



## Fred Warnell

July 31, 1921 - February 8, 2014

### Fred Wyman Warnell

Fred Wyman Warnell, born July 31, 1921 in Boise, ID passed away February 08, 2014 surrounded by family. After graduation from high school he served in the Army during WWII, taking part in the invasion of Normandy. Upon his return, he drove 18 wheelers for Wonder Bread. He was active in Masonic Lodges and was a Past Grand Royal Patron – Order of Amaranth. He is survived by his wife of 21 years Jimmie, and a blended family of nine wonderful kids, numerous grand, great- grand and great - great- grand kids. He was predeceased by wife Ann Warnell and son Michael. A Memorial Service will be held Saturday, Feb. 22, at 11 am at United Lutheran Church in Tacoma.

# Comments

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“ Compiled by Dorothy Kippie

Fred started his Masonic journey on February 11, 1970 when he was initiated into the Free & Accepted Masons in State Lodge #68 in Tacoma, Washington. He was raised a Master Mason on April 29, 1970. In November 1971 Fred transferred his membership to Fern Hill Lodge in Tacoma and became Worshipful Master in 12/1975 and then again in 12/2001.

In 1987 Fred joined the Scottish Rite and became Knight Commander of the Court of Honor in October, 1999.

He became a Dual Member of Horace W Tyler Lodge in University Place in May, 2009 and an

Honorary Member of Lakewood Lodge #304.

From June 1984 to June 1986 Fred served Grand Lodge as District Deputy of the Grand Master for District 15 of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of Washington.

Fred Served on the Grand Lodge Funeral Service Committee and performed well over 100 Masonic Funeral Services by memory. In September 2004 Fred was awarded the Grand Master's Achievement Award for Distinguished Service to his Lodge and the Brethern of the Jurisdiction of Washington in the Advancement of Free Masonry.

Fred joined the Order of Eastern Star with his late wife Anne in the 1970s.

In 1990, Fred joined the Order of the Amaranth, at Lincoln Court #24, in Tacoma. He served as Royal Patron with Jimmie Warnell in 1991, in 1995 with Heather Gregory and again in 1999 with Freda Plunkett. He travelled extensively throughout Washington, Oregon and British Columbia and was appointed Grand Representative to Oregon in the late 1990s.

Fred also took a great interest in the youth groups especially the International Order of Job's Daughters, where he watched his grand daughter Michelle grow and blossom. He was especially proud of her accomplishments within her Bethel and Grand Bethel. He was so proud to have the honor of escorting Michelle as Miss Washington Job's Daughter of the Grand Bethel of Washington.

In 2002 Fred was elected Grand Royal Patron of the Grand Court of Washington Order of the Amaranth serving with Dorothy Kippie. Their travels took them to 35 courts in Washington. They spent many hours attending special court events and activities while also visiting the neighboring jurisdictions of Oregon, British Columbia, Alaska, and Idaho. They traveled to Supreme Council in Sturbridge, Massachusetts and Orlando Florida. They had a wonderful year of travel and adventure making friends wherever their journey took them. The highlight of the year was helping to raise over \$35,000 for Diabetes Research, \$5,000 for Benevolent, \$4,500 for Cancer Research and \$37,000 for Amaranth Scholarship. It was a year he always looked back on with fond memories.

Fred's service to the Masonic Fraternity was very full and enriching but when the day ended he always remained "Just Fred".



“ My memory of Grandpa Fred will be his answer when asked "how are you," was "couldn't be better if I had any sense." And how he would sit and smoke his pipe and just watch the kids play. We will miss you.  
Billie Jo and family

**Billie Jo Krier** - February 22, 2014 at 11:18 AM

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“ Dad was an amazing man. How brave of him to marry our mom, Annabel, who came to their marriage with four little kids (Kathy, Mike, Pat, and Billie). Talk about instant family! A few years later George was born to expand the brood. Dad raised us with wisdom, grace, and a loud voice.

My fondest memory of Dad is of the night he took me to a father/daughter dance. I was young, eight or nine. He taught me how to dance by having me stand on top of his feet while he led me through the steps. I was so in awe of him and felt so special dancing in that way with him.

Dad was a great dancer and loved music. He could harmonize with most any song. He used to sing his little ditties when we took road trips - the alphabet song, "My Gal's a Corker," "Ain't We Crazy," and our favorite, "Suzanne is a Funny Old Man." They were silly and wonderful. He was wonderful.

I feel blessed that Dad came into our lives. Because of him, we learned so much and grew into people I hope he was proud to claim. We are very proud to claim him as our Dad.

I love you, Dad.  
Billie

**Billie Needham** - February 18, 2014 at 07:27 PM

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“ From Granddaughter Dena,

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I have many memories of my Grandpa when I was young, not so much of specific events or days, but more of feelings and emotions. Grandpa was always smiling, I can see him watching us hunt for Easter eggs sitting in the backyard at the picnic table with his pipe, smiling and encouraging us with hints. I can hear his calm, warm, deep voice talking me through making hot pink resin knick knacks with seashells inside and my name spelled out although he always called me “D” instead. I can feel the joy in his laughter as we sat around the living room playing charades, singing songs or playing the rhythm game I was always so bad at. I remember when he worked at Hostess he always seemed as excited to see us as we were to be there and get the treats he allowed us to choose. He never even got mad when he came home from work and George and I would be cuddled up in his recliner wearing kitchen towels as superhero capes and he always gladly came through our make-shift haunted houses set up in the bedroom.

As a grown up it warmed my heart to see that same twinkle of love and patience when he looked down at my daughter that I had always seen when he looked at me. I will miss you Grandpa and never forget how special you made each and everyone of us feel.

george warnell - February 18, 2014 at 06:11 PM

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“ From Granddaughter Anne,

Papa Fred always made me smile. I loved the songs he sang and the stories he told. I think of him every time I smell pipe tobacco and taste strawberries. When I was little, I thought he knew everything about everything. He always had an answer for every why I asked. He was amazingly patient and always ready to hang out with us, even though we were just kids. He was one of a kind.

george warnell - February 18, 2014 at 05:51 PM

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“ A brief history of Dad's time in WW2...

Fred Warnell enlisted in the United States Army on April 23, 1942 and went through basic training at Camp Sutton, NC.

The 10th Armored “Tiger” Division was activated on July 15, 1942, at Fort Benning, GA and entered northwestern France through the port of Cherbourg on Sept. 23, 1944. It was part of Gen. George Patton’s Third Army – the first units to enter France through the newly liberated port.

It soon advanced eastward into the province of Lorraine and along the Moselle River valley. When the German army launched its offensive in the Battle of the Bulge, Patton’s 10th Armored Division of tanks, self-propelled artillery and support troops turned north on Dec. 17, 1944, and covered 75 miles in one day to arrive in the beleaguered town of Bastogne, Belgium. It was one of the greatest marches in the history of modern warfare.

The 10th Armored was the first to arrive to defend the key crossroads town. Once there, it found utter chaos.

Demoralized American infantry units were streaming backward through the city. German artillery was pulverizing the place. The key crossroad was about to be overrun. So the division squared up, lowered the barrels of its howitzers and began firing directly into the forest in front of them, like tanks would, splitting trees into deadly shards and halting the German advance.

The 10th returned in early 1945 to the Moselle-Saar region to continue its drive into Germany. On March 2, 1945, the unit captured the city of Trier. It crossed the Rhine River later that month. Moving southward into Bavaria, the 10th took the town of Oberammergau and had reached Innsbruck, Austria, when the war ended.

As it drove into the heartland of Bavaria, the "Tiger" division overran one of the many subcamps of Dachau (German concentration camp) in the Landsberg area on April 27, 1945. In addition, they liberated the captured POW’s at the German Stalag 7 B near Memmingen, Germany.

The 10th Armored Division was recognized as a liberating unit by the US Army's Center of Military History and the United States Holocaust Memorial Museum in 1985.

POW’s captured 43,208

Casualty figures for the 10th Armored Division, 4,031





“ From Son Richard,

Dad probably would not want to receive any credit for this, because of my demonstrated lack of success, but he taught me how to fish. I have a pretty good memory of a camping/fishing expedition to Lawrence Lake on opening day several decades ago. On that trip he taught me how to bait a hook and how hot coffee, liberally doctored with milk and sugar, can mostly take the chill off the sunrise of a day in early spring in Western Washington. He taught me that the fish won't bite if you aren't still enough and quiet enough in the boat - a boat we watched him make in the back yard. He taught Mike and me the value of knowing the location of the nearest trout farm when those fish in Lawrence Lake could not be coaxed into biting no matter how still and quiet you were in the boat. That is knowledge that I have found invaluable when my own son, Jim, wanted to catch some fish years later. Of course, Jim had a hankering for catching fish largely because of a day when his Papa Fred took him out to catch a mess of perch. I never saw a young man more proud of his day's catch. Unless it was the time that Dad and I and several Wonder Bread co-workers went to West Port to spend the day on a charter boat. I learned two important things that day: a steady supply of cupcakes, twinkies, and pies seemed to work quite well in preventing motion sickness, and there is no better-tasting fish than the silver salmon you catch when you are a teen-age boy. Dad taught us many other things. In fact, Fred Warnell taught me more things and more-important things than all of the PhDs that I have ever known.



george warnell - February 18, 2014 at 05:36 PM

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“ 2 files added to the tribute wall

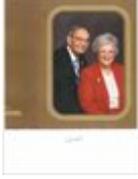


George Warnell - February 15, 2014 at 12:43 AM

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“ 2 files added to the album Memories



**Mountain View Funeral Home, Memorial Park & Crematory - February 11, 2014 at 03:55 PM**