

had the same idea, to go up the hill where they were breaking ground for Merrill Hall."

Grace idolized her big brother Fred. Once on the way to Prof Gregory's she begged to carry the dollar to pay for their singing lessons. But when Freddy let her, she dropped it down the sidewalk crack.

Diphtheria that year caused many deaths in Crete. When Grace fell sick they put her to bed in the living room as it had the only stove. Fred was not allowed in, but he wanted to fix Gracie a Christmas tree. "My mother has told me how he hurriedly passed through with a toy broom hidden in his trouser leg.. Evidently the air was deadly for he contracted the disease and died early in January."

Photos show Grace as a skinny kid with straight short hair and sticking-out ears--and she was left-handed. Always a worrywart, she decided that she was adopted....There was a Crete man whose nose was eaten away by cancer. Grace and her friends nursed her broken-nosed doll for the same ailment...During the '80s more troubles plagued the Barragars. Charles suffered paralysis from his war wound, died after seven invalid years.

For income Sarah boarded her "family" of college students, Ray Kinney among them. Grace's excuse for not sending a friend her flowery Crete graduation photo: "It might scare the train and scare it so bad there would be a wreck! Think of all the lives I would have to account for!"...As a Doane student she often entertained class parties. "A progressive crokinole party continued to a late hour. Miss Nora Whiffen won a pretty box of delicious candies, and Miss Tillie Miller the 'booby' prize, a large red beet tied with dainty ribbon." Crokinole? See "squails." Squails? Discs snapped like tiddlywinks.

"Only 13 girls in Ladies' Hall, about 40 in the boarding club. We have great old discussions in Psychology. I flunked this morning because I went to the show last night.. The new boys are all so young." (She was now 21) In spite of all the partying and foolery Grace graduated with the class of '96. But tragedy struck again. "My mother died in Nov 1896 which left me all alone.. Friends thought we should have married then, but Ray was not through school." He finished a year behind her, got a travelling job, wrote her joshing postscripty letters signed R.A. Yennik. When the Crete Mills offered him \$35 per month, their future seemed secure. In April 1898 at the home of Grace's Chicago cousin Eva Talcott, the bride wore a green taffeta shirtwaist dress.

Ray was on the road fice years, first selling carloads of flour and feed, then Cogswell Gold Tooth Crowns to dentists. Grace stayed in Crete coping with two babies -- hurt heads, frozen pipes and a dog called PieDough. Ray urged a move to Wapanucka Oklahoma--"The banking opportunity of a lifetime!" Then it was "Come to Oregon!" She sold all the furniture for trainfare and started west, fortified with husbandly travel advice: "Eat regular meals, hide your money, don't stay in cheap hotels; tipping the porter does no good." Ruth got sick on the train; a stranger saw Grace's Masonic pin and helped them. Papa was happy to see his girls, but the Oregon bonanza fell through. By fall they were back in Crete.

Their turning point came in 1904 when Ray risked everything to buy the Ravenna Mill. His hard work paid off. By 1911 they lived in a handsome new three-story residence with its own gas-light plant. It was lucky they had money now, for young Raymond (1909) was severely crippled by infantile paralysis on his first birthday and needed doctors, braces, and costly painful treatments. Grace spent much time caring for him; they always had a hired girl for housework and cooking. Lively social life in Ravenna too, parties with costumes as homeliest spinster or cutest little kid.

As the mill grew to a statewide chain, they moved first to Grand Island, then Omaha. When the Depression created real estate bargains, ARK bought the two summer cottages that became headquarters for the next three generations. Okoboji lifestyle revolved around Grandmother's routine and wishes: The despised Quiet Hour after lunch...Funeral-paced Chriscraft tours to show guests the fancy cottages, the Inn and Haunted House... Drugstore treats after the movies Hilarious family games of Michigan and perpetually ongoing jigsaw puzzles...All grandkids annually measured on the kitchen door.

Widowed in 1946, she lived alone until her eyesight failed, then nine years in Nebr Methodist Hospital (\$12 per day room rent!) dictating cheerful letters, gathering family history. She is buried beside ARK in Forest Lawn cemetary, Omaha. end