

Four cousins from the Graf Sixth Generation (from the first that we know about) is below:
Paul Graf Marilyn Rasmusen Mary Romano Dorothy Warren



V 10. HAROLD DEE GRAF , b. 3 May 1895 d. 5 Nov 1972 wed 24 Jul 1925
Esther Sophia Olson , b 28 Mar 1891 d. 27 Apr 1947 (Harold married a second time to
Mildred Roy).

Harold had long curls when small. When it was finally decided that he was getting too old for this, he was taken to the barber shop. The barber gave him a hair cut, the golden tresses falling fast on the floor, then gave Harold a look in the mirror. Harold glanced at his reflection and his immediate response was "Put it back."

An incident that amused big sister Dora was the time little Harold brought his mother a lovely bunch of flowers. The problem was that they were obviously from the nearby cemetery, and he had to take them back.

Here is a photo of Harold and brother Arthur.



Harold was called Little Pete by his teen-age friends. As explained above, his brother Arthur was nicknamed Pete because of Dora's calling him "pretty". So when little brother Harold came along, Art was called Big Pete, Harold was Little Pete, and Dora was Do Pete.

This was among their contemporaries; adults would always keep their proper role and use proper names. An example of this was told by Vesta Prussing Arnold, a school chum of Dora's. She and a group of young people, all of whom had been nicknamed according to the custom of the time, were sitting at the Graf table; the mother of the household, Helen Graf was pouring them coffee. When she came to a boy nicknamed Ike, whose given name, unbeknownst to her, was something very different, she said, "More coffee, Isaac?" This caused so much stifled giggling around the table that Vesta remembered and told the tale in her old age.

It is quite certain, from hearsay evidence, that Harold did not need the charm of long golden curls to be a very popular young man. One older lady of the area reminisced that after a nice buggy ride with him and another couple, she invited them all to her house for a popcorn party, and an older man in telling about the wonderful barn raising party at Abel Anderson's mentioned that Little Pete was the square dance caller.

An early business venture of his was running a restaurant in Chicago. He met and married Rose about this time; she was from Michigan and worked for the Bell Telephone Co. One day a man came into the restaurant for breakfast; he ate, stayed, and talked so long that finally, he said, "Well, the morning's gone. I might as well have lunch." After the Great Depression hit, business was not so good, but eventually, Harold and Rose found that the telephone stock, which was part of Rose's benefits, had become fairly valuable. They sold it and bought a grocery in Muskegon, Michigan. It was an old school house, still with the belfry on top, but became a good business for them.

These were the days when the Illinois brothers and sisters would get together at the Clear Lake cottage of Harold and Rose. The men would fish and each night everyone played cards. Sometimes, late in the evening, the cards would be dealt, everyone would be estimating the possibilities of his hand, when Dora would throw her cards in the air and, with cards flying all around, say she couldn't play with such a hand. There would be derogatory shouts of, "Oh, Do!" Though everyone seemed ready to call it a night, Marilyn was very embarrassed.

In the 1940s slacks for ladies were just coming into fashion. One day, in the secluded, casual atmosphere of the Michigan woods, Edna and Helen coaxed Dora into modeling this daring style. One of the men happened to spot her in the yard and took a picture of her crouching figure fleeing to the cottage. To his disappointment, the photo turned out rather blurred.

Harold was cut of the same cloth as Arthur but with a little more whimsy. Marilyn remembers that on his visits to Illinois he would sit down at the piano, debonair and charming, to rip off some melody, playing by ear. Then he would ask Marilyn to play; he bore up with seeming interest as she drummed out beginner's tunes. He had a deadpan, hilarious wit that fascinated but befuddled her youth.

His sweet wife Rose died rather young, and after a time, Harold moved to California. He was in the real estate business there and enjoyed being near daughter Rose Marie and her family. He later married his second wife who was also a realtor. Here is a picture from his retirement years.



VI 1. ROSE MARIE GRAF b 14 Nov 1926 wed 10 Mar 1950 Paul Kella 25 Aug 1919 , later divorced. Married second time, Harry Barnes b. 16 Feb 1911 d. April 1963. Married third time, Glen Herschel Winfield, b. 28 Dec 1911 d. 7 Nov 1987.

Rose Marie, though born in Chicago, grew up in Muskegon, Michigan. After graduating from high school there, she trained for aviation travel work and was employed at the local airport.

About this time, an incident involving her came along which was especially memorable to cousins Janice and Marilyn. These two had taken Rose Marie up on the offer of using her car while she was at work. They were on vacation up there in the North Woods, Rose Marie didn't need the car just then, and they felt like a lark. What is more, Janice had recently received a driver's license. So off they went, enjoying the sandy roads through the countryside until suddenly the car veered off the trail and stopped abruptly with a fender nestled against a pine. The dent was too large to ignore and they sadly reported back to Rose Marie. She tossed the damage off lightly and advised them on a repair shop. This seemed a fine solution and the teen-agers thought their problems were over. Somehow, the news got back to the various parents, however, and they were in for a stern lecture from all the fathers about irresponsibility and insurance coverage. Rose Marie was the only one to come out of the affair unbothered.

When she married Paul Kella, the couple decided to move to California. After the birth of her two sons and the divorce, Rose Marie married Harry Barnes. Unfortunately, Harry died of a brain tumor about a year later. She had a very good relationship with his parents, who

lived in the Cripple Creek area and mined for gold, and they were helpful during this time when Rose Marie had two young boys and a baby girl to raise.

Her father Harold was also a strong support. There was all-round happiness when she met and married her third husband, and special joy when Gary came along. Rose Marie now spends time at her Modesto home gardening, playing bridge and keeping in touch with children and grand-children most of whom are on the West Coast. Here she is pictured, on the left, with her daughter Claudia and grand-daughter Natalie.



VII 1. ROBERT GRAF KELLA b. 13 Oct 1950 married and later divorced

VIII 1. JASON KELLA 18 Aug 1973

VII 2. JOHN HAROLD KELLA b 22 May 1952

VII 3. CLAUDIA SUE BARNES b. 9 Mar 1962 wed 30 Aug 1980 Henry Alvarado b, 26 Jan 1961, divorced. Later wed Scott Turner b. 13 Feb 1959

VIII 1. NICOLE MARIE ALVARADO b. 21 Aug 1978

2. NATALIE NOEL TURNER b. 3 Jan 1987

VII 4. GARY GLEN b. 7 Dec 1965 had a son out of wedlock

1. COLTON WINFIELD b. Apr about 2000

Later wed Monique Shervington b. Oct__

V 11. HELEN MARGERETE FERN GRAF b. 8 Dec 1898 d. 23 Dec 1984 wed
2 Aug 1924 Harry Doty b 10 Mar 1896 d. 20 Oct 1951.

Shown below is a scene from about 1903 with Helen, "Pa", Harold and Arthur on the pony. The goats are perhaps the ones that Dora said Harrison enjoyed hitching to a little cart.



Once when Edna was "old enough to put her hair up", she had done just that and, carefully dressed, she was all ready to go somewhere. With a few minutes to spare, she sat down and played the piano. Little sister Helen dashed by and, spreading her fingers apart, ran them through Edna's neat hair-do. Edna swung around on the swivel stool and grabbed for Helen but in so doing knocked over a vase which broke on the floor. Dora, who told the story, was an on-looker, for once.

Helen apparently liked to tease; a neighbor, Fred Wirtz, told in his old age how he had been working with a team of horses, which wore straw hats to protect from the sun, when Helen came galloping by on a horse. She grabbed the hat from one of his team and as she and her mount tore by still at full tilt, she clapped it on Fred's head. Even decades later, he relished this story.