

# HFFA NEWS

*A publication of the Heinrich Frey Family Association*

*Editor — Marilyn Fry*

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[www.hfrey.org](http://www.hfrey.org)

## Hello, Cousins, Kin, and other Readers,

Well, this is certainly a different world than it was four months ago, when we published the February 2020 HFFA Newsletter! The corona virus was around; we heard news of it; but it seemed very far away from us then. Now it is here in full force! I hope that everyone is staying safe and healthy during this trying time!

I have been self-isolating at home since March 14. Daughter Gretchen does shopping for me, and so does son Steve when he comes down every week to take care of the yard, do handyman chores, and give Ron's cat some extra loving. He spends the night, and we either cook dinner or have it delivered from a restaurant. I am missing spending time and eating out with friends and relatives, and I certainly miss going to the beauty salon! For the past several years, a big group of family members (20-40) have gone to Easter Sunday and Mother's Day brunches together. We missed those this year. My photograph this time is from Easter two years ago.

Through the years, I have read a number of popular books on medical subjects. I loved the two Medical Detectives (1980, 1984) by Berton Roueche and Plagues and Peoples (1976) by William H. McNeill. Recently, I have been reading books on influenza and malaria. I wrote a little history of the pandemics of the last century for my family and friends. It isn't Fry/Frey/Frye history, so it wouldn't be appropriate to put in the HFFA newsletter, but I will send it to you as a

separate WORD document (or enclose it with the newsletters that go out by mail) in case you might be interested.

As always, thanks to Gretchen Fry and Ginny Fry Santos for helping with the newsletter! Gretchen takes care of photographs, and Ginny does all the formatting. I couldn't do it without them! Their photograph is from the reunion in Kentucky.

Stay safe and healthy! Happy Mother's Day and happy Father's Day to the parents in the association!

Sincerely,

**Marilyn Fry**, HFFA Newsletter Editor  
Costa Mesa, California  
[mfry101@aol.com](mailto:mfry101@aol.com)





## Dear Family,

We are certainly living in very strange times—strange times when hugs, handshakes, sporting events, concerts, and even birthday parties are forbidden. And since we are in the middle of this Covid-19 crisis, we don't know how the story ends. We just stay

tuned each day and listen for news of what next week or next month might look like. We have added new phrases to our vocabulary, such as “social distancing,” “stay-at-home orders,” “flattening the curve,” “essential business,” and “PPE” (personal protective equipment). We always knew that doctors, nurses, fireman, and the police were our heroes, but who would have thought that our new heroes would also be the bus driver, the delivery man, the grocery store worker, the migrant farm worker, and the GrubHub guy? Who would have thought that our children/grandchildren would all be getting their schooling by logging into an application called Zoom, where they could see and talk to their teacher and other classmates? How could we have ever imagined that toilet paper would be more valuable than gold, that we would all be wearing face masks, and that we would all know what color hair our friends *really* have? Yes, these are very strange times we live in.

Through the knowledge we have gained through HFFA research, Journal, and newsletter writings, we have had a fascinating glimpse into our past family history to see how our Frey/Fry/Frye ancestors lived, worked, played, and raised their children and contributed to their various communities. It makes me wonder how this Covid-19 crisis will be written about in the history books. How will it change our family history going forward? We do not yet know how long it will last or what the ultimate impact will be on our family and country. There are also many positive things that I have seen emerging, including a new closeness and helpfulness within families, neighborhoods, and communities.

I do find myself worrying about the wellbeing of everyone I know. When I hear on the news about conditions in another state, I think of our HFFA members who live in that state and wonder how

everyone is doing. Are you protecting yourselves? Do you have anyone helping you? Have your jobs or your children's jobs been affected? I know that we Frey/Fry/Frye folks are very hardy people, born with good German stock, but I do hope that everyone is staying safe and healthy. I was sorry when I heard that some of our long-time valued members passed away recently, not from the virus, but still it makes me want to embrace and treasure each day even more.

As for me and my husband, Cabot, we are lucky that we are still working. California declared Title Insurance and Real Estate to both be “essential businesses,” so we have been in and out of houses, meeting with buyers and sellers, and making arrangements for escrows to close. We have been wearing protective gear and keeping our distance. I dump rubbing alcohol into baby-wipe packages and use them everywhere I go. I don't touch anything with my bare hands. I also have distributed many of my “homemade” wipes to friends and neighbors. I have bought many cloth face masks for family and friends from my first cousin Ginny Fry Santos, whose company is making them in all sorts of nice fabrics.

Three weeks ago, I was staging a house and fell and broke my wrist. This is the first time in my life that I have ever broken a bone. I was scared to go to the hospital because of the virus, so I phoned ahead, and I was told that there were no patients in the Emergency Room. I arrived, and it was just like a ghost town. We have been so lucky that Orange County has hardly been affected very much by Covid-19 as our state has had stay-at-home orders since March 19. I got X-rays and am now sporting a hot pink cast.

I hope that you are all staying safe and healthy. Let's hope that, by the time the next newsletter is published in August, we will all be back to some sort of normal!

**Gretchen Fry**  
President, HFFA



# Travels and Adventures

by Gene Frye

I have been in the travel industry for just about 30 years now and since 2009 have been hosting long voyages with several cruise lines as Voyage Ambassador for the Signature Travel Network and Ensemble Travel. The groups have ranged from 40 to 145 people; the length of the cruises have been from 70 to 130 days; and the majority have been world cruises departing from and returning to Fort Lauderdale, Florida.



This year, we began the festivities on January 3 with a private group dinner with the President of our agency. Then, we embarked on the *Amsterdam* on January 4. Our first ports were in the

smaller, less-visited ports in the Caribbean as we headed down the east coast of South America to Devil's Island, French Guinea, and then ports in Brazil—Belem and Rio de Janeiro. We were in Punta del Este and Montevideo, Uruguay, and Buenos Aires and Ushuaia, Argentina, which is supposedly the southmost city in the world.



Heading to Antarctica, we had a smooth crossing of the sometimes-treacherous Drake Passage, and we explored various inlets and bays and



research stations. We saw many seals and whales, and the icebergs were at times larger than our vessel (1,300 passengers)! Heading north to Chile, we sailed through Glacier Alley on a glorious blue-sky, calm-seas day and stopped in Punta Arenas, Puerto Montt, and San Antonio.

The next day, we sailed west to Easter Island and spent the next five days at sea. We arrived to calm waters for our tendering to see the magnificent maoi on the Island. Seeing these monolithic human statues on Easter Island is a “bucket list” destination



for so many, so the Captain and passengers are always pleased when the ocean around the island is calm enough for us to tender and land safely. I enjoyed Easter Island as always.

Our next destination was Pitcairn Island, where the mutineers from

“Mutiny on the Bounty” decided to settle. It was about as far away from anything and everybody as could be, which was ideal for them because they were definitely “on the run.” They burned their boat because they were determined to settle here for the rest of their lives. At one time, the population reached close to 250 people. Today, it has dwindled to 38 to 40 people (none of which are of child-bearing age) because most children migrate to New Zealand (my adopted home country because I lived and played ball in Christchurch for five years). New Zealand “big brothers” Pitcairn. Since our ship had nearly 1,300 passengers and about 800 crew, we could not land on Pitcairn. Instead, the residents of the island sailed to our anchored ship in their long boats, bringing their wares for sale (fresh honey, wood carvings, CDs with their local music, etc.). They stayed on our ship for three to four hours and then returned with many donated items from our ship (food, clothing, and beverages—the kids especially liked the ice cream!). This is always an exciting day!

Next, we sailed to New Zealand. Since leaving the west coast of South America, we had traversed the vast south Pacific Ocean, which is very deep and is one of the least traveled of the world's oceans. We visited Auckland, New Zealand's largest city, and then we went north to the Bay of Islands, New Zealand. We then made the 1200-mile crossing of the Tasman Sea to Sydney, Australia's largest city and home of the Famous Sydney Opera House.



In Sydney, we began to hear rumblings about the coronavirus and were informed that our itinerary had been changed. We had been scheduled to go to Semarang; Surabaya; Komodo and Bali,

Indonesia; Singapore; Sri Lanka; and the Seychelles before traveling to Africa. Instead, now, we would be making additional stops around the circumference of Australia to include Townsville, Cairns, Darwin, Broome, Geraldton, and Fremantle (Perth). However, after we made the stops at Townsville and Cairns, the virus situation had worsened, and our home office in Seattle advised our Captain that ports around Australia and the world were rapidly closing to cruise ships, so we would need to go directly to Perth, Australia, and all passengers would be disembarked there. We would all need to make our own arrangements to get back to our homes in the United States, Canada, and elsewhere. We were one of the last cruise ships permitted into Fremantle Port at Perth. Perth is almost the farthest point on the planet from the USA. Needless to say, this caused a great amount of angst among the passengers. This cruise was scheduled to be an around-the-world trip from Fort Lauderdale, Florida, back to Fort Lauderdale for a total of 128 days from January 4 to May 12. Many older people take this trip annually for their winter getaway, and some are unable to travel by airplane. What to do? We helped as much as possible, but it was quite frenetic!

In the middle of packing and arranging flights, our group managed to get together for our final social activity. Luncheons, formal tea, and group social hours were always part of the fun of being with The Signature Travel Network group.

For many, getting back to the East Coast of the USA by airplane, including stopovers, took about 48 hours and was quite arduous. It took about a week to get our body clocks in the correct time

zone as Perth was 12 hours ahead of New York.

Our ship was the *Amsterdam* of the Holland America fleet. As I write this on April 30, 2020, the ship is still at sea and working to try to disembark the majority of the crew in Indonesia and the Philippines! When we left the ship on March 22, they sailed to South Africa (west), but then the home office decided that they should work to disembark the crew in their home countries because so many ports were closed. Therefore, the ship turned around and sailed EAST. The story has not ended. We hear that there are six ships anchored off Jakarta today, waiting to disembark crew. Who knows when the officers and crew from the USA, UK, and The Netherlands will finally arrive to their homes! There was no illness onboard the ship, and it still has no illness. But we are concerned for them and their families and hope that they will be reunited soon. As we were told prior to our disembarkation in Perth, this is "The Cruise That Almost Was."

**Director at Large Thelma McKenzie** belongs to an online forum of Holland America cruisers. She sent information about the latest news on Gene's ship, the *Amsterdam*. This around-the-world cruise was scheduled to be Captain Mercer's retirement cruise. He and his wife are still aboard the ship. They expected to be able to disembark his 170 non-essential Indonesian crew staff on May 5, followed by a rather short voyage to Manila to join the already very long queue of cruise ships and a 14-day quarantine period on board ship before being allowed to disembark his Filipino crew members after they have passed two Covid-19 tests (conducted by the Philippine Red Cross and Coast Guard).

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## Update on The Heinrich Cemetery Project

by **Gretchen Fry**

I want to share some new and rather exciting news about the private cemetery where we believe Heinrich is buried in Montgomery County, Pennsylvania. This land, once owned by Heinrich's great grandson Daniel (1794-1888) that was Heinrich's last homesite, is now owned by a man named Alan, who allowed two busloads of

us to visit the cemetery during the Morgantown reunion in 2015 and gave permission to Norm Schulze, Erich Schulze, and Ed Frye in 2019 to clear and clean up the land. When Alan purchased the two parcels of land on Kerr Road, Harleysville, Pennsylvania, (one parcel with a home on it and the other vacant land) on July 18, 2013, he knew that there was an easement on his land for a private cemetery and the right-of-way access "road" from Kerr Road to said cemetery. I believe he also knew that the family (descendants) of those who are buried in the cemetery have rights to visit and maintain their



A photograph of a grassy field with a large tree on the left and a fence in the background. The field is covered in green grass and some small plants. A large tree with a thick trunk is on the left side. In the background, there is a fence made of wooden posts and a line of trees. The sky is visible through the trees.

We assumed that half of the “road” and half of the cemetery were on David’s land and the other half on Alan’s land. To find out, I had my title company engineer plot the exact location of the easement (“road” and cemetery) and plot the boundary lines to David’s and Alan’s parcels of land. Now here is the good news... As it turns out, our easement is almost all on Alan’s land; 12

Legend:

- Blue line: Indicates our Easement
- Red line: Indicates Alan's Property Boundaries

Map Details:

- Plot 1 (Top Left): 207.34'
- Plot 2 (Top Right): 205.34'
- Plot 3 (Bottom Left): 207.34'
- Plot 4 (Bottom Right): 278.03'
- Plot 5 (Far Right): 175.08'
- Plot 6 (Far Right): 175.30'
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It is my opinion that there is no longer a need to hire an attorney because our ownership interest to the easement is not being challenged. However, I do think that we need to continue to build up the funds in the Heinrich Cemetery Project so that we can use this money (donations from HFFA members) to continue the maintenance of the cemetery. It will be important on a go-forward basis to get a few HFFA volunteers to go to the cemetery every year or two to do some maintenance work. At some point in the future, we might want to repair the fence or place some headstones or boulders as markers. Or we could use this cemetery as the final resting place for the ashes of some of our more recent Frey/Fry/Frye family members. The more we “use” the cemetery, the more we continue to establish it as ours, and the less likely anyone will try to take away our rights to it in the future. Of course, we would always make arrangements with Alan about when we would be coming. We want to maintain the good relationship that we currently have with him. Even though we own the easement and, therefore, have the right to use our easement, it is still Alan’s land.



# JACOB FREY FAMILY RESEARCH PROJECT

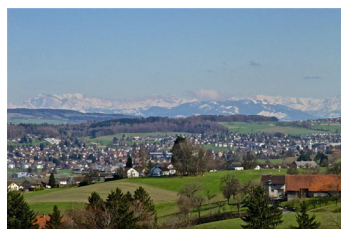
By Norm Schulze

On 30 October 2019, I completed the Jacob Frey Family Research Project, the project management of which I commenced on 26 February 2019. On 17 June 2019, I had reached agreement with a researcher to perform the pedigree work to go back as far as possible and sent him the requested funds, as I announced in the 2019 Reunion during my formal presentation. He does not commence work until the notice of receipt of funds in his account is provided, that actually taking place 01 July 2019. So I got the work done in just a 3½- month interval; he took off the entire month of August.

The research produced interesting results, changing prior beliefs. This has been the case on other occasions for my basic research as well, which makes life interesting, although not necessarily without debate. The Heinrich Frey Burying Ground is another.

The family does not appear to have originated in Grundetswil, then the Thurgau Canton, but in a location not all that far away, roughly an hour, namely Gontenschwil in the Aargau Canton, actually not far from the Hinterwil region where Jacob's wife's family originated. This helped to settle in my mind the question of why differences.

**Aargau Canton,  
Hinterwil region:**  
*2017 personal photo*



**Aargau Canton,  
Gontenschwil**

In September 2017, I took my three sons to some of the places where our family once lived, to meet family. In two weeks, we travelled from far north Germany, Dad's family origin, to southern Germany and Switzerland, this encompassing the range from which my entire family originated. Mom's family is from the southern part of Germany and from Switzerland. Our trip included Altenheim, Hinterwil, and Gundetswil, where we spent four days out of two weeks on just the Fry family.

**Gundetswil:** *2017 personal photo*



**Altenheim:** *2017 personal photo*



My German history has always been of greatest interest, a subject that I have for a long time promoted in the HFFA. I have given professional presentations at all HFFA reunions I have attended, the first being in the year 2000 at Morgantown, Pennsylvania, where I showed my photographs taken at Altenheim, the content of which was, in addition, supported by overhead viewgraphs. I think this 2017 trip was my eighth trip to Germany, the trips commencing in 1994, three being to Altenheim. I was the first HFFA member to actually spend any time there in Altenheim other than just a drive through.

During this year 2017 trip, I was only about 10 miles away from Gontenschwil. Being so near to each other, the scenery between the two areas is quite similar. I consider myself now as having been there, and maybe I drove there, as I drove through many places for which I cannot recall,



there being so many little villages.

During our trip, I conducted research on Jacob's family for myself personally. My results then in 2017 and the later research performed in 2019 reinforce one another.

I was able to get our family identified back to the names of Frey parents whose child was born in 1564. For me personally, that is my 11th great-grandfather Frey. He had a sibling born in 1559. I don't know the dates of that 1564-born person's parents, but it had to have been near the 1530s, not all that long after Columbus came to the New World. We are really going back.

I will prepare a report on the project. For the present moment, I am concentrating on the Heinrich Frey Burying Ground Preservation Project,

that being for the present just my concept and not yet a HFFA authorized project. I hope to make it such and commenced work last June. The HFFA needs to amend the HFFA By-Laws to accommodate work before moving on, to which end I have submitted the results of a three-month endeavor in a revised by-laws document.

During the 2021 Ohio reunion, I will present the complete, exciting findings, including names and available dates. So all are encouraged to sign up easily to hear the latest on early family history and to give great support to Jon Frye and our HFFA community and cousins.

I hope to see you there.

**Norm Schulze**

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## Writing Your Memoirs or Life Story

Many of us have written about our families and our ancestors. We are so thankful when ancestors have left letters or diaries; those writings let us get to know a great-grandmother or great-great-grandfather as a real person, not just a name with dates. That is why we enjoy the HFFA Journal so much—the stories about Frey/Fry/Frye cousins of the past are detailed (thanks, Jon Frye, for all the research you do for these articles!).

However, how many of us have done something similar? Your children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren would appreciate and enjoy knowing about your life and times (which will be "the olden days" to them). Yes, I know; who has time for something like that when we are younger and are raising children and working? But consider writing something about your life after you retire or after your children leave home or when you have a spare moment. Your descendants will thank you for it.

About a decade or so ago, I started writing my memoirs. As I did so, I did some research (thankfully, so easy today on the internet) on places I had lived. Learning the history of these places that were familiar to me was really interesting. Why was Winslow, Arizona, called that? What

was its original name? A special place to eat on very special occasions was La Posada at the train station. What fun it was to learn that it was the last Harvey House built and to read about its history and architect and the history of the Harvey Houses and Harvey Girls! I felt as if I was solving a puzzle or a mystery. Also, I had forgotten so many things, but writing about my childhood and youth stimulated me to remember things that I hadn't thought about in years. When I was writing about my high school years, I fondly remembered a good friend I had in my junior year, Perry Organ. Her father was a captain in the Navy, and one night I was invited to have dinner with her family aboard his ship in the Long Beach Harbor. What a treat that was! However, when the senior year started, she wasn't there. Where had she gone? What was her life like? When I looked her name up on the internet, I learned that she had finished high school in Virginia and graduated from Wellesley College and Harvard University and worked for some time in England and Canada but now lived in Santa Barbara with her husband and three children. She had written two novels, which I bought and read. Although my life isn't so interesting today, I keep writing on a weekly basis. I am up to more than 500 pages now.

I recently saw a note on Facebook about all the children and young people who are home from school during the Covid-19 pandemic. The suggestion was to have them keep a journal of their

life in these historic times—writing, drawing, or videotaping. When they are older, they can look back to this historic event, and they can share this time with their children and grandchildren.

### **Marilyn Fry**

**Richard Frey** also urges HFFA members to write about their lives and writes this.

I am the Webmaster of the Cossitt Family Association, which is on my maternal side. As the Webmaster, I get communication from the members, and about a year ago, a member asked if I was interested in reading an article by this person's great-great-grandfather, who was born in 1812 and died in 1901. The document was originally handwritten and, after being typed, was about 100 pages. It is entitled "A Sketch of my Life." The man who wrote it decided that, when his son reached the age of three in 1863, he should make sure that his son knew more about his life (this man had an earlier son who died before he reached the age of three).

I read the complete document, which was started in 1863 and then added to every 10 years until he became elderly, at which time he added to it each year. The last entry was made in 1901, only 12 days before he passed.

This document talks about his family hardships in upstate New York during the Battle of 1812, which was the year he was born. It talked about

his young childhood and his jobs and told about how he met his wives and how he traveled to various jobs. When he was traveling from New York to Ohio, he used a horse; a stage coach; a steam boat; and, finally, a train. He also said that that year there were only 500 miles of railroad track in the United States.

Because I found this so interesting, I have started my own "Sketch of my Life." Currently, I am ready to enter junior high school. I do not know how long it will take me to finish this document, but every couple days, I sit at the computer and add to it. I can only hope that my granddaughters will enjoy reading it at some time in the future.

Most, if not all, of the members of the HFFA are interested in genealogy. Genealogy is more than a list of names and dates of births and deaths of our ancestors and other relatives. It is also about their lives. I really wish that my great-great-grandfather had written a "Sketch of my Life" for me to have and to see what life was like over 100 years ago. Because of the "hunker down" orders by government officials due to the corona virus, this is a good time to start such a document, and I encourage as many of you as possible to start such a project. Certainly, being able to write it on a computer makes it much easier than the way this man's "Sketch of my Life" was handwritten.

### **Richard Frey**

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## **News from Members:**

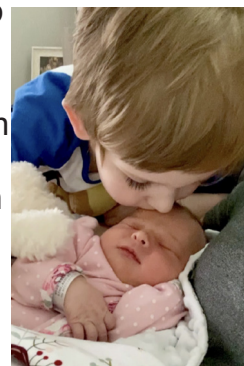
### **Mike and Rosemary Speers**

are pleased to announce their granddaughter's graduation with honors from George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia. **Lillian Chong** earned a BA degree in Kinesiology with a minor in Nutrition. From August through December of this past year, she did an internship in Bangalore, India. She worked with the largest dance academy in all of Asia. She taught ballet and nutrition as well as worked as stage manager at the winter recital with over 350 dancers. She has been offered a full-time position



as instructor and manager. However, she says, the coronavirus issue must be settled and managed before returning to India. Meanwhile, she is working for a professor on campus as a research assistant. Congratulations, Lillian Chong!

**Linda King** is looking forward to the time she can hold and cuddle her new great-granddaughter, **Tatum Christine Ward**, born March 12, 2020. Her parents are Ashley King Ward and Kylan Ward. Her grandparents are Christopher King and Christine King. Big brother Braxton Ward is showing how much he loves his little sister.





# NEW & RETURNING MEMBERS

## Brianna Leigh Frye

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1. Heinrich Frey/  
Anna Catherine Levering
2. Benjamin Frey/Christina ?
3. Benjamin Fry/Catherine
4. Benjamin Fry/
5. Issac Fry/Gertrude Marie Bentham
6. John Bentham Fry/Rebecca Gilbert Tuttle
7. Isaac Minor Frye/Laura Mae Wilson
8. John Grant Frye/Emma Elizabeth Brucher
9. Ralph Edward Frye/  
Marsha "Marti" K. Uptegrove
10. David Edward Frye/Chrystal C. Clement
11. **Brianna Leigh Frye**

**Brianna Leigh Frye** is one of five children of David and Chrystal Frye, son of Ralph and Marti Frye. She is a returning member of HFFA and is joining her brother Kyle, who just recently joined. Ralph has always liked the name Leigh, so he named their daughter Christina Leigh. Ralph was very excited when Brianna was born to see that her middle name was Leigh. Brianna attended the Kansas City reunion with her grandparents in 2015 and had a great time. All the HFFA members made her feel very welcome and special. It was at that time that Ralph and Marti found that she liked history. Bri really enjoyed the Pony Express Museum. She still talks about that reunion. She has saved all the HFFA newsletters and journals she has received. Bri plans to attend the next reunion; she will be the driver for Ralph and Marti as they all travel to Ohio from Louisiana in 2021.

## Bethany Page Frye Kimes

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1. Heinrich Frey/  
Anna Catherine Levering
2. Benjamin Frey/Christina
3. Abraham Fry/Agnes Ann Young
4. Abraham Fry/Hester Johnston
5. Benjamin Fry/Sarah Schaffer
6. Abraham Fry/Margaret Belford
7. William Everett Frye/Barbara Bloutz
8. Everett William Frye/Ella Mae Whitaker
9. Donald William Frye/Nancy Ann Nichols
10. David Nichols Frye/Stevenie Betty Page
11. **Bethany Page Frye/Edwin Kimes**

## Thomas John Cartmill

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1. Heinrich Frey/Anna Catherine Levering
2. Benjamin Frey/  
Regina Christina Anne Merckle
3. Benjamin Fry, Jr./Catherine Speers
4. Christina Fry/John Cartmill
5. James Cartmill/Mary Ann Creek
6. Davie Cartmill/Emma E. Bartholomew
7. Thomas Thadius Cartmill/  
Ida Blanche McDole
8. Thad Burton Cartmill/  
Ruth Evangeline Goodshaw
9. **Thomas John Cartmill/**  
Janice Eileen Breault

## Changes and Corrections

### New Address:

#### MaryAnn Hormuth

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#### Victor Bernhard Johnson, Jr.

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# Obituaries

**Daniel Levenson Frye**, the son of John Grant Frye (1897-1956) and Emma Brucher Frye (1902-1995), was born on February 20, 1931, at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, the fourth child of seven. Dan's father was an attorney and was active in Missouri politics, running for Governor and Attorney General. Dan married Shirley Jacobs in 1952, and they had three children: Daniel ("Dan-ny") Howard Frye, William ("Bill") Joseph Frye, and Laura Elizabeth Frye Beck. Shirley passed away in 2016.



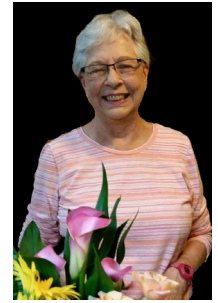
Dan had always been very active in Boy Scouts and in his church. He went to work for his uncle, Ralph W. Frye, at Frye Wholesale in Fort Myers, Florida. After his uncle died, Dan bought the business. When he retired, he sold the business and volunteered for Habitat for Humanity of Lee County, Florida, continuing his love of building. He collected tools and seemed to have at least five of everything. In fact, he was working on a Habitat for Humanity house a few days before dying in his sleep early in the morning of March 22, 2020, at the age of 89.

In retirement, he spent his winters in Florida and his summers in an old four-room farm house (built in 1863) in Roan Mountain, Tennessee, on 13 acres in the mountains. He had a sawmill there and did custom woodworking for friends. He helped rebuild several churches in the area. In 2004, he worked on a church in Elk Park, North Carolina. He was happiest when he could use his building skills for the benefit of others.

Dan has been an active HFFA member since 1998 and served as a Director at Large for several years. He wrote several articles for the HFFA Newsletter. Former HFFA Newsletter Editor Mike Speers says that Dan's articles were a lot of fun. He was a good writer.

Daniel Frye was preceded in death by three brothers and one sister: John Grant Frye, Jr.; William Henry Frye; George Alfred Frye; and Betty Francis Frye Bradbury. Surviving are his brother Ralph Edward Frye (HFFA Treasurer) and sister Helen Louise Frye Craig and his three children.

**Helen Louise Frye Craig** passed away on April 20, 2020, in Lafayette, Louisiana, after a long battle with Alzheimer's.



Helen was the sixth child of John Grant and Emma Brucher Frye. In August of 1957, Helen married her college sweetheart, Kenneth Leon Craig. They lived in Eagle Lake, Texas, and both were active in community affairs. She and Ken were not blessed with children; however, Helen's love of children gave her the gift of being witty and passionate when it came to teaching middle school students. Helen taught school in Eagle Lake, Texas, from 1960 until her retirement.

Helen was a member of the Colonial Dames and a founding member of the PEO chapter in Columbus, Texas. She was also on the Board of the Prairie Edge Museum.



After Helen retired from teaching, she became a member of Heinrich Frey Family Association. While a member of the association, she wrote several articles about her

father's World War I experiences for the HFFA Journal that the association puts out yearly. From the time she joined the association, she never missed a national reunion until the last one. She served on the association's Board of Directors for several years.

Surviving her is her brother Ralph Edward Frye and sister-in-law Marti Frye of Lafayette, Louisiana, and sister-in-law Dottie T. Frye of Champagne, Illinois. She also had many caring and loving nieces and nephews who will miss her.



Preceding her in death are her parents; her husband of 60 years, Ken; one sister, Betty; and four brothers, John, Bill, George, and Dan. Dan passed away less than a month before she did.

Donations may be made in her name to the National Alzheimer's Association or your local association.

Gene Frye writes, "I first met Helen Craig and her late husband, Ken, from Texas at our HFFA



reunion in Winchester, Virginia, in 2011. Helen is the sister of our HFFA Treasurer Ralph Frye, husband to HFFA Membership Chair Marti Frye. Helen was on our Board of Directors while I was President. She was always there to support our volunteer organization, whether on the Board or at our HFFA reunions. I remember Helen as a pleasant, vivacious, knowledgeable, social, gentle lady with a big smile and a bigger heart. The HFFA family sends their sincere condolences to Ralph and Marti and their family.”



**Charles “Charlie” W. Frye** passed away after a long battle with cancer on Sunday, March 22, 2020, at the age of 82. He was a resident of Waynesville, Ohio, formerly of Dayton, Ohio. Charlie graduated from Patterson Co-Op, class of 1956. He

was a U.S. Army veteran. He received the sharpshooter award while serving in the Army. In addition, he was a member of the Grace Brethren Church of Columbus, Ohio.

Gentle, generous, loving, caring, friendly, outgoing, and family oriented—that was Charlie Frye. He was always willing to give a lending hand to family, friends, and those in need. Charlie was the type of guy who was always doing something. He was mechanically inclined and loved building, fixing, or restoring things. In addition to several home additions and projects, he restored a jet boat—starting with the engine. During his younger days, he enjoyed drag racing at Kil-Kare Speedway and was inducted into the speedway’s hall of fame the first year it started. The other drivers nicknamed him “The Wrench” for his knowledge and ability to fix automotive engines.

Charlie’s hobbies over the years included gardening, fishing, boating on Lake Cumberland, and doing genealogy and historical research. He particularly liked trains. He kept model trains of his favorites in his home, and he and his wife would often take trips to visit and ride on some of the more impressive historical steam trains of the past two centuries. As an excellent marksman, Charlie’s other favorite hobby was shooting. He took great pride in hitting his mark with great accuracy. He also enjoyed teaching his son and grandchildren how to shoot. Besides his love of

trains and shooting, Charlie will be remembered by his family for the annual trips to Florida during Christmas to be with his parents. The annual trips always involved packing the car completely full to the point that seating became secondary to all the items necessary for his parents’ winter stay. The special trips he took the family on out West to Arizona and Utah will always be remembered fondly as well.

He was preceded in death by his parents, Glenn and Margaret Frye, and one brother, Fred Frey. He is survived by his wife of 54 years, Dorothy; son Gerald Frye (Rachel); daughter Cheryl Frye Lynch (Tom); nine grandchildren: Madison, Hannah, Jonathan, and Benjamin Frye and Brian (Leah), Kevin, Stephen (Valerie), David, and Katiann Lynch; and two great-grandchildren: Adalynn and Remington Lynch.



Funeral services were held on March 26, 2020, at Stubbs-Conner Funeral Home in Waynesville. Charles W. Frye was buried in Miami Cemetery, Corwin, Ohio.

**Carolyn C. Miller Gregory**, age 79, passed away on Saturday, June 8, 2019. Carolyn Miller was born on July 20, 1939, in Jackson Tennessee, to Horace Cecil Miller and Willie Bennet Cantrell Miller. Carolyn married Roy Lee Gregory in 1967; they had been married 50 years when Roy Gregory passed away on May 4, 2017 (his obituary was published in the May 2017 HFFA Newsletter). Both were active in the Heinrich Frey Family Association and hosted the



fifth HFFA reunion in Gallatin, Tennessee, in 1998. Carolyn worked for many years at Yale and Towne and later worked for Tennessee Oil and Gas Association in Nashville, Tennessee.

She is preceded in death by her parents, her husband, and her brother, Glenn Miller. She is survived by her son, William Glenn Gregory of Gallatin, Tennessee, and by her granddaughter, Emily Danyel Miller Upchurch (Dalton).

# Treasurer's Report



## Summary

07/19/2017–4/30/2020

**Initial balance** 11,733.85

### Income

Dues	2700.85
Links Book	15.00
Heinrich cemetery	700.00
Swiss genealogy	240.00

**Total Income** 2551.83

### Expenses

Internet security	159.98
Office expenses	18.96
Postage (inc. Newsletter)	126.28

**Total Expenses** 307.22

**Net Change** 2249.61

### Individual Balances

Heinrich cemetery	1831.81
Swiss genealogy	691.62

**Closing balance as of 4/30/20**  
13,983.46

**Ralph Frye, Treasurer**

# Getting to Know Your HFFA Directors

Both **Becca Proffitt** and **Richard Frey** were elected to serve as Heinrich Frey Family Association Directors at Large at the business meeting on June 15, 2017, during the reunion at Hannibal, Missouri.

## Autobiography of Rebecca Lynn (Mayfield) Proffitt

My name is **Rebecca (Becca) Proffitt**. I am the third child born to James Paul Mayfield and Wilma Lynn Sharp. I have two sisters, one three years older and one three years younger; my brother died in an automobile accident from a diabetic coma in 1976, when he was 21. My mother is my link to this great Fry(e)-Frye line. My mom's grandparents were Homer Tell Sharp and Florence Bell Fry.



I was born in Salem, Indiana, on the 29th of January 1957. My dad was a Methodist minister of the Southern Indiana Conference. During my years growing up, we moved at least every two to four years. Although it was hard to say good-bye to friends and to start over at a new school, I met many new friends and got to experience different things along the way. While growing up, I was in Girl Scouts and Job's Daughters. While living in Mitchell, Indiana, my older sister, brother, and I found ourselves grounded a lot for not getting home on time in that "pre-cell-phone era." However, I didn't think it was fair as my sister drove, not me, so why did I get grounded? She should have been the only one.

In 1972, the Mitchell High School marching band was invited to the Cherry Blossom Parade in Washington, D.C. We got to tour some of the historic sites while there. The group I was touring the State building with got misdirected; so when we went out to meet our bus, low and behold, it was not there, where we were waiting. We had to sit and wait for the bus driver to find us; we were in pure panic mode!

After I graduated from high school in 1975, we moved to a new place, and I decided to take a break from furthering my education for a while. I worked for a family from our church. It started out with my caring for their four children so that their mom could help her husband on the farm. Then I began running errands for him. Finally, I was really working on the farm—killing and dressing chickens, mowing, painting, and so on.

Later, I decided to start working in health care; I became a Certified Nurse Assistant (CNA) at one of the nursing homes in Vincennes, Indiana. I then moved to Terre Haute, Indiana, about 1979, where I worked at a Westminster Assisted Living and



Rehabilitation Center and began taking classes at Indiana State University.

When I met a recruiter for the U.S. Navy in 1985, I decided to join the Navy. I went to boot camp and airman school in Orlando, Florida. Flying there was my first time on an airplane. I went to Jacksonville, Florida, for P3 Orion (a 4-prop engine) aircraft familiarization. My first duty station was in Patuxent River, Maryland, where my duties consisted of corrosion control by inspecting for corrosion or other defects on the aircraft and doing plane washes (from which I was usually soaked at the end because someone sprayed me while I wasn't looking). I sanded, primed, and painted aircraft, took fuel samples to make sure all the fuel cells were clean, and directed the pilot to which prop to start up in a certain order, and then directed the crew to the air strip.

After about a year, Hospital Corp. School opened up for females. I applied for it and left Maryland just before Christmas to go to Great Lake, Illinois. After graduation, my first duty station was in Beaufort, South Carolina. Here, I took ambulance driver/attendant training.

I was working in the medical supply unit in Beaufort when my roommate introduced me to the man who would become my husband. We were all on the Base Bowling Team. Ron (my husband to be) and I would go to Shoney's and have coffee and split a hot fudge cake. Ron invited himself to my parents' home for Thanksgiving that year; as they say, "that was that." Ron was transferred to Corpus Christi, Texas, that following summer, so we decided to wait a year to get married to see what orders I would receive. However, he phoned when he got there and wanted to know how long it would take me to come down there. I put in for a leave and called to see if Dad would come and marry us. All was set; Mom and Dad were coming; Mom thought that she was going to surprise me by also bringing my grandmother, her mother; but when she said, "Surprise!" I said, "You're bringing Granny." The surprise failed. All was set: I had my ride; and Mom and Dad and Granny were coming—but so was HUGO!!! My commanding officer said that, if I could get someone to take or trade my weekend duty, I could leave before Hurricane Hugo hit South Carolina. I got

to Texas at 3:00 a.m., and Hugo hit land at 9:00 p.m. While at the beach, my grandmother wondered where all the seagulls were; Ron tossed down some nuts from the reception, and the gulls came flying. Oh, no! One decided to "take a dump" on my dad's head! My dad said to Ron, "If you didn't want me to perform the ceremony, you could have just told me." My grandmother got a good laugh from that.

With my marriage, I became mother to wonderful 8-year-old Jeremy. He lived with his mother, but we would see him when we went to Tennessee to visit Ron's parents. In December, I got my orders to transfer to Corpus Christie to join Ron. But then, in 1992, Ron was sent to duty aboard the USS Eisenhower, and I went to the Branch Medical Clinic in Norfolk, Virginia. While stationed there, we were blessed with our daughter, Angela, on the 20th of February 1994. Ron retired in February 1995, and I got my discharge in November that same year. Then we moved to Indiana, where I was a stay-at-home mom with my daughter from 1996 to 1998. In the spring of 1998, I went back to college at Ivy Tech Community College, where I received two AA degrees, one in Business Management and one in Office Administration. Then we moved to Tennessee in 2001 to care for my father-in-law while he was ill.

In 2005, we moved to Mitchell, Indiana, where I live today. I was Service Officer for our American Legion; I enjoyed giving back by assisting our veterans get their disability and other benefits. In 2006, we became grandparents with the birth of our first grandson, Elijah. In 2007, after the death of my father-in-law, we used part of Ron's inheritance to buy a home for my parents to move closer to us. In July of 2011, we were blessed with our first granddaughter, Nikah.

In 2008, Ron had been diagnosed with cancer; he lost his battle with the aftereffects of his cancer in 2013, and I moved in with my parents. My father passed away in 2014. Since then, my mom and I have been taking care of each other. That year, 2014, I was blessed with my second grandson, Silas.

When home, I enjoy doing cross stitch; spending time with my granddaughter; and, when possible, spending time with Jeremy and his family in Tennessee. I particularly enjoy doing family research with my mom. In 2015, we joined HFFA

and attended our first reunion in 2017 in Hannibal, Missouri. Then we enjoyed hosting the HFFA Reunion in Selbyville, Kentucky, in 2019. We go



to Kentucky several times a year to research our roots. We have also made a few day trips to do some cemetery hopping, to visit historical sites, and to meet new people. We are now planning a trip back to Shelbyville to see about getting the Fry Cemetery cleaned up. We would also like to get together with Linda Clemmons about the Smith Cemetery as we have learned that most, if not all, of those buried there were related to Henry Fry and Polly McGee. We think that the earliest grave there is from about 1834; if so, this should qualify as a Pioneer Cemetery, making it possibly protected. I have been searching for any information I can get. In our quest to explore our roots, there have been so many parallels in my life: ancestors in military service and the ministry, carpenters, and those involved in technology. From the Revolutionary War to today, there has always been some family member, from both sides of my family, somewhere serving our Country.

Also, in many of the towns here in Indiana, Mom and I have found that, at one time or another, a Fry family member has lived—if not in the same town at least in the same county. My granny always said, “Be careful what you say about someone because you never know if you’re talking about someone related.” We found that out when Mom broke her hip and was in a rehabilitation center. One of the rehab bus drivers started asking my mom about her name, Mayfield; it turned out that he was my dad’s cousin. In the mid-1990s, we were visiting with one of my dad’s cousins, Lowell Nichols, doing Mayfield links when Lowell mentioned the name Fry. I had to stop and ask him about his Fry connection. As it turned out, I was related to him from both my mom’s and my dad’s sides. After we joined

HFFA, another gentleman joined, named Ivan Lancaster. Mom and Dad were in the Masonic Order of the White Shrine of Jerusalem together but never knew that they were related to Ivan.

While setting up part of the Shelbyville Reunion this past year, we went to the visitors center to get pamphlets and information about surrounding areas. The lady who assisted us turned out to be a neighbor of Froman and Toni Fry, brother of fellow HFFA member Fran Fry Ramey. Mom and I have thoroughly enjoyed being part of this wonderful organization. We have made new friends, shared family information, and worried about our members when we hear of tragedies around them such as wildfires, tornadoes, hurricanes, flooding, and now this terrible pandemic. I hope to see everyone at the 2021 HFFA Reunion. If you are ever in Indiana, give us a shout!

### **A Brief Bio of Richard Wesley Frey**



I was born and raised in Fresno, California. I attended local public schools and graduated with a BA in Business Education from Fresno State College in 1965. In California, the teaching credential requires one year of college after the Bachelor’s degree, and

I completed that in the spring of 1966. During this year, I was able to teach business classes at the Clovis Adult School. In the fall of 1966, I began full-time teaching of business classes at Clovis High School in Clovis, California. The town of Clovis is located on the north-east border of Fresno.

In March of 1967, my father passed away while playing golf at a local golf course. During the course of the probate of his will, I would accompany my mother to the attorney’s office. What I saw got me interested in the study of law. My initial plan was to earn an MBA from Fresno State College, attend one year of law school, and then teach at a junior college. I finished my MBA and enjoyed my first year at Hastings College of the Law so much that it was easy to change my plans and finish law school.

Because of the death of my father, money was



somewhat limited. To help with living expenses in San Francisco, where Hastings was located, I was able to live in a funeral home for free. One or two nights a week, I would answer the phone, but that was all of the work that I had to do for free rent and free garage space for my 1967 Olds 442.

During the summer before I started law school, I was helping a friend paint his front door when he suggested that I take his sister-in-law out on a date. That is how I met my future wife, Therese. We were married between my second and third year of law school. During that third year, we lived in the funeral home, and Therese worked in the office of The Emporium in downtown San Francisco.



After I graduated from Hastings, we returned to Fresno, where I started the practice of law with a local firm. After two years, I joined the Fresno County District Attorney's office in their then-being-formed Family Support Division. A new Federal law required all of the states to aggressively establish paternity where needed, obtain child support orders, and collect them. In California this was done on a county level in the District Attorney's office with oversight by a State agency.

During my 28 years with the Family Support Division, I rose from a staff attorney to Supervising Attorney and finally to acting Division Head. While at FSD, I got actively involved in paternity testing with A-B-O blood tests, HLA white cell blood tests, and finally DNA tests. I retired in January of 2003, just before my 59th birthday.

I first got interested in genealogy when I had an early online computer program called Prodigy that had an advertisement for a product from Banner Blue called Family Tree Maker. I purchase it and installed the program, which came on a 5¼-inch floppy disk, on my first computer. I then asked all of my relatives for the names of my

ancestors and, together with research from the local recorder's office, had the basis for my family tree.

On my Frey side, I could not go back any further than my great-grandfather, who was named Smith Frey. I knew only his name as it was on my grandfather's death certificate. This led to much research and several genealogy vacations. I have visited the graves of all of my ancestors up to and including my great-grandparents and even a few before them.

My father had a Masonic funeral, and this got me interested in the Masonic Fraternity. Several months after he died, I petitioned his Lodge, Las Palmas Lodge No. 366 in Fresno, and shortly thereafter received the degrees of Masonry. After law school, I was appointed to the officer's line, and 1980 I served as Master. I have continued to be active in my Lodge and have been a Lodge Trustee since 2001. Two years ago, I received my Golden Veterans Award for having been a member for 50 years.

I have always like to teach; so while I was practicing law, I taught at the Fresno City College in the evenings, and later I returned to teaching at Clovis Adult School. It was here that I got interested in being a webmaster. I am basically self-taught in this area. I started off by being the webmaster for the Cossitt Family Association, which is on my maternal side. About 7 or 8 years ago I became the webmaster for Las Palmas Lodge; and a few years after that, Cousin Gene Frye asked if I would be the webmaster for the HFFA website.

So far Therese and I have attended and thoroughly enjoyed most of the HFFA reunions starting with Winchester, Virginia, in 2011.



# HFFA Officers and Directors

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**\$25 dues are paid annually in January.**

**Dues and address changes should be sent to Marti Frye** at address above. Dues may be paid for multiple years. Make checks payable for \$25.00 (per year) to **HFFA**. Membership is on a calendar year basis.

Membership includes four issues of the Newsletter and at least one of the Journal each year.

**The Links Book** cost \$15 per CD.  
Please contact **Marti Frye**.