

PERSONAL HISTORY OF MARY AND CYRIL KEARL
Chapter Twenty One - The Later Years in Chicago



1972 - Jamie in her nurses uniform.

Jamie decided to attend Brigham Young University following her graduation from Wheaton Central. She originally started studying Psychology but shifted to something more practical.



Filling up with gas at Buford, WY.

At Christmas - 1972 we all went out to Mary's mothers for the holidays. We caravanned out driving in two cars. Just outside of Cheyenne at Buford, Wyoming we stopped to get gas and exchanged cars. Mary and I drove off and after some time noticed that the other car wasn't following us. We slowed down and

finally after some time we went back to see what was the matter with them. Here they were still parked at the service station, bar, and post office. I had the keys to both cars in our car. For a month or so after that I kept getting mail in Salt Lake, Wheaton, and at work that they had written at Buford while they were waiting for us to return with the keys. The old Santa gifts at Christmas that year focused on this incident.



Jamie and Mary at the U. Hospital on New Years Eve.

At Christmas we keep a tradition that was started in Mary's family of giving funny gifts. Mary once got a case of peas, which she hated, for Christmas. The day before we left to return to Chicago 18" of snow fell in Salt Lake. We left on a Saturday at 6:30 and got as far as Rock Springs and the roads were closed. After a four hour wait we left and went back to Kimball Junction and headed to Denver on the southern route. Fifteen hours later we had finally made it to Steamboat Springs.

Christmas was always a happy time at our house. The night before Christmas we sang carols, read the christmas story

and sometimes acted it out.



Mary relaxing after being Santa.

There were always jigsaw puzzles to put together and Christmas cards that didn't get mailed before Christmas to work on.

wanted to get married.



Marty and Jayne addressing Christmas Cards on Christmas Eve

We quickly returned to Salt Lake City pulling a trailer full of furniture for their apartment.



Mom Walker, Jayne, Mary, and Marty putting a jigsaw puzzle together.

In 1972, although Jamie was in Nurses school at the Y, she was doing her practice nursing at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City. She had been dating a law student from the U of U, Duane Burnett. He was the father in their family home evening group. We had long joked with her about meeting and marrying a potato farmer from Idaho. We hardly had returned to Wheaton from Marty and Jayne's wedding when we got a call from Jamie that she and Duane

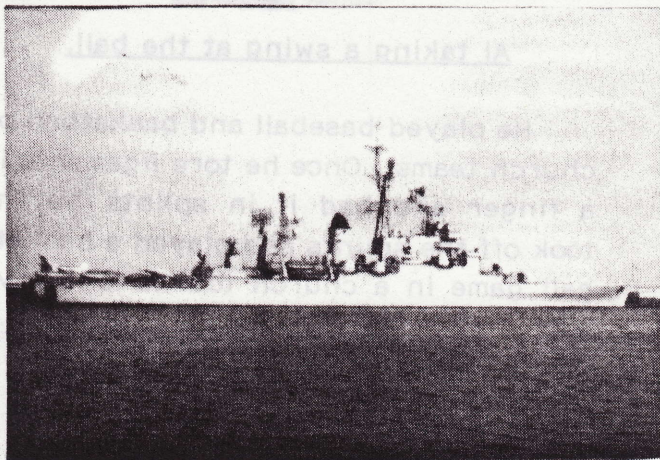


The newlyweds, Jamie and Duane, at the Logan Temple.

They were married 6 weeks after Marty and Jayne's marriage in the Logan Temple. They found an apartment down below the U. of U. and went back to school. Just after Jamie received her RN from BYU the mother in one of the families for whom Duane was the home teacher suddenly had labor pains while they were there making his monthly visit. Nurse Jamie delivered the baby and they named her after Jamie. When she sent the father into his house to get

a pair of scissor to perform an episiotomy, if necessary, he came out with a pair of pinking shears.

At about this time, for want of a better candidate the Nation elected, Richard Nixon for President. Not many people liked him. He was petty, dishonest and deceitful. People in his administration were caught trying to cover up some illegal acts that he had authorized and he just got deeper and deeper in a coverup (Watergate) until he was forced to resign before he was impeached. The tape records he kept told the nation how vulgar, mean, and contemptible he was.



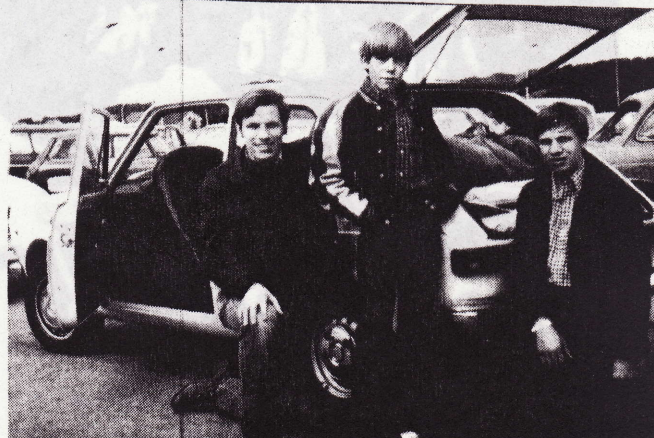
The French Destroyer that Gary served on one summer.

Gary was obligated, when he accepted a Navy Scholarship at the Univ. of Illinois, to serve four years in the Navy upon graduation and to serve for 6 weeks during his summer vacations on training cruises. He did his first one in the North Atlantic on a NATO exercise. The second, because of his linguistic ability in French, was on an American Destroyer given to the French during WW II. He learned some language on that ship that you don't get at the church language school.



Gary and the French Captain of his destroyer.

After his tour of duty was complete, he, Alan, and our neighbor, Monty Harmon toured Europe for a couple of weeks in June & July of 1973. They were interested in Mary's French ancestry and they took this opportunity to search for her ancestors records in church archives in St. Denis and in Appeville.



Gary, Monty, and Alan and the little car they toured France in.

The Legers had lived in both of these towns at one time. They didn't find any of the Dukes or Kings she must have had as progenitors, only shoemakers and

farmers, but they did get information on several generations of her ancestors that we were not aware of. Being young men, they were able to look at old church records that I suspect Mary and I would have had trouble if we had been there.



Al in a European campground with our little yellow tent.

They rented a small car and camped in our small yellow tent, picnicked and enjoyed themselves.



Gary buying groceries at a street market.

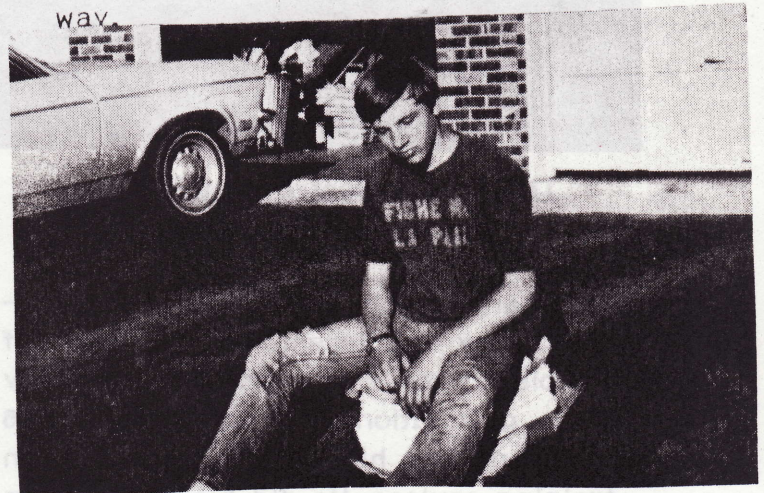
Al was growing up. He was a scholar and a good athlete and enjoyed sports of all kinds. He played Little League baseball, was a good player, and inspired and gave stability to the others on his team.

Mary once drove way up beyond Madison, Wisconsin to get him from a boy scout camp because his coach didn't think his team could play without him at a tournament.



Al taking a swing at the ball.

He played baseball and basketball on church teams. Once he tore ligaments in a finger and had it in splints but he took off the splints and played a basketball game in a church tournament anyway.



Alan, getting his papers ready to deliver.

He started delivering Chicago Tribunes when he was 11 years old. First it was one route and then they asked him to carry another one and then another until he had six routes, more than 200 papers. On Sundays those fat Chicago

Tribunes completely filled our station wagon. He would get up at four in the morning and Mary and I would take turns driving him around his routes in our car. He was done by 6:00 and then went to Seminary at the chapel in Naperville. Several times he and I got stuck and he would run all the way home, several miles, to get his mother to come and get us in the other car to finish the routes. Driving him was a real strain on Mary and I and we were glad when he became 16 and could drive himself.

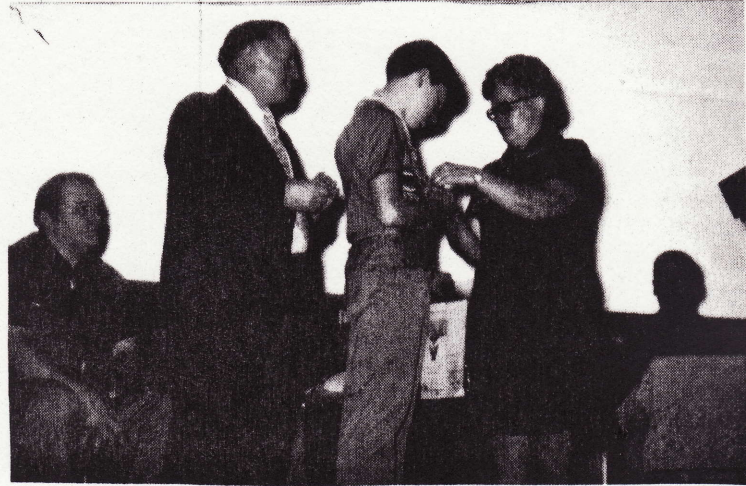
Driving around those routes was great drivers education and as a result he is a very good driver. He was such a conscientious guy that for several years he earned one of the college scholarships that The Chicago Tribune gave to their outstanding carriers. Each year, at Christmas his customers would give him over a hundred dollars in tips for his good service to them.



Alan played Little League Hockey on team that Harry Menzel, Ed's Father-in Law coached.

Alan was a good student and made almost straight A's at Wheaton-Warrenville where he graduated 3rd in his class. He was elected to the Honor Society when he was a Junior and was President of it in his senior year.

Al was an ambitious guy. He was a Fry Cook at a Ponderosa for a while. He worked for the Tribune soliciting carriers and during the summer after he graduated he worked at nights in a plastic factory in Wheaton.



Mary pinning the Eagle Badge on Alan.

Alan was active in church and in scouting and when he was 13 he was awarded his Eagle Award and then he went on to get two palms for it.