

AUTO-BIOGRAPHY OF CHASE KEARL  
TOLD TO PHYLLIS (KEARL) BELNAP  
BY HIS SISTER GRACE (KEARL)  
LAMBORN

Auto-biography of Chase Kearl  
By his sister Grace (Kearl) Lamborn

Sometime after Dad died I asked Aunt Grace to record the memories she had of him. They are as follows:

When children are small I am sure that only the things which impress them remain in their memories. My first recollection of my brother and playmate, Chase, goes back to the time when I was four years old. Chase was born in Round Valley and I was born in the old log house in Laketown.

Our "new" house was being built and I am sure that Chase and I were thorns in the flesh of the carpenters as we walked back and forth over the floor joists, crawling into little nooks which might eventually be a closet, under the stairs or in the pantry, or hallway. I know how old I was because my oldest sister Edith died in August of 1896 and we were then living in the "new" house. I have no recollection of our moving. I also don't remember one thing about the house except that it was log and must have been torn down soon after we moved out.



The New House



Our Mother

Chase was subject to bad attacks of croup and I remember how mother tried to guard him from the cold and from drafts. She would sit by the open door holding him on her lap during our story telling hour on cold winter nights. I can see him now in his long gray underwear which was made from outing flannel and I am sure mother cut them from the same pattern she made her unbleached muslin garments.

Mother was a good housekeeper, a fine cook, a nurse and comforter, but she was "no shake" as a seamstress. Perhaps because she never had a sewing machine until after she had had five children.

Chase and I had measles and chicken pox together and I had whooping cough which he escaped. Maybe the croup had immunized him from whooping cough.

I recall the hours we spent at the kitchen table working on our lessons and making chains for our Christmas tree. We had tissue paper in

those days .... 75 years ago, but it was cheap and in ugly dark colors. Never-the-less with clean straws selected from the straw stack and cut into inch lengths and sewn to little squares of paper with a needle and long thread to sew them together. With first a straw and then a square of paper we made quite presentable chains for our tree. We always had a nice Christmas tree. Of course we didn't buy them. Someone simply went out into the hills close by and cut them. Then we had tiny pink candles that mother had managed to get. There were no holders, so we tied them on a string and each night we would stand around the tree while mother carefully lighted each candle and after about three minutes we carefully put out the flame. She took no chances with fire.

Young people of today must realize that we had no electricity nor indoor plumbing nor telephones. What we did have were coal oil lamps and a pump just outside our north kitchen door and a little house with 10 rods from our back door where the old and young visited at various times. We seldom had "store bought" candy, but sometimes in the spring when eggs were fairly plentiful, mother would give each of us an egg and we trudged six long country blocks, round trip, to the store to get for our egg, a "Dark Secret". These were little hollow candies inside of which was something like a little man or an animal, about 3/4 of an inch long. It was quite a thrill to find out what was inside our "Dark Secret".

I remember once mother laid a dime and a nickel on her lap and said that Chase should choose first since he was the oldest. Naturally he took the biggest and naturally I cried. Then mother whispered to me that my coin would buy more candy. I can remember this as though it were yesterday. We brought the candy home and mother divided it in three parts. She put hers in the cupboard. We took ours out as we went to play and when it was all gone we kept coming in the house and she would give us a piece of hers until it was all gone. Well, that's the way mother's are, but years later when we had a store I could and did frequently send to mother a box of "goodies". Most of which I am quite sure the grandchildren or the little children who brought mothers mail would get. But that would have given mother satisfaction.

One day when Chase was eight and I was six, tragedy struck. Some older boys at school were playing Indians and while Chase was merely an onlooker, one of the boys shot him in the eye. It must have been horribly painful. The teacher sent me to lead him home. Mother bathed and poulticed and did everything she knew to do to help him and save his sight, but I am sure the sight was gone when the arrow pierced his eyeball. It was quite a long time before the pain was gone and years later when he was on his mission , reading and studying, a good deal that the bad eye began to affect the good one so it had to be removed, a successful operation.

Threshing time stands out in my memory as a time we loved. We

would run all the way from school to watch the patient horses going round and round turning the machinery to shell the wheat. That thresher was called a horse powered machine. Later on we had steam thresher -- not ours of course. The thresher was taken from one farm to another until all the wheat in the area had been threshed.

Well, suddenly, it seemed, that Chase was 12 and I was 10. For some reason mother was looking for hay men in Round Valley. Chase was helping to herd sheep a few miles away in the hills. He walked down to the Ranch and when he went back I walked part of the way with him. Mother said not farther than the "lone pine" that grew in a hollow called Birch Hallow. It was huge and was a land mark. Years later it was destroyed in an electrical storm.



The little boy with a dog in his arms is Chase.

I remember so well how we stood there and both of us cried because I had to turn back and Chase had to go on. Sometime that same summer Chase was alone with the sheep at night and he heard a disturbance and looking out of his tent saw a bear close by. He had a gun in camp but had little experience with guns. However he did shoot and killed the bear and everyone in the valley heard about it and thought it a wonderful thing for a boy so young. We had the bear skin in our house for a long time. I don't know what finally became of it.



Our Father - James

Our father died quite suddenly that October of 1902 when he was 69 years old. Our brother Will came home from Canada where he had gone with his brothers John and George to make "his fortune". He came back to run our little farm. Mort was working away from home. Will went with other men almost every week to the forest in the west hills to cut logs which were then cut into building lumber. They would be gone several days at a time and Chase and I did the chores. We had to feed, water, and milk, the cows and after school we cut wood for the kitchen stove with a cross cut saw. We cooked feed for the pigs in a vat. Mother had made denim mittens out of old worn out Levis; two pair for each of us. One pair was always warming by the stove so that we could change mittens when our hands were very cold.

We worked hard for children but we had fun. There was time for coasting on homemade sleds and sleigh riding. We skated on the lake which always froze over in those days. It seldom freezes very deep any more. No one seems to know why but then every one had an ice house and would cut huge



blocks of ice to put away for the summer. One of the bins in our granary was filled with sawdust and ice, and quite often we made ice cream and then mother always made a few batches of "HIRE'S ROOT BEER" every summer. This was put in bottles like the soft drink bottles we have today. It was then capped with a cork that was tied with a string. I don't know what Mother put in it, except but hire's extract and water, but it had zip and was very good on a hot summer day. I don't know where Mother got all those bottles, or what she did with them when she went out of the brewery business, but I do know that Hire's Root Beer Extract is still on the market after all these years.

When Chase was fourteen, he went to work for the Hodges Brothers on their ranch about eight miles from our home, in Pickleville, during the haying season. I was old enough now to take over his job of driving whip for the hay men, riding the horse for the cabbage cultivating and taking the cows to and from the pasture. When the haying season was over Chase came home with his wages except for the money he had spent for 100 pounds of sugar for Mother. Now I doubt that she ever had more than 50 cents worth in the house before that time, and I think that for days we all went at least once to look behind the pantry door at that sack of sugar and Chase was the proudest boy in the Bear Lake Valley.

The years went flying by as years have a habit of doing and in October, before I was twenty I married George Lamborn in the Salt Lake Temple. Chase had one season of schooling at the Fielding Academy in Paris, Idaho. The following spring our sister Ethel died when her second baby was born. This experience almost shook Chase's faith for a short while. He thought that a "just God" would not have taken a mother from little children. (Aunt Grace wrote in another history less of how he was not going on a mission because of



Chase in Minneapolis on his Mission

this.) She shook her head and said, "Oh ye of little faith." That idea soon left his mind and he answered a call to go on a mission for the church. He left Salt Lake in October of 1912 and served 2 1/2 years in and around St. Paul, Minn. I went to Salt Lake with him on a Friday. We went on a train from Logan and stayed at a little hotel on 3rd South and West Temple that had been recommended to us. It is torn down now. Chase was set apart for his mission.

I had been in Salt Lake City when I was married. Chase had never been there. We were more or less like babes in the woods. On Sunday afternoon we walked up South Temple as far as the Catholic Cathedral and a man and

lady standing out in front started talking to us. They told us that their daughter had married a Catholic and that they were in the church having their baby christened.

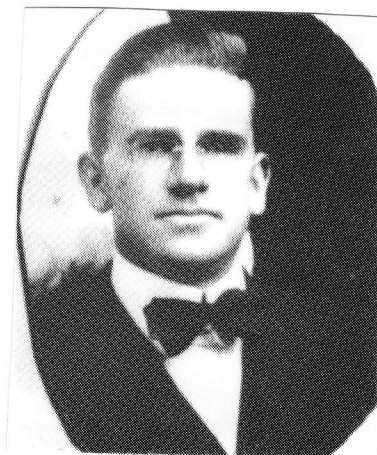


Hazel Loveless

These people were LDS from Ovid, Idaho and when we told them our name and who our father was the man said that he knew father very well. They asked where we were staying and when Chase was leaving. He was leaving on Monday evening from the Denver and Rio Grande depot. I remember so well how we walked down to the train and there no one was with us. As the train pulled out Chase was sitting by an open window and you may know that both of us were crying. When I got back to the hotel the good people from Idaho had been there bringing a basket of fruit for Chase I shall always regret that they were late.

It was while Chase was on his mission that he met Hazel Loveless, a young missionary from Provo, Utah. I'm not sure which of them returned home first, but I think it was Chase. He was released in the spring of 1915. He immediately went to work for brothers Will and Mort on their ranch to earn money for college. That Fall he entered the Utah State Agricultural College. Mother went with him and they rented a place with room for two other boys, David Kearl and John Lamborn, whose rent help defray expenses. George and I lived in Mother's house and took care of her chickens while she was away.

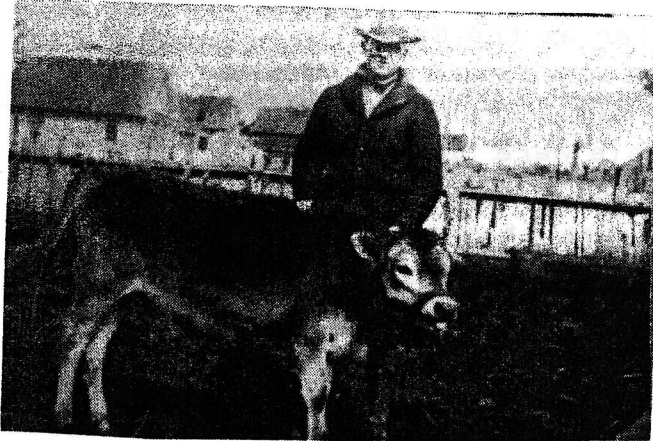
When school was out in the spring, Chase come again to the ranch to work. Chase and Hazel had been keeping in touch with each other and in the summer of 1916 Hazel accepted the invitation of Chase and Mother to visit us in Laketown. She came and stayed two weeks. It was during this visit that they decided to be married in October. Chase went back to Logan and rented a little house and registered in the college. Then he went to Provo to meet Hazel's parents. He and Hazel were married in the Salt Lake Temple. The following summer they were expecting their first baby. Hazel went home to be with her Mother until the baby came, and Chase went again to the ranch to work. After the baby, Chase Delmar, was born Hazel and son came to stay at Mothers house until school started in the fall. They then returned to Logan to stay until Chase graduated. A second son Spencer Loveless, was born in Logan in January 1919.



Chase at USAC

After Chase graduated, with honors, he was offered a position as County Agent in Bear Lake County, Idaho. They moved there and made their home in Paris, Idaho. Four more children were born there; Bryant, Cyril,

History of Chase Kearl by his sister Grace Lamborn



Chase - Bear Lake County Agent

their home in Paris. Four more children were born there; Bryant, Cyril, Russell, and Phyllis.

One incident I remembered of Chase's stubborn fight for what he thought was right was when he investigated and decided the coal dealers were charging more than a reasonable profit for coal, so he arranged to have a car load of coal brought in and sold directly from the car to the townspeople. Naturally the coal dealers were furious. They tried to get a petition to get rid of Chase. No one would sign it but relatives. The dealers lowered the price of their coal and it was a strange thing that when Chase received an offer of the County Agent job in Franklin County, a petition was circulated to have him stay - with more than 1000 signers. It was with reluctance that Chase and Hazel left Paris and their friends there, but they thought it was time to get nearer a college with children getting toward college age. They moved to Preston and built a nice home. They lived there for a number of years.



Chase, Hazel and family

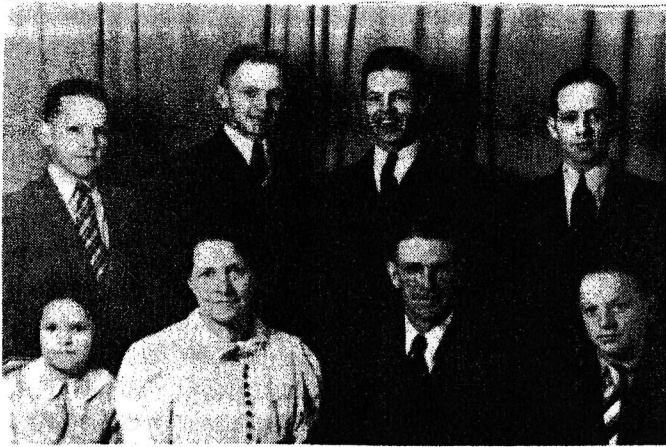
But I must tell you the other incident while the family was in Paris because I told it in a letter to the folks in New York and they thought it so funny that Ken had it xeroxed and sent a copy to Spence. I went to visit them once.

Bray was the baby then. I stayed over night. We had family prayers and Chase offered a very good and somewhat long prayer. Then Delmar wanted to pray. He would have been about 6. He prayed for everyone, every house, every bush and tree and animal while my knees gradually sank three inches into the floor ... and then Spencer wanted to offer a prayer and he repeated, as near as he would remember, what Delmar had said and then he added, "and please bless everyone what a wild animal took a chunk out of". You may know that that ended the praying for that night. Hazel said she would have to make her stories a little less realistic. I imagine she made up stories to entertain them while she ironed countless little shirts or sewed on countless buttons. Hazel was a fine wife and mother, working hard to cook and can and clean. To see that the children were well fed and had always good decent clothes. She was a helpmate indeed.



History of Chase Kearn by his sister Grace Lamborn

As the children finished high school they entered college.



Chase, Hazel and family in Preston

Delmar went first to the University of Idaho at Moscow, then to Utah State Agricultural College, then he left for a mission in England. When he returned Spencer and Bry had caught up with him in college. The three of them graduated together in the spring of 1941. We were at war and Spencer enlisted immediately not waiting for the commencement exercises. I went up from Salt Lake City and it was an unforgettable experience. It was, I think, the President of the college who told about the three

Kearn brothers who had graduated together and then about their father who had graduated also from the same school and with honors, and he paid tribute to both parents of such fine boys. We were all very proud. Bry had gotten a scholarship to the Univ. Of Wisconsin and Delmar went into the service.

Sometime not too long after, Chase received an offer of a supervisory position in Michigan. His work was supervising and harvesting of beet crops. Negotiating and hiring help for the harvest, advising, etc. When Chase and Hazel left Preston they sold their home. They lived in Mt. Clemens, Mich., at first renting and then they bought a home. Hazel had taught school before her marriage and there was need for teachers, so she accepted a position and taught in one of the schools for several years.

They had gone to Michigan thinking to stay 2 years. Those years stretched into 17. All of the children had graduated from universities. Some, after the war, had gone back to get doctorates. All were married with one exception. Not one of them lived in Michigan.



Chase, Hazel, Children, and Grand Children in Michigan

Chase and Hazel began to feel the weigh of their years and sold their home and returned to Utah which the had always intended to do, and to Logan where their youngest son Russell lived. They built a nice home,



History of Chase Kearn by his sister Grace Lamborn

of which they were proud, and enjoyed it for the short span of years they had left.

They were always faithful to their church, and until their health failed, active. While in Mt. Clemens, Chase went often to speak in some branch of the church. He was a high councilman. They had to travel, as I remember 60 miles round trip to the LDS Church.

In April 1961, Hazel passed suddenly away at their home in Logan. In October 1961 Chase passed away. They ended their married life where they had begun it, 45 years before.

Many people came to their funerals to show their affection and respect to Chase and Hazel and to the children. Their graves are side by side in the Logan Cemetery. Two fine people. They left a fine heritage for the children, which is a tribute to their memory.

Aunt Grace (Kearn) Lamborn