fell into the orchestra pit, cracking my skull and being knocked out. I was in a coma for a couple of weeks, with swelling of my brain and came close to dying. When I came out of it, my Mom says, "I knew he was going to be okay when as we were checking his eyes he clearly said to me and the nurse; would you quit the crap and let me sleep? Sweetest words I had ever heard."

Possessed or Something Like It

The funniest thing I remember as a teenager is when Barry and I scared Brenda, which she fully deserved. Brenda started to going to a very fundamentalist church with some friends. This particular church did not believe in amongst others: (1) Women wearing jeans (2) Movies (3) Rock and Roll music or (4) Dog and Cats living together. One time, when I was a senior in high school, it must have been late 1983 and Brenda went to a youth retreat thing at the church. The next week at school, I would be between classes and people would come up to me and say things like "Bruce, Jesus loves you" or "Bruce, come back to God". Now this went on all week and I finally realized something was weird going on. Late in the afternoon, a friend of mine came up and said, "Bruce, God loves you and I am here for you too".



Brenda "Pete"

That was it, I asked Karen why she was telling me this and that people had been doing so all week long. Karen told me that it was ok, that everyone knew of my problem and they all cared for me. Obviously I was interested in what this "problem" was and how everyone knew about it, so I asked her to please explain. She told me that at the retreat last weekend at the church, my sister had confided in the group that I was listening to evil heavy metal music and was under the influence of Satan. This surprised me quite a bit, because to the best of my recollection, the Devil and I had never even worked together in any way or even played air hockey together.

That Friday, when I got home from work, I told my brother Barry what had happened and we decided that it was time to "Get Brenda". So the next day, we knew Brenda had to go work and that my Mom and Danny would also be at work. About 30 minutes before Brenda was supposed to get home, we started getting ready. We got this green face mask stuff out of our Mom's makeup cabinet and put it on my face, so I looked bright green. We got the ladder and were ready. As Brenda pulled into the driveway, I climbed the

ladder in the hallway and used my arms and legs to hold myself up at the ceiling. Brenda came in the house and was walking down the hallway to her bedroom.

Just as she passed under me, I said in a “possessed” voice, “Brenda”. She paused and I said again, “Brenda”. She looked up at me and I said, “Brenda, you have betrayed me, now it is your turn”.



Brenda screamed and ran out of the house. I started laughing so hard I fell the 8 feet to the carpet. Barry came out of his room laughing and made sure I was ok. We looked out the window and all we could see was Brenda’s car tearing down the road. We knew where she was heading, to Mom’s office and that we had very little time. So we quickly got that stuff off of me, put the ladder up and got in relaxed frame of mind, waiting for the inevitable reaction.

After some time, Mom, Brenda and Danny got home. They had all three of us kids in the living room and Danny demanded to know what happened. Brenda told him she came home and I was floating on the ceiling with a green face and the devil was threatening her through me.

Danny then asked me what I had to say about it. I told him, “As far as I know, I cannot defy the law of gravity and obviously I am not green. Honestly, I think Brenda is insane!”

Brenda did not speak to me for awhile after that, but from my perspective, she had it coming for telling people crazy things about me.

Bobby:

In 1983 Bobby got divorced from his second wife, Judy Lilly. Later that year he married his third wife, Patricia Riley from Clovis, New Mexico. Bobby and Pat bought some land north of Canyon, Texas and moved there. Oleta (Nanny) eventually sold her house in Amarillo around 1986 and purchased a mobile home and moved onto Bobby’s property, next door.



Pat Riley White

Bruce: (gets domesticated)

In the last semester of my senior year in high school (1983), I went on a school competition trip for computer class. One evening, they took all the kids to the mall in Midland, Texas. I noticed a girl, who I thought was about the most attractive female I had ever seen. So being the suave and debonair ladies man that I was, I walked over to her, looked her straight in the eyes and said, "Excuse me, can you tell me what time it is?" She must have thought I was an idiot, because I did have a watch on. Regardless she giggled and told me the time and we got to talking. When we all went to the pizza place in the mall, we sat together and got to know each other better. Her name was Cheryl Marie Lewis, the daughter of Gerald Leon and Peggy Jane (Bennett) Lewis of Abilene, TX. Eventually, things progressed and she made me marry her, but that is for later on.

We started dating from that point on and were pretty much inseparable. Cheryl was a year behind me in school, so when I graduated in May, I deferred a scholarship to Texas Tech in Lubbock, Texas to attend McMurry College in Abilene for my freshman year. Cheryl exerted some mysterious powers that made me do her bidding and other such things. I have since learned she has other powers, like knowing when the kids are up to something or hearing teeny sounds in the middle of the night.

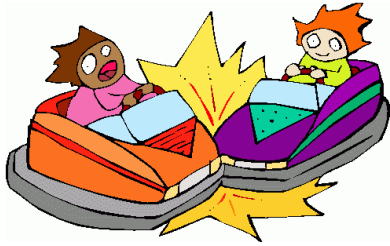


Bruce and Cheryl 1983

The Mighty Fiat

One weekend in 1983, we went out to some friends of my parents place in the country. I was driving my little Fiat, which Cheryl loved to drive, because it hugged the road. We were out in some really rough country and the roads had some huge ruts in them. Cheryl said that I probably should not try and go there, as it looked like we might not get past. I tried to assuage her female fears and by using my natural male instincts about things like that told her, "The Mighty Fiat can make it". She reminded me of those words when Danny came down with the tractor and chains and pulled the Mighty Fiat out of the rut it was stuck in. Even now, when I might be fixing to do something that might not be wise, will look at me and ask, "Is this like the 'Mighty Fiat'?"

Bumper Cars with Cheryl



Cheryl came over to my house one day when my parents were gone and it was just me, her and Barry at home. She had to leave and got in her car to back out of the driveway. She drove a 1974 Plymouth Valiant, a fairly robust vehicle. She says I distracted her, but I refuse to confirm or deny that

accusation. Anyways, she was backing out of the driveway and the steel front bumper of her car caught the aluminum/plastic back bumper of my Mom's 1979 Buick Century station wagon. There is a science lesson here. Steel is stronger than aluminum and plastic. Cheryl tore the whole back bumper off of my Mom's car. I remember the look in her eyes. She was upset because she did it and more importantly, I had dilemma, because girls were not supposed to be at my house without a parent there. I quickly found some bolts and re-installed the bumper and went down to White's Automotive and bought touch-up paint. As far as I know, Mom and Danny never knew it happened, until they read this. But I am too old to be grounded now.

The Leaning Telephone Pole of Bill's Burger

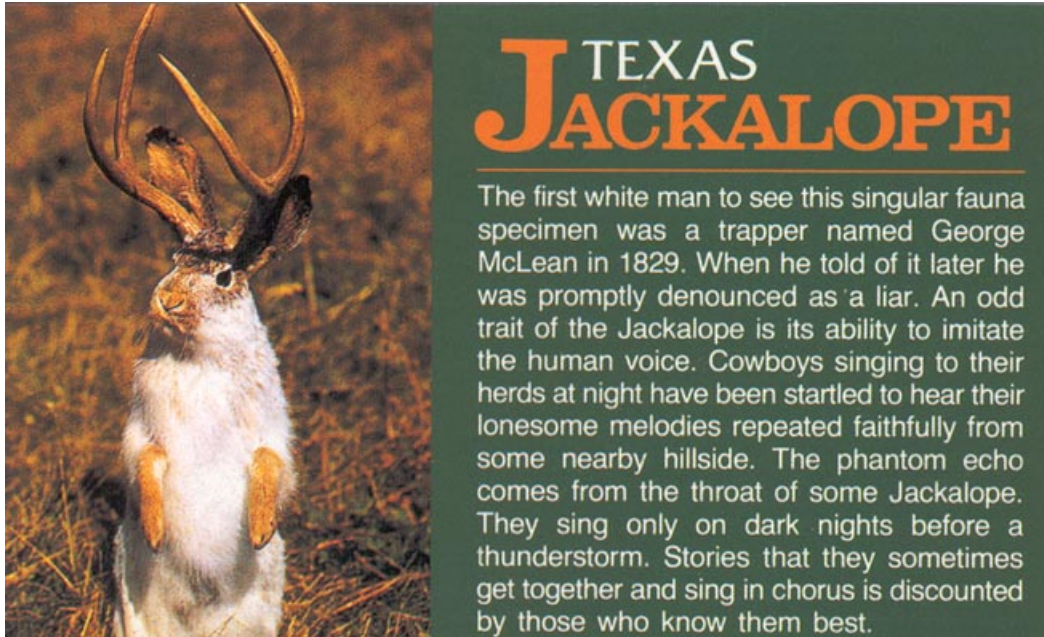
I used to work at Bill's Burger in Abilene and Cheryl would frequently come there to get our tasty food, of course. One evening after she enjoyed our fine food and I was telling her goodbye, she backed out and ran smack into the telephone pole, which did have yellow paint on it to make it visible. She was driving the Plymouth Valiant and as it was made of steel, it sustained no damage. However, even 24 years later, the telephone pole at Bill's Burger still leans. I am going to nominate it to become a monument. Evidently, I was to blame for that one too.



Bruce & Cheryl

As a side note: I have since learned the name Cheryl is derived from French and means: "She who cannot back a car".

Jackalopes of the Plains (Texas Horned Rabbits)



In the spring of 1984, before Cheryl and I were married, she accompanied me on a trip to Amarillo to see Nanny and Papa. As I said previously, I was a romantic and debonair guy, so I took Cheryl out to the world famous, “Big Texan Steakhouse” for dinner. The Big Texan is set in an old west setting, complete with live buffalo, longhorns and cattle in the corral outside. Inside is decorated with cowboy and western stuff and lots of stuffed native animals of Texas. These include such animals as Diamond Back Rattlesnakes, White Tail Deer and the nefarious Texas Horned Rabbit, also known as the Jackalope. Cheryl was amazed, as this was the first time she had ever been on the high plains and she asked me about the Jackalopes.

Being the kind of person I am, I told her the truth. The Jackalopes are migratory horned rabbits. They migrate on the plains from Canada to Amarillo, just like the buffalo used to do. I informed her that in the winter, all of the herds are around Amarillo, so thick that they shut down the highways and cowboys have to herd them away from the interstate. She was amazed at my knowledge of these mysterious creatures.

Later, when we were back home in Abilene, she was telling her father about these mysterious critters that she saw in Amarillo and all about what I had told her. I wish I could have been there to see the look on Gerald’s face. He kindly informed her that I pulled her leg and since that time she has learned when to not take me seriously.

Getting Hitched

<AUTHOR'S NOTE: The following might not be EXACTLY accurate in all aspects>

Sometime in the spring of 1984, Cheryl and I were at the Mall of Abilene and we saw some jewelry in a store which turned out to be wedding ring sets. Cheryl informed me we were getting married and I learned a new phrase that has become like second nature, "Yes dear". So we began planning the event, it was to be just a small family event, that is until my mom and her mother got involved. As the women went about planning the festivities, Cheryl and I went to pre-marital counseling class and worked on our vows. I still can't remember how they got changed to where the preacher said, "Do you promise to love, honor and obey?" At which point she replied, "He does". Anyways, let's not dwell on that part.

I had moved to Lubbock in June 1984 to start a job at Hester's Office Supply and rented an apartment. I also enrolled in Texas Tech. However, for those two months that I was alone in Lubbock, I kept busy. Cheryl had given me this book, "Rules for Husbands to Understand". I read it a great deal and learned that it was expected for the toilet seat to be put down and such crazy things. Once chapter she highlighted for me to read was "Hampers, you can use them too". I am not sure, but I think she was trying to tell me something. We still have that book, but she only hits me with it now. < end of note >

The big weekend had arrived and I headed to Abilene to get married. The night before I got married, Danny took me out in the front yard to have a "dad to son" talk. He asked if I was sure about it, and I said yes. He then told me all the stuff I had done as a kid that I thought no one knew about, at which point I thought I was toast. He then told me that someday I would have a son and he would do the same things I did and that I should remember this conversation. Little did I know, this was not just advice, it was the activation of a curse. Now that my son is a 17 year old senior in high school, and I no longer have any hair, I realize the "Father's Curse" is real. I personally hope my son Benjamin has a kid just like himself, maybe four of them.

Next, Papa took me outside and sat down to talk with me. It was truly a thing I remember with fondness now. He told me that as a husband and as a father, much would be expected of me. He also told me that he loved me very much and was proud of the man I had grown into. He told me that my Granddad Horace would have been proud too. Papa was just shy of 97 years old at the time and I wish I could roll back time and sit there just a bit longer with him.



AB & Bruce White, 4 Aug 1984

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Cheryl and I got married on Saturday, the 4th of August 1984, at First Baptist Church in Abilene, Texas. I honestly don't remember much about the day, except that I was really tired and ready for the day to be done. It was a big event, with people I did not even know invited. The wedding went off without any problems. We spent our honeymoon in exotic Arlington, Texas.



Cheryl & Bruce



AB White (96), Cheryl (18) & Bruce (19)



Cheryl and Bruce heading off to the honeymoon

After our honeymoon we moved to our apartment in Lubbock and I resumed working and going to school at Texas Tech. Cheryl got a job at the Porsche dealership as a clerk/secretary. We lived in an efficiency apartment, smaller than our current living room and we thought it was greatest thing ever. I noticed a few things were different right off the bat with married life. For instance, suddenly she was driving the newer car and I was driving her older car. That has not changed. Secondly, I became aware that I got \$20 a week for allowance. That also has not changed. Thirdly, I noticed that she did not know how to cook very many things. That has n.....er.....never mind.... That reminds me.... <note> Cheryl read this and said I might be exaggerating a bit. <end note>

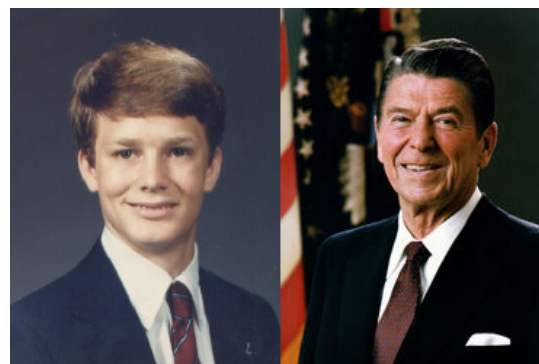
Basketball Pizzas

When we were first living together as husband and boss wife, Cheryl decided she was going to make pizzas from scratch. So she found a recipe, we went to the store and bought all the stuff and she proceeded to go to work in the kitchen. In a little while, she came into the living room and told me proudly that the pizzas were in the oven and in a few minutes we would be dining in style. When the timer buzzed, she asked me to go check on the pizzas and see if they were done. So I went in the kitchen, grabbed the pot holder and opened the oven. What I saw was a sight to behold. The pizza dough had risen and instead of two personal sized pizzas covered in tomato sauce, cheese and delicious stuff, there were two basketball sized lumps of bread and all the sauce, cheese, meat and vegetables were on the pan and burned. We went to Pizza Hut for supper.

Barry White, GOP Fundraiser – Sort Of

While I was off in college and learning to be an obedient, housetrained husband, my brother had entered high school at Abilene High. The presidential election was coming up and campaigning was in full swing. Ronald Wilson Reagan was running for his second term and he was arguably one of the most popular presidents of the 20th century. Barry, finding roadblocks to the “First National Bank of Barry”, decided there was a better way to make a buck. Being a good, young Republican, he showed up at the GOP re-election headquarters in Abilene and collected a bunch of bumper stickers, pins and other such things, all in the spirit of civic duty and patriotism

of course. He then set up shop at Abilene High, selling these nifty items to other students and making a tidy profit. Once again, Mom got a phone call and Barry had to return his earnings for violating FEDERAL ELECTION LAWS!



At the end of the 1985 school year, both Cheryl and I were feeling a bit homesick and frankly I did not know what I wanted to do anymore. I had gone to Tech with the goal of getting a law degree, but a year of working as a researcher in the law school cured me of that desire. So when school was over, we moved back to Abilene. I went to work at the Pender Company Office Supply and Cheryl went back to work for the Teacher's Credit Union. We were young, had no children and were able to live pretty well.



AB White (97) & Brenda (18)

That summer, my sister decided to get married after she graduated from high school. Everyone came down to Abilene for her wedding. She married a guy by the name of Gary, whom she later divorced. He was a drug using, abusive, no good for nothing, scum bag. I did not know it at the time, but this was the last time I would see my Papa alive and the pictures of him with Brenda at her wedding are the last ones I know of that he is in.

A Good Man Gone

I was working as an account representative for the Pender Company and I had a major client in Amarillo, the Diamond Shamrock Oil Company. I left Abilene on Sunday, the 3rd of November 1985, to go to Amarillo, where I would be working with my client. I had called ahead and spoken with Nanny (Oleta) and Papa and let them know I would be there and would like to see them, as I would have Monday off. Papa said he would like it if I took him to Furr's Cafeteria and I said I would. I got into Amarillo around 8 or 9 o'clock in the evening and visited with Nanny. She said that Papa had mowed her yard and his yard and as he was 98 years old, he had already gone to bed. She told me all he could talk about was that he was looking forward to seeing me and for us going to Furr's Cafeteria the next day.

The next morning, Nanny and I got up and visited. She said Papa would be over about 10:30 or so, and then we could visit, and then go to Furr's. Ten-thirty came, then eleven came and she began to get worried. I asked her to give me the spare key to his house (he lived next door) and I would go see about him. I opened the door and called out and got no response. I walked in and checked in his bedroom. He was lying in his bed, where he had passed away peacefully the night before. I closed his eyes and walked out of the house. Nanny was standing at the bottom of the porch and I told her that he was gone. Nanny collapsed right there and I helped her up and walked her to her house. I called the ambulance folks and then called the family and told them.

A History of the White Family 2B

A good and loving man left the Earth that day, and I still miss him. I wish my son, who I named Benjamin in his honor could have known him. Even separated by 102 years between their birthdays, they are remarkably alike.



AB White, 1907 – 20 years old



AB White, 1967, 80 years old



AB White, 1985, 98 years old

Arthur Benjamin White
16 Oct 1887 – 4 Nov 1985
“Papa”