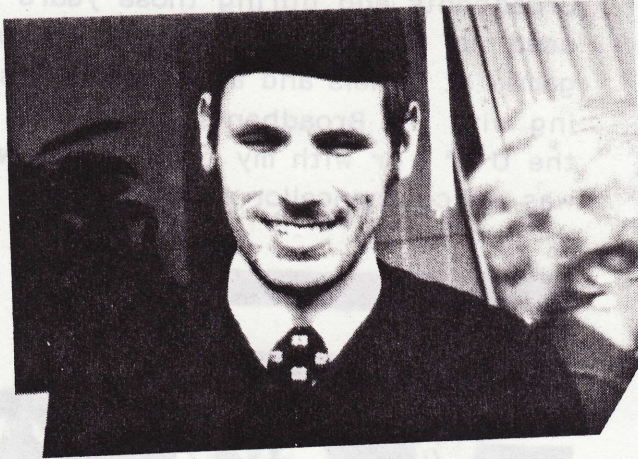


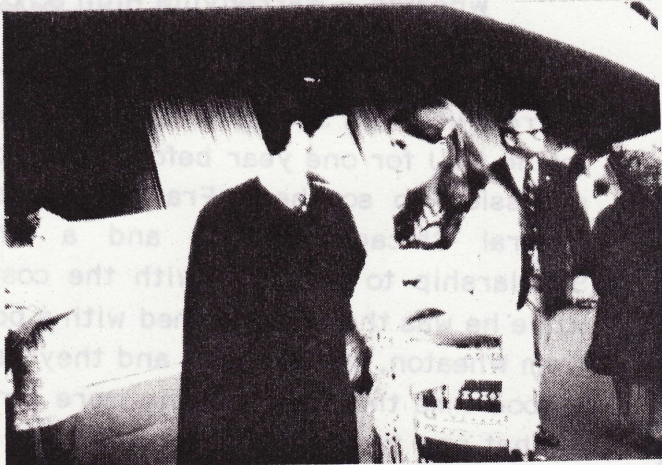
PERSONAL HISTORY OF MARY AND CYRIL KEARL
Chapter Twenty Two - Our Move from Chicago

Gary completed his B.S. Degree in Biology at the Univ. of Illinois and he graduated in 1974.



Gary graduating from the University of Illinois

He had met Mima Broadbent from Champaign, IL and, after a tempestuous courtship, she accepted his proposal of marriage.

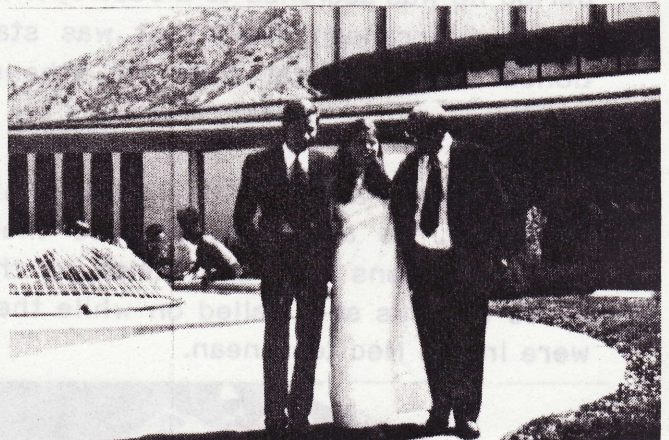


Gary and Mima on graduation day at the University of Illinois.

We were already in Utah for the birth of Daniel and a river trip so we joined them at the Provo Temple for their marriage on July 23, 1974.



Gary and Mima at the side of the Logan Temple where Mima received her endowments.



Gary, Mima, and her Father, Emer in front of the Provo Temple on the day that they were married.

Gary had been in the NROTC during the four years he was at Champaign. He was the Cadet Commander of his unit in his Senior Year. The navy paid for his tuition and some of his expenses during those years and for this help he was obligated to serve in the Navy for four years. He had earned most of the rest of his college expenses by working for Dr. Larsen of the Biology Department developing film taken by the Electron Micro-

scope in that Department. He had applied to several Medical Schools for admission but had not been accepted at any of them when the time came for him to be commissioned in the Navy.

Shortly after being sworn into the Regular Navy he was notified that Rush Medical School at Presbyterian - St. Lukes in Chicago had admitted him to their Medical Program. He pled with every Admiral in the Navy to defer his service until he was through with Medical School when he would serve his four years as a Doctor. They all thought it was a splendid idea but either couldn't or wouldn't make the arrangements and he started his Naval Service. I think that he liked the Navy. After a short training period he was assigned to a Destroyer in the Mediterranean Fleet that was stationed at the Naval base in Athens, Greece.

He was the assistant Navigator on his destroyer. He and Mima enjoyed their stay in Athens and the visits to the bases that his ship called on while they were in the Mediterranean.

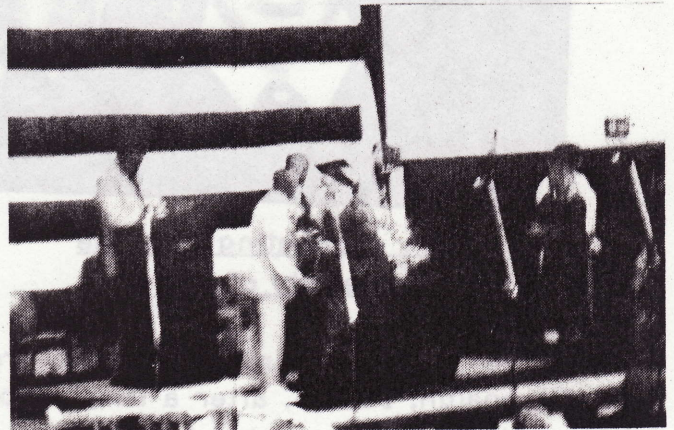


1973 - Mary and Emer at one of the Michigan - Illinois Football games.

Mima got a Eurail Pass and followed the fleet meeting Gary at each port. He

had a reputation as the sailor who had a girl in every port. (Always the same girl, Mima.) Mima operated a mobile library for the Navy while they were there in Athens.

We enjoyed our friendship with the Broadbents and during those years we used to go to the Michigan Football games at Illinois and at Wisconsin visiting with the Broadbents who taught at the U of I or with my brother Bry who was a Vice Chancellor at Wisconsin.



1976 - Alan at his graduation from Wheaton - Warrenville High School.

Alan, graduated from Wheaton-Warrenville High School in 1976 and went to the BYU for one year before going on a mission to southern France. He had several Chicago Tribune and a BYU Scholarship to help him with the costs while he was there. He roomed with a boy from Wheaton, Jon Williams, and they had a good time that year, dating more girls in that one year than in all the days of Al's High School years.



July 1977 - Al and Mary as Alan was leaving from the Salt Lake Airport for his mission.

He was a dedicated missionary. He served his mission in the southern part of France in the wine making country. The people of France were not very interested in religion and it was discouraging for him. He was a Zone Leader for much of his mission.



Al on his mission.

His Mission President was Max Wheelwright who has a summer home in Bear Lake and with whom we have become very good friends. Alan didn't baptize anyone while he was on his mission but he came home more mature and stronger than when he left. He was an ambitious, resourceful, and dedicated young man.



Marty and I in Seville.

At the end of his mission Mary, Martin, Jayne, and I met Alan in Paris. While we were sightseeing in Paris we were mugged. We were traveling on the Metro when a young fellow gave Mary a hard time while she was getting on the subway car. Alan told her to look in her hand bag and see if she still had her wallet. Sure enough it was gone. He grabbed the boy that had hassled Mary a few minutes earlier and her wallet fell out of a coat he was holding on his arm and onto the floor. At the next stop he got out of the subway car and escaped into the crowd. We were lucky to have retrieved Mary's wallet.

After seeing Paris, we traveled through southern France and into Spain and Portugal. We saw the Dordogne Valley. Carcassonne, Avignon, Roman ruins in Southern France, a Bull Fight, a local fete's, and the Moorish cities in Spain. We enjoyed the Moorish influence and stayed in Paradores (castles and residences operated as motels by the state) during several of the nights on our trip.

One unforgettable incident occurred in Madrid when someone broke the window of our rented car and stole all of my

camera equipment and Field Glasses including the pictures we had taken while on the trip. When it happened we were parked in the middle of the day on a busy eight lane highway in front of the El Prado Art Museum.



Alan and Beckie on the temple grounds in Mesa Arizona where they were married in April of 1980.

Alan came home and returned to the Y. Prior to his mission he had met and dated Beckie Weinheimer a few times. The four or five letters they exchanged while he was on his mission must have been enough to set the hook. In 1980, at the end of his Sophomore year at the Y, they decided to get married.



Beckie and her bridesmaids.
The little one is Janelle.

We made another trip west and went to the Mesa Temple where they were married.



Alan and Beckie opening their wedding presents. Rachel was helping.

They furnished an apartment in Provo and he and Beckie cleaned classrooms and worked at all kinds of jobs to pay for their college education. He was a Teaching Assistant in one of the Econ. classes while he was at the Y.

make life easy for the rest of us.



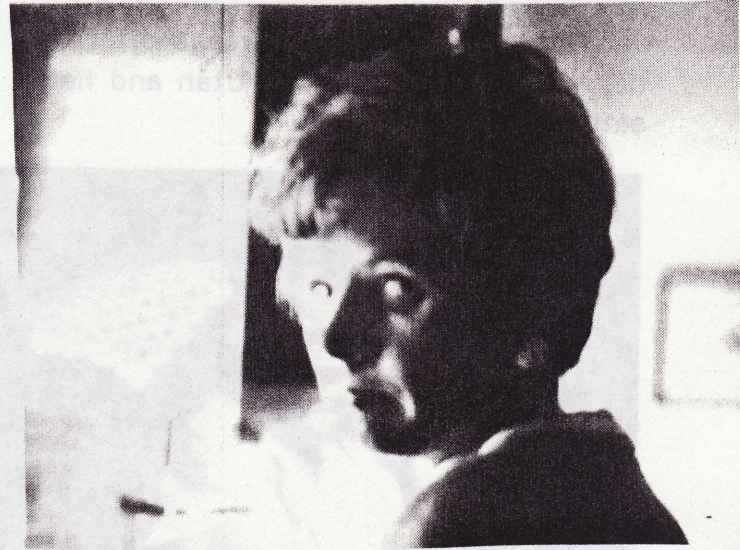
Where Alan and Beckie lived in Provo that first year of their marriage.

Their first child, little Heidi, was born to them in the spring of 1981 just before Al and Beckie graduated from the Y.



Alan, Beckie, and Heidi at graduation from the Y in 1981.

She was born a Micro Cephalic (small head), and was deaf, had Cerebral Palsy, and had to be fed with a stomach tube. Al and Beckie have given her the love and dedication that has kept her alive. They feel that there was a purpose in her birth to them and that when that purpose has been fulfilled the Lord will take her from this life of trouble. They are the quiet hero's that inspire and



Mary fixing a meal.

With all of the children gone, Mary felt a vacancy. She began to feel that in some way she was a failure and hadn't accomplished very much in her life. How could a mother of five very fine children feel that way? She got a job as an accountant for Dun & Bradstreet in Glen Ellyn and went to work. And she was good at it.



Mom Walker.

Mary's mother had a stroke and after lingering for three weeks, died on December 24, 1980. She was buried beside her husband in the Wasatch Memorial Cemetery. She and Aunt Ethel had

lived together longer than she had lived with her husband.

Mary was given two weeks off from her job at D & B to go to Utah and help settle the estate.



Aunt Ethel.

Aunt Ethel wasn't in very good health so Alan and Beckie volunteered to stay in Salt Lake City and take care of her in Mom Walker's Condo. We appreciated the sacrifice Alan made during his last semester at BYU by making the long drive down to the BYU every day to attend his classes.

After Alan and Beckie moved away to attend graduate school and before we moved back to Utah, Aunt Ethel's became incapable of staying alone. Jamie tried to take care of her but was just unable to do it and also take care of her growing family so it was necessary to put her in a nursing home. That spring Alan and Beckie were driving back to Utah. Mary quit her job at D & B and went with them. Aunt Ethel was not doing too well in the nursing home. Dun & Bradstreet begged Mary to return and work part-time or whenever she could. Cy was retiring in 1983 and Mary felt that she needed to be home to get the house ready to sell and to pack for the move.

It was very gratifying to find out that D & B really wanted her to stay with them. Aunt Ethel improved and was doing quite well when she fell and became sick in November. On November 30, 1982 she died and was buried next to Mom and Dad Walker. She had been like another Grandmother to our children and grandchildren and they loved her dearly. Mary was in Baltimore taking care of the new-born Chase when Aunt Ethel died.

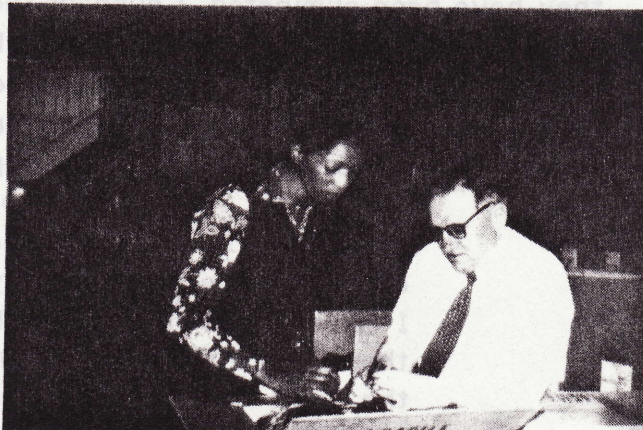


Our entire family (except Gary) at the graveside funeral service for Aunt Ethel in 1982.

G.E. through the years had changed into a very impersonal company. They had very little loyalty or concern for the individual and for his growth and needs. Management was very frank in saying that people were just another economic element in making a product not much different than a chair or table. They discontinued all design at Chicago. When I moved to Chicago in 1966 there had been 4 manufacturing facilities and 2 warehouses there. Because of high manufacturing costs many companies in the area (Sunbeam, etc) had closed their plants and had moved from the area. The manufacturing facilities had been depreciated long ago but taxes and labor costs were high and the processes were becoming obsolete and therefore costly. GE

didn't want to invest big dollars in an obsolete and deteriorating operation.

I could have moved to Louisville when GE and Hotpoint consolidated their operations, but the Manager of Manufacturing asked me to stay in Chicago as the Manager of Quality Control.



Me and a forewoman inspecting a part that was made in the plant.

In 1978 the Refrigeration Plant Manager retired and all of the Hotpoint operations in Chicago were combined into one group with the Range Manager in charge of everything.



Me in Japan to look at the product that we were building and sending over there to sell in their market.

He and I were never very friendly and the next five years were not very

happy or satisfying years for me. GE was slowly liquidating their holdings in Chicago. GE closed the Washer Plant first and then the Dryer Plant in '81, the Range Plant in '83 and finally the Refrigerator Plant was scheduled to be closed in '86.



Tokyo from the Ocura Hotel where I stayed while I was in Japan.

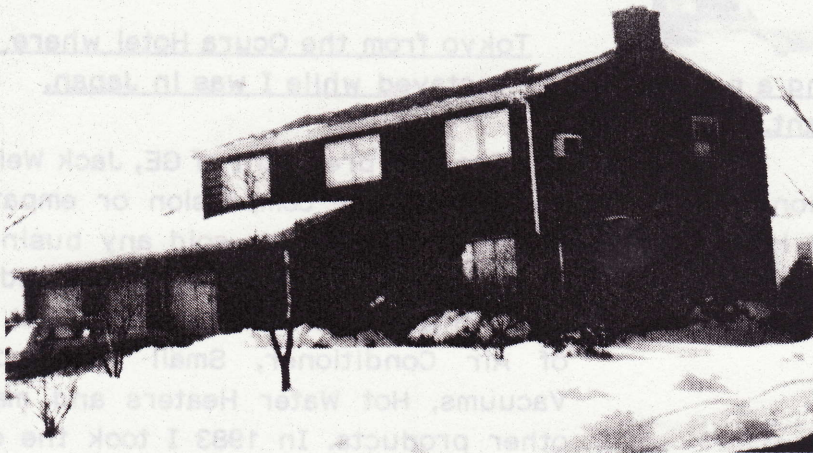
The new president of GE, Jack Welch, had very little compassion or empathy for GE employees. He sold any business at GE that wasn't either 1st or 2nd in sales in its field. I watched them get rid of Air Conditioner, Small Appliances, Vacuums, Hot Water Heaters and many other products. In 1983 I took the opportunity of requesting early retirement. There were financial incentives that made it a good thing to do. So after working 34 1/2 years for GE and at the age of 60 I retired.

In 1981, while he was being operated on to replace a defective valve in his heart my brother Spencer had died. He had been very frugal and was wise in the investments he made. At one time his holdings were about \$4 million. At the time of his death he was worth \$1.4 million. I was named the executor of his estate. It was a distraction from my disappointments at GE to keep busy with

his affairs. He left his mistress, Rosemary Bridges, \$800,000, taxes took \$600,000, his debts (mostly margin on his investments) \$300,000 and the rest he left to his brothers and sister. Rosemary was a very greedy person and caused lots of trouble but the rest of the administration went smoothly. None of his family expected anything from his estate but each of us received about \$40,000. His death brought us close together as a family and that was the best part of his legacy.

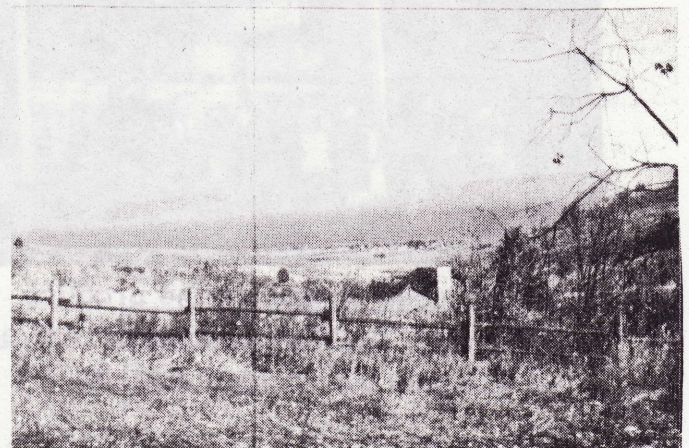
church more of a business than a religious organization.

Somehow many of the unique practices that made the Mormon Culture distinctive had been discontinued. Church leaders talk nostalgically about these activities without realizing that they have been eliminated. I suspect the rigid monolithic structure of the church imposed by "correlation" has destroyed diversity and individual initiative in Wards. All decisions are made at the top and very little input or advice is taken from the church membership. Anyway I miss these things. Still there was a nostalgia about the west that brought us back. Bear Lake Valley lies in the lap of a mountain range. It has a comfortable "old clothes" feel about it. Its abandoned homes, their weathered gray walls, the empty gardens and orchards, and the barren sage brush desert were all part of the attraction. Their decay suggested lost hope and loneliness. Our children had all left the Chicago so there was nothing to keep us there.



The house we left behind in Wheaton.

Some years prior to my retirement Mary and I had decided to go to Utah when I retired. I'm not sure why we chose Utah. I suppose it was because our roots were there. However many of our church practices and policies annoyed me. Much had changed since I was a child. We no longer have ward reunions, Stake Farms have been liquidated, the stake canneries have been sold, we no longer work together to build meeting houses. We no longer have ward gardens, and bazaars were a thing of the past. The changes seem to have made the



A view of Bear Lake from our front yard in Bridgerland.

We didn't like hot weather so Florida or Arizona held no attraction for us. We bought a lot on the hill above Garden City in an area called Bridgerland for \$7,000 and we proceeded to design and build our retirement home.



Our house in Bridgerland under construction. You can just see it through the trees.

We built a little of our house each year as we had the money. By the time we retired the house was framed, the water, the septic system and furnace were installed and the electricity was in the house. All of the inside finishing still had to be done.

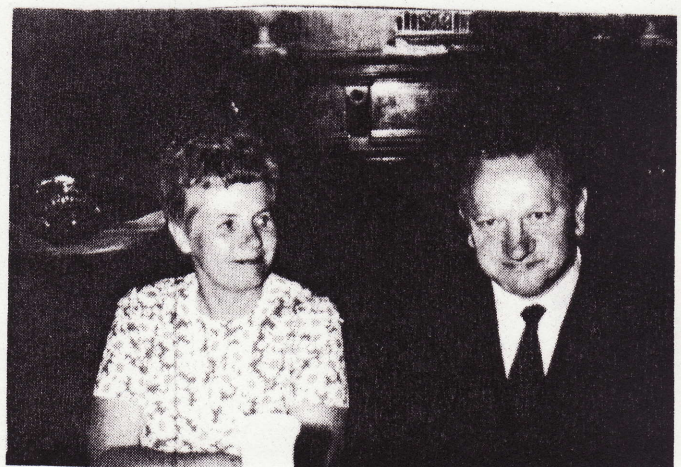
Mary started boxing up things in the winter of 1983. I hurried to complete an eight inch telescope that I was making at the Adler Planetarium. I ground the reflecting lens myself and assembled the parts and was proud of the finished product and we were ready to go. We sold our house in Chicago ourselves and were ready for the move to Utah. Alan who had a few days off from school and Marty who flew out from Utah were good to help us with the move. It took two trips in large U-Hauls to get everything moved. With the help of fellows from church we loaded a big moving van and

our truck and headed to Utah. I thought I would need most of the things we had collected during 40 years. We didn't throw much away. Mary and I could not possibly have moved by ourselves. Good old Marty flew out again and helped load the vans, and helped me drive back and unload in Utah. He was a very thoughtful fellow.

Our farewell to Hotpoint was touching but we were ready to hang it up. I figured that I had earned the right to do just a whole lot of nothing at all.

Russ was very generous and let us store our furniture and other household items at an Anderson Lumber warehouse.

Al was able to load up furniture from Mom Walker's condo and take it back to Ohio in a Ryder Van before we returned the van in Chicago. The furniture had been stored at the Weinheimers. He and Beckie were through at Purdue and were moving to Cincinnati. He had accepted a job with Proctor & Gamble and they paid for his furniture to be moved from Utah. This helped us financially with the move.



Mary and I at one of the retirement dinners.

Times had changed during the years I had worked at GE. A "thing" oriented

culture had ridden in on the wave of technological changes. We had become enslaved by manipulators of consumer appetites. Televised sports had turned men who should have been out doors into beer drinking flatulent spectators watching young athletes romp in gilded playpens. The astrodomes were shrines of tastelessness and over consumption.



Martin and our 2nd hand snow mobile.



Mary and I at one of the retirement dinners.

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