



FARRAR FAMILY NEWSLETTER

Official publication of the Farrar Family Reunion, Inc.

www.farrarinc.com

OCTOBER 2007 ISSUE



FROM THE PRESIDENT:

It's a done deal!! That's right, all voting members of the Farrar Family Reunion, Inc. are now the proud new owners of 12+ acres in the wilds of Arkansas, the site of our very own Reunion grounds where our last 29 annual Reunions have been held. At the business meeting on Sunday morning, June 15, 2008, our illustrious potentate, none other than octogenarian and long-time Treasurer, Joe Farrar, Jr., gave the final check to his brother, Bob Farrar, finalizing almost a year of work to achieve this great feat! (Pardon me while I stand and applaud!!!).

A big "Thank You" goes to Uncle Bob for letting us use this site for the last 29 years, and to Randy Farrar & Debbie Lechner without whose hard work, advice, and expertise this project would never have happened. Also a big thanks to Nicole Gooch for her part in acquiring the much-needed property insurance. Thank you one and all!

With Nick Linebaugh filling in the final two years of Kerri Cox's term as Secretary, Nicole Gooch taking over the duties of Treasurer, the election of Doug Williams as Vice-President, and myself as President, our new slate of officers consists entirely of 2nd and 3rd generation members.

Also, the 3rd generation voted to assess themselves annual Reunion dues. Their contribution will be the same as 2nd generation members: under 40 years = \$25.00, and over 40 years = \$50.00.

We also need to note that retiring Treasurer, Joe Farrar, Jr., was given a plaque to commemorate his 10 years of doing an outstanding job as our Reunion Treasurer. His diligent and unswerving loyalty to this task provided us with the ways and means to facilitate our purchase of this acreage, as well as many, many other achievements over the

years. We offer him a big "Salute"!

Before the Reunion ended, it was noted that Jean Hite was thinking of moving to Arkansas. Uncle Bob proposed that she move to the Reunion site to be our caretaker. This will be considered at the business meeting at the Reunion in 2009.

This year's Reunion was a blast, like always, with card games, board games, washers, horseshoes, red neck golf, and even a few poker games played. Everyone was busy catching up on family information, stories of way back when, and who was NOT going to be the next U.S. President.

Kids were screaming and running from snakes, and three adults and nine kids went on the float trip down the Spring River. Just ask Marita how many kids it takes to flip an adult out of a canoe...?

There was even new information, like, you know my sister Kathy? She's really my daughter, even though I was only 5 at the time she was born! (OK, Jackie, I'll stop now.) Point is, you never know what you will find out, so you have to be at the next Reunion! You know what happens in Arkansas stays in Arkansas—unless, of course, it happens to make the Newsletter. (Ahem!)

With all the hard work of acquiring a place to call our own being done on your behalf, next year COME ON, TAKE ADVANTAGE OF IT!! Bring yourself, your kids or grand-kids, your RV or tent, and even your well-behaved animals (no, not your spouse, your four-legged animals). We would love to have you at our next Reunion in June 2009!!

See you then.

-- Nancee (Farrar) Lehnhoff
Reunion President
July 2008

From the Editor: My apologies for yet another late-arriving Newsletter. Suffice it to say it's been a long and difficult summer and fall. As is customary, this fall edition of the N/L is abbreviated, primarily as a cost-savings measure (and maybe to build a bit of anticipation for the pre-Reunion issue!). Be prepared for a full-length version next April.

I also have had issues with my scanner which prevented me from including many wonderful photos and articles sent by several of you. I've used some of the photos that were sent to me electronically—see the Photo Gallery. Rest assured that I will get the rest scanned and posted to the website ASAP.

Minutes of the Annual Business Meeting (2)

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Family News & Notes

Minutes of the 31st Annual Farrar Family Reunion Business Meeting

June 15, 2008. The meeting was opened by President Nancee Lehnhoff at 10:00 a.m. Everyone was welcomed, especially our guests. A special "thank you" was extended to all who volunteered for the special work day over Memorial Day weekend.

Congratulations are in order this year—this is the first year that the Farrar Family Reunion, Inc. owns the Reunion property: 12.107 acres. Thanks were given to Randy and Debbie for all of their hard work in making this possible. Treasurer Joe Farrar, Jr. presented a check to Bob Farrar for the final payment. Bob Farrar turned over the deed, and a standing ovation was given by all who attended. A big thank you was also given to Nikki Gooch for her efforts in getting us our own insurance.

President Nancee Lehnhoff noted that Kerry (Stanford) Cox had resigned her position as Reunion Secretary, and that Nick Linebaugh would be assuming the remaining two years of her office.

Minutes from the 2007 meeting were read. Barb Williams made a motion to accept the minutes, Joe Farrar seconded, and the motion passed.

The Treasurer's Report was given for the last time by Joe Farrar, along with the accumulated total of all accounts. Barb Williams made a motion to accept the report, Carol Rogers seconded, and the motion passed.

Joe was thanked for his 10 years of service and hard work, was presented with a plaque on behalf of a grateful Farrar clan, and was given a standing ovation.

Nominations were solicited for a new Reunion Treasurer. After nominations closed, votes were cast, and Nicole Gooch was elected to the office for a four-year term.

Old Business

1. Rules for the appropriate use of our bathrooms were reiterated. Avoid drain clogging and water waste.
2. In absentia, Kevin Hite was credited for another fantastic Newsletter. Remember, Kevin cannot generate the Newsletter unless individuals keep him up to date on family and events.

New Business

1. All of the Reunion's investments have been closed out. Further information on new investments will be provided when it is known.
2. The Reunion President stated that the deed, insurance policy, and all other paperwork would be stored in a lockbox controlled by the Reunion Treasurer.
3. The Reunion President noted that the by-laws state nothing about what will happen to our property if the Reunion dissolves at some future date. Bob Farrar asked that the owner of the other ~160 acres adjoining the Reunion property be given the first chance to purchase the property if it were to become available. If the then-current owner of the adjoining property declines to purchase the

Reunion acreage, the property would be put up for public purchase. After some discussion, a motion was made to replace the words "Bob Farrar or his heirs will have right of first refusal" with the words "the present owner at the time of dismissal of Bob Farrar's property will have right of first refusal". The motion also included the need to have the full legal description of the property added to the by-laws. Bob Farrar moved to accept, Barb Williams seconded, and the motion carried.

4. The office of Reunion Vice President is up for election this year. Kurt Stanford made a motion to keep Doug Williams in this office, Nick Linebaugh seconded, and the motion carried.
5. It was noted that the current Reunion schedule says we start on Father's Day and continue for one week. A decision was made to change this wording to indicate that the Reunion starts on Father's Day Weekend, with the Reunion grounds opening on Friday and remaining open through the week until the last person leaves.
6. A motion was made by Nick Linebaugh that the 3rd generation pay the same dues as the 2nd generation (under 40 years old = \$25 per year; over 40 years = \$50 per year). Kurt Stanford seconded the motion, and it carried.
7. For work day, the pavilion will be repainted, with the barn red being replaced by a dark green. The new window framing will also be painted.
8. A bank account will be set up in California so that Randy Farrar can administer funds pertaining to sales of the Farrar books.

Future Projects

1. Kurt Stanford brought up the need to permanently mark the boundaries for our new landsite. We will also need to replace the screen doors on the pavilion.
2. Other future projects to keep in mind: replace railroad ties around the volleyball court; replace the roof on the bathrooms; widen the road to Tent City; extend the roof over the wood stove to provide extra shade and protection from rain.

Announcements

1. Bill Schwend announced that the Schwend Reunion has dissolved and there are no plans for another reunion.

There being no further business to discuss, a motion was made by Nick Linebaugh to adjourn the meeting, seconded by Nicole Gooch. Meeting was adjourned at 11:15 a.m.

— Respectfully submitted,

Nick Linebaugh, Reunion Secretary

Editor's Note: Overall attendance at the 2008 Reunion was 55 people, according to the Attendance Roster.



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Family Travels and Tales

[Editor: I received several interesting stories from family members who were traveling these great United States. Along the way, they came across some history which had a part in shaping our country, our beliefs, our politics, etc. While not all are directly connected to the Farrar family, they are worth reading, so I'm including them in the next few pages.]

The Baker-Fancher Wagon Train

Gary and I left Missouri on May 1, 2008, on a 6,000-mile western trip. We took his brother Larry and his wife Charlotte with us. Larry had just retired in March and had never been farther west than Colorado. We visited 10 states in 18 days. Along the way, my sister-in-law Charlotte wanted to visit the Mountain Meadow Massacre site in southwestern Utah, not very far from Randy and Debbie's place in Junction. She had recently found out that Captain John T. Baker, who was a co-leader of this wagon train, was her maternal great-grandfather.

I had never heard of this massacre and never dreamed that the Mormons had ever participated in anything of this nature. Because of their sense of guilt, they have built an inspiring memorial tribute to these people (as they should have). The story is below:

Led by Captain John T. Baker and Alexander Fancher, a California-bound wagon train from Arkansas camped in Mountain Meadow Valley in the late summer of 1857, during the time of the so-called Utah War. In the early morning hours of September 7th, a party of local Mormon settlers and Indians attacked and laid siege to the encampment. For reasons not fully understood, a contingent of territorial militia joined the attackers. This Iron County Militia consisted of Latter-Day Saints (Mormons) acting on orders from their local religious leaders and military commanders headquartered 35 miles to the northeast in Cedar City. Complex animosities and political issues, intertwined with religious beliefs, motivated the Mormons, but the exact causes and circumstances fostering the sad events that ensued over the next five days at Mountain Meadows still defy any clear or simple explanation.

During the siege, 15 male members of the wagon train were killed in the fighting or while trying to escape. Then, late Friday afternoon, September 11th, the rest of the members of the wagon train were persuaded to give up their weapons and leave their corralled wagons in exchange for a promise of safe passage to Cedar City. Under heavy guard, they made their way out of the encirclement. When they were all out of the corral and some of them more than a mile up the valley, they were suddenly and without warning attacked by their supposed benefactors. The local Indians joined in the slaughter, and in a matter of minutes, 14 adult males, 12 women, and 35 children were struck down. Nine hired hands driving cattle were also killed, along with at least 35 other unknown victims. All in all, some 120 souls died in what became known as the Mountain Meadows Massacre.

Seventeen children under the age of seven survived the ordeal and were eventually returned to Arkansas. One or more other children may have remained in Utah.

(Submitted by Nancee Lehnhoff)

Rendezvous with the Harley Riders

Two intrepid Harley bikers from Southern California sketched out a plan to put all that power between their knees to ride old route U.S. 50 coast-to-coast. Kin and friends and motels along the way would be their nightly pit stops. Two riders? No ... four! Their women were just as venturesome and are an intricate part of this adventure. So it's Debbie up behind Randy; Pam astern Rich. The moment arrives. Final checks accomplished. With their GPS' in easy view, it's up and off with a roar to meet any challenge along the road.

One stop along the way was mid-country—Randy's cousin Jill in Bellevue, Illinois. Shortly before my departure from SoCal in my motor home meandering round about, Randy advised his old Dad of his plans, suggesting, if I could fit it in, I was invited to this get-together. You may bet your derriere that alterations were made, and I fit it in.

I was the only West Coast Farrar who made it to our Farrar Family Reunion this year. While there, I bragged about Randy's coast-to-coast Harley plans. With wheels turning, and always thinking of bigger and grander things, I mentioned the get-together to a couple of people who seemed interested. As a result, between the Reunion and the July get-together, I dropped notes to all Belleville near-bys and suggested they contact Jill for the firm date, time, and place of meeting. Lo and behold, of the five notified, three showed—and one brought a friend!

Jill and Gary were the perfect hosts. Nine additional in their den: Randy, Debbie, Rich, Pam, Barb, Pinky (her friend), Carol, Kurt, and I. Refreshments of every kind and caliber, with bowls of chewy stuff. All eager to hear tales of the Harley riders, other short and tall tales, and a lot of camaraderie. Jill had selected Nonnie's on West Main for dinner. Sumptuous! Gary picked up the tab. Magnanimous!

A couple more hours at their place, then with lots of hugs, kisses, and good wishes, this party ended on a clarion note of the Nth degree. We were all so glad we did it!

(Submitted by Joseph V. Farrar, Jr.)

Cecily Mystery

We have all read, been told, and accept that Cicely, age 10, arrived in Jamestown unaccompanied in 1610 aboard the *Swan*. But why unaccompanied? Has this mystery been solved? Read *Dark Enough to See the Stars in a Jamestown Sky*, by Connie Lapallo. A well-researched hypothesis that includes more authentic information on Pocahontas too.

(Information provided by Hontas Hines)

Hontas Hines attended our Reunion in the recent past, enjoyed it immensely, learned a lot, purchased the two Farrar Island books and our Family Tree, and returned home to Colorado City, Texas, to enthusiastically dig deep into her history. A little over a year later, she advised me she had successfully completed her application, was accepted, and is now a proud member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Still interested and still digging, she told me later that she had found three more "rifles" (an expression for other revolutionary soldier kin). She also provided the Cecily Mystery information above.

(Submitted by Joseph V. Farrar, Jr.)



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Family Travels and Tales

The Old Spanish Trail and the California Road

An arduous 1,200 mile route between Santa Fe and Los Angeles, the "Old Spanish Trail" passed through Mountain Meadows during its heyday, between 1830 and 1848. The trail served trackers, who loaded their pack mules with woolen goods from Santa Fe each fall and returned from California each spring with Chinese goods and mules and horses for the markets in Missouri. The trail followed along the west side of the Mountain Meadows to a campsite at the south end of the valley, then down Magotsu Creek.

Attempts to blaze this trade route began as early as 1765, when Juan Maria de Rivera explored from Santa Fe to the Gunnison River in Colorado. Fathers Athanasio Dominguez and Velez de Escalante were turned back by heavy snows in 1776 in an attempt to reach California. Traveling as far north as the Provo, Utah, area, they gave up the venture while camped between northern Milford and Cedar City. Later, Spanish traders made frequent visits from New Mexico to barter with the Utes for pelts and slaves. Jedediah Smith explored the western stretch of the trail from Utah to California in 1826-27.

The first to complete the circuit from Santa Fe to Los Angeles was Mexican trader Antonio Armijo in the winter of 1829-30. Ewing Young's trapping party from Taos may have followed the trail about the same time. In 1830-31, William Wolfskill proved utility for pack trains, and a brisk trade flourished for a dozen years. After 1848, the trail fell rapidly into disuse.

Discharged members of the Mormon Battalion en route to Salt Lake City from San Diego drove the first wheeled vehicles over the trail in 1848. This opened a new emigrant wagon route known as the "California Road". It was used by gold seekers and other California emigrants, and by Mormon travelers. The wagon road shifted to the east side of Mountain Meadows to avoid Magotsu Creek. It was this route to California that brought the Baker-Fancher party to Mountain Meadows in September 1857.

(Submitted by Nancee Lehnhoff)

The Farrar – Schwend Connection

On 1 April 1924 in Highland, Madison Co., Illinois, Joseph Vernon Farrar, born 10 June 1903, in New Market, Alabama, married Viola Lillian Schwend, born 25 July 1904, in Highland, Illinois. Viola was the daughter of Joseph Adam Schwend, born 13 September 1853, in Black-jack Settlement, Jarvis Twp., Madison Co., Illinois, and Sophia (Billeter) Schwend, born 6 September 1873, in Plum City, Wisconsin.

Viola was a twin to her sister, Leona Anna, who died in infancy on 2 October 1904. She grew up with her brother, Harold August Schwend, born 1 Aug 1908. Viola and Harold grew up living in the family home at 1424 Washington in Highland with their two half-brothers, Arnold and Nelson, and two half-sisters, Selma and Adele, the children of her mother who was first married 10 Sep 1891 to Conrad W. Schwend. Conrad was killed 19 June 1902, when his beer wagon being pulled by two mules and a horse was hit by a train, leaving Sophia with four small children.

On 6 October 1903, Sophia married Joseph Adam Schwend the older brother of her first husband, Conrad. Joseph Adam had been

married two times before he married Sophia. He first married his first cousin, Veronica I. Geiser, the daughter of his mother's sister, on 12 November 1878. To this marriage five children were born. Twenty-five days after the birth of the fifth child, Veronica developed "milk fever" and drowned herself on 26 November 1888. On 26 November 1891, Joseph Adam married his house keeper, Stepinnie Lillian Thalman, who was 18 years old. This marriage produced three children and ended in divorce on 29 March 1902. When Joseph Adam married Sophia, the children from his previous marriages were farmed out to live with relatives, and shortly after the birth of Harold in 1908, Joseph Adam and Sophia separated, leaving Viola and Harold and their two half-brothers and -sisters to grow up without a father. Thus Viola and Harold, who were very close to each other, never really knew their half-brothers and -sisters from Joseph Adam's first two marriages.

In 1952, Harold Schwend received a letter from his half-brother and cousin, John Emil Schwend, who had seen an article in the Highland News about Eugene Schwend, the son of Nelson Schwend, being killed in Korea. Thus Harold and John got together for the first time and a Schwend Family Reunion was planned and held in 1953.

This was followed with 45 family reunions and the family was pulled back together for the first time. A Schwend Family Tree Book was published in 2000 and over 100 descendants attended the family reunion. The last Schwend Family Reunion was held in 2004 in a Catholic Church in O'Fallon, Illinois, where 14 people attended, one being a blood line Schwend.

For more information on the Schwend Family which has been documented back to 1688 in Offenberg, Baden, Germany, contact William "Bill" Schwend at Schwendw@juno.com or at 2512 Fox Hills Dr. Overland, MO 63114.

The History of Aprons

I don't think our kids really know what an apron is, or what it was used for. The principal use of Grandma's apron was to protect the dress underneath, but along with that, it served as a potholder for removing hot pans from the oven. It was wonderful for drying children's tears, and on occasion was even used for cleaning out dirty ears. From the chicken coop, the apron was used for carrying eggs, fussy chicks, and sometimes half-hatched eggs to be finished in the warming oven. When company came, those aprons were ideal hiding places for shy kids, and when the weather was cold, grandma wrapped it around her arms.

Those big old aprons wiped many a perspiring brow, bent over the hot wood stove. Chips and kindling wood were brought into the kitchen in that apron. From the garden, it carried all sorts of vegetables. After the peas had been shelled, it carried out the hulls. In the fall, the apron was used to bring in apples that had fallen from the trees. When unexpected company drove up the road, it was surprising how much furniture that old apron could dust in a matter of seconds. When dinner was ready, Grandma walked out onto the porch, waved her apron, and the men knew it was time to come in from the fields to dinner.

It will be a long time before someone invents something that will replace that "old-time apron" that served so many purposes.

(Preceding articles submitted by William "Bill" Schwend)



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Family Travels and Tales

Sacrifices of the Signers

An excerpt from the American Legion magazine by Mike Coppock. As you read this, think of our egoistic, self-aggrandizing, luxury-loving leaders of today...

The sacrifices endured by the founding fathers aren't fully understood by Americans living in the 21st century. Nearly all 56 men at the Second Continental Congress could be labeled professional politicians. Twenty-four were lawyers by trade. Yet, by affixing their signatures to Thomas Jefferson's boldly-worded Declaration of Independence, they risked everything. Five were later captured by the British and died after being tortured. Nine were wounded in engagements with the British, and 12 had their homes set on fire.

The British failed to capture Welshman Francis Lewis, who represented New York, but after burning his Long Island estate, they took his wife and threw her aboard a prison ship, where she died a few months later. Lewis never recovered.

Lewis Morris, Arthur Middleton, and Richard Stockton also found their homes destroyed for signing. Thomas Nelson, Virginia's governor during the siege of Yorktown, begged George Washington to blow up his mansion when he learned Lord Cornwallis had made it to his headquarters. Washington did just that, destroying Nelson's main financial asset. Virginia merchant Carter Braxton owned a fleet of trading vessels when he signed. The Royal Navy made it a point to track down and sink his ships. North Carolina's Joseph Hewes also lost his merchant fleet—by donating it to become the core of the new Continental Navy. He died in 1779 at age 50.

Made wealthy through his import business, Robert Morris was placed in charge of America's dismal finances. To feed and equip Washington's troops for the famous "Crossing of the Delaware" - the psychological turning point of the war - Morris used \$10,000 of his own money, placing his personal fortune at the disposal of America. He later died in poverty.

A year after signing, William Wipple of New Hampshire fought alongside Ethan Allen, Benedict Arnold, and Horatio Gates at Saratoga. The American victory there would bring France into the conflict. Connecticut's Oliver Wolcott and South Carolina's Arthur Middleton, Thomas Hayward, and Edward Rutledge all saw combat. Middleton, Hayward, and Rutledge were captured and tortured. Georgia's George Walton was taken prisoner in battle while a Colonel and released during a prisoner exchange in 1779. Fellow Georgian Button Gwinnett led a failed invasion of British Florida after returning from Philadelphia. Shortly afterward, he was shot in a duel by political opponent Lachlan McIntosh.

New Jersey's Richard Stockton was captured in November 1776 and spent years in prison. After his release, he died a pauper in Princeton. British troops in New Jersey devastated the College of New Jersey the same month they captured him. John Witherspoon spent the remainder of the war rebuilding the college before he went blind in 1792. South Carolina's Thomas Lynch and his wife were lost at sea when their ship disappeared during a voyage to the West Indies. Constant British pursuit prevented Delaware's Caesar Rodney from getting the proper medical treatment for a cancerous growth on his face. It would claim his life in 1784.

Thomas Jefferson went on to be elected governor of Virginia, but had to resign and go into hiding because the British hunted him relentlessly.

Journal of a Road Warrior

Spent the 4th of July with Johnnie (nee Green) and her husband Keith Anderson at their lovely retreat in the Smokies near Lake Lure, North Carolina. Her mother, Mrs. Edna Green, researched the Green line and has a couple of books published. Some while back, I had been advised their Green came over on the same ship, the *Swan*, on which our Cecily sailed. What a coincidence.

Returning west, I laid over for a short spell in middle Tennessee and had Sunday lunch with our vivacious cousin Carleton and husband Doug Wright at their nearby Cracker Barrel in Columbia. It was big smiles, big hugs, a joyful waitress, good food, lots of friendly chit-chat. Carleton is a devoted researcher. She derives from Celeste, a sister to the "O-10's" Grandfather Lewis. Over the years she has been in touch with offspring of Celeste and offspring of all her 11 brothers and sisters who had issue.

Monday, while in Flat Creek, I found Cousin Ike Farrar at the Church of Christ, where he is the Song Leader, picking up papers for his next singing class. He confides that wife, Mary, is ambulatory with a walker, but speechless resulting from her stroke a few years ago. Ike, hale and 90 in a few months, says his dairy is milking 180 cows at this time. He is still feeding the herd mash from the Jack Daniel's distillery in nearby Lynchburg. A U.S. Air Corps pilot during WWII, he is also giving talks to interested organizations in the general area pertaining to this rapidly disappearing contingent of old warriors. With this, he jumped into his big car and roared off to conduct his next class. My stop at the old Flat Creek Cemetery was a discouraging disappointment due to its overgrown, unkempt condition.

I'm now in another part of our fantastic country—9,000 feet up amongst the ponderosa pines standing straight and tall. The smaller, white-trunk aspen doing their shimmy at the slightest inducement. A fish-laden tarn nearby. My own pavilion site with electricity. Solitude. Nobody around. Quiet. Only the whisper of a wafting breeze. Blue sky; billowing cumulus floating overhead. As I stroll this early Wednesday morn, frisky chipmunks flit about. A cottontail disappears into a thicket. An occasional sound of a woodpecker pounding away. Birds of colors I've never seen before. A low of 49 this morning; yesterday's high was 71.

Sunday past, lots of activity ... a huge wedding party housed in a couple of lodges further out on this ridge. The rituals consummated on Wedding Hill within sight across the way. By Monday eve, quiet reigned. I'm in the Farish Recreational Area, which is a part of the USAF Academy in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Later, I'll spend a week in their FamCamp near the Cadet Area.

As I work my way slowly west, I'll wander along the Arizona/Utah border and Lake Powell on my way to Randy's hideaway in Utah. Randy and Debbie plan to be there mid-September too. Then a few days at Lake Mead, and on my way south to SoCal for the winter.

(Preceding articles submitted by Joseph V. Farrar, Jr.)



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Fortune's Funnies (collection provided by Stephanie Fortune)

In Prison	At Work
You spend the majority of your time in a 10x10 cell	You spend the majority of your time in an 8x8 cubicle
You get three meals a day, fully paid for	You get a break for one meal a day ... and you have to pay for it
You get time off for good behavior	You get more work for good behavior
The guard locks/unlocks and opens all the doors for you	You often carry a security card and must open all the doors by yourself
You can watch TV and play games	You could get fired for watching TV and playing games
You get your own toilet	You have to share the toilet with people who pee on the seat
They allow your family and friends to visit	You aren't even supposed to speak to your family
All your expenses are paid by the taxpayers, with no work required from you	You pay all your expenses to go to work, and they deduct taxes from your salary to pay for prisoners
You spend most of your life inside bars, wanting to get out	You spend most of your life wanting to get out and go inside bars
You must deal with sadistic wardens	They are called "managers"

The Pastor's Cat

This particular story just made me laugh. Every time I think about it, the vision of that poor cat just amuses me to no end. Hope the story leaves a bright spot in your day.

Dwight Nelson recently told a true story about the pastor of his church. He had a kitten that climbed up a tree in his backyard and then was afraid to come down. The pastor coaxed, offered warm milk, etc. The kitty would not come down. The tree was not sturdy enough to climb, so the pastor decided that if he tied a rope from the tree to his car and pulled it until it bent down, he could then reach up and get the kitten. That's what he did, all the while checking his progress in the car. He then figured if he went just a little bit further, the tree would be bent sufficiently for him to reach the kitten. But as he moved the car a little further forward, the rope broke. The tree went 'boing!' and the kitten instantly sailed through the air—out of sight.

The pastor felt terrible. He walked all over the neighborhood asking people if they'd seen a little kitten. No. Nobody had seen a stray kitten. So he prayed, "Lord, I just commit this kitten to your keeping," and went on about his business.

A few days later he was at the grocery store, and met one of his church members. He happened to look into her shopping cart and was amazed to see cat food. This woman was a cat hater and everyone knew it, so he asked her, "Why are you buying cat food when you hate cats so much?" She replied, "You won't believe this," and then told him how her little girl had been begging her for a cat, but she kept refusing.

Then a few days before, the child had begged again, so the Mom finally told her little girl, "Well, if God gives you a cat, I'll let you keep it." She told the pastor, "I watched my child go out in the yard, get on

her knees, and ask God for a cat. And really, Pastor, you won't believe this, but I saw it with my own eyes. A kitten suddenly came flying out of the blue sky, with its paws outspread, and landed right in front of her." Lesson learned: Never underestimate the Power of God and His unique sense of humor

A Skiing Story

A friend just got back from a holiday skiing trip to Utah with the kind of story that warms the cockles of anybody's heart. Conditions were perfect ... 12 below, no feeling in the toes, basic numbness all over ... the "Tell me when we're having fun" kind of day.

One of the women in the group complained to her husband that she was in dire need of a restroom. He told her not to worry, that he was sure there was relief waiting at the top of the lift in the form of a powder room for female skiers in distress. He was wrong, of course, and the pain did not go away. If you've ever had nature hit its panic button in you, then you know that a temperature of 12 below doesn't help matters. With time running out, the woman weighed her options. Her husband, picking up on the intensity of the pain, suggested that since she was wearing an all-white ski outfit, she should go off in the woods and no one would even notice. He assured her, "The white will provide more than adequate camouflage."

So she headed for the tree line, began lowering her ski pants and proceeded to do her thing. If you've ever parked on the side of a slope, then you know there is a right way and wrong way to set your skis so you don't move.

Yup, you guessed it!! She had them positioned the wrong way. Steep slopes are not forgiving ... even during the most embarrassing moments. Without warning, the woman found herself skiing backward, out of control, racing through the trees and onto another slope. Her derriere was still bare, pants down around her knees, and she was picking up speed all the while. She continued backwards, creating an unusual vista for the other skiers. The woman skied back under the lift and finally collided violently with a pylon.

The bad news was that she broke her arm and was unable to pull up her ski pants. At long last her husband arrived, putting an end to her nudie show, then summoned the ski patrol. They transported her to a hospital.

While in the emergency room, a man with an obviously broken leg was put in the bed next to hers. "So, how'd you break your leg?" she asked, making small talk. "It was the stupidest thing you ever saw," he said. "I was riding up this ski lift and suddenly—I couldn't believe my eyes!—there was this crazy woman skiing backward, out of control, down the mountain, with her bare bottom hanging out of her pants. I leaned over to get a better look and fell out of the lift." ... "So, how'd you break your arm??"

Buck Gets Married; Stephanie Shoots Buck!!

[Editor] In other news from Toker and Karen Jones' clan, their son Buck got married on August 23rd to Tacha Lache Ramey, and their daughter Stephanie Fortune shot a big Texas whitetail buck in November—with a rack that had 11 total points and a 19" spread.





FARRAR FAMILY PHOTO GALLERY

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Top Left: The big moment ... long-time Reunion Treasurer, Joe Farrar (in black), hands the final check to his brother, Bob Farrar, in exchange for the deed to the Farrar Family Reunion Grounds, as Reunion President Nancee Lehnhoff looks on approvingly

Top Right: A Civil War reenactment gets underway in Moorpark, California, and Cousin Floyd Farrar noted that this is just the opening skirmish, before the cavalry and the Federal infantry take to the field

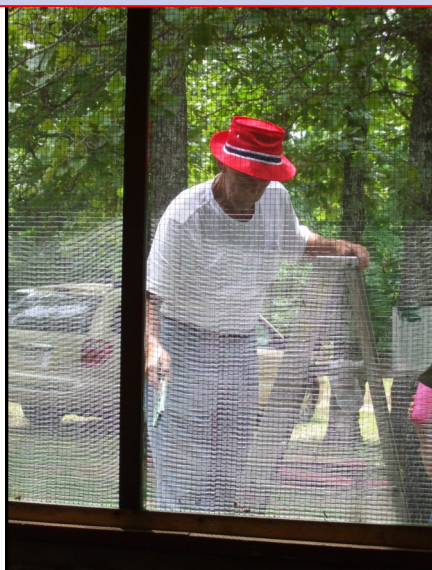
Above Left: Bailey Linebaugh and Payton Gooch share some tunes on an iPod

Above Right: Bob Farrar makes some plumbing repairs. With an appropriate level of supervision, of course. Um ... don't the safety instructions for every step-ladder tell you not to stand *backwards*??

Below Left: Kurt Stanford does some welding atop the water tower

Below Center: Frank Coppage wields a wicked paintbrush on work day

Below Right: Jill (Farrar) Vogel steadies the ladder while husband Gary cuts paint into the trim — now that's appropriate ladder safety!!





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 Genealogy Chairperson:

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
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 Farmer City, IL 61842
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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/3rd Gen (40+ years old) = \$50, 2nd/3rd 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.

Nicole Gooch
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Farrar Family Reunion, Inc.'s COMMITTEE CHAIRPERSONS

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