

HFFA NEWS

A publication of the Heinrich Frey Family Association

Editor — Marilyn Fry

Published quarterly—

Last week in February, May, August, and November

www.hfrey.org

Hello, Cousins, Kin, and other Readers,

How has everyone been? I hope that you have all stayed safe from Covid-19! Fortunately, my immediate family has. In fact, I don't know anyone who has had it, but the numbers of cases are soaring in California and other states. I stay safe isolated at home.

Happy Thanksgiving! We had only the immediate family—people who see each other all the time—eight adults and two children. How different this is from previous years, when my son Ron cooked a Thanksgiving feast for 25-30 family members for over 20 years! Last year, with Ron gone, fourteen of us celebrated Thanksgiving at a local restaurant.

As always, thanks to Gretchen Fry Harvey and Ginny Fry Santos for helping with the newsletter! Gretchen takes care of photographs and prints out the newsletters to be sent by USPS mail, and Ginny does all the formatting. I couldn't do it without them!

Stay safe and healthy!

Sincerely,

Marilyn Fry,
HFFA Newsletter Editor
Costa Mesa, California
mfry101@aol.com



Treasurer's Report



Summary 01/1/2020— 11/8/2020

Initial balance 11,733.85

Income

Dues	3075.77
Links Book	45.00
Heinrich cemetery	221.02
Journal Purchases	114.00
Swiss genealogy	-380.00

Total Income 3075.79

Expenses

Internet security	150.98
Office expenses	18.96
Postage (inc. Newsletter)	145.73

Total Expenses 315.67

Net Gain 2760.12

**Closing balance as of
11/8/20**

14,493.97

Ralph Fry,
Treasurer





Dear Cousins, Family, and Friends,

I would like to personally wish all of you a happy belated Thanksgiving! Just like everything this year, holidays all look and feel very different: not too many kids trick-or-treating on Halloween, no Memorial Day parades, and no huge family gatherings for Thanksgiving. I'm sure we are all wondering what kind of Christmas we will be having. Probably, like Thanksgiving, it will be more intimate. But did it seem to you that people were finding more things to be thankful for this Thanksgiving? That's what I thought. And planning for a smaller Christmas seems to have taken a lot of the stress and hecticness out of the equation. Black Friday was eerily dead. Maybe buying those "perfect" gifts doesn't really matter anymore, or at least not this year. It seems to me that more people are realizing that the best gift they can give is the gift of sharing oneself with loved ones, being engaged when stories are being told or little ones are reciting a poem, and feeling appreciative for the people in your life. I don't know... maybe I am just being too mushy as it has been a difficult year, to be sure, and I am just trying to find the silver lining in it all. Also I am feeling very sentimental at the moment because I have spent the last few weeks working on the color insert pages for Jon's new **HFFA Journal** with the pictures and captions from our last reunion in Kentucky, and I'm feeling how very fortunate we all are to share a bloodline and to actually know each other, not to mention to be able to share these wonderful experiences, learn more about our roots and family history.

In the last newsletter I told you all to "Save the Date" for our next reunion. That was three months ago, and we all (the Executive Board) had great hopes of being able to move forward with planning the next reunion. As you all probably already know, Covid-19 has gotten worse since then. A flurry of phone conversations and emails ensued, and we all had to make the decision to postpone our next reunion to 2022. We already had secured the Hampton Inn in Xenia, Ohio, and Jon Frye has so many great speakers for us and places to visit. It truly piggybacks well from all that we learned of our family's migration

on from Kentucky. I really hate having to wait an extra year, but the health of our members requires it. Besides, I want to be able to hug all of you when I see you again and ride a bus without wearing a mask. So it will be worth the wait. Like so many other things this year—"patience, patience, patience" is our mantra.

I am sad to inform you that Janet Goforth has asked to retire from being on the Executive Board. Of course, she is still going to stay involved and active in **HFFA** and plans to attend the 2022 reunion. Janet has been wonderful to work with over the years, and she and John have done such a great job organizing the fun gift exchanges we've had at the last four reunions; she will be truly missed. As difficult as it was to think about a suitable replacement, we sure got lucky when Mike Speers agreed to accept the vacancy and become a Director. Of course, he was immediately unanimously voted in by the rest of the Board. We are honored to have Mike back on the Board with his wealth of family knowledge, his years of commitment to **HFFA**, and his sensible decision-making skills. He is just an all-round nice guy! Welcome back, Mike Speers!

I am wondering how many of you have done a Zoom meeting or get-together. I've had several Zoom meetings at my company, and my mom and I attended a Zoom baby shower. I am bringing this up as a consideration for all of us or a good majority of us maybe to think about having one or more business meetings this next year via Zoom. We have new bylaws that we want to pass and a few other important decisions to make for our organization. How many of you would be up for a Zoom business meeting? Drop me an email (gret101@aol.com) or phone me (949-683-6831) and let me know how you feel about this idea.

My sincere wish for you is to have a warm and blessed Christmas that is full of love. I hope that you and your loved ones stay happy, safe, healthy, and family-strong!

Gretchen Fry Harvey
HFFA President

Reminder About 2021 HFFA Dues

In a normal year, I would start my begging letter for dues as a friendly reminder that your 2021 Heinrich Frey Family Association dues are now due for the coming year. However, this has not been a normal year with Covid-19. My hopes and prayers are that everyone has stayed safe and is following the rules that our government has set forth, as we all want to keep all families safe.

Back to business, the dues are **\$25 per year**. You can pay for more than one year if you prefer. Please **make the checks payable to HFFA** and send them to Marti Frye, 308 Bellevue Plantation Road, Lafayette, Louisiana 70503. (Please do not make the checks out to me as the bank will not accept them.) You can still pay your dues by PayPal. If you go to our website, **hfrey.org**, you will find the section where you are able to pay by PayPal.



If we do not receive your dues by March 31, 2021, you will be removed from the membership roll and will also be removed from the Facebook page, the newsletter list, and the journal list. If for some reason you are unable to pay your dues by that time and still want to remain a member of **HFFA**, please contact me so that we can make arrangements.

The newsletter keeps us up to date on what is going on through the year. I don't think that you will want to miss paying your dues as we are planning a great reunion for 2022 that you will not want to miss. The reunion has been postponed until 2022 because of fears of spreading Covid-19. Please get those checks in as soon as possible. Thank you.

If you do not plan on renewing your membership, please let me know by either "snail mail" or at the address above or by email at ralph.frye@lusfiber.net.

Please stay safe!

Marti Frye, Membership Chair

ELECTION OF A NEW DIRECTOR



Janet Goforth has had to resign as a Director of **HFFA**. She and her husband, John, will remain active in **HFFA** and hope to attend reunions, where for the last three reunions they have been in charge of the last-night raffle.

The Executive Board met via email on November 14, 2020, to choose a Director to take Janet's place. **Ralph Frye** nominated **Mike Speers**, and **Thelma McKenzie** seconded the nomination. The Board voted unanimously to elect Mike Speers to fill in for the rest of Janet's term. Congratulations, Mike!



Mike has previously served as a Director as well as Treasurer and **HFFA** Newsletter Editor.

Changes and Corrections:

New Addresses:

Christine Fecher

12507 ES Draper Drive
Huntersville, North Carolina 28078

Kyle Frye

400 South Mimosa Drive
Ore City, Texas 75683
(903) 812-3207

New Phone Number:

Bernard C. Schifer

(941) 876-4077

NEXT HFFA REUNION POSTPONED TO SUMMER 2022

HFFA Cousins,

With the Covid-19 pandemic, I am concerned about holding our next **HFFA** Reunion in mid-June of 2021. I think we need to have a "Plan B."



Currently there are three vaccines in stage 3 of testing. The one being developed by Pfizer may get emergency approval for general use by December 1st. Distribution of the 100 million doses in December and January sounds great, but since two shots will be required, there are really only 50 million doses. Also, some of these doses will be sent to foreign countries, so not all 50 million doses will be available for Americans. While our Government has not released a formal priority list of who gets it first, I think it is safe to say that first responders, care providers, and police will be at the top of the list. Then will come some of the military. These alone will probably use up all of the supply until at least March or April 2021 or even longer if not all three vaccines make it to the market.

Those with compromised immune systems and the aged, like myself, may come next, and this will probably take another month or two, which takes us to summer before the general public will be able to get their first shot. Some experts think that one vaccine may be better for a specific class of individuals. If this is the case, then more time may be required before sufficient people can be vaccinated with the most appropriate vaccine.

From my reading on this subject, there will be problems in administering the shots. One of the vaccines in stage three must be stored at -20 degrees Celsius and the other at -70 Celsius. This means that you won't be able to get your shot at your local drug store or physician's office. There will have to be facilities set up just to administer the shots. Secondly, a second shot will be required, and I am sure there must be somewhere between 2 and 4 weeks between the two shots.

After that, the body will need some time to build up its immunity.

Even if a vaccine is 80 to 90% effective, this means that a vast majority of the people must be inoculated with this vaccine before herd immunity kicks in as it requires a "high percentage" of the public to be vaccinated, or have immunities, before it works. This will require time to accomplish.

States like California, Oregon, Washington, and Nevada will not start inoculations until they have had time to independently look over the data to make sure that the vaccines are safe for the general public. Those of us in California may not get vaccinated until early summer of 2021, even if we are at risk due to age.

With our reunion scheduled in mid-June of 2021, we who will fly to Ohio will need to purchase our tickets no later than mid-April. By mid-April most of us will probably not have had our two vaccinations, and certainly it will be too early for herd immunity. We would all feel horrible if one or several of the **HFFA** reunion attendees suffered from Covid-19, or worse. If the reunion does go as planned, we will probably have to still wear masks and abide by social distancing.

I know that Cousin Jon is putting a lot of work into this reunion, and I would hate to have few, if anyone, attend.

Cousin Richard Frey

Business Meeting Via Email:

Thelma McKenzie moved to change the date of the next **HFFA** reunion to summer 2022, postponing it a year. **Richard Frey** seconded the motion. During the week of November 15, 2020, the Executive Board members (Officers and Directors) vote unanimously to postpone the next **HFFA** reunion to summer 2022.

NEW MEMBERS

New Members

Mark Fry

19852 Malaga Lane
Yorba Linda, California 92866
(714) 779-7169
mrmrsrfry@pacbell.net



1. Heinrich Frey/Anna Catherine Levering
2. Benjamin Frey/Christina ?
3. Benjamin Fry/Catherine ?
4. Isaac Fry/Catherine Fry
5. Issac James Fry/Sally George
6. William Fry/Mary Ann Cross
7. Walter Fry/Josephine Elizabeth Kelly
8. Walter Baker Fry/Eva B. Pearson
9. Carl Conrad Fry/Annie Idema
10. **Mark Fry**

Clarkson (Joe) Carpenter

20 North Kingshighway Boulevard, 12A
St. Louis, Missouri 63108
(314) 277-1829
joecarpenter@gmail.com

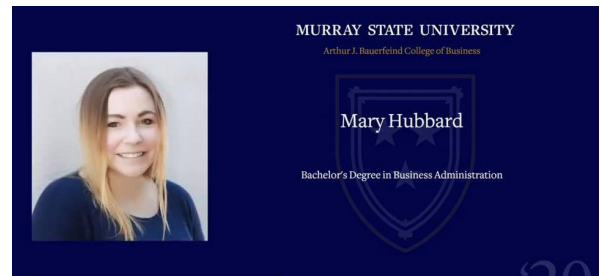
Joe says, "My legal name is Clarkson Carpenter III. Joe is a nickname and has been since 3rd grade. Since I am the only Clarkson Carpenter living, I took off the III. Tom Speers told me about the Heinrich Frey Family Association. . . . I have been a commercial Realtor (mostly industrial) for the past 20 years in Missouri and Illinois. Before that, I was in several online ventures and, before that, a real estate developer. I did marketing in the Mideast and in Europe for an architecture and engineering consortium. I plan to retire at the end of this year.

My 6th great-grandfather, John Carpenter (Zimmerman) married Elizabeth Spears (Speers). That is my connection on the Speers side. Elizabeth's sister Catherine Rebecca Spears married Adam Carpenter, who was a half-brother of my ancestor, John. She had been married to John C. Frye, Sr., who was killed at the Battle of Blue Ridge. So I am not a direct descendant of a Frye. My cousin Tom Speers told me about **HFFA**, and I am joining as an associate member.

News from Members:

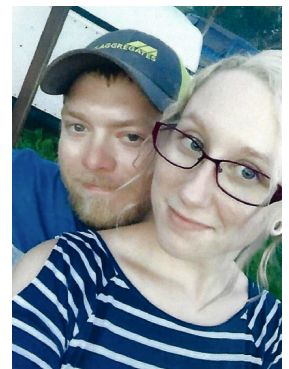


Carolyn Denham welcomes great-granddaughter **Brinley Grace Smith**, daughter of Hannah Voegtly Smith and Nicholas Smith, born Friday, August 28, 2020 in Concord, California, granddaughter of **Claire Voegtly**.



Mary Sue and Ron Hubbard congratulate their granddaughter, **Mary Katherine Hubbard** on her graduation with a BA in Business Administration from Murray State University in Murray, Kentucky.

Rebecca Proffitt is happy to announce the marriage of her daughter, **Angela Proffitt**, to Dakota Koska. They were married on October 26, 2020, in a simple ceremony in Otis Park, Bedford, Indiana. Becca and Dakota's grandfather, Gary Koska, were the witnesses.



Obituaries



Shirley Lieuween Bailey Coad was born December 13, 1931, in Winfield, Kansas. She joined the Heinrich Frey Family Association in 2007 along with her sister, **Janet Goforth**, and they both attended the **HFFA** reunion in Mineola and Golden, Texas, the summer of 2009 along with their husbands, Roger and John.

Shirley passed away on Wednesday, October 7, 2020, in Wichita, Kansas, at the age of 88. She was an accomplished cellist and was involved in community music. Her late husband, Roger Dean Coad, was the love of her life, and they were inseparable. She was also preceded in death by her parents, Walter and Ethel Bailey. She is survived by her children, Rex A. (Jill) Coad; Russell (Julie) Coad, D.D.S.; David (Gail) Harms; and Elizabeth D. (Derek) Slack. She is also survived by 17 grandchildren and 21 great-grandchildren and her brother, James Bailey, sister **Janet (John) Goforth**, and sister-friend Nancy Virden. A memorial has been established with Southwest College Music Department, Institutional Advancement Office, 100 North College Street, Winfield, Kansas 67156.

This article appeared in the February 2012 **HFFA** Newsletter:

*Our cousin, **Shirley Coad**, was honored at the Performing Arts Series of Gold Canyon United Methodist Church in Gold Canyon, Arizona, on 1 May 2011. Her performance was part of a 30-event program that was offered to the public in 2010-2011. She has been playing the cello for 70 years. She has been the principal cellist in the Silveridge Pops Orchestra in Mesa, Arizona, for 15 years.*

Her program consisted of compositions of Mozart, L.Lloyd-Webber, Saint-Saens, Telemann, Elgar, Brahms, Hamlisch, Mendelsshon, Bach, and others. There were 13 selections that she had in her program, some of them solo, some accompanied by piano, organ, violin, and viola. Her husband, Roger, played viola on some of the numbers.

*She and Roger have four married children, 17 grown grandchildren, 5 grand-sons-in-law, and 8 great-grandchildren. Many of their names have been reported in the **HFFA** Newsletter as they have married or been born in recent years. The family is scattered across the United States.*



Roger Dean Coad was born February 8, 1930. He passed away on July 21, 2020, in Wichita, Kansas, at the age of 90. He was a retired Los Alamos Nuclear Test Facility Architectural Engineer. He was preceded in death by his parents, Lester and Edith Coad; his brother, Keith Coad; and sisters Marjorie McCormick and Patricia Rood. He is survived by his wife, **Shirley Coad**, and his children: Rex A. (Jill) Coad; Russell (Julie) Coad, D.D.S.; David (Gail) Harms; and Elizabeth D. (Derrick) Slack. He is also survived by 20 grandchildren and 20 great-grandchildren. A memorial has been established with St. Jude Children's Research Hospital, Memorial ID 12086512, 501 St. Jude Place, Memphis, Tennessee 38105.

Former **HFFA** Newsletter Editor Mike Speers, sent two **HFFA** Newsletter articles about Shirley and Roger. In the winter of 2007, he had appealed to **HFFA** members to share about their lives to be published in the **HFFA** Newsletters. This is the information published in the August 2008 **HFFA** Newsletter:

Roger and Shirley Coad grew up on the same street in a town noted for music, Winfield, Kansas. Roger graduated from Kansas State University with an Architectural Engineering degree in 1952 and then went into the Air Force for 4 years and got his Master's degree in Civil Engineering courtesy of the Air Force in 1953.

Most of Roger's engineering career was spent in construction of hospitals, schools, and apartment buildings.

Roger married Shirley Bailey in 1978 and moved to Los Alamos, New Mexico, where Roger worked at the Los Alamos National Lab until he retired in 1993.

Shirley has played the cello since she was 9 and

graduated from Southwestern College in Winfield, Kansas, in 1953 with a Music Education degree. Shirley has done some private cello and piano teaching but primarily was a mom and homemaker.

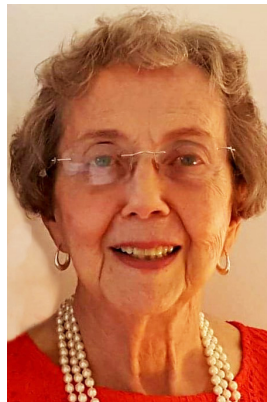
She did work in the bookkeeping department of a bank, was County Clerk and Probate Judge Pro-Tem, and in the mid-1970s was secretary/receptionist in Student Personnel at Southwestern College. While living in Los Alamos, she volunteered as a docent in the Historical Society, working primarily in the Archives, which she found to be a fascinating job.

Roger's primary hobby has been, and continues to be, tennis. He's played local, regional, and national tournaments in singles, doubles, and Father/Son (with oldest son, Rex). A few years ago, Roger and Rex were ranked #8 in the nation in the Father & Son Senior Division.

Music has been a major part of our lives as we've sung in choral groups and church choirs wherever we lived. Roger played violin when he was in high school and continued off and on over the years. Three years ago, he decided he wanted to try viola, bought one, and took some lessons. Roger and Shirley both play in the Silveridge Pops Orchestra, a 60-piece orchestra of volunteers who play concerts during the winter and spring months here in the east Mesa and Apache Junction area. Shirley plays in the Almost Baroque Trio, which plays various places in this area. She also plays solos for Pops Concerts or for church or with choral groups needing a cello part. Shirley says, 'I never made much money with my cello, but I love it. "We manage to keep busy here in Mesa, Arizona."

Roger and Shirley Coad

Violet Arnedo Anderson Fry, wife of **Gordon Fry**, passed away on January 15, 2020, in Arkansas City, Cowley County, Kansas. She was born in Arkansas City on July 29, 1937, to Okla and Lillie (Yates) Anderson. She spent her childhood in Arkansas City and graduated from Arkansas City High School in



1955. In August 1956, she married Gordon Fry. They lived in Arkansas City until 1979, when they moved to Coffeyville, Kansas.

She worked as a dental assistant for 25 years, working for Dr. Robert Starr and Dr. Daniel Snowden while in Arkansas City. In Coffeyville, she worked for Dr. Monte Clumsky. In 1990, she and Gordon moved to Parsons, Kansas. They returned to Coffeyville in 1996 and to Arkansas City in the spring of 2006.

She is survived by her husband, Gordon; son James and Deb Fry of Arkansas City; son Aaron and Anita Fry of Universal City, Texas; and daughter Arnedo and Bob Shelton of Olathe, Kansas. She has six grandsons and one granddaughter: Micah Fry and Ruy Vaz and Nathan Fry of Arkansas City, Kansas; A.J. and Teresa Fry of New Braunfels, Texas; Matthew and Brooke Fry and Jacob Fry of Austin, Texas; and Michael and Jeffrey Shelton of Lawrence, Kansas. She has one great-granddaughter, Lena Kate Fry. Violet is also survived by one niece, Layne Fisher of Sawyer, Kansas, and one nephew, Andy and Jane Eckley of Sublette, Kansas. She is preceded in death by her parents and two sisters, Winnie Fisher and Bessie Eckley.

Funeral services were held on January 21, 2020, at Shelley Family Funeral Home, followed by burial at Riverview Cemetery in Arkansas City, Kansas. A memorial has been established in Mrs. Fry's name with the Alzheimer's Association. Contributions may be made through the funeral home.

Gordon Fry joined **HFFA** in 2001 and has served as Vice President and President and continues to serve as the **HFFA** Archivist. He hosted the 2005 **HFFA** reunion at Coffeyville, Kansas. On the Friday night before the actual meetings, he and Vi hosted an informal get-together at their home in Coffeyville. We send our sympathy to Gordon on the loss of his wife.

Passing of the generations - Submitted by Susan Snider Salmon

We are sad to report two deaths stemming from Henry Abraham, son of Smith Frye: **Claudine Emry Ceballos** and **Lois Marjorie Frye White**. **HFFA** members **Norma McKenzie, Kathy Fox, Kathi Emry Vontz, and Susan Snider Salmon** all come from the Smith Frye-Nancy Shepler connection. **HFFA** journal related to our lineage is Vol. 2, Issue 9, Spring 2002.

We come from a double dip line: Benjamin/Abraham/Abraham/Smith and Samuel/Rebecca/Nancy Shepler. Smith and Nancy were instrumental in developing the new thriving community of Peoria, Illinois. Their son, Henry Abraham moved west to Panama Lancaster-near Lincoln, Nebraska, after the Civil War. Henry's son, Marion Kingsley and his 2nd wife, Alcy Phelina Kethcart, had two children, Marion Merle (daughter) and Ellis Kingsley. [Note: Marion is correctly spelled.] Claudine is Marion Kingsley's Granddaughter, and Lois is Ellis's daughter. Just an interesting family anecdote—Ellis ended up back in Peoria by a fluke of a job offer to teach at Bradley University. He taught there for 36 years.



Claudine Emry Ceballos passed away early Friday morning, June 12, 2020 in Lincoln, Nebraska. She was born June 21, 1938, at Panama, Nebraska, to L.K. and Norma (Gardner) Emry. The family moved to Lincoln when she was a small child, and she lived the rest of her life in Lincoln

and on an acreage near Waverly. Her surviving family members are husband, Gil Ceballos of Waverly; daughter, Kris Jeffries of Lincoln; son, Michael Jeffries (wife, Pia Zadora) of Las Vegas, Nevada; grandchildren Dallas Wenz of Lincoln; Mike Jeffries, Jr., of Las Vegas, Nevada; Elysha Crane Nettleton (Jonathan) of Redlands, California; and great-granddaughters Carolyn Schultz of Pohattan, Kansas; Kaily, Aria, and Lilah Nettleton of Redlands, California; and sisters Kathi Emry Vontz and Mary Emry of Lincoln; brother, Randy Emry of Douglas; and nieces Randi Emry-Peery

(Clark) and Kelly Muthersbaugh (Alan) and nephew, Cary Gerner (Janet) as well as many extended family members and close friends. The non-human loves of her life were her horses. She attended grade school and junior high school at Havelock and graduated from high school at Northeast, class of 1956. She then attended and graduated from cosmetology school. Claudine will be missed and remembered always by all of her family and her longest friend, Margaret Todd. Due to Covid-19 there will be a celebration of life at a later time. Memorial Mass was held on Monday June 22, followed by a private family burial at Panama Cemetery, Panama, Nebraska.



Lois Marjorie Frye White, 91, passed away Monday, July 29, 2019, at NHC Parklane (Columbia, South Carolina). A private graveside service was held on August 5, 2019, in Greenlawn Memorial Park, Columbia, South Carolina. The family wishes to thank the attentive staff at NHC Parklane and

those at the adjacent Palmettos Assisted Living for caring for Lois over the last several years. Additionally, the family deeply appreciates the respectful care provided by the staff at Dunbar Funeral Home, Devine Street Chapel as she was laid to rest.

Born on July 22, 1928, in Peoria, Illinois, Lois was the third child of Ellis Kingsley Frye and Elizabeth Prominski Frye. Growing up on Alice Avenue,



she attended Calvin Coolidge Grammar School and Peoria High School. Lois earned a Master of Arts (1981) and Bachelor of Arts (1950) degrees in teaching from Bradley University. While attending college at Bradley, she pledged Chi Omega sorority. Her Bachelor's degree in teaching included certifications to teach in both elementary and secondary levels.

After college, she considered a career in Chris-

tian missionary; however, she married, began teaching and started a family, returning to teaching after a short break when the children were young. She taught Math, Science, and related subjects for 35 years in the Bartonville area schools. Lois was also served as an Adjunct Professor at Bradley University and worked with school systems to implement early computer labs and application for educational use as the new technology was emerging for use in schools. Teaching was more than a profession for Lois, she lived to help other learn.

Choosing to be baptized into the Christian faith at 12 years of age, she joined Westminster Presbyterian Church in Peoria, Illinois. In high school, she was active in Youth Group, and as an adult, she served in various Christian education and leadership positions, including Education Superintendent for more than a decade. After her move to Columbia, she transferred her membership to Forest Lake Presbyterian Church, where she attended Circle, served as a Sunday School teacher, and brought her grandchildren to worship on Sundays.

During her spare time, she was able to travel to Europe with her mother. She later was able to revisit Germany and enjoy a multi-country tour, including a stay New Zealand with her son Tom. After she retired from teaching, Lois let the artist in her heart come to life. She became an accomplished potter, making over 200 pieces and using a variety of glazing methods. She was also a painter and created a number of works focus-

ing primarily on nature, flowers, and animals. In 2003, she left her beloved home and friends in Bartonville and moved to Columbia, South Carolina, to become a caregiver for her two grandchildren. She supplemented their education and tutored the boys through high school.

Lois is survived by her two sons, Tom White (Galveston, Texas) and Jim White (Shelly, Idaho); caregiver and former daughter-in-law, Ann Elsenheimer (Columbia, South Carolina); three grandchildren, Aleksey Mohov (Columbia, South Carolina), Samuel White (Columbia, South Carolina), and Aspen White (Lewiston, Idaho); two nieces, Linda Hurt (Marshfield, Massachusetts) and **Susan Snider Salmon** (Unionville, Indiana), and nephew Brian Snider (Columbus, Ohio) and their families. Lois was preceded in death by her parents, her infant brother Bobbie, and her sister, Elaine Frye Snider.

A simple graveside service following Celebration of Life was led by Rev. Dr. Ellen Fowler Skidmore, Senior Pastor at Forest Lake Presbyterian Church. Surrounded by friends and family, life photos, and precious belongings and garnished with Lois's favorite candies of orange slices and Rollo bites, Pastor Ellen elegantly summarized the stories and recollections of her grandsons and others attending the gathering in a prayer of remembrance.

Lois was a woman of deep faith, a loving spirit, and strong convictions.

GETTING TO KNOW YOUR OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS

Past President Gene Frye

I was born in a farmhouse with a midwife in attendance near the small rural town of La Monte, Missouri. Growing up, I worked on the farm because that was expected. I played sports when I wanted.



As a family, we did not work on the farm on Sundays, and instead we attended church in another small rural town of Dresden, Missouri (obviously named after Dresden, Germany, because of the many German immigrants that settled that area).

I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior at an early age. I attended a small elementary country school for seven years. My country elementary school was named Prairie Hill. Geographically, the upper western part of Missouri and the adjoining state to the West, which is Kansas, is known for its flat farmland or prairie. My elementary school was located on a slight rise in the terrain, a hill. Hence, the name Prairie Hill,

representing the combination of the prairie and a small hill. It should have been an 8-year curriculum, but because I was so smart (Ha Ha!), I skipped one year. It also helped that my mother, Laura Peithman Frye, had been an elementary school teacher before marriage. My dad had been a postal mail carrier and then a professional barber and then a career farmer; he was also a Deacon in the Dresden church. I was the last of seven children, born when my mother was 42 years old. My four brothers and two sisters are all deceased. The eldest of seven was my brother, L. Bert Frye, who was instrumental in organizing the first HFFA reunion in 1992 in Hannibal, Missouri.

After graduation from the eighth grade at Prairie Hill, I went to high school in Sedalia, Missouri, a larger small town. I was involved in sports and high school politics.

Outside of that, Sedalia is known for one of the larger State Fairs. It also had some notoriety for its relevance in a TV program that portrayed old time cattle drives to market, "The Sedalia Trail."

After high school, I enrolled at Bob Jones University, a non-denominational Christian school in Greenville, SC. It was operated as a Christian school but was similar to a military academy in the teaching of etiquette and preparation for life. It was a fine school with high academic standards. However, I wanted to major in physical education and at the time, the school did not offer that major.

After two years at Bob Jones University, I followed my sister Jane to California. Her husband was interning at Alameda County Hospital in Oakland. I was accepted at the University of California at Berkeley and enrolled. However, I decided I wanted to return to Missouri, so I enrolled at the University of Missouri at Columbia, Missouri, where I majored in Physical Education, was involved in sports, and went on to earn a Master's Degree in Secondary School Administration.

I started coaching basketball, football, and baseball and teaching classroom subjects and driver education in high schools in Nevada and Missouri; I was principal of a high school in Missouri. Summer jobs included working for a contractor who was building a new highway from Nevada into Death Valley. My job was to install reflectors

alongside the new highway through the desert. I was given a straw hat and materials for the not-yet opened highway with no habitation of any kind for 50-75 miles of desert. Occasionally, a foreman would show up with more materials and water to check on me.

Another summer job was back in Holland Michigan, the City of Tulips and Wooden Shoes. I was Assistant Hotel Manager of Waukazoo Inn, an upscale resort right on Lake Michigan (now demolished and sporting high rises!), where most guests would fly in from Chicago in float planes and land on the water in front of the hotel. They were mostly well-known business owners from Chicago, and one of my jobs was to meet and greet them at the waterfront and welcome them to Waukazoo Inn, where they were usually already known by the Manager. I also organized recreational activities for guests and participated with them.

My brother, Bert, invited me to go to New Zealand and Australia to help him do research for college textbooks that he was writing for astronomy and geology. Since one of my five college minors was astronomy, that interested me. We spent six months traveling the entire circumference of Australia, touring to see the largest telescopes and interviewing the directors of each facility. The Southern Hemisphere is ideal for studying astronomy because the skies are much less polluted than the northern hemisphere. Also, from a geological viewpoint, rock formations in Australia are of genuine interest.

While in New Zealand, I was invited to be Player/Manager of a professional softball team. I stayed and played for five seasons. I played 2nd base and sometimes filled in at 1st base.

I came back to Kansas City and was a construction news reporter for Dodge Reports, a subsidiary of McGraw Hill Publishing Company from New York. I did that for five years, calling on architects and engineers for construction news around the world.

Later, I started my own business in Kansas City, called Auto Driveaway Company, which "in fact" was connected to a network of approximately 60 offices in major cities throughout the USA and Canada. We shipped and drove cars and small trucks anywhere in the USA and Canada, and

occasionally used containers for shipments overseas. It was a flourishing business.

During the above period, I was Chairman of the Board of Education for the Kansas City Christian School.

I then went into the travel agency business, which led me to hosting (providing concierge services) for passengers on 4.5-month round-the-world cruises on the Holland America Line, which I continue today.

Edgar Eugene (Gene) Frye

November 23, 2020

Vice President Jon Frye

I was born on February 20, 1949, in Sheridan, Michigan, in a large home that was turned into a hospital in a rural north-central part of the state. I was part of the Baby-boomer generation. My parents, Esther (Wilder) and L. Bertice (Bert) Frye, met during the Second World War when my dad attended one of the "Chalk Talks" my mother presented, which, if I recall correctly, was in Virginia near where Dad was stationed at the time. They were married in Florida in April of 1944, and my dad received his orders to ship out a few days later. He was initially sent to Italy but after a few days was diverted to North Africa, where he spent the rest of the war repairing instrument panels on planes that were shot up during the bombing missions over the Romanian oil fields. When he returned after the war, he took advantage of the G.I. Bill and briefly attended school in Wilmington, Delaware. After that, my folks went to Stanton, Michigan, where my dad briefly worked as an engineer at the Kelvinator plant in nearby Greenville, and it was there during this time that I was born. Shortly afterward, we moved to Grand Rapids and briefly lived in an apartment until my folks bought a house in the suburb of Wyoming Park. During this time, my dad worked in the Grand Rapids Traffic Engineering Department while attending Grand Rapids Baptist Bible College (now Cornerstone University), where he later taught part time.



I remember asking my mother one day when I would be able to go to school like the other kids in the neighborhood, and, sure enough, the time soon came. I attended kindergarten through part of 3rd grade at Godfrey Elementary School until we moved to Arkansas in 1957, where my dad got a teaching position at John Brown University near Siloam Springs. I didn't want to move away from all my friends, but my opinion didn't seem to hold much weight in the total scheme of things, so we went to a different Southern culture. It was a college town nestled in the Ozark Mountains, so it was a study in diverse cultures to be sure. I recall one day when a kid from the mountains brought a snake to school and let it out of the jar at recess. My 3rd grade teacher recognized it as a Pygmy Rattlesnake and called his parents. The boy's father said in a typical Ozark drawl, "Well, we won't let him bring it back tomorrow."

My dad wasn't completely happy there, and in the fall of 1961, we moved to Ohio, where he got a professorship at Cedarville College teaching geology and astronomy among other things. We bought a house a few miles away in Xenia where I started the 7th grade. By the time I was in high school, my dad applied for some summer grants, and one of the more memorable ones involved two summers at the University of Florida, where he worked on a project for NASA that was incorporated as part of the Pioneer 10 Mission. During the second summer after my junior year, he was able to get me a job in the Radio Astronomy lab sorting out resistors, capacitors, and other components to be used at the lab. I graduated from Xenia High School in 1967.

One of the perks for teaching at Cedarville College (a Christian school on a shoestring budget at that time) was that staff children were able to have free tuition. So from 1967 to graduation in 1971, I worked toward a degree in education in the field of Social Studies. I have had a love for history since the time I was four or five years old when my mother shared with me a pictorial book about the Battle of Gettysburg. I knew at that time I wanted to learn more about history, especially the Civil War, and write about it. That dream came true when, not long after the HFFA was established, I did a Journal article about the Fry(e)s who fought in the Civil War (particularly in Virginia), and I had subsequent opportunities to

do articles regarding the impact of the Civil War on the Fry(e)s in Missouri as well as research on Johnny Fry, who was killed during that conflict. But whatever the topic might be, family research has given me an opportunity to learn so much more of my family's history than I ever dreamed of although at times it ties up far more time than I should be spending on it. (Just ask my wife.)

During our brief stay in Arkansas (4 ½ years), we lived near Civil War battlefields such as Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove, and in the late 1950s, Civil War relics were easy to find at ridiculously low prices, so it spawned a new hobby for me as I obtained minie balls, bayonets, Confederate money, etc. Indian arrowheads were so easy to find in the fields that it led to yet another realm of collecting for me. And when my maternal grandmother gave me some political pins for William McKinley and William Jennings Bryan (1900) and Teddy Roosevelt (1904) and my Grandmother Frye gave me some for Wendell Willkie, it opened up a whole new area of collecting. I guess at one time or another in my younger life I collected almost everything known to be collected, including stamps, coins, and baseball cards, but now my interest is mainly in political items (pins and tokens going back to John Adams), First World War aviation gear (I can completely equip a pilot if need be), and, of course, family history research.

Naturally my career was spent teaching history for 31 years—World Studies and American History—at Xenia High School, trying as much as possible to bring it alive to kids, some of whom have barely left our state. After retiring I did substitute teaching for an additional 16 years, finally “throwing in the towel” this past March, when school was let out due to Covid. I was also the advisor for the foreign exchange club for many years. I only wish I had more money to spend on traveling. I have been blessed, however, to have traveled to 48 states (missed Alaska and Louisiana so far) as well as to most of Canada and the sub-Arctic, Mexico, the Bahamas, China, Australia, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Greece, Ukraine, and, of course, the land of our roots – Switzerland. (I have a long way to catch up with Gene Frye, however.) It must be that Fry(e) wanderlust.

In addition to teaching, I coached gymnastics (boys for 18 years and girls for eight). In high

school I was a gymnast and also enjoyed playing hockey, and I try to get up to Ohio State each year for meets and games whenever I can. All I can say is “Curse the Covid that has deprived me of opportunities to enjoy these aspects of life!”

Finally, let me conclude by saying I was married on July 4th, 1974, the year of the tornado that destroyed half of Xenia three months before, destroying our house and severely damaging my 1957 T-Bird (but that's a story for another time). We have two daughters (Talitha and Clarissa) and two sons (Ethan and Andrew) and an unofficial Ukrainian daughter, Masha, an orphan we met when I handled my mother's chalk art equipment when she drew in Kiev a few years ago. Ethan and Holly have three children; Talitha has two; Clarissa and Chad have one; and Masha and Victor have two. Though there have been many difficult times in life, God has nevertheless blessed us in many ways.

Jonathan (Jon) Merrill Frye
November 23, 2020

Retiring Director Janet Goforth

My link to HFFA is by my father's mother, Hattie Mae Fry Bailey. He was named Walter Clair Bailey. My grandfather was Thomas Henry Bailey. I don't know how Hattie and Walter met, but their home was in Tisdale, Kansas, prior to moving to Winfield, eight miles west.



In 1928, Walter Bailey and Ethel Marie Carrier married and lived in Winfield, Kansas, in a home built by Walter's father. I, Janet Marilyn Bailey, was born in 1935. My sister, Shirley Lieuween Bailey, was born in 1931. We eventually were joined by a brother, James Walter Bailey, born in 1943.

After high school graduation and one year of college, I married and moved to Greeley, Colorado, where I continued my education to be an elementary school teacher. There, I learned that I really didn't want to be a school teacher.

Our family moved to Livermore, California, and, in

time, I had found a wonderful job at the Lawrence Livermore National Laboratory in the Director's Office. That's where I became a friend to Edward Teller ("The Father of the Hydrogen Bomb"). At Christmas time, he gave me a gift of peanut brittle. So good! I still enjoy that gift! So now I have a gold crown on what's left of that shattered tooth, which I call my "Teller Tooth."

A number of years later, I transferred to Los Alamos National Laboratory. There, I was deeply involved in Emergency Response. The responsibilities there found me traveling quite often, being involved in terrorist exercises, and training myself and others to mitigate negative trouble against our nation. The last exercise was at a very large military base where there were nine-

teen government agencies involved. After that, for about six weeks, I worked in Washington, D.C., at the Department of Energy (DOE) headquarters, writing a DOE policy document concerning particular requirements for DOE employees. There are many facilities in the United States whose employees are under compliance of DOE orders.

John and I are retired and celebrate having eight grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. See what happens when one retires!

Janet Goforth

November 2020

[Janet wrote about her children in the November 2018 HFFA Newsletter.]

MEMORIES ABOUT REBECCA FRY AND FRY FORT

1. Heinrich Frey/Anna Catherine Levering
2. Benjamin Frey/Christina ?
3. Jacob Fry/Molly ?
4. Joseph Fry/Rhoda Smith/Elizabeth Hotsbieler
5. Rebecca Fry/Hiram R. Mowrey
6. Hiram Andrew Jackson Mowrey/
Margaret A. Hoffman
7. William J. Mowrey/Lillie Belle Ogden
8. Charles E. Mowrey/Frenchie Catharine Miller
9. Lottie I. Mowrey/Edwin Keiter
10. Joyce F. Keiter/Frederick McKay

Joyce K. McKay submitted a transcript that was transcribed from an audio tape that she made at a 1983 Mowrey Family Reunion at the home of her mother's sister, Rebecca Mowrey Bly on Oranda Road near Strasburg and Clary in Shenandoah County, Virginia. The Fry Fort is in Shenandoah County. Cedar Creek runs between Fry Fort and Rid Smith's home. Several family members told about the Mowreys and the Ogdens. One person talked about the Fry family.



Margaret Mowrey Csobadi said, "The person I can remember is Joseph Fry, and his wife's name was Elizabeth Fry. She had a daughter. She had lots of children, and I don't know their names. All I know is on our side, and that was Rebecca Fry. She married Hiram Mowrey. They had two children—Hiram Andrew Jackson Mowrey and Sarah Mowrey, who married a Smith. [Joyce McKay adds, "It might have been C.A.J. Smith because on Alice Smith Hall's tombstone, who was a great-aunt of my mother, it says 'Daughter of C.A.J. Smith.' My parents are buried next to Alice in Mount Hebron Cemetery along with my Mowrey great-grandparents.] Sarah Mowrey Smith had girls, Emma and Minnie and Alice, and a boy, Luther Rid Smith. None of them had any children, so they are all gone on that side.

"Rebecca Fry's husband Hiram Mowrey—In those days they didn't have trucks. They had a wagon and horses, and he hauled things from Baltimore, Maryland, here. He would be gone for weeks at a time. It took that long to haul. Instead of trucks, they used that in those days. One time he left on his trip, and he never came back. They don't know what happened to him. They thought that maybe he had been robbed and killed. That was the first Hiram Mowrey—the first Mowrey who married the Fry woman [Rebecca Fry]; she had to raise the two children. He had some brothers, but they don't know what happened to him. So that's all we know.

“Mowrey was a German name. When they came over, they spelled it Mowrey, and our family kept it that way, and that is the way it is.

“Hiram Andrew Jackson Mowrey had two children. He married Margaret Ann Hoffman, and they had two children—William Jackson Mowrey, my father, and his sister Ida Mowrey. Ida married a Sibert.

“My father, William J. Mowrey, had 8 boys, and I was the only girl in the family line. There was Hugh Jackson Mowrey; Jaspar Newton Mowrey (Dot); Charles Edward Mowrey (Frenchie); John Thomas Mowrey; Arthur Lee Mowrey (Boob); Solomon Bowser Mawrey (Hub); Bryon Mowrey (By), who died before he was 21; Billie Golden Mowrey; and me, Margaret Mowrey.

“The Rebecca Fry family had lots of land, and when Joseph Fry died, in the will there was so much land and so many slaves and Elizabeth came and lived with Rebecca. [Joyce McKay wonders if it was Rebecca’s mother or mother-in-law since they were both named Elizabeth.] I think that they lived in Fry Fort. Above the Fry Fort is an old graveyard. Elizabeth and Joseph Fry are buried up there. It’s all grown over. It’s across from the Fry Fort from Rid Smith’s. Up

on the hill is an old family cemetery, and they are all buried there. Rebecca Fry was buried at Rid Smith’s, and it is lost. Someone knocked over the tombstone.

“Rebecca Fry had slaves. There was a market in Winchester where they took stuff to the market to sell. They took the butter. The slave had the butter. I heard my father say that this guy came along and dipped his finger in it to get a taste of the butter to see if it was sweet. She said, ‘Wipe that off of your face; it looks awful. You got it all greasy.’ She told him that because she didn’t like him dipping his finger in the butter because she wanted to sell it.

“During the Civil War, they hid the silver spoons under the baby (that was Aunt Ida) so that they wouldn’t steal it. They had a dugout in the cellar under the ground where they kept buttermilk and milk. The Yankees would come and drink the buttermilk until they couldn’t drink any more. Then they would put their hands in it and stir it up so they couldn’t use it. They had an old horse they called Bess, and the Yankees were stealing it and taking it with them. She was a walking horse. When they got to the creek near Rid Smith’s at Coal Mine, she wouldn’t go across. It balked. They couldn’t take her, so she came home.

THE MYSTERY OF THE TRAVELING FRY FAMILY BIBLE

By Eleanor Fry Hornbeck

How We Got the William Fry Family Bible

I first became interested in “family genealogy” research about four or five years ago, but lately I hit a slump and needed a push to get back to it. And Oh! did I get one—in a way that I never expected.



One day early in July 2020, I received an email from a man named Randy Jones. I thought the message was rather cryptic. The email said “I

have William Fry’s Family Bible from 1834. If you want it, I will send it to you if you send me your address.”

After going through some of the many reasons, nefarious or not, that a stranger would ask for my address, the first William Fry I thought of was my great-grandfather. How was this Randy Jones connected to him? However, there are many William Frys, Freys, or Fries in our family tree, although some could immediately be eliminated because they were long dead before 1834. My great-grandfather who was born in 1825 and died in 1902 seemed too young to have a “Family Bible” in 1834. Later, I learned that the date 1834 was not very important to this story. But still so many questions came to my mind.

I wrote back to Randy Jones and told him, “I don’t feel comfortable giving out my address.” I asked how he was connected to William Fry and why he had the Bible. As I waited for an answer, I wondered where it had been all these

years. Had he inherited some things from a great-great aunt and the Bible was among them? Had he just discovered the Bible hiding in an attic where it had been for over a hundred years? Maybe someone gave him the Bible and asked him to find William Fry's family. What if it was not our William Fry? Why was he offering it to me? I did not ask which William Fry he was referring to, though I should have. I knew that my great-grandfather's second wife was a Jones. Dulcenia Jones's family lived in the same neighborhood as the Fry farm, just outside of Plattsburg, Missouri. Dulcenia came from a large family, so Randy Jones could be related to any of them. But it would be a challenge to research someone named Jones in such a short amount of time and find that connection to William Fry. How was Randy Jones connected to me?

Then his surprising answer came: "I am not connected to William Fry at all. I bought a storage locker 25 years ago in Las Vegas, and the Bible was among those things. I have been looking for descendants of William Fry to give it to. I thought it would mean more to them than to me. If you don't feel comfortable sharing your address, do you have a relative with a PO Box or someone who could pick it up from my house? I now live in Mesa, Arizona." He seemed determined to give the Bible to me.

After I talked it over with my husband, George, he encouraged me to go ahead and give Randy Jones our address. George thought that it would be interesting to see the Bible and that Randy Jones had satisfactorily answered my questions. So then I sent Randy Jones my address and asked him how he had found me. We were communicating through one of the genealogy websites on which I have some very limited information. I could not really remember what I had put on there.

Randy wrote back that he would ship the Bible the next day and that, in his search for William Fry's descendants, he had "googled" William Fry and descendants. When that didn't work out, he then had put in names of children from the genealogy in the middle of the Bible, he said. He also said that he had contacted someone about 15 years ago, but that person had never responded. He wrote that he had just moved into his house in Mesa and had the Bible in his hand and felt

"prompted" to try one more time, and within an hour he found me.

That was both amazing and disconcerting. It is disconcerting because someone can find you so easily. I am, however, amazed at his perseverance in continuing to look for William Fry's descendants. But I still thought that there was the chance that the William Fry in the Bible would be some "English" William Fry and not related to me at all. When I "googled" William Fry, the William Frys from England showed up.



I was really excited to see the Bible. As soon as it arrived, I put on cotton gloves. I felt like an historian and very carefully opened the Bible. It was in such poor condition that it was literally crumbling. The cover was nearly gone in places, and the first pages were loose. I couldn't find the front page,

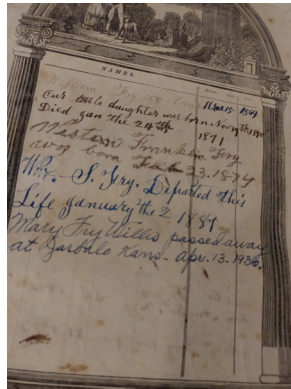
where a name of the owner might be. I was very anxious to get to the middle and read that genealogy. But I had to be very careful so that I would not cause any more damage. Fortunately, there was a tiny piece of paper sticking out in the middle of the Bible, so I opened it there.

I cannot tell you how happy and relieved I was to see "William Fry born 1825. Mary A. Fry born 1827. Dulcenia Fry born 1840." This was absolutely and without a doubt my great-grandfather William Fry, who lived on a farm in Clinton County, Missouri. Mary A. Fry was



William's first wife and my great-grandmother. Her name was Mary Ann Cross, and we know nothing about her family. William Fry had four wives and outlived two of them. The third wife was a disaster. I think he nearly lost the farm that time. It was said he was "difficult" in his later years. His last wife, named Emily Jane (Emma J.) Ison, was called "beloved" in his will. He was the father of seven children. There were two baby girls listed on that genealogy in the Bible whom I knew nothing about. One was

named Sarah, born Oct. 21, 1854. There was no date for her death. Sarah's mother was Mary Ann Cross. On the next page it said, "Our little daughter was born Nov. 19th, 1870, Died Jan. 24th, 1871." Either, she never had a name or it was just an oversight in recording it in the family Bible. Very often a Bible was the only record of births, deaths, and marriages that people had. This baby's mother was Dulcenia Jones Fry.



Randy Jones contacted me through the genealogy web site called "Geni," and I decided that I needed to spend some time there looking for the information that led him to me. I found the tree that I started months and months before but never finished because I decided to start a tree on Ancestry.com. What was there was the link between William Fry and me. This is what I found: me, Eleanor Fry Hornbeck; Charles and Elsie Fry, my parents; Walter and Josephine E. Fry, my grandparents; William and Mary Ann Fry, my great-grandparents—and no one else, just the barest of information to start a family tree. Isn't that amazing?

When I read the names in the genealogy that was in the center of the Bible, I recognized all of them, except two, but I still wondered who might have had "custody" of this family treasure after William Fry died. Since the Bible belonged to my great-grandfather, how did it get into a Las Vegas storage locker auction in 1995? That was a mystery that I had no real hope of solving.

How Did the Fry Family Bible Get from Plattsburg, Missouri, to Las Vegas, Nevada?

Storage auctions are a crap shoot. You literally do not know what you will end up with. You have just a few minutes to look into but not enter the locker. Then the bidding starts. Only after you have paid are you able to see what you bought. What will it be—a pig in a poke?

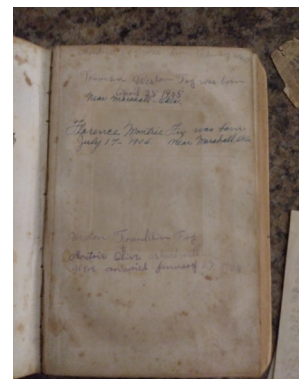
Randy Jones bought a storage locker about 25 years ago in Las Vegas. I do not know what else was in that locker, but there was an old Bible. Since 1995, Randy Jones had been looking for the descendants of the man whose name he found in the middle of the Bible.

After he sent me the Bible, I was very curious to learn how that Bible that belonged to a man who was born in Kentucky and lived most of his life in Clinton County, Missouri, made its way to Las Vegas, Nevada. This is what I learned.

In the Bible were several clues. There was a genealogy of sorts written in the center of this Bible. As was the custom of that time, families wrote down the dates for births, deaths, and marriages. I found my great-grandfather's name, William Fry, born 1825, and the names of his first two wives and their children. I also saw that there were two little girls who had died whom I had never heard about. There were some loose pieces of paper with some of the same names and a notation that said the "names and figures are very hard to read" and they hoped they "got it correct." The last piece of paper was a small fragment of a driver's license with the typed name and address of Herbert L. Barrows in California. I did not know that name at all, but I thought that name could be something or might mean nothing.

William and Mary A. Fry (Mary Ann Cross) had four children. Mary Ann was 34 when she died in 1861. Then, William married Dulcenia Jones. They had three more children before she passed away in 1892. William married two more times before he died in 1902. His surviving children were Robert Fry, my grandfather Walter Fry, Mary E. Fry Willis, and Weston Franklin Fry. Walter and Weston Franklin (Frank) inherited the Fry farm. Robert seems to have fallen out of favor with his father because he did not inherit anything but \$10.00 while Mary E. Fry Willis and William's last wife, Emily Jane (called Emma J.), each received \$1000.00.

After William Fry died, my grandfather Walter, my grandmother Josephine Elizabeth Kelly, and their nine children continued to live on the Fry farm. The oldest son, Arthur Cross Fry, died on April 5, 1912. He was 24. Eight days later, on April 13, 1912, Walter died. But, before those sad deaths happened, Weston Franklin married Montrie Olive Blackwell and moved to Oklahoma. Frank and Montrie apparently kept



the Fry Family Bible after William died because, when their children were born in Oklahoma, those names, Truman Weston Fry and Florence Montrie Fry, were added to the genealogy in the center of the Bible. None of Walter and Josephine's nine children are listed there. I feel confident that the Bible traveled to Oklahoma and eventually to Arizona with Frank and Montrie

From here, on I am making some assumptions based on the research I have been doing since receiving the Bible. Frank and Montrie were living in Arizona when they divorced sometime between 1920 and 1923. I think Montrie kept the Bible because the Bible seems to have moved west. Now this is where this story gets even more complicated, so put on your seatbelts.

After the divorce, Frank moved back to Oklahoma for a time, and Montrie moved on to California. Even if Montrie passed the Bible on to her daughter, Florence, who passed away in 1957, the Bible would probably have passed on to her brother, Truman. Frank had eventually moved to California and was a lodger for a time in the boarding house that Montrie ran. But Frank died in 1964, so he couldn't have lost the Bible in an auction in 1995. In 1927, Montrie had married a man named Fred Stites, but this marriage did not last. Frank and Montrie's son, Truman, married a woman named Marie Arla Stites Barrows. Marie Arla was the daughter of Fred Stites. The mother married the father, and the son married the daughter—no, they were not related by blood, nor did Truman and Marie grow up as siblings. Truman was 25, and Marie was 30 when they got married. However, Truman and Marie never lived in Las Vegas.

Now, Marie Arla's first husband was Herbert Lewis Barrows, the very same Herbert L. Barrows as the name on the fragment of a driver's license from the center of the Bible. Herbert and Marie Arla had two sons, Verne Morris Barrows and Robert Lewis Barrows. That still does not get the Bible to Las Vegas. But I think we are getting closer.

Robert Lewis Barrows was in the military and lived many places with his family. His wife was Helen Edna Krombar, and they had three daughters and a son. They lived in California several times, and eventually they moved to Las Vegas. Robert Lewis Barrows died in 1981, but Helen Barrows lived until 1998, and I think that she might have ended up with the Bible because Truman died in 1985. He had no children or other relatives living near since his wife, father, mother, and sister all had passed away. I was told that Marie and Truman were actively involved in the lives of the Barrows children, so it's possible that one of the many Barrows family members could have been given the Bible by Truman and Marie, but I have not found anything that proves it.

As I was researching, I kept seeing the name of Lynda Olave. She seemed to be closely connected to the Barrows and seemed to have a lot of information about them. So I contacted her through Ancestry.com, asking if she knew the Barrows daughters or any of their descendants. As a long shot, I also asked her if she knew of anyone in that family who had lost a storage unit in an auction about 1995. When she wrote back, she said she knew them very well. One was her mother, who had just passed away a few months before. She told me that she "wasn't aware of anyone losing a storage locker, but they had all lived around Las Vegas at one time or another," and she felt that "it could have been any of them." In the last years of her life, Helen Barrows, Lynda's grandmother, was living in a mobile home park in Las Vegas, and I think it is possible that she might have put some things in a storage facility. Lynda also told me that her grandmother told her one time that she had lost a family Bible. Lynda didn't know anything more about that Bible or whether it could be our Bible. But I think it is. What do you think?

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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**.