

Louise recalls her father was often cross at the dinner table, tired from work and annoyed by silly chatter of children. But he could relax and have fun on occasion, as this clipping from the *Ravenna News* indicates: "A most unique and enjoyable entertainment given by the Women's Assn of Congregational Church. Rooms had been arranged to represent a railroad train and station. Among the costumes...A R Kinney [was] an indian chief complete in every detail. He was certainly a troublesome redskin. He took a shot at the darky attendants at the lunch counter, swiped all the ketchup bottles to satisfy his insatiable greed for "firewater", and the entire military force was called out at one time to prevent his indulgence in raw dog."

As one of the Field Agents who supervised the Food Administration Program during World War One, his territory was nine counties along the Loup River, northwest of Ravenna. He gave speeches explaining the need for "meatless/wheatless" days and voluntary substitution of vegetables, fish, poultry, etc, stressing patriotic compliance with the wartime controls. Most audiences were cooperative, except at Ord which was a notoriously indifferent town. He also sneaked into his speeches some white-flour-miller contempt for bran..."Bran is excellent food-- for a cow which can digest it--you cannot. Class it along with castor oil and like abominations. If you go to a hotel or restaurant you will be confronted with all sorts of bran mash and bran trash, and the landlord will pat himself on the back for his patriotism." (What would ARK think of the modern health fad for Oat Bran cereals???)

Another WW One item in his files: a signed letter from then Asst Navy Secretary, F D Roosevelt, thanking him for his donation of a telescope (which they regretfully returned). The letter appears to be hand-signed and may be worth more now than the telescope, wherever it is.

In the early 1920s the Ravenna mill united with flour mills at Grand Island, Hastings and Omaha to form Nebraska Consolidated Mills, ARK continuing as president. The Kinneys moved to the Dundee area of Omaha, in an upper-middle-but-not-ritzy neighborhood of big brick homes. After his retirement in 1938 they wintered in Florida or So Calif, but summered always at their Lake Okoboji cottage. He tried hard to create a smooth swimming beach, but it was an hopeless task: the kids pitched rocks in faster than he could clean them out, and the ice deposited more each year. Only memento of that project is some nice rock-and-cement steps. ...After surviving the near-miss tornado of the 30s, he had a storm-cellar ("The Cave") dug under his workshop. It stored canned goods and paint buckets until the next tornado came through 30 years later...Greatest part of his time was spent fishing from his outboard-powered rowboat, usually anchored somewhere in Emerson Bay, using minnows for bait. He kept the family supplied with fresh (cleaned but not boned) perch, bluegills & occasionally bass.

He was a trustee of Doane College continuously from 1910 to 1946.

He died in St Petersburg, Florida on March 24, 1946, and is buried in Forest Lawn cemetery, Omaha.

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## Grace Catherine Barragar

"I was always a delicate child, and to get away from the city my father got the contract for the Wisconsin Vaneless Windmill and expected to locate in Beatrice Nebr. When we changed trains in Crete, Father went uptown. He saw a sign 'Pumps and Windmills' so of course he went in. One of the partners wanted to sell out because of ill health. It looked like a good business so my father bought his share...We lived first on the west side of Crete. Indians who camped down by the slaughter-yards would pass by our house. We had to keep the doors locked and shutters closed. Of course I was afraid of them.

"I distinctly remember the prairie fire when I was about six [1880]. Father was out delivering a windmill in the country. A man rode past calling "Let out your horses, let out your cows." My brother had a riding pony so we had a haystack in the yard. Mother threw a blanket over the hay and Freddy pumped water to keep it wet. Prof Fairchild of Doane had come to town to buy a spring overcoat. When he heard the firebell he fought the fire with his new coat. Mother packed a clothes-basket with best things but we did not have to leave our home. Everyone