



FARRAR FAMILY NEWSLETTER

Official publication of the Farrar Family Reunion, Inc.

www.farrarinc.com

APRIL 2007 ISSUE



Hello to all Farrars, in-laws, out-laws, and friends. Here we are about to embark on our 30TH ANNUAL FARRAR FAMILY REUNION!!

In 1978, someone said "I have a dream..." No, it wasn't Martin Luther King, it was Jill (Farrar) Vogel. She had a dream of a family reunion, and actually did something about it!

The very first Annual Farrar Family Reunion was held at her Illinois home that year. The second was held at Jean (Farrar) Hite's home in Texas, and all 28 subsequent reunions have been at our now-familiar homesite owned by one of the Original 10, Bob Farrar, on his place near Mammoth Spring, AR.

The First Annual Reunion photo, circa 1978. The family patriarch, Joseph V. Farrar, is seated at center with wife Pauline. Seven of the original ten sons and daughters (the "O-10" as they are called) are standing in the back row. They are (from left to right): J.V., Bob, Gerry (4th from left), Jean, Tom (blue shirt), Barb, and Carol Sue (2nd from right). Jill, who is credited with starting this whole Reunion thing, is sitting second from left in the second row.



Come to the
30th Annual Reunion!!

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Sincere apologies to those who failed to get the Oct. 2005 and/or April 2006 Newsletters. We learned that stapled or tab-taped copies don't work well. So from now on we're sticking to envelopes! If you missed either of the last couple of editions and need a replacement, please contact the Editor.

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More past-Reunion group photos, including the 25th Annual group photo below. For even more Reunion memories, be sure to check out the Photo Gallery. [All photos in this edition provided by Nancee Lehnhoff, Jean Hite, Floyd Farrar, Nicole Gooch, Kevin Hite.]





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Thoughts and Memories

[The stories that follow were supposed to have been included in the last edition of the N/L but were unintentionally omitted.]

Memories of Bill Farrar, Sr.

I remember it was in the early 90's when we were camping at the Mark Twain lake. Mom and the girls had gone to town to get laundry done because there had been a big storm come through the night before and everything was soaked. Dad, David and I were left at the camp, and we decided to go fishing using Dad's pontoon boat. We went to the marina where Dad had it moored and took off to where a bridge crossed the lake. We had, in the past, had good luck catching crappie there. It was approximately five miles from the marina.

Well, after we'd been fishing a little while we looked up and realized that dark clouds were rolling in fast, so Dad decided to head for the marina. The wind had started to blow very hard and Dad only had a 50-horse motor on that 24-foot pontoon boat. It just couldn't make any headway towards the marina. Dad had us tie up to the bridge pier, but that was quickly abandoned as the boat was being pounded against the concrete bridge pier, and Dad was afraid of it getting badly damaged.

We untied from the bridge pier and decided to ride the storm out. Well, the canvas top on the boat was just Velcroed on, and the wind kept whipping it loose from the piping it was fastened to. So, while Dad tried to keep the boat into the wind, David and I tried to keep the canvas top fastened onto the piping. Needless to say, we were fighting a losing battle with the wind, and Dad finally had us remove it.

We rode out the storm, and when it finally subsided, we headed back to the Marina. All three of us didn't have a dry stitch of clothes on us. There had been a lot of lightning flying all around us during the storm, and of course it isn't a good thing being on the water in a metal boat during a thunderstorm. I truly believe that God was there watching out for the three of us that day. We all had a good laugh afterwards.

— Bill Farrar, Jr.

Dad was a roller coaster fanatic, and so were my two boys. In 1979, Doug was eight and Matt was six (I was pregnant with Nick) and all of us went to Six Flags amusement park in St. Louis. The ride they loved was the "Hu Hu Log Flume" which incorporated not only a roller coaster, but a water ride too. The end of the ride involved a slow ascent to the top and a quick free drop with lots of water at the end. Of course, almost everyone got wet unless you were smart enough to duck quickly so that the water got the person behind you. I thoroughly enjoyed watching my Dad race Doug and Matt back to the start of the ride, jumping over any obstacles in their path in order to get into the "log" in front so they wouldn't get wet. Of course, by the end of the day they were all soaked!

— Nancee Lehnhoff

[The poems below were composed by Evangeline "Lilly" Mullins Rice of Valley Mills, TX. She is the granddaughter of Nancy Bernice (Farrar) Mullins, the sister of Lewis Tillman Farrar.]

Aging

I've reached a stage along life's way
Where darker locks have turned to gray
And eyes that were so clear and bright
Now need glass aids to give them sight
My steps were once brisk and very bold
But now I'm walking rather slow
The doctors say I'm doing fine
But I know I'm only marking time
Whatever time I have to live
I hope I have something to give
So those of you who follow on
Can know the joys that I have known

My Prayer

I prayed for sight, that I might see the world;
He made me blind, that I might let Him lead.
I prayed for sound, that I might hear great music;
He made me deaf, that I might hear the sounds of Heaven.
I prayed for wisdom, that I might know all things;
He gave me thoughts, that I might learn His truth.
I prayed for strength, that I might do great feats;
He made me weak, that I might lean on Him.
I prayed for pride, that I might conquer fame;
He made me humble, that I might honor His name.
I prayed for beauty, that I might be admired;
He made me plain, that I might know his beauty.

I prayed for wealth, he made me poor,
That I might learn the joy of sharing.

I prayed for love, he surrounded me with family and friends.
He answered each prayer and gave me more than I deserved.
He is my lamp—He leads me.
His ear is open to my prayers.

His truths are my wisdoms; His strength sustains me.

My pride becomes more humble
As I learned how He humbled himself.
He surrounded me with beauty,
Far above all I could desire.
He gave me wealth beyond measure
When He gave me His Son.

All that I need in this life
Pales with what He has promised for a better life

My prayer now, Father
Is make me worthy.



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Thoughts and Memories

On My Way to Sicily

By Joseph V. Farrar, Jr., Major, USAF (Retired)

It was dawn. In the early light, I saw this vast armada all around me. Ships of every size and shape holding their positions in the convoy sailing north. It was July 1944.

During the few weeks prior to this, one by one, these ships gathered in the huge Lake of Bizerte, in Tunisia, North Africa. Two nights past, the German Luftwaffe rained havoc upon this anchorage and port facilities. Every gun from every ship and shore installation was firing in defense, including our four 20-mm anti-aircraft guns and our three 50-calibers mounted forward. The millions of tracer bullets outshone the stars.

I was a teenaged 3rd-class petty officer, fresh out of signal school, assigned aboard the U.S.S. Nauset, a sea-going tug. She was brand new. I was a plank holder, as they called it, because I was part of the skeleton crew that put her into commission while still in the Camden Naval Shipyard, where she was built. As signalman, I two-blocked the long, narrow commissioning pennant to the top of the aft mast where it would permanently fly.

This ship was 100 feet, stem to stern, 30 feet abeam, with a crew complement of 130 men. Our captain was a lieutenant, an old mustang who came up through the ranks and, as we later learned ... mean!

A few days later, with the rest of the crew aboard, we sailed down the Delaware into the Atlantic and north to Casco Bay, Maine, on our shakedown cruise, hugging our coastline. Casco is the second largest bay on our East Coast, with an island for each day of the year—360. It was, at that time, the primary refueling point for our North Atlantic Fleet. It was January 1944 and bitter cold.

Here we trained and drilled to prepare the crew for hostile waters. Then south to Norfolk Navy Yard for a few minor modifications, continuous crew training, taking on stores, adding additional personnel—specialists in deep sea diving, underwater welding, underwater demolition, extra fire fighters, etc.

Here, too, a little stray dog appeared aboard. The cook fed it. It was a friendly little pooch. The crew adopted it and named it Snatchblock after a piece of block and tackle. She went to war with us.

Scuttlebutt of our duty assignment was rife. Finally we got our orders. Underway again, we took up our position in a convoy forming in the Chesapeake, our largest bay. Late that night, the convoy proceeded into the Atlantic. Destination: the European Theater of Operations (ETO).

Off duty in the crew's quarters below deck, I heard and felt

the reverberations of exploding depth charges. I visualized German U-boats shadowing, lurking, ready to pounce. I didn't like it. I went topside. In complete blacked-out conditions, I could barely make out a hazy shape astern. I spent the night mostly awake, above the waterline on the boat deck with my Mae West on; I didn't know how to swim. The next day, I obtained a canvas folding cot and a large piece of canvas (in case of rain) from the ship fitter. Without permission, I hauled that and my sack up to the flying bridge, my general quarters (GQ) battle station as a lookout.

No one complained. I got away with it and never slept below again.

The crossing was slow, because the speed of a convoy is the maximum speed of the slowest ship. We only lost a couple of stragglers. Just before Gibraltar, a part of the convoy turned northward. The rest of us sailed into the Mediterranean. Gradually, all dropped off at Oran, Algiers, and a few lesser ports in North Africa.

We sailed alone the rest of the way to Bizerte. As the invasion fleet formed, we did various minor repairs and adjustments to needy ships, returning pier-side each evening. On the night of the raid, we had been ordered to remain tied to the ship we were working on to complete the job during the night.

The next day, we learned the harbor tug that normally tied up alongside us for the night, this night tied pier-side in our spot, had taken a direct hit and was utterly destroyed with all hands.

That day, too, all the ships in the lake slipped out through the narrow isthmus, one at a time, to form up in the bay before heading for Sicily.

On the morning I first saw our invasion convoy, later, far ahead, I saw a wisp of smoke. My first thought: a U-boat attack. That night, about the same spot far ahead, was a reddish glow. The next day there was smoke ahead again, this time clearer and more black. That night, a bright red glow. Could it be? We were being led by a column of smoke by day and a pillar of fire by night ... just as the ancient Israelites on their escape from Egypt. Amazing!

It was the next day, when all Hell broke out, that I learned our guide had been the volcano, Mt. Etna.

Thought for the Day

Only two defining forces have ever offered to die for you: Jesus Christ and the American G.I.

One died for your soul, the other for your freedom.



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Planter of Virginia - Woman of Distinction - 1610

[Excerpts re-typed from The Colonial Courier, a publication of the National Society Daughters of the American Colonists, Vol. XLX, Summer 2004. Provided by Ms. Hontas Hines of Colorado City, TX. Typos are courtesy of the Editor, except for the olde English spellings, which are intentional.]

Cecily Reynolds Bailey Jordan

Cecily Reynolds led an exciting life for the 1600s. She was married five times and had at least 11 children by her first four husbands. She was given the prestigious title of "Ancient Planter" for having survived nine years in the colony, and she owned large properties acquired through inheritance from husbands as well as receiving land grants for financing the passage of several settlers to Virginia.

We find many "much married persons" among these early immigrants, so it is necessary to explain why Cecily and women of her time married so many times and why they often married so soon after their husbands' demise. William Glasgow Reynolds' Reynolds History Annotated states, "A male protector was an absolute necessity for the safety of the early female settlers in Virginia; for this reason we frequently find widows marrying in a few weeks or months after the death of their husbands, their newly acquired mate joining with the widow in the administration of her deceased husband's estate."

Born in 1599/1600 in Weymouth, Dorsetshire, England, Cecily Reynolds was the daughter of Thomas Reynolds and Cecily Fitzpen. Her father was the son of Joseph Reynolds and Alice Pierce; her mother was the daughter of Robert Fitzpen and Cecily Jordan, thus making her the third generation to hold the name of Cecily.

Cecily arrived in Jamestown on the *Swan* in August, 1610 as a 10-year-old girl without parents or siblings. The reconstructed passenger list of the *Swan* sheds no light on a relationship to her fellow passengers. Her mother was still living in Dorsetshire and it is a mystery to most why she gave her consent for her 10-year-old daughter to travel alone to an unknown place like Virginia.

She may have been related to Lady Temperance Yardley, wife of Governor Sir George Yardley, and we know that Samuel Jordan was a cousin of Cecily's mother. When Cecily arrived in Jamestown, she made her home with Captain William Pierce and his wife Joan. In 1622, when her brother Christopher Reynolds arrived in Jamestown, age 18, he "immediately reported to his sister Cecily Jordan and her sponsors Captain Pierce and his wife," who also became his sponsors. No doubt, Captain Pierce was a relative on Cecily's father's side.

It was customary for girls to marry between the ages of 14 and 16 years, so in 1615, she married Thomas Bailey at the Pierce home in Jamestown. Thomas was a young Governor's

Guard and had come to Jamestown in 1612. He probably died of malaria about 1619 after having received a grant of 200 acres of land called 'Bailey's Point.' Temperance was born in 1617 and, as his only heir, inherited this land at the age of three, under the guardianship of her mother. Following Temperance's marriage at the age of 16, Bailey's Point is shown as belonging to her husband, Richard Cocke, the immigrant.

By 1619, nine years after her arrival, Cecily was known as 'Widow Cecily Baley' and was the colony's glamour girl, with a three-year-old daughter, Temperance Baley. Temperance was so named in compliment of Temperance Yardley, wife of the Governor of the Colony.

Samuel Jordan left Plymouth, England on the *Sea Adventure* bound for Virginia with eight other ships in June of 1609 but was shipwrecked off the Bermuda coast. After reconstructing a vessel which they named *Deliverance*, Samuel Jordan finally arrived in Jamestown on 23 May 1610, and was a member of the Virginia Company. Captain Pierce, Cecily's sponsor arrived on the same ship with Jordan.

Captain Samuel Jordan was a widower and much older than Cecily. Back in England, he had three sons, one of whom was born the same year as Cecily. Sam settled on 450 acres of land near the confluence of the Appomattox and James Rivers, known as Jordan's Journey in 1619, now Henrico County, Virginia. He later acquired large holdings on the south bank of the James River at Jordan's Point.

In 1620, Samuel Jordan became Cecily's second husband. Her two daughters by him were Mary Jordan, born in 1621, and who was a babe in Cecily's arms at the time of the Indian Massacre on March 22, 1622. Margaret was born after her father's death early in 1623.

When Samuel Jordan was warned that the Indians were attacking across the river, he gathered his neighbors and their families from all around into his home. He fortified their home so well that not a single life was lost when the Indians did attack. In the Jamestown area, a total of 347 men, women and children, including six members of the Royal Council, were killed in the 1622 massacre.

The day following the attack, William Farrar reached Jordan's Journey from his plantation on the Appomattox River. Eleven victims had been slaughtered at his home, and he barely escaped to tell the tale.

When the Indian massacre was over, a census was taken to see who had survived. The entry for Cecily is, "Jordan's Journey, Charles Cittie, Muster of the Inhabitants taken 21st January 1624, The Muster of Mr. William Farrar and Mrs. Jordan. William Farrar, aged 31 years in the Neptune in August 1618."



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Planter of Virginia - Woman of Distinction - 1610

Cecily is listed as "Sisley Jordan, aged 24 years with daughter Temperance Bayley, aged 7 years borne heare; daughter Mary Jordan, aged 3 years; Margaret Jordan, aged one year borne heare and ten servants." The servants' names, the date and ship on which they arrived in Virginia are also listed.

In the same book, another "List of the Living at Jordan's Journey" dated February 16, 1623 gives the names "Sislye Jordan, Temperance Baylife, Mary Jordan, Margery Jordan, William Farrar, and others" without further details.

Samuel Jordan was a member of the first House of Burgesses which convened 30 July 1619 at Jamestown with Governor Yardley presiding. In 1620 "as the *Mayflower* was unloading in New England," Governor Yardley named both Cecily and Samuel Jordan 'Ancient Planters' of Virginia and granted them legal title to several tracts of land totaling 1,250 acres as rewards earned by their perseverance in establishing the first permanent place of English colonization on American soil.

The land at 'Bailies Point, Charles Hundred,' bordered the plantation owned by John Rolfe, husband of the young Indian, Pocahontas, daughter of Chief Powhatan. John Rolfe perished in the 1622 Indian Massacre. A neighbor to the north was Captain John Woodlief who, in 1619, hosted the first Thanksgiving in America at his Berkely Plantation. Authentication of this as the first Thanksgiving is contained in a mandate from the London Company to Captain Woodlief, saying "We ordain the day of our ships' arrival at the place for plantation on the land of Virginia (Berkely Plantation) shall be yearly and kept holy as a day of Thanksgiving to Almighty God." This event was officially recognized by Presidents John F. Kennedy and Lyndon B. Johnson.

The precedent set by the work of Samuel Jordan's committee in Colonial Virginia is regarded by prime authority as one of the most important and enduring political actions in American history, and many records of these accomplishments still exist.

After Samuel's death in 1624, Cecily acted as overseer (executor) of his estate with the help of attorney William Farrar. Farrar had also become Cecily's protector. Immediately after the stout old pioneer Jordan had been laid in his grave, there was a rush for the hand of his beautiful young wife. Reverend Grivelle Pooley, Minister of Fleur-Dieu Hundred Parish, read the burial for Samuel Jordan and promptly sent Captain Isaac Madison, a prominent man and neighbor, to ask Cecily if she would marry the Reverend Pooley.

Cecily's answer was "that she would as soon marry Mr. Pooley as anyone else, but would not marry soon" and would not engage herself because she was "with child" and wanted to wait until she was delivered before marrying. Rev. Pooley then visited Cecily himself and jumped to the conclusion that Cecily had

Promised to marry him. To his dismay, after the baby Margaret Jordan was born, Cecily married William Farrar in 1624.

Reverend Pooley was enraged over this turn of events and filed the first known breach of promise suit in America against Cecily. The lawsuit was too much for the Council in Virginia to handle, so it was sent to England for resolution, where it was buried in the Royal Archives. However, the problem was finally resolved in January 1625, when the jilted Rev. Pooley found solace in taking another bride. Unfortunately, Rev. Pooley, his wife and family were killed by Indians before 1629.

Resulting from the extraordinary incident of the breach of promise suit, the assembly issued a solemn proclamation against a woman "engaging herself to more than one man at the same time."

Captain William Farrar and Cecily had a daughter, Cecily, born in 1625, and sons William, born in 1627, and John, born in 1630. Following in their father's footsteps, William, Jr. later became a Captain and John was a Lieutenant Colonel in Henrico County, Virginia. Also in 1630, William Farrar, Sr. returned to England to settle his father's estate and it is not known when he returned to Virginia, but he died in 1635 at Jordan's Journey.

One of the most influential members of Jamestown officialdom, William Farrar had risen rapidly to become a member of the council. He played an important role in the establishment of the colony and attended quarterly court at Jamestown, which is a great tribute to his stamina as well as his ability. He continued as a member of the council and was closely associated with the governor, councilors and burgesses until shortly before his death.

Cecily found herself a widow for the third time, so the following year in 1636, she married Peter Montague, and together they had five children: William, Ellen, Margaret, Elizabeth and Anne.

As a young man, Peter Montague came to Jamestown in the Charles in 1621, and in 1624 was living in James City, aged 21. He too had a previous marriage and at least three children by the first wife.

Cecily's fourth husband, Peter Montague, made his will in March 1658 and died 1 May 1659. The estate was administered by Cecily and stepson Peter Montague. In the will, Peter left his estate to his "loving wife Cecily," sons Peter and William, daughters Ellen, Margaret and Elizabeth and to the child of Anne, who predeceased her father. After Peter's death, Cecily married Thomas Parker in 1660, but they had no children because of her advanced age of 59-60 years.

It is not known where or when Cecily died. She has been described as being as elusive as the portrait of Mona Lisa and



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Planter of Virginia - Woman of Distinction - 1610

that she was attractive there is little doubt, as she won the hearts of some of the colony's outstanding citizens. She had a remarkably adventurous spirit to undertake a long sea voyage into strange lands alone and so young, and then to cope with so many sudden and swift transitions in her life.

Reynolds History Annotated best sums up her legacy by ending the chapter devoted to her with: "Cecily Reynolds-Bailey-Jordan-Farrar-Montague-Parker was able to end out her days in calm assurance that her title of 'Number One Wife and Mother of America' was abundantly secure."

May her enduring spirit live forever.

Mary E. Lewis
National Vice President, NSDAC

AUTHOR'S NOTES:

Fast forward to 1996. While attending the banquet of a Lineage Society at the Mayflower Hotel in April 1996, we heard a program given by a speaker whose topic was 17th Century Women in America. He did not tell the names of any of the women he profiled, but immediately, I knew that one of the women featured in his talk was my Cecily. At the end of the evening, I had the pleasure of meeting and talking with the speaker and several others who also descend from Cecily.

I was told that a few years prior to 1994, archeologists had excavated Jordan's Journey before building a housing development on that land. They unearthed the bones of one male and one female, believed to be Samuel Jordan and Cecily Reynolds Bailey Jordan. A room in the Jamestown Museum contains artifacts and pictures of this excavation project, which includes a silver hat pin which probably belonged to Cecily.

After doing a little detective work, I found out the name of the man in charge of the dig, which had been sponsored by the Virginia Department of Historic Resources. He was working for the Virginia Commonwealth University's Archeological Research Center. By telephone, I told him that I descended from Sam and Cecily through their daughter Mary Jordan, and that I also descend from Cecily through her daughter, Temperance Bailey. He told me that they believed the male bones were from Sam and that they had found evidence that he died from disease, probably typhoid fever, instead of having been wounded by the Indians as everyone had surmised. When asked if he needed DNA for proving identify of the skeletal remains, he said that it was impossible to extract enough DNA for positive identification from a skeleton that had been buried for almost 400 years in damp soil so close to the James River. We may never know the true identity of the female. The remains of Sam and the unknown female are being stored at the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, D.C., pending further study. — Mary E. Lewis
[Many thanks to Hontas for digging up this gem of a story!]

Words to the Wise (provided by J.V. Farrar)

Young King Arthur was ambushed, captured, and imprisoned by the monarch of a neighboring kingdom. The monarch could have killed him but was moved by Arthur's youth and ideals. So, the monarch made him a deal. "I will set you free if you can answer one question within a year ... What do women really want?"

Such a question would perplex even the most knowledgeable man, and to young Arthur, it seemed an impossible query. But, since it was better than death, he accepted the monarch's proposition.

Over time, he asked the question to everyone he could think of, but neither wise man or court jester had an answer. As time for an answer was drawing near, he decided to consult a local witch for the answer. He'd avoided her for a long time. Although she was widely known to be very wise, she was very, very expensive. In desperation, he sought her out. She listened to his question, but her price was indeed high ... she wanted to be Arthur's wife.

Young Arthur was horrified. She was hunchbacked and hideous, had only one tooth, smelled like sewage, and made obscene noises, etc. He had never encountered such a repugnant creature in all his life. But, very reluctantly, Arthur consented, they were married, and the witch told him, "What a woman really wants is to be in charge of her own life." Arthur knew that this was the answer that would set him free. And so it was ... Arthur was set free.

As the honeymoon hour approached, he summoned all his courage for what he expected to be a horrific experience. He entered the bedroom, but was amazed and puzzled. Instead of an ugly witch, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen lay before him on the bed. The astounded Arthur asked what had happened.

The beauty replied that he'd been kind to her when she appeared as a witch, so she would henceforth be her horrible deformed self only half the time, and the beautiful maiden the other half. But, which would he prefer? ... beautiful during the day, or beautiful during the night?

Arthur pondered the predicament. He mentally weighed the pros and cons, and he finally made his decision. Before you hear his decision, what would YOU do?

Arthur decided to let the witch herself make the decision. Upon hearing this, she announced that she would be beautiful all the time because he had respected her enough to let her be in charge of her own life.

Now the moral of this story is ... if you don't let a woman have her own way, things are going to get UGLY!!!!

MENU FOR 2007 REUNION

MISC. INFORMATION:

- If you prefer, you can purchase your groceries locally in Mammoth Springs or Thayer.
- Furnished: large ice chest for food storage, ice for drinks (not for private coolers); propane oven; all cooking utensils, bowls & flatware, paper plates & bowls; napkins, salt, pepper, catsup, mustard, sugar, creamer, coffee, tea, toilet paper, paper towels.
- Regular French, Thousand Island, Ranch dressings will be provided by Jill. If you have a favorite, share it with us.
- Breakfasts: Cooked every morning by early risers. Eggs, bacon, sausage, pancakes, fried potatoes, sliced fruit, toast, butter, jellies/jams, syrup, any pastries and/or homemade items brought. If you are a breakfast eater, bring what your family would eat of these items for the days you are attending. Not all items will be fixed every day. For instance, if pancakes are fixed, we normally do not fix potatoes.
- Nightly desserts / snacks: whatever you wish to bring or make.
- Lunch and/or in-between meal snacks is whatever you bring for your family. As a general rule, you are on your own. More often than not, there will be leftovers from the previous night's meal that anyone can chow down on.
- Canoe trip (if a long one is scheduled): we usually pack peanut butter & jelly sandwiches, chips, fruit, cookies, water, soda

IMPORTANT:

- Please bring portions for your family only AND only for the days you are attending.
- Write your name on stuff you bring. **Take it home with you when you leave if it has not been used.** Hopefully, this will help keep us from accumulating so much stuff and help eliminate waste at the end of the week.
- Be sure to put your name on dishes that need to be returned to you after use.

SATURDAY

On your own – fire up the grill or go out to eat with a group.

SUNDAY

Pork roast
Canned cut green beans
Potatoes
Cucumber salad (compliments of Barb)
Jiffy Corn bread mix

MONDAY

Chicken breasts (already cut into strips)
Stir fry veggies (prepackaged bag)
Rice (Jill will supply the rice)
Can or jar of chunky applesauce

TUESDAY

Beef tips and noodles (please pre-cut meat into bite size pieces)
1 package noodles
1 can beef broth
Corn on the cob (already shucked and cleaned)
Fruit salad (prepackaged, fresh cut-up, or canned is fine)

WEDNESDAY

Goulash (bring hamburger, enough for your family; 1 pkg sloppy joe mix; NOTE: Jill will supply the macaroni)
Cole slaw (prepackaged shredded). Jill will supply a sweet/sour dressing.
Garlic bread

THURSDAY

Beef or pork steak (fixed on the grill)
Potato (we can boil to save time, but if everyone prefers baked on grill, that's fine)
Tossed salad (see above regarding dressing)

FRIDAY

Hamburgers and / or hot dogs on the grill (your choice)
Buns for your choice / Chips
Baked beans
Leftovers??



MAP TO THE FARRAR FAMILY REUNION GROUNDS

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THE FARRAR FAMILY REUNION

A week-long camp out commencing on FATHER'S DAY each year. Regularly held on BOB FARRAR'S 200 wooded acres, with lake, near Wirth, AR. All FARRAR descendants, families and friends welcome!

DRIVING DIRECTIONS

From Hardy, AR, go north on US 63 approximately 12 miles. See "FARRAR REUNION" sign on right shoulder. Turn right on Wirth Road and follow the signs.

From Mammoth Spring, AR, go south on US 63 approximately 4 miles to first left turn lane. See "FARRAR REUNION" sign on the left shoulder. Turn left on Wirth Road and follow the signs.

ACCOMMODATIONS

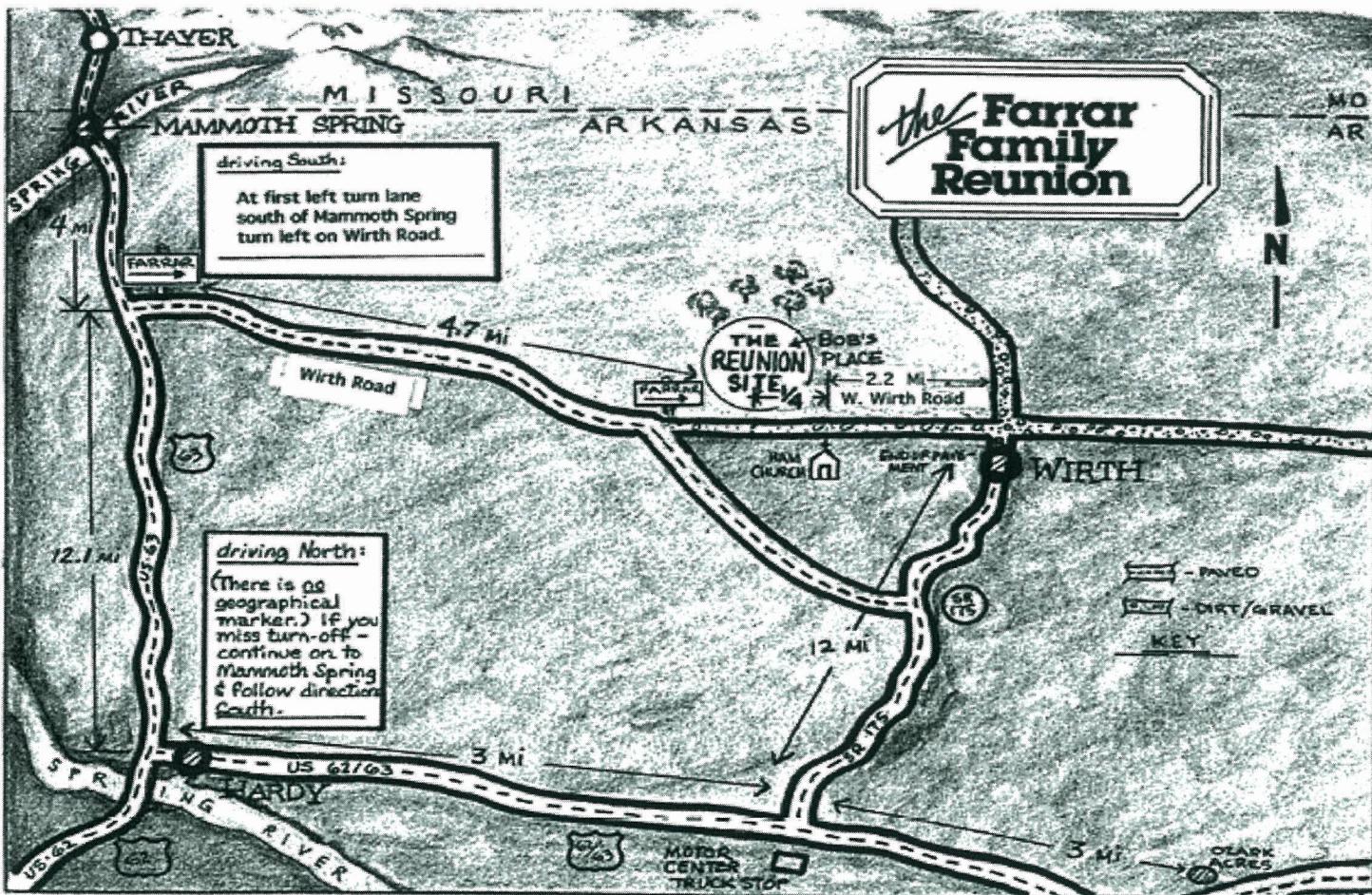
This is a semi-primitive, boondock-type camp out. We provide a roofed and screened pavilion, space for tents and campers (no hook-ups) flush toilets, cold water showers, picnic tables, benches, the cooking fire, all cooking and dining utensils, food refrigeration, coffee, iced tea, a huge nightly bonfire, fishing and swimming lake, hiking trails, bird watching, star gazing, napping, volleyball, horseshoe, card and board games, a constructed "childrens" play area, and lots of love and camaraderie. We fly our country's flag daily; have a moment of silent prayer for all Fathers who have predeceased us; conduct our annual business meeting; one of the seven days we do maintenance work on our facilities and grounds.

You provide your camping facilities or other accommodations; your lounge chair; your food (see menu); your thirst quenchers; and, most especially, YOU!

OTHER ACCOMMODATIONS

Riverview Motel
US Hwy 63 one mile South of Mammoth Spring, AR.
Ph: 870-625-3218
Bill & Bonnie Gildersleeve, Owner/Mgr.

Mammoth Spring RV Park
On the Spring River @ south end of bridge, west side.
Full Hookups, \$15 / night
Tom & Claudia, Managers

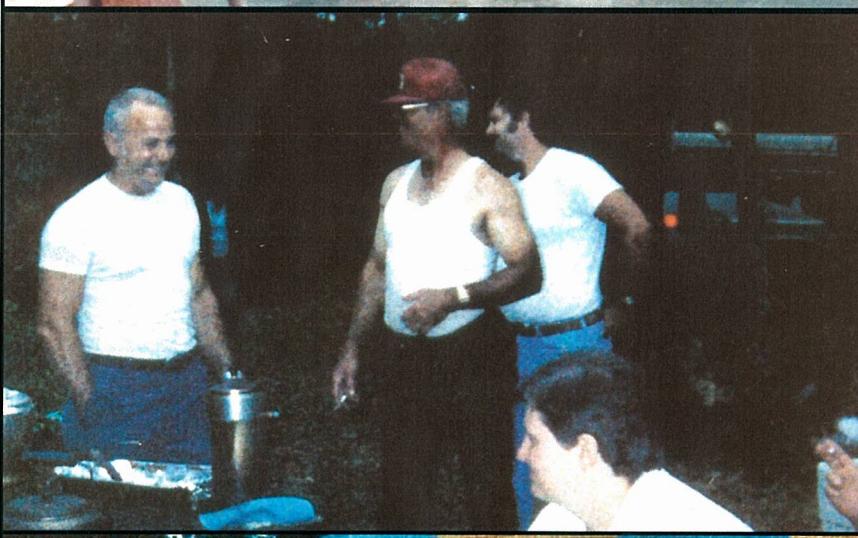




FARRAR FAMILY PHOTO GALLERY



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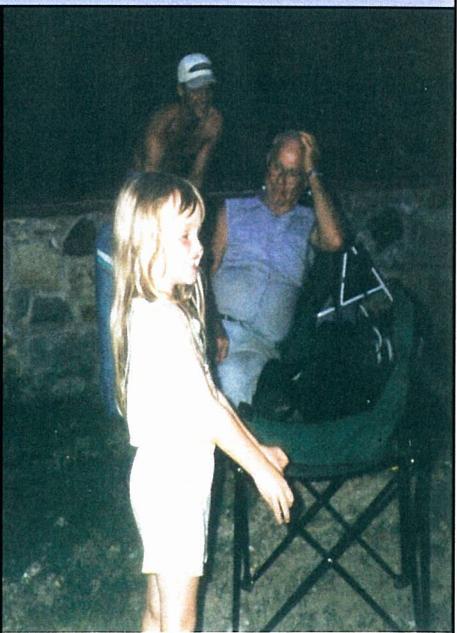
Top Left: 1978—Bob Farrar gives his daughter Linda the old heave-ho in the First Annual Farrar Reunion “Pool Toss” event. Somehow, it just never caught on...

Above: 1978—Linda comes up smiling, dripping ... and probably looking for someone else to return the favor to!!

Left: 1980—Bob Farrar, Bill Farrar, Bill Jr., and Maxine around the fire pit (and coffee pot, which is never far from hand and most certainly never empty). Those who attend the Reunion in 2007 will appreciate how far we have come from these humble beginnings at our 3rd Annual Family Reunion, the first at Bob’s place in Arkansas!

Lower Left: 1980—Carol [Farrar] Rogers (left) and Betty Farrar (standing), Jean [Farrar] Hite, Nikki (standing, next to mom Marlene [Farrar] Bayes), Pauline Farrar, Gerry [Farrar] Weaver surrounding the same fire pit. Why the same fire pit? Because at the time it was the only fire pit!

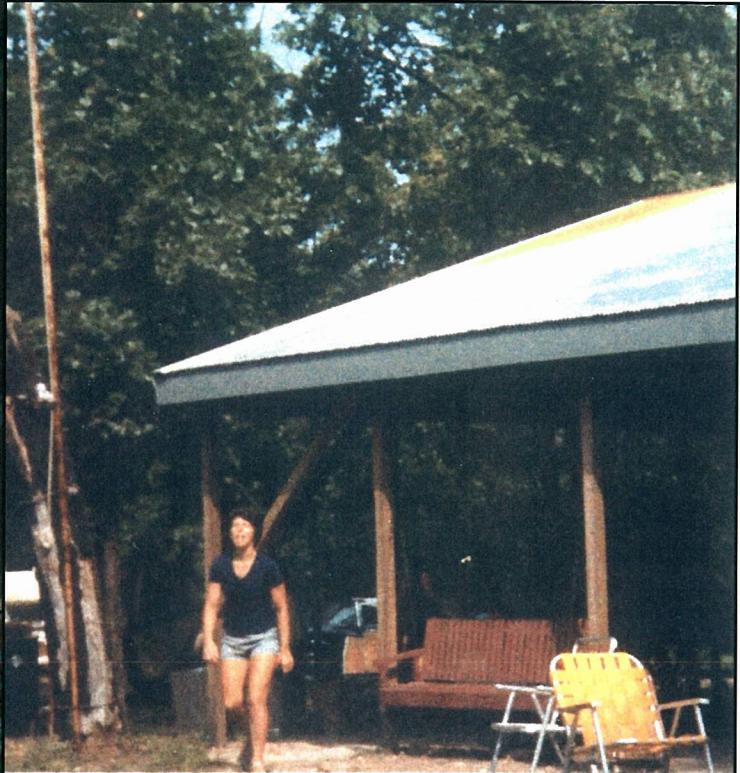
Below: 1998—Aspen Williams performs solo in front of the pavilion at the 21st Reunion. No, that isn’t Simon Cowell sitting in judgment of this potential American Idol, it’s Bob Farrar. Is his vote thumbs-up or thumbs-down??





FARRAR FAMILY PHOTO GALLERY

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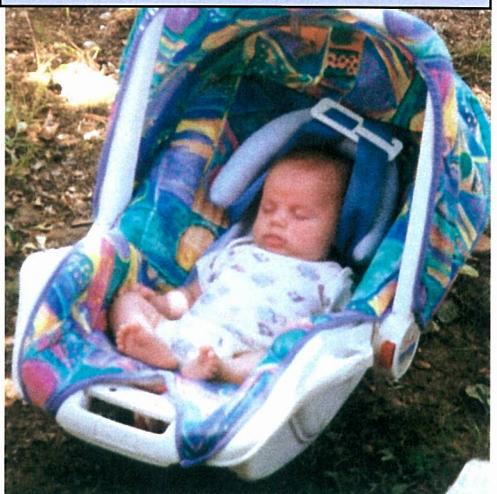


Above left: 1983—Family patriarch and father of the O-10, Joseph Vernon Farrar. This would be his last Reunion (our 6th annual event).

Above: 1983—Cousin Jill [Farrar] Vogel strolls out of the pavilion, which is a few years away from getting screened and rocked ... the pavilion, not Jill.

Left: 1980—In front of Grampa Joe's classic Pontiac Bonneville sits Doug Williams' rail buggy. Perched atop is Matt Linebaugh. His brother Doug sits in the passenger seat. The driver is "little" Nikki (now Nicole Gooch). Notice that there are no bystanders when Nikki is in the driver's seat. Same holds true today, by the way.

Below: 1998—"Little" Nikki's baby son, Peyton, naps contentedly during his first Reunion



*Wanna see your pictures here?
Send them to the Editor!*

**It's Fast! It's Free!
It's (mostly) Friendly!**



FARRAR FAMILY PHOTO GALLERY

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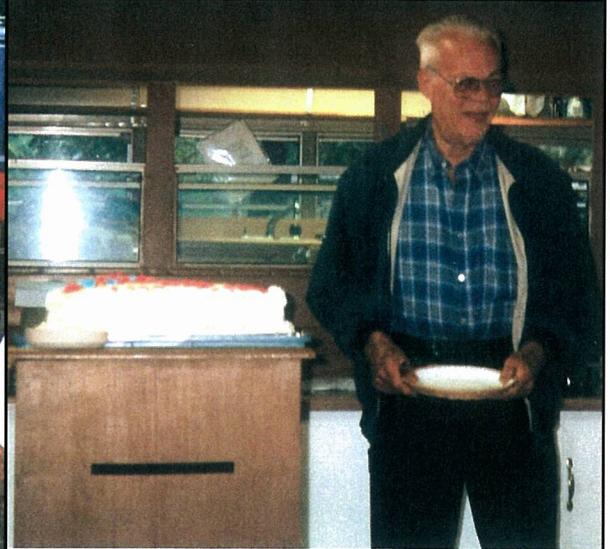
Above: 1999—Building the big fire pit at the 22nd Annual Reunion are (L to R) Doug Linebaugh, "Little" Gary Lehnhoff, and Darren Rogers. Megan Rogers is providing the quality control inspection. The fire pit has become a nightly haven for singing and telling tall tales.

Above Right: 2006—Now just who do you suppose Nikki has on the other end of that line? And has anyone seen Peyton anywhere?

Right: 1997—Joe, Gary, and Jack play a round of high-stakes poker. So you see, the big fire pit isn't the only place you'll hear some tall tales!!

Below: 1999—Preparing for the fish fry. What started out as "just another" meal at the Reunion has become an annual treat for those who attend, and a labor of love for Gary and Nancee who provide the fresh catfish, hush puppies, and other fixin's.

Below Right: 2000—Bill Farrar Sr. waits patiently (sorta) for his piece of Father's Day cake.





FARRAR FAMILY PHOTO GALLERY

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Above: 2005—Jean Hite and her pet Chihuahua, Novina enjoy (almost) some peace and quiet on a picnic bench.

Above Right: 2006—Kayla Cox gets a nap on another picnic bench.

Right: 2004—Doug Linebaugh, Kevin Hite, Randy Farrar, Frank Coppage, and J.V. Farrar contemplate cards during a round of poker.

Below: 2004—The traditional photo with the Father's Day cake. Pictured left to right: Tom Farrar, Kevin Hite, Doug Linebaugh, Bill Schwend, Dick Farrar (hidden behind Frank Coppage), Doug Williams, J.V. Farrar, Bob Farrar, Randy Farrar, Gary Lehnhoff Sr. Note the photos of some of the O-10 on the side of our school bus kitchen behind them.

Below Right: 2004—"Mean Jean the Raking Machine" helps spread gravel around the children's playground area. Maybe she needs another nap??





FARRAR FAMILY PHOTO GALLERY

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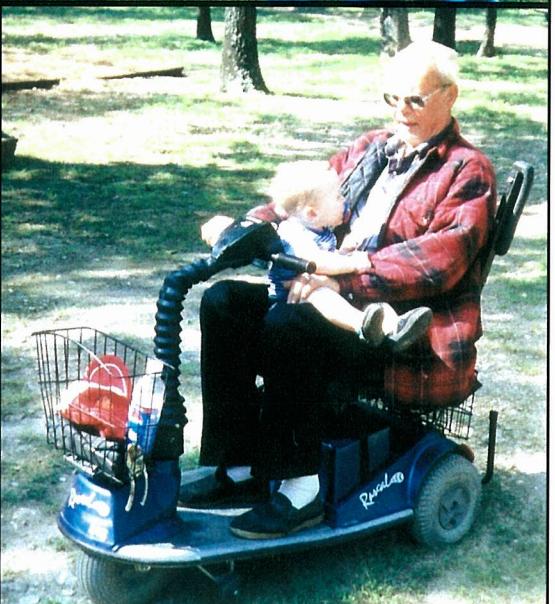
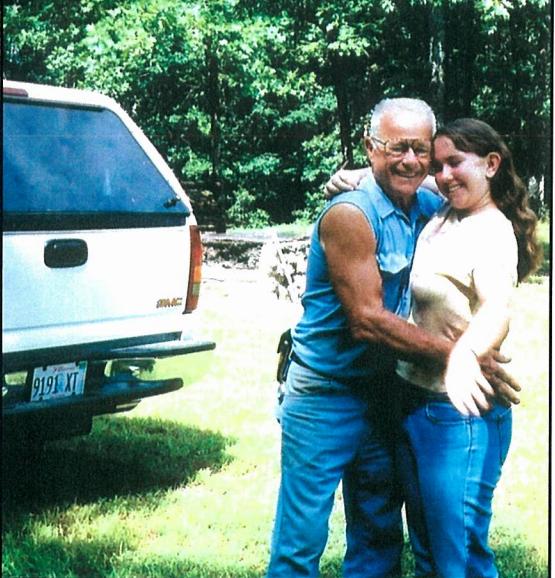
Above: 2001—Building the roof over the outside sink (Gary Lehnhoff Jr., Gary Lehnhoff Sr., Kurt Stanford during Work Day at the 24th Annual Reunion. “Measure once, cut twice,” as Kurt is fond of saying.

Above Right: 2001—Proudly displaying their Farrar “quilted flags” made by Jean [Farrar] Hite are four of her brothers and a sister (from left) Tom Farrar, Bill Farrar, J.V. Farrar, Barb Williams, and Bob Farrar.

Right: 2004—Bob Farrar and granddaughter Melissa share a hug.

Below: 2004—Gary Lehnhoff teaches a young Aspen Williams the finer points of poker. Judging by the direction of the stares from J.V. and Frank, she just rolled an Ace-high straight to their lousy little pairs.

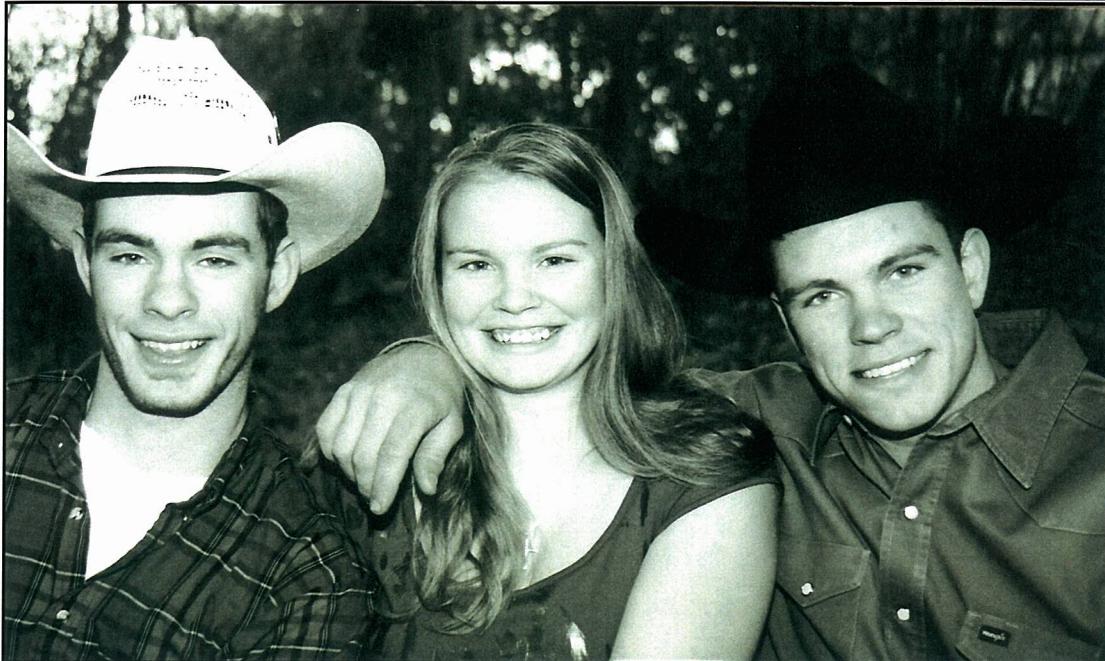
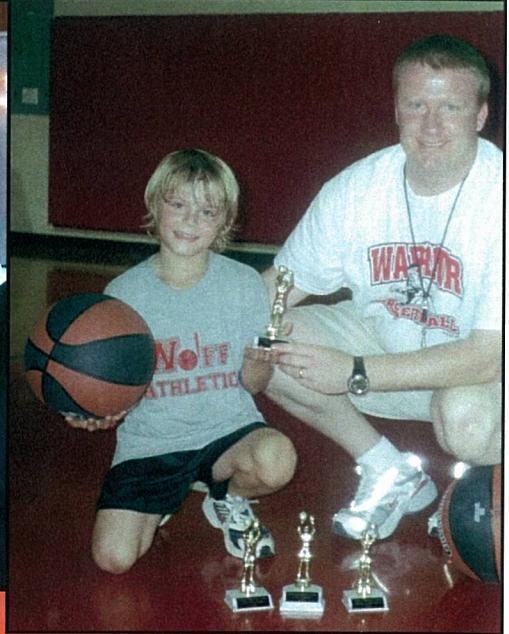
Below Right: 2002—Bill Farrar Sr. scoots around at the 25th Annual Reunion with little Ben Cox enjoying the ride. Health issues kept Bill from attending any other Reunions before his passing.





FARRAR FAMILY PHOTO GALLERY

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Above Left: 2006—All of Nancee's boys gather for Gary Jr.'s wedding (welcome to the family, cousin Brittany!). From left to right are Gary Jr., Nick, Matt, and Doug.

Above Right: Peyton Gooch and a coach pose with all the trophies Peyton won at basketball camp—everything in his age bracket!!

Middle Left: 2006—Floyd Farrar sent us this spectacular sunset shot from the pier at Seal Beach, CA.

Left: 2005—The children of Toker and Karen Jones. From left to right are Ben (19), Stephanie (23), and Buck (21)

Following three pages: Some family photos sent by Floyd Farrar, a descendant of the Junius Farrar line.

Back Row The Farrar Family (Studio Photo taken 1910-1912
Soy FRANK Ed Marshall Fred

Farrar Family Photo

Hillsboro TX
circa 1911

Floyd White Farrar Sr.

born 5-2-1896
died Sept 1981
My father's father

Photo Courtesy of
John W. Farrar

FRONT Row Mannie ANN Pocahontes Clark W. W. WILLIAM T. FARRAR
 Trout White Marie Foster

Clark W. Farrar
—Patriarch—

I only remember my father
as a great, stern, and kind man.

©Floyd Farrar

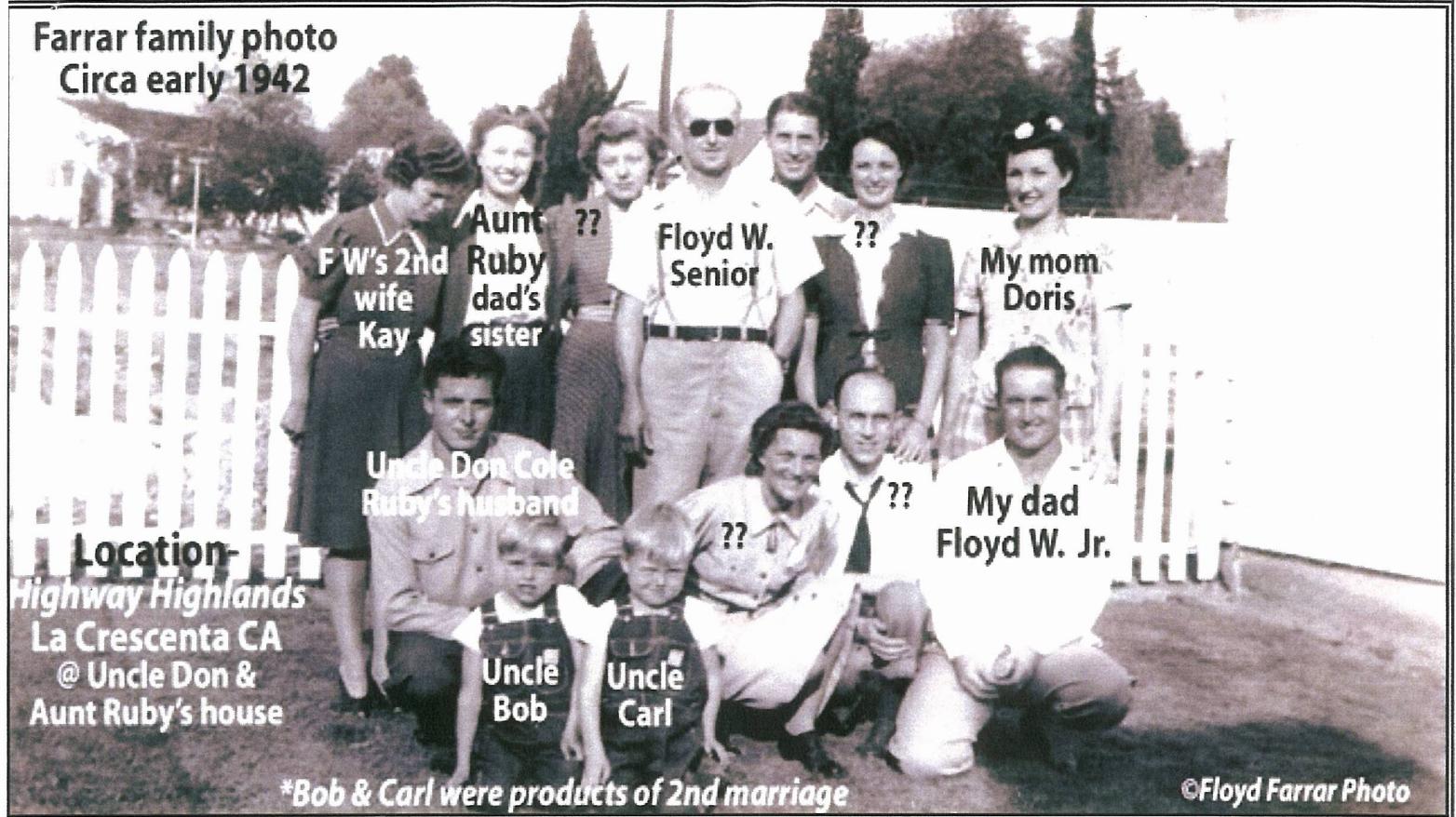
Rouil Floyd W. Coy Frank Ed Wm. T.

Farrar Family Reunion in Texas *circa 1947 location unknown*

Photo Courtesy
of John W. Farrar

The brother in center are seated (C. W. Farrar sons)
1) Rourl M. 2) Floyd 3) Coy 4) Frank 5) Ed 6) William T.
Julius Farrar in back row has arm around his mother Grace
He is behind Wm. T. Farrar
Dec 1947

Farrar family photo
Circa early 1942

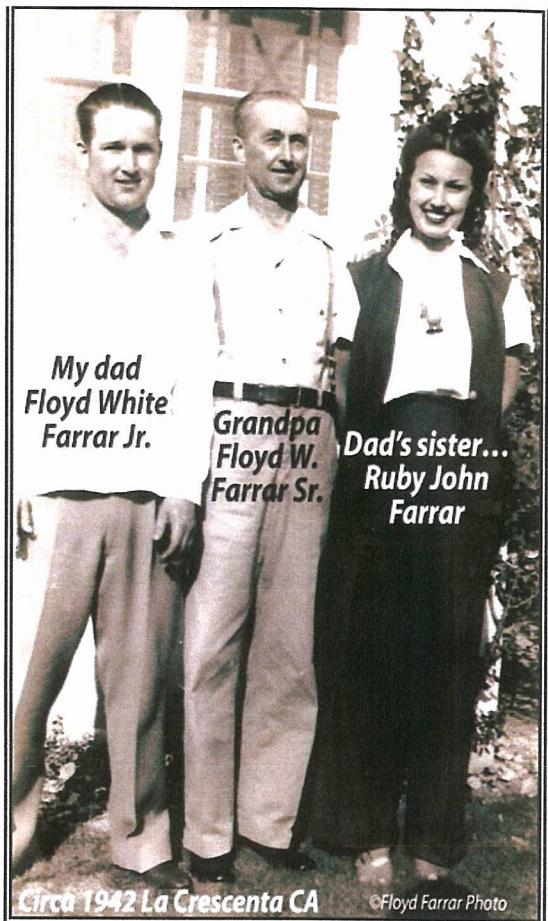


Farrar Family Photo
@ Grandpa Farrar's house
Yucaipa CA
Circa Summer of 1949
Their house on "B" Street
still stands today
and I have photos of it...

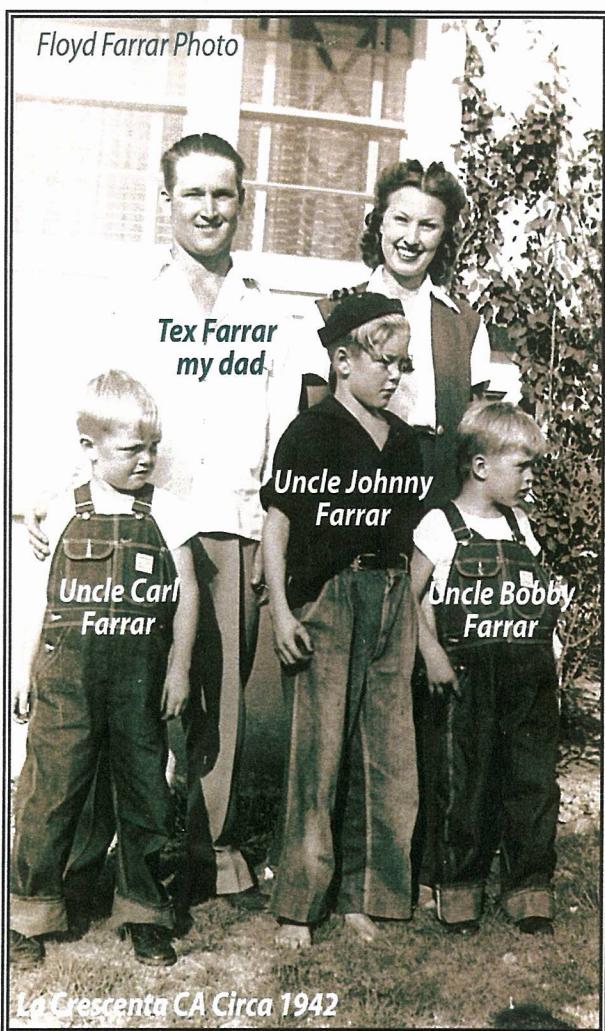




Above taken in 1944 at Verdugo Studio, Montrose CA



My dad
Floyd White
Farrar Jr.
Grandpa
Floyd W.
Farrar Sr.
Dad's sister...
Ruby John
Farrar



La Crescenta CA Circa 1942



Circa 1942 taken in La Crescenta CA



FARRAR FAMILY FUNNY FOTOS

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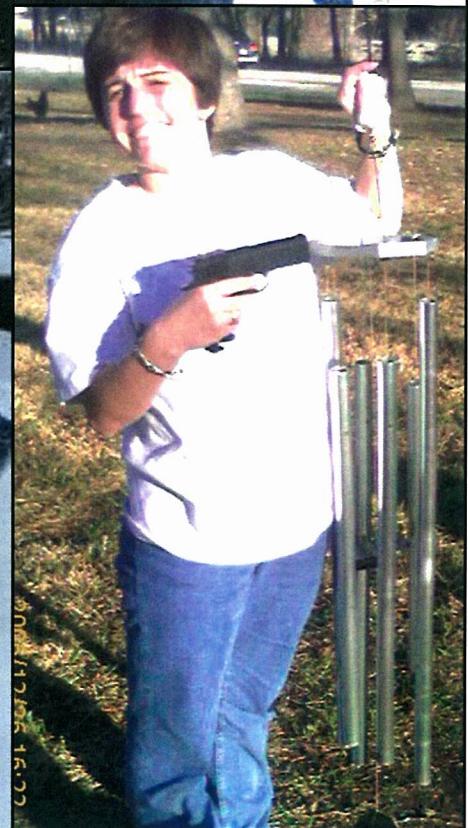


Above: Oh, there are sooooo many ways you could caption this picture. "Hey buddy! Better hurry up, the meter's expired!" comes to mind, as does "Man, parking around here really stinks!" or how about "Nah, I never shop there. They treat their customers like ... um ..." OK, I'd better quit before I get myself into trouble. Again. (Kevin Hite)

Above Right: Happy Easter everyone! Oh, Fido ... bad dog!! Poor Easter Bunny!! (Stephanie Fortune)

Right: Global warming? Then where did eighteen inches of snow come from? Has anyone seen my car? (Kevin Hite)

Far Right: In her first time to ever fire a pistol, Reida Dobi-Hite took careful aim at a big old tree trunk ... and promptly shot through the string of a wind chime hanging from the tree. Here she stands proudly displaying her first "trophy kill" - a six-pointer!! (Kevin Hite)





The Farrar Family Tree

This Tree will function alone or as a great companion to the Farrar's Island books. A 3'x5' scroll, on white paper, in black ink, non-fading, easily readable, it begins three generations into England, over the ocean to Jamestown and our immigrant grandparents William and Cecily, and then follows our particular line through each generation to the present. The Farrar Family Tree is \$25.00 per copy.

The Farrar's Island Books

This two-volume set of well-researched Farrar history by author Miss Alvahn Holmes, covers the history of our line back to Jamestown and further. Learn about the deeding of 2,000 acres of land, including the 800 acre island known as Farrar Island, to our ancestor William by the government of Jamestown. Read about Pocahontas and The Starving Time.

Vol I: The Farrar's Island Family (\$48.00)

Vol II: Some Farrar's Island Descendants (\$68.00)

Both volumes as a matching set,
bound in red cloth (\$108.00).

All of these items are available for purchase by anyone, and all prices include shipping and handling. Please send your order, along with payment (check or money order, payable to Farrar Family Reunion Fund) to the Reunion Treasurer:

Joseph V. Farrar, Jr.
P.O. Box 402
Aguanga, CA 92536-0402
jvfarrar@earthlink.net

Remember, our Reunion is fully funded through sales of these items, annual dues from Reunion members, and the generosity of our extended family and friends. Please help support this worthwhile and long-standing organization!

The Farrar Family Reunion Newsletter

The Newsletter is a bi-annual publication of The Farrar Family Reunion, Inc., a non-profit organization founded by the descendants of Joseph Vernon Farrar, Sr. for the benefit of the Farrar family line descending from William and Cecily Farrar, immigrants from England to Jamestown, VA. In the early 1600s.

Publication of the Newsletter occurs in April and October. Deadline for submissions is the 15th day of the month prior to publication. Please send all submissions to the Editor:

Kevin G. Hite
P.O. Box 63
Farmer City, IL 61842
kevin.hite@hotmail.com

Reunion Dues

Each member of the Reunion is expected to pay annual dues to help defray expenses and keep the Reunion financially viable. Annual dues are levied as follows: the "O-10" = \$100; 2nd Gen (40+ years old) = \$50, 2nd Gen (<40 years old) = \$25.

Any additional donation amounts are appreciated, as are contributions from anyone who cares to donate. Please send your dues and donations to our Treasurer. Your timeliness in doing so is greatly appreciated.

Joseph V. Farrar, Jr.
P.O. Box 402
Aguanga, CA 92536
jvfarrar@earthlink.net

Farrar Family Reunion, Inc.'s COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS

History / Records and Web Page: Randall D. Farrar P.O. Box 17304 San Diego, CA 92177 (858) 549-8894 rfarrar@pacbell.net	Genealogy: Joseph V. Farrar, Jr. P.O. Box 402 Aguanga, CA 92536 (909) 767-9130 x4123 jvfarrar@earthlink.net	Grounds and Maintenance: Chuck/Marleen Bayes 1966 Hwy 63 Hardy, AR 72542 marnie@centurytel.net	Future Projects: Kurt Stanford 2616 Margarette Ave. St. Louis, MO 63143 (314) 574-5947	Second Generation: Ronald D. Farrar 3522 Bellinger Ln. Medford, OR 97501 (541) 770-9288	Newsletter Editor: Kevin G. Hite P.O. Box 63 Farmer City, IL 61842 (309) 488-0227 kevin.hite@hotmail.com
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