

HISTORY #6
A HISTORY OF CHASE AND
HAZEL (LOVELESS) KEARL AND
THEIR FAMILY.
WRITTEN BY CHASE KEARL

PERSONAL HISTORY OF CHASE KEARL

By Chase Kearl

So far as I know, Phyllis is the only one of my family to have asked me to write a short history of my life.



Chase Kearl

I have hesitated, first; because I personally do not think of any incidents that are of sufficient importance to justify the effort; and second, if there were I am not qualified to make a record of them. However, since today, February 10th is my sixty-eighth birthday, I have decided to write what I prefer to call a "Historical Letter", at least it does not sound so ambitious; and so there will follow some incoherent facts incoherently expressed.

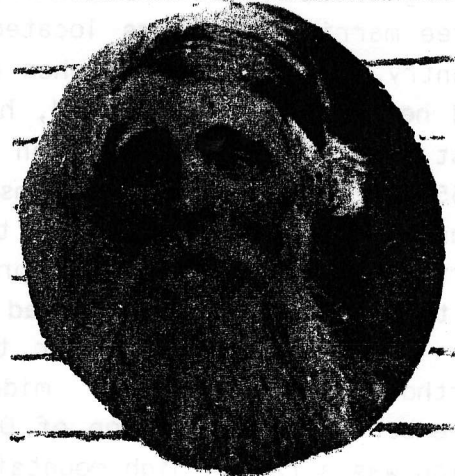
Before I write of my personal experiences it seems appropriate that I write briefly of my people. It may well be that incidents in their lives could prove to be more interesting than any in my own. It may also develop that more of the total space of this letter will be devoted to their lives and experiences rather than to mine.

My grandfather and grandmother Eastham and their family were converts to the Latter-day Saints Church while still in England. They lived in Leeds for some years prior to their immigration to the



Grandmother - Jane Huntington

"states". They seemed to have been in fairly good circumstances financially.



Grandfather - John Eastham

Their home was the home of many Elders over weekends and through holidays. Among those who came frequently was Joseph Fielding Smith. My mother, although only a child, became rather well acquainted with him. Upon the death of my grandmother Eastham, the Deseret News carried a short but favorable notice of her passing. President Smith saw it and immediately wrote the family a letter of condolences.

My grandmother was very anxious to immigrate to the States, but my grandfather who had a good position, as a locomotive engineer seemed not to have been so anxious. However, when he was offered a position in the British East Indies he said to grandmother, "If you will agree to my going to the East Indies for two years, I will then go to the states". She agreed and being the wise, sagacious woman that she was, proceeded during those two years to get as many of her married children into this country as possible. She reasoned that that situation would constitute an irresistible pull on grandfather if he should want to remain longer in England for any reason. Actually that was about what happened. During those two years grandmother got three married daughters located in this country. I do not know when my mother and her people left England, however it must have been not later than September 1865 in view of a circumstance in connection with my mother's thirteenth birthday which I will relate presently. On two or three occasions I had heard her say that she had eaten her thirteenth birthday dinner around midnight on November 6, 1865, on top of Old Baldy, which was a rather high mountain east of Salt Lake. I had thought that strange but hesitated to ask her what were the circumstances which brought about such a situation, thinking it might be embarrassing; however, I finally grew bold enough to ask what was the cause for such an unusual experience and this is the story.

These folks traveled in a sailing vessel from England down around the Florida Peninsula, up the Mississippi river to its confluence with the Missouri and from there up the Missouri to what is

now St. Louis. In those days it was little more than an "outfitting post." Here, grandfather Eastham bought two yoke of good oxen and two good wagons which were loaded and otherwise made ready for the trip across the plains.



My Mother, Merlin Eastham, when she was about thirteen years old.

Now this is the story told to me by my mother. Traveling with wagons drawn by two yoke of oxen, they reached the foot, or base of Old Baldy and soon after noon on November 6th. The road up the mountain was long and steep and the wagons were too heavily loaded to be pulled by oxen. They therefore left one wagon temporarily and hitched the two yoke of Oxen to the other wagon and proceeded to pull it to the top of the mountain. Grandmother and some other persons went up with the first wagon and then while the men folks went back to get the other wagon grandmother proceeded to cook a very late (about midnight I was told) dinner to be eaten when the men folks reached the mountain summit with the second wagon. I suppose grandmother made an extra dish or two of something that was intended to give the dinner the atmo-

sphere of a birthday party and called it Mother's Birthday Dinner. This happened on Nov. 6, 1865; (your grandmother was born Nov. 6, 1852.)

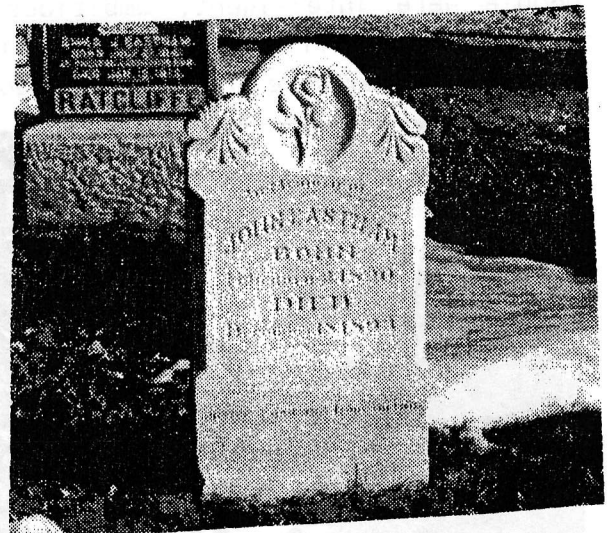
The trip of my grandparents, my mother and others of their company across the "plains" was without incident except that one night when they had reached the place where they intended to camp, they found, written on the bleached out skull of some Buffalo long since dead, that a company of immigrants had intended to camp there the night before but had been attacked by a group of Indians who had lassoed one white woman and had shot seven arrows into her husband while he tried in vain to rescue her. The Indians carried her away. So far as is known she was never heard of thereafter. This story was written on the skulls together with the suggestion to whoever should reach there first, intending to camp, might better continue their journey since the hostile Indians might make an attack the following night. After having read what had happened there the night before, my people decided to continue their journey although their progress was slowed down considerably.

After having reached Salt Lake City, my people located in Grantsville where they immediately made themselves reasonably secure by opening a small general store and developing a small farm. Both of my grandparents on my mother side died and were buried in Grantsville, Utah.

We knew comparatively little of my father's people until recently when my sister, Grace, undertook to gather some genealogy and because we knew so little of fathers people, she selected that



The grave of my Grandmother, Jane Huntington in Grantsville.

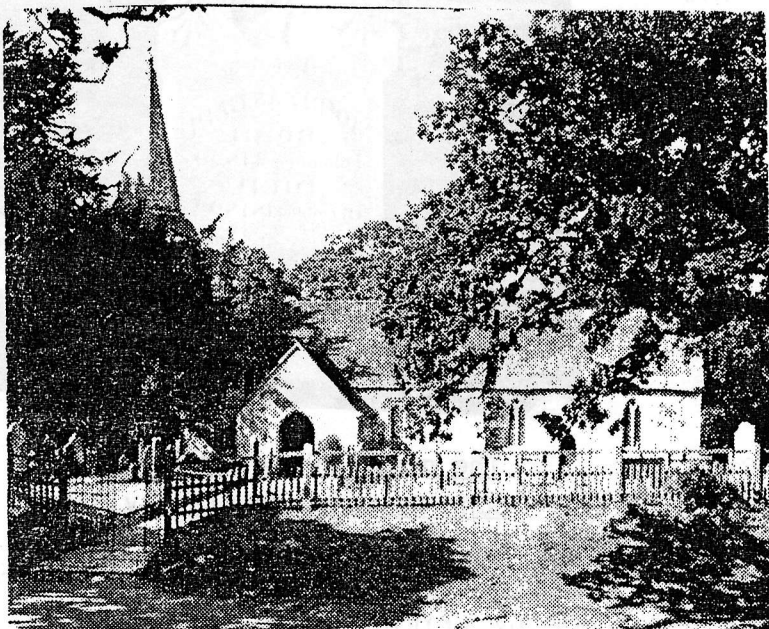


The grave of my Grandfather, John Eastham, in Grantsville.

"branch" to work on. She began the project by writing letters to some of his nephews and cousins, and also the Vicar in the churches in the locality in England in which he lived.

She also wrote civic groups and newspapers. All of these people were very cooperative and what started out as a casual correspondence has developed into a very warm and regular experience.

From some source or other it was suggested that she write to the London Police force. When we learned that fathers' people had been connected with the great London law enforcement and crime detective agency, we didn't know whether to drop the research effort or not. We didn't know whether they were members of the Police Force or were apprehended culprits on their way to a penitentiary. It developed, however, that they had served on the Force with distinction and had retired with honor, some as late as 1943. We learned from letters, newspaper clippings, photographs, and various other sources that these people were intelligent, ambitious and trustworthy. All of the evidence indicated that they were an honorable people.



The church in Brockenhurst. The village in England where my father was born.

Father was a convert to the church in England and came to this country in his early manhood. He settled in Grantsville where he soon acquired the nucleus of a satisfactory farming enterprise. In those early days (1865) President Brigham

Young had two policies having to do with land settlement. The leaders of the church had not forgotten what had happened in Palmyra, Kirtland, Far West, Hauns Mill, Independence, and Nauvoo. President Young's policies were therefore; first, get settlers into every valley and upon every desirable piece of land in the intermountain country to the end that there would not be a single area left where outsiders, who were sure to include some of our enemies, would want to settle. To accomplish his purpose, he called a dozen or so families to go into these more desirable areas, no matter how remote, and proceed to take possession and start to develop the locality.



My father, James Kearl

The second, and a very important reason, was to get rights established and improvements under way so there might be a place for at least some of the converts from Europe; a place where these people might establish themselves and make a living for them and their families. Will anyone question the "wisdom" of these important policies?

There were large deposits of valuable ore in the inter-mountain region and of course an abundance of it on the west coast. Some of the settlers wanted to mine.

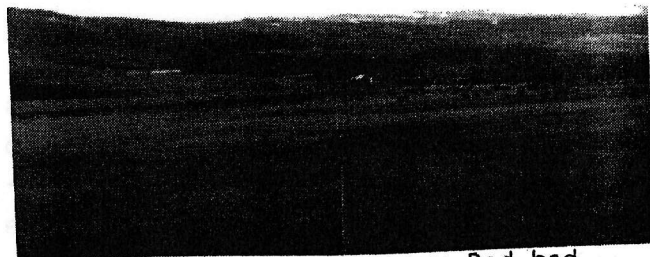


A view of the Bear Lake Valley

President Young did not presume to tell them they couldn't, but he did tell them that if they proceeded to mine a few would become rich, but most of them would remain poor. If, on the other hand, they would devote themselves to tilling the soil and developing the livestock business all of them would do well.

I have understood that President Young had a third policy affecting those who were called to assist in settling a locality. It provided that if one were called to go to a locality for the purpose of "settling" he might send a substitute by finding someone who wanted to go and providing him with a team of horses and a wagon. Under that provision, my father was called to go into the St. George country, but found an acceptable substitute. Father continued his activities for a period of time in and about Grantsville. However, later he was called by President Young to go into Bear

Lake Country and accordingly proceeded to that place.



Round Valley where my Dad had his ranch and saw mill on big creek.

I am not sure that the statements immediately above are true, but in any event, Father was among the first settlers to go in the Bear Lake area. In some respect it was an undesirable locality in which to live. The floor of the valley was more than a mile high (6012 feet). The growing season for crops was short. Often it froze every month in the year. The winters were long and cold, and it was quite remote from other settled areas. It was, however, a good livestock country. The valleys and much of the range had a good grass covering and small to medium streams were scattered well over the range. (A good range must have plenty of watering places.) There was considerable wild life in the area, namely black and brown bear, deer, antelope, coyote, gray and timber wolves, mountain lions, lynx, bob-cats, otters, and beaver. No grizzly bears or elk until the latter were brought into the area about thirty years ago. The streams and lakes abounded with several species of fish, particularly trout.

My father died when I was twelve year old. My association with him over the last half of those years together with

the kind of man he was, enables me to remember him very vividly. He was a large, rugged individual. He possessed a fine physique and tremendous physical courage. He was stern, and cold, and matter-of-fact, almost austere. I never saw him laugh. I think he never did. None of us children ever laughed in his presence; but then there was not much to laugh about in those days so it made little difference. Often he seemed to have little or no patience or sympathy with an individual or a condition. I think he believed literally that "man must earn his bread by the sweat of his brow". On a cold winter day you could wear sweaters, coats and boots; but all of these come off before you started to load hay. He evidently reasoned that if you couldn't work fast enough, or hard enough in essentially your shirt sleeves to keep warm, you deserved to freeze!



Putting up hay.

When he laid out a job for us kids to do, it was almost always once and a half as much as we could ever hope to accomplish in a given time. In this regard perhaps all of you will contend that this was a trait that carried over to my generation. Well, now that the work of a family, as a family, is all done; I respectfully offer my apologies.

If he was home, father always went to church on Sunday. He always took me along, that is if I had failed to make the "hide-out". Yes, Sunday was about the only time we could hope to see the "fellows" and have some fun. I never heard my father offer a prayer, or preach a sermon, or take part in a discussion. I am sure he never did. He talked little. Then, although the church has not changed since those days, its policies have. Young people never participated in Sacrament Meeting as they do today. There were no one hour meetings with two or more speakers, and at least one musical number. The meetings were usual two or more hours. The sermons generally lasted over an hour and they were delivered by elderly men. Women never appeared on the program. As soon as the speaker was announced you knew whether or not the sermon was to be an hour or an hour and a half. You knew also whether the sermon was to be "dry" or semi-dry. Few of them were ever very interesting to a boy sitting on a hard bench and full of "wiggles".

Those of you who read the foregoing may conclude that I am trying to indict my father. Any such conclusion would be entirely wrong. I respect him. He made his contribution to the settlement of the "west" and it was no insignificant contribution. President Brigham Young was a great colonizer in his own right but he never could have been so great without the loyalty and assistance of men like my father. He possessed a type of kindness peculiar to himself only, and his "plus side" weighed rather heavily against his "short comings". He was an enterprising type of individual.

I remember when I could not have been

more than four or five years old, riding on a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen that were driven by my older brother, Willis. These animals were not the fish-backed, long-legged, steers that you see occasionally in this day on parade but rather they were wide backed deep-bodied animals each of which would probably weigh 1600#. Father had two yoke and a yoke consisted of two animals. One yoke were red (the same color in horses is called a bay), and their names were "Dick" and "Brady". The other yoke consisted of a white animal we called "Larry" and a spotted one we called "Spot". Oxen knew only four commands; "Git-up" meant to go forward; "Whoa" meant to stop; "Gee" meant turn right; and "Haw" meant turn left. Well trained oxen always responded without deviation to those commands. Oxen, as a source of power on farms and ranches, were well on their way out when I took my first and only ride behind them; but about that time, or shortly thereafter, (and since I can first remember) my father replaced them with fine purebred Percheron horses, also at that early date he had Purebred Cotswold, Ramboulette Sheep, and Purebred Shorthorn cattle.

Father was always among the first to buy various mechanical devices as they became available. My mother said he was frequently too eager to purchase such equipment since often it did not work out satisfactorily when put into practical use on a six or seven hundred acre ranch. I remember he brought the first Keystone Hay Loader into the locality. This machine was designed to pick up hay that had been cut and raked into rows and elevate it into a wagon. It worked reasonably well but soon it was replaced by a much improved "Back Hay Loader".

Father owned a half interest in a threshing machine. This was powered by six teams of horses. One team followed another in a small circle and each was hitched to a "sweep" which enabled one to deliver its share, one sixth, of the power to a central point. The total power of the six teams was then transmitted to the threshing machine. Until the "machine" came into use people threshed their grain with flails which was entirely hand work and very hard work.

There were no doctors in Bear Lake Valley in those days, neither were there any dentists or hospitals. The nearest were at Ogden and Salt Lake, and there were no roads. Not withstanding, babies were born in about the same proportion as they are today. Teeth ached for the same reason that they ache today and legs and arms were broken regularly.

Babies were born at home. Some good woman, who from experience, had learned how to render assistance under such conditions. After the baby was born, mother would go to the home each morning and wash the baby and take care of the mother until such time as the mother could take care of the work. My mother assisted hundreds of women in that manner and under those primitive conditions, and I am sure she never charged a "dime" for the service.

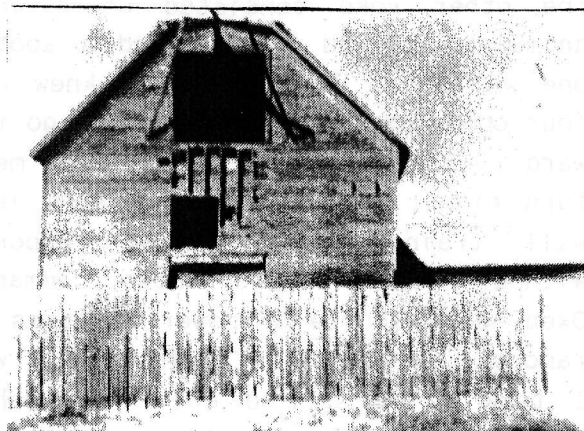
Father seemed to have been naturally endowed with some ability in the field of surgery. He knew how to set, splint and bandage a broken leg and right it if necessary. He had some old forceps with which he extracted aching teeth. Some of mine went that way. There were no anesthetics available in that area in that day. Father could not have administered

them had the been any. If you were the victim, you just grabbed something solid and hung on. No charge was ever made.

Some years after father had died I was taking a load of produce to Evanston, about fifty mile distant from Laketown. Near noon I stopped beside the road near a creek for the purpose of letting my team of horses eat and drink for a few minutes. There came to my wagon, an old, old man bent and uncertain of his step. His beard was long and white and his face deeply wrinkled. He clutched his cane with a skeleton like hand. It was evident that he had passed through a long period of persevering and that the elements had not been kind to him. When he learn my name and that I was a son of "Jim" Kearn, he said, "Young man, this community will never forget your Fathers kindness when people were battling through a long and frightful siege of diphtheria. He left hundreds of packages of food on porches as he passed through this community".

There was a good deal of moving about in those days, always of course by team and wagon. Normally it was a two day trip from Cache Valley to the Bear Lake Valley. The roads at best were poor. Sometimes people leaving Cache Valley in late October or November would become "snowed in". Often weather conditions might be ideal until late afternoon of any one day and still a foot of snow be dumped down on you in one night, then more feet of snow would fall on them. (You New Yorkers will not require proof that two feet of snow can fall in one night - remember 1958). Even in the absence of communication systems as we know them today, people seemed to have some knowledge of who was going

where and when; and it was not unusual for Bishop Ira Nebeker, the Bishop of the Laketown Ward, and the only Bishop for thirty years, to call my father and say, "Jim, John Anderson and his family are snowed in at the head of Blacksmiths Fork River. Hustle up some men and provisions and go get them." Father would get a couple of other men who had good saddle horses and who along with their horses could "take it".



The Kearn Barn that also served as a community social hall in Laketown.

He would the get fifteen or twenty wild horses and drive them forward. These animals, not wanting to climb the steep side hills would follow along the floor of the canyon; and not wanting to go through the brush and trees heavily weighted with snow, they would follow through the open where obviously lay whatever road there was. The wildest horses would take the lead and when they grew tired they would drop back and the less wild, but fully confident would become leaders. Thus a road was made into the "snowbound" travelers wherever they were and they were brought out safely. It is assumed of course, that these "rescuers" knew thoroughly the mountain area where the travelers were

likely to be. I can testify that after two or three years of traveling over a mountainous country, one learned to know every canyon and hollow and valley, small or large, and spring and stream, and cliff of rocks and individual trees if they are unusual for and reason whatsoever. For instance, if it is unusually large, if it is located at the head of a canyon, or on the top of a ridge, etc, etc. Father with his associates always succeeded in getting the "snowbound" pilgrims out and on to their destinations.



Mother in her middle years.

Often men are heard to say, "My mother is the best mother in the world." That always seemed to me to be discourteous and a bit uncharitable to others. And as a matter of fact, it is not what the fellow wanted to say. What he did want to say was, "that so far as I am concerned, my mother is the best mother in the world." On that basis, most of us could declare our mother to be the best mother in the world. I suppose the best mother is she who is the most anxious that her boy or girl shall grow up with a

strong physical body, a sound mind, and possessed of fine principles and finally one who does those things that contribute most to that end. From a purely academic standpoint, mother was not educated. The fact is that she read everything she could get hold of. She worked with many people on constructive enterprises. As a result, she came to be a well informed individual of considerable learning. She had a concept of the value of the principles of ambition, honesty, sympathy, kindness, courage, and cheerfulness. She lived largely by those principles. If mother embodied one virtue more than another it was the fact that she was always and under any circumstance a "peacemaker", and I remember Christ said on one occasion, "Blessed are the peacemakers for they shall be called the children of God." That is both a distinction and an honor. She was penurious to a fault. I can remember very distinctly that as a little boy I went, with my associates in the Primary, directed by Primary officers and teachers, into the fields from which a wheat crop had been harvested and gleaned many burlap bags full of wheat heads that had been left. We would then take these bags full of heads to the threshing machine wherever it was operating and get them "threshed". We could end up with a few bushels of wheat which was sold or stored. May her life and work be sanctified to the good of her children and grandchildren and to all of her kinsmen to the last generation.

After spending the first several years of her married life raising a family of ten children, living for the most part on a ranch, cooking for large groups of men, milking cows and churning butter to be sold at eleven cents per pound; she was, for many years, President of a Ward Primary, President of a Young Ladies Mutual Improvement Association and for many years a councilor in the Ward Relief Society.



My mother when she was an old lady.

The Otter Creek Ranch was located about halfway between Laketown and Randolph, which are sixteen miles apart. Late one cold bleak stormy afternoon in April, a family of immigrants came along, headed for some point between Montpelier and Soda Springs. Mother invited them to stay with her over night. This invitation they gratefully accepted. Some of their children had what seemed to be a minor throat ailment. The next morning the travelers pursued their journey and a few days later some of my brothers (I had not yet been born) and sisters "came down" with that terrible malady "diphtheria". It raged through the entire family. On May 7, Janette, my ten year old sister died; and on May 16 Robert, a three year old brother died.



Hazel w/ Russel on her knee. Spencer, Delmar, Me, Cyril, and Bryant.

My family - in the '30s.



Russel, Spencer, Delmar, Bryant Phyllis, Hazel, Me, and Cyril

My family in the '40s.



Cyril, Bruce, Phyllis, Delmar, Marj, Bry, Susan, Rodney, Jamie, Mary, Me, Hazel, Ruth. Robert, Kathy, Martin, Gary, Richard, Edward, Steven, and Kenny.

My family in the '50s.

This paper will be brief. I want only, from a heart felt gratitude, to express as best I can in two or three statements my sincere appreciation of my children for what they are. To single one out above another because I think he possesses more of the many virtues that are a part of a fine character and possesses them more abundantly, is impossible. I think no man ever lived who was blessed with as many as six children all of whom had succeeded so well. They are fine and clean. They are ambitious and courteous and resourceful. They are intelligent and loyal, they are dependable and charitable. Relatively early in life they have earned the love and respect and confidence of their associates, and of all good men and women with who they have been associated. They have "honored" their Father and Mother. Back of all this there is the love and devotion of an intelligent mother always solicitous of their welfare. The other day I heard the judge of a Juvenile Court say, "There are no teenage delinquents in a house full of love."



Hazel when she was a girl.

YOUR MOTHER. To my own children: Where does your mother rate when compared with the several people mentioned specifically in this story? You would do well to ask yourselves the question:

Where, and how has mother influenced my life, and then govern yourselves according to the answer.

Deep down in my heart I am sure there is nothing in the world that influences a boy or a girls life as does the wholesome love and affection of a good mother, and most mothers are good mothers.

Your mother is intelligent and industrious; and resourceful. She had faith and integrity and loyalty. She is stern, but sympathetic. Many of us wear our emotions on the outside. Mothers is in her heart. All through her life she has cooperated fully and sacrificed much; all to the end that you might have an opportunity for self-development. Her person habits are conducive to a fine character and a challenge to all of us. She is conservative when considering herself and the contribution she has made as a wife and mother; generous to a fault when considering others. Her total effort in the interest of the whole group is without measure. I again repeat; in rearing a family there is no substitute for the love and devotion and affection of a good mother.



Hazel when she was a young lady.

Through all the years you have been with us it has been your good fortune to have had just that kind of a mother; honor and respect her that you may live long and abundantly in a good land. Now with respect to myself and concerning my date of birth, I shall take no one's word on that except that of my mother and the "twins". The "twins" say they saw me leave, and mother left a written testimony that she knew I arrived.

The date was February 10, 1890. I was born in Round Valley, Utah. Round Valley was a suburb of Laketown and remains a suburb to this day. I was the ninth in a family of ten children. The first five or six years of my life were spent, I presume, in much the same manner as the first five or six years of any boys life, toddling around, getting into anything that was accessible, hanging onto my mother's dress, always in the way, accepting a mothers kiss as a curative measure for a pinched finger.

My father had some purebred Cotswold sheep which were considered to be too valuable to out on the range with the regular herd, but rather they were kept at the ranch and permitted to graze on the "foothills". Those were the hills adjacent to the ranch buildings. During the next five years, or a major part thereof, it became my job to herd those fifty to a hundred head of sheep. Those old Cotswold ewes had legs nearly as long as the average five year old boy and could therefore get over the country sometimes much faster than the "David" of the current day. I had no horse, neither did I have the "proverbial" dog. So the job was quite a challenge. Day after day I went into the nearby hills in the early

morning and spent the whole day "herding" those unmanageable "pets" which I came to hate. Some of the hours when they were doing more grazing and less traveling, I would look for tiny rocks that were either unusual in color or structure. Those were exceedingly lonely days for a little boy.

I am not sure when I was given the job of herding horses, whether it was a promotion or a demotion. It did, however, call for an animal to ride. Father gave me a mule he loved, and one I hated. One day I tied him, that is the mule, to a post along a wire fence and walked down in a field about forty rods to a spring where I could get a drink. The thick hided mule rubbed his neck and shoulders along the wire making some scratches. None of them was anywhere deep enough to get through his thick hide, however, father came along and I was disciplined. That's the word that would be employed today, but not in that day. If the mule could have talked I think he would have employed more justice on that occasion.

During the years 1899, 1900, and 1901, my two older brothers, George and John, had all of my fathers sheep under lease; about one thousand of them. I spent part of the summer of 1899 on the range with George. He never left me alone for long intervals or over night, but it was fun to be with him. I usually went for the horse each morning. The horses would sometimes go as far as a half or a mile away. I would follow along, paths, or trails, hoping to see fresh bear tracks and later the bear. I often saw the tracks freshly made, but never saw the bear that made them. I remember distinctly that I had no fear when I saw the tracks, but on the contrary I was elated. I hoped to see Mr.

Bear.



I am the little boy in the sheep camp with the little puppy in his arms.

The lease having expired, Father took his sheep back in the fall of 1901. In the spring of 1902, he went out on the range as herder, or caretaker of his own sheep. I am sure that was not necessary from a money stand point. I think it had been his life and he enjoyed it thoroughly. He took me with him which fact I enjoyed not at all. We were camped on the hills about three miles west of the old ranch buildings and about six miles west of Laketown on July 3rd. That night we had made our bed down under a galaxy of stars. The next morning we crawled out from under a couple of inches of snow. I didn't mind the snow. What I had hoped for was to get to the ranch in Round Valley and to my mother and my home for July 4th.

About nine o'clock, the morning of the Fourth, father said I might go home. No question was raised with respect to how I was going to get there or where I would get fifteen or twenty cents to spend. To have raised a question about what was insignificant compared to getting home may have resulted in father

changing his mind; then too, although mother had very little money in those days, (no one had much) perhaps she would have ten or fifteen cents. No matter what she might have saving it for, and more particularly if it was something for herself, she would gladly forego that and give the bit of change to me.



My Mother's home in Laketown.

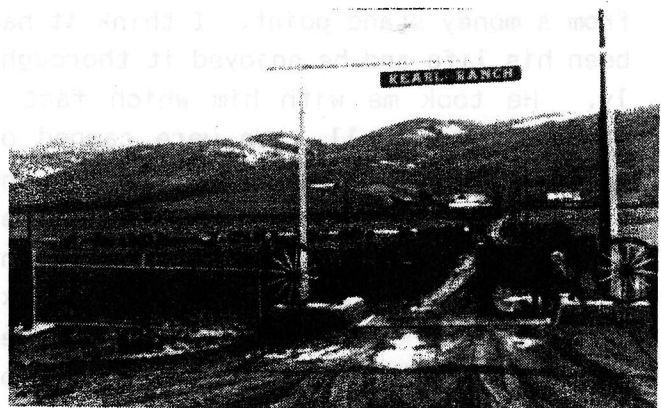
In any event to get home was my most cherished hope. I'm sure when you read this, whosoever you are, you will laugh, and you will wonder if it were possible for people to get along with so little money. Well it was, and although money was greatly desired, there were experiences and associations that were more to be desired.

I don't know when I got back to the sheep camp and its nothingness, probably July 5th. I know I went back the same way I came, on foot! During the next few days we moved farther away from the ranch and nearer to what we designated as the "summer range", or timbered country.

In those days nearly every flock of sheep, large or small, were infected with a tiny microscopic parasite that caused the sheep to lose its wool and of course the wool was a valuable part of the

sheep. It was discovered that when sheep were made to swim approximately sixty feet through a solution of lime and sulphur, those little animals would die. It was customary therefore to take herds of sheep to a corral built for that purpose and "dip" them. The dipping corral was also a good place to go when "John Doe" was dipping his sheep if one had reason to believe some sheep he had lost had been picked up by "Doe". We were located back in the hills about five miles from Round Valley where mother was living. Early one morning, father left in a buckboard (a buckboard was a sturdy four wheeled vehicle drawn by two horses and an outfit that would stand a lot of hard usage) to go to one of the "dipping corrals" twelve or fifteen miles away. I was to take the herd of sheep, about fifteen hundred of them, to a certain place about four miles distance. He expected to get back in the afternoon and pack up our camping outfit and bring it to the locality where I would be waiting. As was usual, I had neither dog or horse and about mid afternoon it began to rain. Sheep are much more difficult to manage in and following a storm and especially when they learn there is no dog around and although they are dumb, they learn from instinct or some other way, and learn quickly. My legs were no longer than those of the ordinary twelve year old. I did the best I could and when Father didn't return and night came on, I gathered them, the sheep, together, waited until they had "bedded" down and then legged off to Red Pine Flat a couple of miles away, and where I knew Mort Nebeler was camped. It was then perhaps, nine o'clock P.M.; only a guess because I had no watch. It was as dark as the proverbial stack of black cats. I followed an old crooked trail which I

could see only when a flash of lightning occurred. Bushes, heavily laden with rain hung over the path and as I bumped into them in the darkness I suddenly got another shower bath. I found Mort's camp. He and his companion were in bed. He didn't ask me if I had had supper, nor did he ask me the next morning to eat with him and generally a twelve year old kid will go pretty hungry before he will ask for anything. I went pretty hungry! It is essential to get up at the peep of day when you are on the range with a band of sheep and so I was on my way back to the "head of Birch Hollow" by probably four o'clock. By around ten o'clock A.M. father had not returned. I hadn't had anything to eat since the morning before and I therefore started to the Ranch, about five miles away.
(page missing)



The Kearl Ranch on the West side of Round Valley.

Father went home in September. He hired a man to stay with me and on October 4, 1902 he died very suddenly. The next summer I began to "hire out". I think my first job was picking up potatoes for Willis Johnson for twenty-five cents per day. The richest I ever have been was on the occasion when after an eight months period, I was then probably fourteen, and those of you who have seen that very beautiful photograph of a range sheep outfit and the little boy who is hanging onto the "pup", will know how big I was, cause that's me and that was the year I had hired out to the N. M. Hodges Land and Livestock Company, a big outfit, some thousands of acres of hay, grain, and pasture lands; other thousands of acres of range land, probably 3,000 head of sheep, a couple of hundred head of cattle and probably one hundred horses, which were a real factor in those days.

Mr. Hodges was a very short, very heavy set, and a very fatherly; a real fine gentleman. I went to work for him the first of March and continued on the job until November 1st, eight months. The wages were to be twenty dollars a month. During the eight months I had drawn against my wages \$20.00. From that \$20.00, I bought my mother, so she said, (not her first sugar, of course,) but her first full 100# bag of sugar. I probably cost \$4.00.

After Mr. Hodges had written a check in my favor for my total earnings, \$160.00 less \$20.00, or \$140.00 and gave me a Father's blessing, which was his habit, and the blessing incidentally consisted of "this is the kind of a young man I like to see, one who will save his money," he handed me the check. It was ten miles from the Hodges Ranch to Laketown which distance in this case

had to be covered on horse back and it required normally about three hours to make the trip. During those three hours I was unable to get my mind off the sizeable check. As a matter of fact, I dragged it out of my pocket about every three hundred yards and read every line carefully. Strange, I do not remember the Bank upon which the check was drawn, however, that was not important. What was important was that some bank was instructed to pay me a huge sum of one hundred and forty dollars.

I don't know what I did with the \$140.00. I know I didn't squander it. Although where or how I spent it was probably the most important aspect of the whole experience it seemed to me at the time that to have earned and to possess that much money at one time was the most important thing - the apex of my life.



Me about this time in my life.

School was important in that day, but we never hoped to get to school except in a smattering way between Nov. 1st and Mar 1st, and I doubt that I ever attended for a solid week straight. Father always had too many livestock to be fed and otherwise taken care of. Except for the incident mentioned above, I can think of nothing of importance

that happened between 1902 and 1912 except that I was called on a mission and was expect to take some weeks of training at a church school.



A Missionary Picture.

I attended the Fielding Academy in Paris, Idaho for that purpose in the winter of 1911 and 1912. A tragedy happened and a most sorrowing experience enveloped all of us in April of 1912 when my sister, Ethel, a thoroughly good and lovely woman, died after having given birth to her second child.

In October of 1912, I left home to perform a mission in the Northern States, Headquarters, Chicago; President of the Mission, German E. Ellsworth. Since that time the several states have been divided into several missions.

I was asked to go to the Minnesota Conference, which consisted of the State of Minnesota. I was first located in St. Paul, later in Minneapolis. The meeting place was in a rented hall at 1730 University Avenue. That location was midway between St. Paul and Minneapolis and could be reached for a nickel street car fare from either city.



A real "greenie" in St. Paul.

There were probably a dozen active members, hence the location of the meeting place. I was kept two and one half years. I returned to Salt Lake for the April Conference in 1915.



Me and a couple of my companions.

Many interesting events took place during those thirty months. I saw the membership grow until we had a substantial branch in both St Paul and Minneapolis. We had purchased a fine church at 240 North Grette St., St. Paul. The location was in a fine residential district and we were negotiating for a church building in southeast Minneapolis

when I was released from my mission.

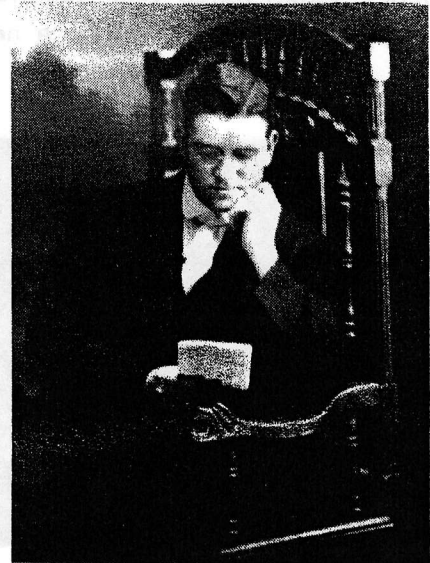


Your Mother and I, Hazel was on a mission here in Minnesota and it was here that we met.

When I left for the mission field I had about \$600.00 which together with some money sent to me by friends and relatives enabled me to perform the thirty month mission, but I came home broke. The reader of this will wonder how so little money went so far. First, one could rent a good room for \$10.00 a month, second, one could buy a good dinner for 45-60 cents and you were not supposed to spend either time or money for sight seeing, socializing, traveling outside of your district. However, one could, and I did see the following live dramas, "Ben Hur" chariot race with real horses and all for ten cents. I saw it as well as "Joseph and His Brethren" with live camels, The Blue Bird with Maurice Materlink. Live children by the dozens, Miss Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch, a moving train across the country on the stage, David Harum, a real horse talking on the step, etc.

My missionary experience emphasized the value and importance of an education and I therefore came home determined to go to school. Between April 1st and Sept 30th I worked on a

ranch for \$50.00 per month. Early in October, with \$300.00 mother and I went from Laketown to Logan and set up house-keeping in two rooms which we rented. My older brother, Willis and Morton assisted me in getting a little furniture to Logan and some supplies.

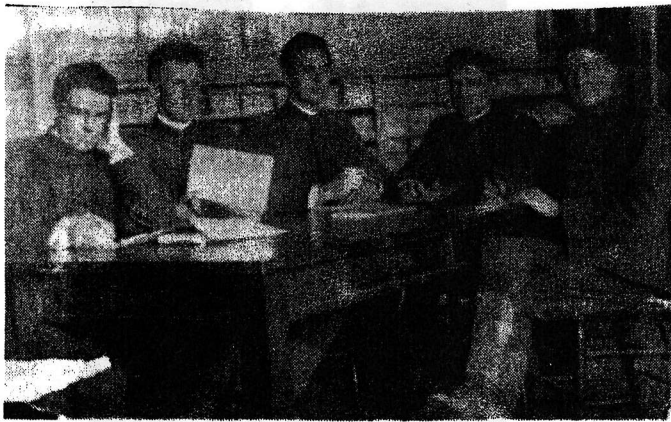


Me at Utah State.

At the Utah State College, I was able to get the equivalent of one year of High School deferred after my short missionary course at Fielding Academy and credit for "Old Testament" were considered and a bit of liberalism thrown in. With that material I went to Dr. F. S. Harris, head of the School of Agriculture. He looked the credits over and I summoned all the courage I could command and said, "Dr. Harris, how long will it take me to graduate from this school?" He said, "Well, you have one year of High School: you need three more years of High School and four of college. Looks like about seven Years." Nearly twenty-six years old, must go to school seven years and had \$300.00.

Shall I go or shall I not? I now must make my first major decision. I decided to undertake what seemed to me

at the time an over-whelming task. I proceeded to register and then had to do something by way of supplementing my \$300.00. I proceeded to get a job sweeping out the "old" Art Department. I was allowed two hours per day and was paid fifteen cents per hour. I don't think any other experience had taught me how to study, but in this instance necessity did.



At Utah State University.

I made good grades through the year. As a matter of fact, during the several years I attended I never turned in any kind of paper and got a mark below a "B". My marks were good enough that I was not required to take the final examination. This was a real "break" since I was able to get to work earning money for the next year about ten days earlier than I would otherwise. Now the question was that since I had decided to go back to Bear Lake and work on a ranch, it would take about seven dollars train fare if I should go to Montpelier by train, then I would have to pay one night Hotel bill, probably two dollars in those days, and then pay me stage fare to Laketown. (Someone was carrying the mail daily between Montpelier, Idaho on the Union Pacific R. R. to Evanston, Wyoming, also on the U.P.) My father carried mail over this route, ninety miles, in the very early days. It

was carried then by teams of horses. Four span, that is, four teams, were employed each day to cover the ninety miles. It is now carried by automobile. Incidentally, I lived at Laketown about halfway between the two points. The stage fare was probably two dollars and then there were meals, (My board was included with my wages as soon as I got on the job). Another dollar and fifty cents. I think that adds up to \$12.50. To have gone to Bear Lake by way of Ogden to Evanston by train and from Evanston to Laketown by stage would have added up to about the same thing. Another thing vitally important in those days of tight finances was the fact that it would have required two days to reach my destination by train and stage, and only one day if I walked over the mountain. I had a job waiting for me at \$50.00 per month. That's \$1.66 per day and the \$1.66 was quite a factor when matched against an empty pocket. I have mentioned two ways to get from Logan, Cache Valley to Laketown, Bear Lake Valley, but neither of them was an alternative since I didn't have \$12.50. What was the alternative? To walk the distance between Logan and Laketown, about forty miles, and that's what I did. However, if I had had the money I still would have walked the distance since I saved one day at \$1.66, which when added to the \$12.50 made that day worth \$14.16. (It would be a great joke if you were to discover that my mathematics was in error). That was almost a third of a months salary and of course by all odds the best paid day I had. To make this trip, skies were indispensable. I therefore procured two pieces of 1x4x6'. I thinned them down about two feet from the end, tied them in a bent position and steamed and bent and steamed and bent until I finally had about the right bend. I then began to dry them

out and applied many coats of oil. They finally became a pretty decent kind of ski.

In making the trip over the mountain range, I reached some points of elevation above 8,000 feet. Some of the ascents were so steep that it was necessary to tie a small rope around the ski and with the knot on the bottom side. The knot would penetrate into the snow far enough to provide traction. The knot was removed when I was going down the side of a hill. I sat straddle of a stick which served as a brake. If I wanted to slacken my speed I applied more weight on the stick. The whole experience was so satisfactory that I used the same methods the following year. I returned to Bear Lake only two summers.

Beginning with the third year I remained in Logan and worked for Dr. George R. Hill on some potato disease projects. Dr. Hill was head of the Botany Dept. I did considerable work for him in the field in the summer and in the laboratory in the winter. There was considerable lab work to do. Dr. Hill said, "Chase, you know what there is to do so you may therefore put in all the time you want." The rate for that kind of work was forty cents per hour and by working Saturdays I was able to earn an average of about one dollar per day. No dollars were ever more precious.

In October of 1916, your mother and I were married. That first year we lived in a two room apartment and enjoyed the winter very much. She took a few classes at the college and I took more than a full course. I wanted to reduce the total time required for graduation as much as possible and I therefore petitioned for extra courses

at the beginning of each semester. The result was that by April 1st of my fifth year at Utah State I had all of my required work done except a course in English which was listed as current novels, and incidentally I had not turned in a paper of any kind ...reports, summaries, quizzes or examinations that were marked below a "B".

I had sung in the College Glee Club during the several years I attended college. We had a very decent kind of club and it was customary to make a short trip once a year into Southern Idaho or down through Utah. (One year we went as far south as St. George). We would sing at the local high school once or twice during the day of our visit, generally without charge, and then give a program in the evening open to the public and for which we made a very nominal charge. The whole thing was really a method of advertizing the "college". We always had a lot of fun and would also provided the people in the various communities a fine program.

Late in March of 1920, the Logan Rotarians were going to attend a convention of the District 12 of Rotary at Boise, Idaho. They asked us to go along as entertainers with expenses paid, of course we quickly accepted the invitation. We performed most satisfactorily in the judgement of all who heard us, so well as a matter of fact that the twelfth district consisting of the Rotarians in the Utah, Idaho and Montana invited us to be their guest at the International Rotary Convention to be held in Atlantic City, during the last part of June, all expenses paid. (About \$600.00 per man). This was of course an unusual offer. The Club consisted of six men to a part, or twenty-four men and an accompanist, William Petersen, new in the

music dept. of the U of U, and C. R. Johnson, a fine musician and a fine gentleman and director.

For the trip the club was cut from twenty-four to twenty and we left Logan about June 15th. The routing was:

Denver, St. Louis, Chicago, Washington D. C., Philadelphia, Atlantic City, Jersey City, Newark, New York, Chicago and Ogden. We started with about three cars and soon had a train load. From Chicago there were two special trains. In every city of any importance we were guided to everything of historical significance or otherwise. That is, every club in its own bailiwick seemed to see to it that we got a glimpse at least of everything interesting and fine. We saw the Gettysburg Battlefield, Valley Forge, Barbara Fritchies flag hanging out of the window and I think it was Fredricksburg. Betsy Ross' home, Mount Vernon, and as a matter of fact everything of interest. We sang in the finest hotels and amusement houses in the country. Traymore Hotel, Atlantic City and Terrace Gardens, Chicago, as an example. Every group of Rotarians had its entertainers (1920 was in the period of Jazz). The Chicago group took with them two famous high school bands with about forty members each: Joliet and Rockford. There were male and string quartets, jazz bands, actually all kinds of performers and every day and night on the train we would build up a fine show by taking as little as one member from each group. At the close of the convention in Atlantic City, the New York Rotarians invited us to be their guest for three days. Guides showed us the city and "cabs" were parked in front of the hotel to take us anywhere we wanted to go - no charge of course.

One day we were taken up the Hud-

son by boat. We passed West Point and stopped at a resort, Bear Mountain State Park, a lovely place. We made only one stop of any importance on our way home, that was at Chicago. We reached Ogden on July 2nd and sang in Salt Lake on July 4, 1920. That was my last appearance with the Club.

Now I must catch up on money matters, always a problem to some of us. In 1918 the country was stricken with a terrible 'flu' epidemic, and where as the college should have begun its instruction in on September, it did not begin to hold classes until after the Christmas Holidays. I was offered a job in Bear Lake directing the work in connection with the operation of a steam driven grain separator or thrasher. My job consisted of keeping all of the machinery in good running order and supervising the moving of the thrasher from one farm to another. For that I received \$5.00 per day and board. That was a stupendous daily wage in that time. The work lasted until sometime after the first part of November. When I had finished there I went to Logan where I met Hazel, (my wife, your mother, and for nineteen of you, your grandmother). Del Mar; Spencer had not yet been born. I got a "job" at the Edwards Furniture Store at \$50.00 per month and worked there until Dec 31st. Class room instruction was begun at the college immediately following New Years. Mr. Edwards offered me a job when summer vacation started, but I then was planning to work for George R. Hill of the Botany Dept. As I remember, he gave me \$75.00 a month. I don't think of anything important happening except the birth of Spencer, until 1920 and the most important incident in that year was my graduation and securing a job; those two experiences were much more important

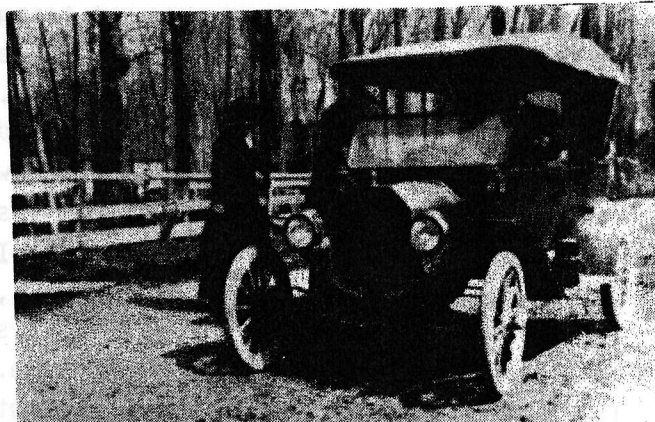
than the trip to Atlantic City.



Me in my cap and gown at graduation.
Hazel didn't have a dress good enough
to attend the ceremony.

When it was evident that I would be graduated with the class of 1920, I proceeded to place an application for employment (you see work was just jobs until I was graduated and then the same thing became more dignified and was spoken of as employment). While at Boise with the Glee Club mentioned previously, I went to the Extension Division of the University of Idaho, which was located at Boise, and filed an application for employment there. Upon my return to the campus, I saw a notice on the bulletin board that I call at the office of Dr. R. D. Evans. I did and so and the Doctor, who was head of the Utah Extension Service offered me a 'position' (more dignity) as county club agent in Cache County if I could make myself available by April 1st. I immediately contacted Prof. N. A. Pederson to learn if I might take the position and write a report on the half dozen current novels. He agreed and I began work on April 1st, 1920, at \$1,800.00 per year. Only July 1st I received a wage increase of \$100.00, which of course gave me \$1,900.00 per year. I was very happy

with what I thought was a "good break" after we had given so many years without much and anticipated better and more "lucrative days".



Our first car.

The work as 4-H Club Leader required that I travel over all parts of Cache County and that made it necessary for me to get a car. I couldn't think of buying a new one, the price would be out of sight: so looked for a used car and found an old Dodge at the Blair Motor Company for \$800.00. I had two or three hundred. Don't know where it came from, but I needed an additional \$300.00 and accordingly went to the Thatcher Bros. Bank. Mr. Hatch listened to my story and then said, "Mr. Kearl, I know of your people and such knowledge as I have is very favorable. I don't for a minute question your integrity, but we are obliged to take care of our old customers and that will take all of our resources. We will not, therefore, be able to take any new business." I left there with less faith in banks and bankers.

I went back to the Blair Motors and said to Seth Blair, "Mr. Blair, if I buy that car you are going to have to take my "note" for \$300.00". He said, "Fine, we'll take your note". A few days later I came home and there was a letter in the mail box with a Thatcher Bros. Bank

return address on it. I thought, well, I guess they are going to let me have the money and they are advising me to that effect. I opened it rather hurriedly and discovered a short note advising me that the Thatcher Bank held the note that I had given to the Blair Motors, and therefore when it was due I should "come to the Bank and settle same". Now all my faith in banks and bankers was gone and I heard myself muttering as I walked to the house, "don't worry boys, the money will be there." I have always paid my bills and paid them on time. There have been thousands of them, but I can't think of one that I so thoroughly determined to pay promptly as I did this one. Later, I walked into the bank about two days before the note was due, walked straight across to the "notes payable" window, shoved the money across the counter, picked up my note marked "paid" and left. Yes, I walked as if I owned the bank and I said hello to no one. My, oh my, how stupid can a man be. I suppose that the trouble with me was the fact that not until some months after that incident, if I had gathered every dime I had from every pocket I had and laid it down on a bank counter, the cashier couldn't have seen it, and I was ready to graduate from a college, at least I thought I was, and all others agreed that I had in a very splendid way met all the requirements for graduation. I am wondering if I had spent half of those five years in studying college texts and performing laboratory experiments and the other half discounting notes and performing other related service downtown I might not have had a more useful education.

During the summer of 1920, I got a pretty fair 4-H Club program under way. I had sugar beets, poultry, dairy calf, sewing and baking clubs organized.



Me and a Jersey Calf.

In the late fall of 1920 the Idaho Extension Service offered me the position of County Agent in Bear Lake County. Neither the country with its high elevation and consequently cold long winters, or the lack of diversity of crop production appealed to me, but the extra three hundred dollars per year did.

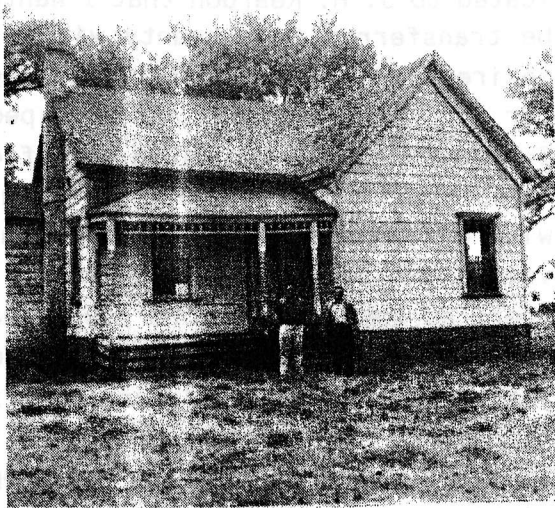


Paris - County Seat of Bear Lake County.

Accordingly I secured a railroad car at an immigrant rate and we proceeded to load our few pieces of second hand furniture into it, together with a cow, a two year old heifer and a couple of dozen chickens. I gathered up my overcoat and lantern and the cows, the chickens and left Logan about 4:00 P.M. on that cold January day. Mother, Del Mar,

and Spencer were to leave Logan by train the next day. I reached Soda Springs and knew the train carrying them would be along about 2 P.M. When it came, I jumped on it and left the car, the cow, and the chickens to come on in, which they did the next day.

The people at Paris were very kind to us and assisted us in getting established in a house that was at least as good as the average in the community.



The first house we lived in in Paris.

What proved to be our first concern after we reached Paris with its heavy snows and below zero temperatures was the fact that within two weeks both Del Mar and Spencer came down with "whooping cough". The neighbor children in Logan had been victims of the ailment from the fall (Sept.) and we had successfully managed to keep our children away from them until we began to prepare to move to Bear Lake. We thought that any danger to contact the disease had gone by, but it hadn't. Within a few days both of them developed the symptoms and then the disease. However, it just ran its natural course and cleared up satisfactorily. The second worry and what proved to be the one of most concern was to come. The Law providing for

Extension Work to be administered by the State Agricultural Colleges and carrying an appropriation to be partially off-set the costs passed the national congress in 1914 (incidentally, the Michigan State College was the first Agricultural College in the nation to employ a county agent as provided for in the bill). The American People being such good spenders of first, the other fellows money, and second, their own money, proceeded mostly in 1919 as far as Idaho was concerned to put a County Agent and a Home Demonstration Agent in practically every county in the state; assistant county agents in some counties and some specialists in crops and livestock in a few counties. Then, as if that policy was not dumb enough, a conference of this army of recently employed people was to be held in Boise in the summer of 1920. Even those practices were not stupid enough; the people organized a caravan consisting of all the agents from Fremont County south to Bear Lake county, west to Twin Falls country starting to Boise in county and state owned cars having a "jolly good time along the way", and exhausting the housing and eating facilities in the small communities along the way, but nevertheless, having a lot of fun. There were no agents in Bear Lake County when I went there on January 1, 1921. D. L. Sargent had been there for a few months in late 1920, but had left and gone to Cedar City to teach in the Branch Agricultural College. He may have seen "the handwriting on the wall". The Armistice was signed on November 11, 1918. Some inflation continued however through 1919 and 1920. However, the trend in prices was downward and wool that could have been contracted through 1920 and as late as November 1921 for 70 cents a pound, sold in 1922 for 6 cents a lb. (This is important because later I will cite an example of what seemed to

be defeat at the time actually proved to be a great blessing).

Extension work was financed from three sources: one the Federal Government paid for State Supervision and \$50.00 per month on salaries; two, the state paid part of the salary, not however the same amount on Salary, but the total amount paid all agents was governed by appropriation; third, the county provided a car for use in the work, paid other expenses and part of the salary, total amount also governed by appropriation.

I landed in Bear Lake County about January 10, 1921. I had left a reasonably good job to take a better one in point of Salary if it lasted. The Idaho State Legislature met in January 1921. It got around to considering the budget for Extension work in February as did also the Boards of County Commissioners. Times were not so bad, but still tough, as the result of the reduced prices on farm commodities, especially, for we were in a mild depression.

The Board of County Commissioners and the State Legislature could not overlook that fact, neither could they forget the "caravan" and when they got done applying the ax to the appropriations for Extension, there were no specialists, no assistant county agents, no county club agents, no Home Economist, and only six county agents of which I was one. I had earned (I don't know whether I earned it or not) about \$1,400.00 while working in Cache County. I naturally paid the Thatcher Bank, I had paid to Dr. G. R. Hill \$100.00 borrowed money. I suppose I spent \$100.00 on the Glee Club trip, anyhow I had enough to get into Paris, Idaho, but not enough to get out, so it was my good fortune to be

one of the six agents to "hang on".

I was in Bear Lake County ten years at the end of which I believed I had developed a pretty sound program and had done a good deal on it. Major aspects of the program were: Dairy Development, Poultry (eggs), Turkey Production and Marketing, Cooperative Marketing otherwise and Rodent Control.

At the end of eight years I indicated to J. H. Reardon that I wanted to be transferred to a county with a more desirable climate, better roads, greater diversity of crops and more people. I was told that I had given satisfaction in both the matter of getting along well with the people and accomplishing a fine volume of work. I was promised that where as some one or more people had to battle with county commissioners every year to get an appropriation for Extension Work, that had not been true in my case and that it was a fact that appropriations were made in Bear Lake County without difficulty.



We had bought a home in Paris.

I was rated as one of the best agents and should have been transferred to a more desirable county. (I was getting the highest salary paid, \$1,850.000). However, counties opened up

and I was not asked if I wanted one of them, the reason was said to be because I was getting along so well in Bear Lake.

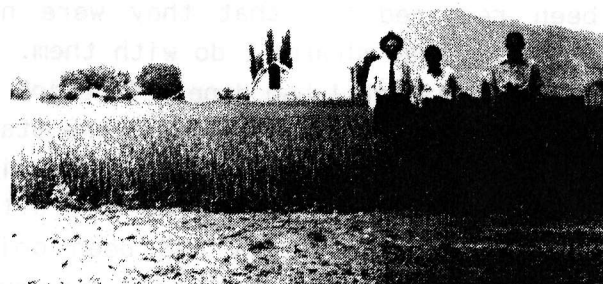


The County Agent.

It was customary for the agents in South and South-eastern Idaho to spend one day in Mid-summer at the Aberdeen Experiment Station. We were there in July of 1930, at which time I told Mr. Reardon that because I was still in Bear Lake, I was handing in my resignation effective as of Dec. 30, 1930. Again I was told that my work was satisfactory and that I rated at the top in the list of Idaho County Agents, however, by this time I had begun to question the sincerity of both Mr. Iddings and Mr. Reardon. (How often a man can be wrong and how wrong).

Mr. Benson, Ezra T., had worked as County Agent in Franklin County for some years, probably two, he had been offered a job at the State Office as Farm Management Specialist, was getting \$2,400.-00 in Franklin County and would stay for \$2,700.00. The county did not want to put up the \$300.00 and the state couldn't since if they transferred me they would need to transfer \$300.00 of state money to Franklin to give me \$2,700.00, which amount I had said I would take. I preferred to sacrifice \$150.00 per year since I believed there was that much

satisfaction to be had by the transfer. Also, by this time I had bought a small farm out from Logan a few miles, which I could supervise better from Preston than from Paris.



Me and my sons Cyril and Spencer on the farm.

Ezra T. left for Boise about the middle of August and that left the county open. In August, Mr. Rearden asked me to meet with himself and the Franklin County Commissioners in early September. I did so. Other conferences were had between State people and the Franklin County Committee.

I saw Mr. Reardon at the Eastern Idaho Fair in early October. He again went over his appraisal of myself and my work, none of which I believed. (How wrong can a man be). At that time he doubted that they would get an agent in Franklin County and in the event they didn't, was I determined to leave the service. By now I was determined to leave so I told him I would like to go to Franklin County, but definitely did not want to remain in Bear Lake County beyond the end of the year, Dec. 31, 1930.

There were no further developments and on January 1, 1931, I was out of a job. Not wanting to move to Logan and

then back to Preston if the job at Franklin did materialize, I remained in Paris through January. Toward the end of that month there came to me a \$50.00 check from the government and \$135.00 (a check from the Idaho Extension) for I think a total of \$185.00. I got in touch with Mr. Reardon to say the checks had been received but that they were not mine and what should I do with them. He again said that I had done a fine job in Bear Lake County, that they in the State Office appreciated it, that I may think I would not do any Extension work after Dec. 31st, but that I had been doing Extension work through January and would continue to do it as long as I was in Paris. Mr. Reardon said they had purposely arranged to have the check come to me and if they had had control of that part of the county appropriation marked for salary they would have sent that too. That of course made me feel "mighty" good; not the money, although it was gratefully received, but rather the fact that they appreciated my effort through the years. Mr. Reardon said they were holding a district agents meeting at Pocatello on February 7th and would like to have me attend. I appreciated the invitation and attended.

I was informed at Pocatello that on Feb. 11, Mr. Barber, Reardon's assistant whom I always thought was a poor administrator and I think what happened during the next few days proved the point. Shortly after Feb 11. I had a letter from Mr. Barber, mailed to me at Logan where I had gone. He stated that when they got around to considering Extension work the commissioners became hostile and about threw him out of their office, and that they were coming down to Logan to see within the next few days. It was known before M. Benson left in August that if he left and if I were

satisfactory to the Franklin County Commissioner, that I would be transferred to Franklin County and receive a \$2,800 salary. Benson had said he would stay for \$2,700.00, but the county wouldn't increase their budget by \$300.00 and they couldn't understand how, if I were transferred there the State would increase the allocation to Franklin County by \$300.00 which together with \$2,400.00 would give me the \$2,700.00, but there was not state money to increase Benson from \$2,400.00 to \$2,700.00. This situation and the fact that Dean Iddings and Mr. Reardon were quite insistent (so the Franklin Commissioners said) that I be appointed had made them mad. They thought that they were being dictated to. One other factor that aggravated the situation was the fact that included in the group of applicants was a local man whom they felt that they would like to employ. Ezra Benson was one of the exceptions. There was justifiable reason for employing Ezra which is another story and has nothing to do with this instance.

Two or three days after the Feb. 11th meeting, Mr. G. L. Wright and Mr. Luther Fife came to Logan to see me. Neither of them actually looked very friendly, but that didn't disturb me. I had a few sheep and cattle on the place and was when they arrived, working on a fence. After a rather formal greeting Mr. Wright said, "Well, Mr. Kearl, it doesn't look as if you will starve if you don't get that Franklin County job." I answered that I believed I would make it alright.

Then he said, "Mr. Kearl, we want you to know that we are not opposed to you being appointed County Agent for Franklin County. Since last August we have checked your work in Bear Lake

County, as well as the manner in which you got along with the people. You made a splendid record there and are well liked by the people, but we feel in this case that we are being pushed around by someone who is obliged to employ you and we object to that!" I said to him, "First, I want you to understand that I left the Extension Service of my own choice. I am not obligated to anyone. Neither is Mr. Iddings or Mr. Reardon obligated to me in any sense of the word. If they persist in keeping me name at the top of the list of applicants, it is because, I presume, they feel that I can give you full satisfaction as a county agent, but they are not obligated to me. Therefore, from now on in any further consideration you give to this matter, keep in mind that neither Iddings nor Reardon has any obligation to me and that the Extension Service will approve anyone of the first three names on a list that you designate. In so far as the \$300.00 additional salary is concerned, that they were going to bring into Franklin County, if I were transferred, it is part of a state appropriation all of which is not allocated to counties, but not equal amounts in each county. If I remained there the \$300.00 would remain there. It would not be available for transfer however if I did not move. An agent would place in that county on a starting salary of \$2,200.00 or \$2,300.00 and the money could then be transferred and become part of my salary of \$2,700.00. At that point Mr. Wright said "That's all we want to know. When can you start in our county?" I said, "When do you want me?" He answered, "As soon as possible," I said, "Would March 1st be satisfactory. He said that it would be.

I asked him about the \$300.00 they had taken out of their budget and he said that it was done in the absence of

full knowledge on their part, that the budget had been approved and that the law wouldn't let them change it but that it would be put back the following year. Since I had been told that the commissioners would not approve a county agent salary in excess of \$2,400.00 no matter where it came from, he said they would approve the highest salary I could get no matter where it came from. And so in ten minutes a matter that had dragged on for three months and caused considerable misunderstanding and bad feelings was cleared up.

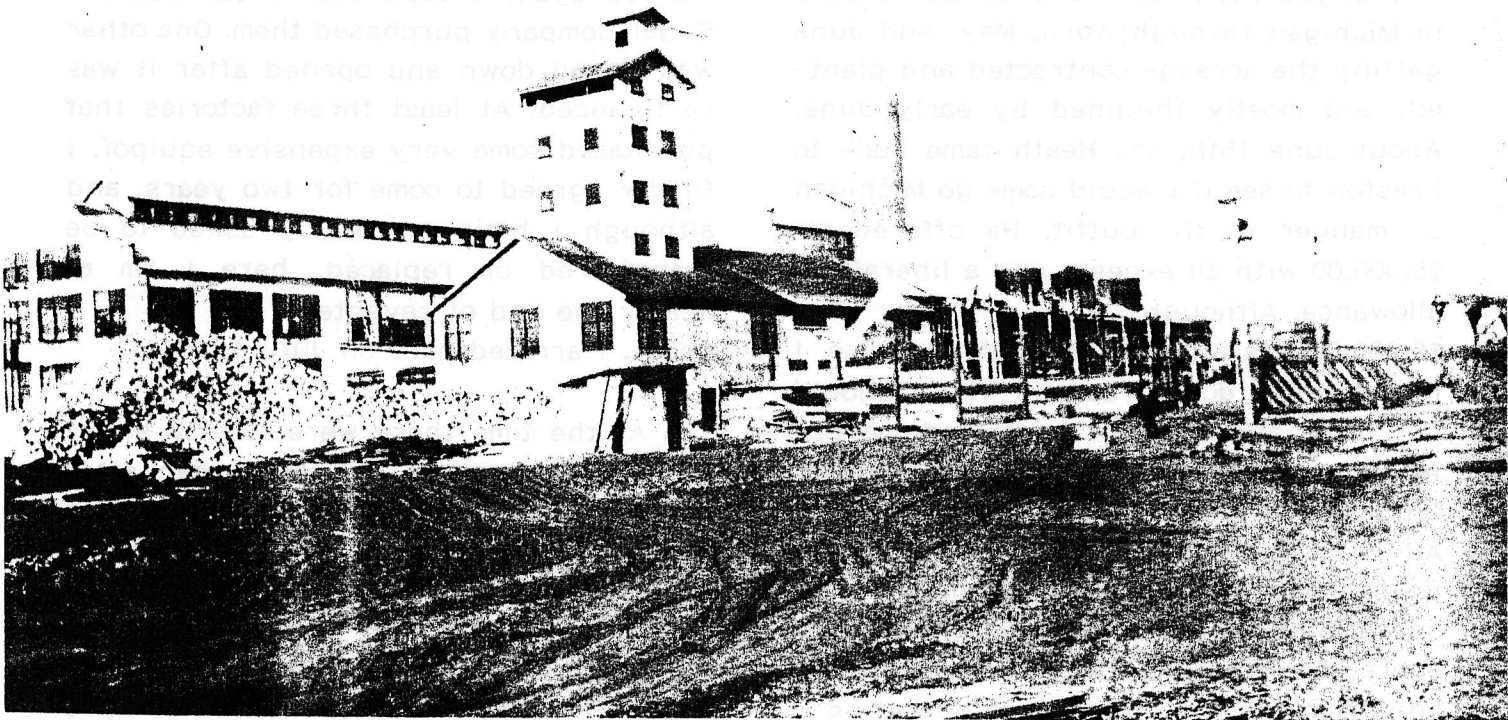
However this delay was of little consequence compared with the satisfaction on my part to have so fully demonstrated the loyalty of the two men, Dean Iddings and Mr. Reardon with whom I had worked for ten years. I had begun to question the loyalty and the expression on the part of both of these men on several occasions, that is that my work had been most satisfactory over a ten year period and that they both desired that I remain in the Service. The whole experience also points up the fact that one can be grossly in error in reaching a conclusion not matter what the evidence might be and that one should be slow to reach any conclusion in matters where personal integrity is involved. Perhaps we would do well in such cases to reach no conclusion.



412. Main street, Preston, about 1940. Looking north. An old Will Rogers movie is on at the Isis.

I reported for work on the morning of March 1, 1931. I continued on the job for eleven years. Those years were for the most part pleasant years. Not until the "New Deal Farm Program" came along did I begin to feel that under no circumstances could I adopt or recommend or cooperate fully and enthusiastically in the application of a program that was so obviously the product of third-rate politicians. To adopt and recommend practices that were completely in reverse of those that had been established as practical and correct by able and careful research authorities, as for instance Dr. John A. Widstoe and which had been proved correct by good farmers over a period of twenty five years was something that I could not subscribe to. The entire Extension Service felt exactly as I did personal integrity is involved. Perhaps we would do well in such and so after a few years when it appeared that the Farm Program aspect of the New Deal National Program was not going to improve, I submitted my resignation.

Effective on January 31st, 1942. I had accepted a position with the Franklin County Sugar Company and reported for work on the morning of February 1st, 1942.



785. Franklin County Sugar Company, 1922-1962.

Smoke from the Big Stack is said to be the first in the fall of 1922, opening campaign.

After many years of struggle, false starts, litigation and delays, the sugar mill first began slicing beets in October of 1922. Previously, beets were sent to Lewiston. Before that, to Ogden. The first beet contract to a Preston grower was issued March 24, 1898. It was between the Ogden Sugar Co. and Austin Hollingsworth, Earl's father. He contracted to raise two acres of beets at \$3.50 per ton. Signing for the sugar company was Job Pingree.

Mr. Hollingsworth, according to the contract, must pay the cost of shipping the beets from Preston to Ogden. A part of the agreement read: "Before any beets are received, they must each have the tops closely and squarely cut off at the base of the lower or bottom leaf. Beets must not weigh over 3 $\frac{1}{2}$ pounds each nor contain less than 12 percent sugar and must have a purity coefficient of not less than 80 percent."

History of a Valley (1956) stated: "For many years the plant purchased 75,000 to 100,000 tons of beets yearly, but the

The Franklin County Sugar Factory

The criticisms I offered were not generally of Extension Work (You will say, why would you, you were in Extension Work). Sometimes the specialists began to act as if they were either the Director of Extension or his Assistant and we met that situation by ignoring what he said or just didn't do it. I think, for the most part, the colleges all over the country accepted and integrated the provisions of the Act rather quickly and modified it to fit the situations in a first class manner. It was the New Deal Farm Programs that provoked my criticisms

and mostly because they tried first to initiate a farm program that was a combination of poor theory and extremely bad practices, and to administer it with one or the other of two types of individuals; one, broken down types of political hacks who had never been successful in any of their undertakings -- even politics; second, young fellows only two years out of kindergarten and they had learned nothing in those two years.

I did not know when I accepted employment with the Franklin County Sugar

negotiating for this Michigan property or not. However, Mr. Thomas Heath came to Michigan in March of 1942 and the Caritons purchased the property in April of that year. Mr. Heath and Mr. Lewis were in Michigan through April, May, and June getting the acreage contracted and planted, and mostly thinned by early June. About June 15th, Mr. Heath came back to Preston to see if I would come go Michigan as manger of the outfit. He offered me \$5,000.00 with all expeses and a liberal car allowance. Although \$5,000.00 was a good salary at that time, I registered a dozen reasons why I should not come all of which he talked me out factories in this eastern area; Michigan, Ohio, one in Wisconsin and one in Indiana. All of which had operated some of the years from 1940 to 1942. Eighteen were operating when we came here. Fifteen were operating in 1950 and when we discontinued operations only nine were operating

and it is quite likely that at least three others will have been closed down withing the next five years. Two of the nine were down two years and would never have started again except that Great Western Sugar Company purchased them. One other was closed down and opened after it was re-financed. At least three factories that purchased some very expensive equipof. I finally agreed to come for two years, and although I have repeatedly asked to be transferred or replaced, here I am at nearly the end of seventeen years. I arrived here on July 6, 1942.

At the time there were twenty sugar ment from Franklin County Sugar after 1950 have been closed permanently and one factory in the extreme north and one in the exteme south would have been closed except for the fact that when we quit they picked up in each case about 1200 acres of excellent beet land which would not have been available.

Sugar Factories operating when we came here:

	<u>Operating when we quit</u>	<u>Operating today</u>
Alma Mich.	Alma	Alma
Bay City Mich.	Bay City	Bay City
Croswell Mich.	Croswell	Croswell
Lansing		
Saginaw	Saginaw	Saginaw
Sebewing	Sebewing	Sebewing
St. Louis		
Mt. Pleasant		
Caro	Caro	Caro
Owassa		
Blissfield		
Superior		
Mt. Clemens		
Indiana		
Holland		
Paulding, OH		
Findlay, OH	Findlay	Findlay
Buckeye, OH	Buckeye	Buckeye
Green Bay, WI	Green Bay	Green Bay

After having written 50 pages of this paper and before I go on to a more maturing period of my life in both years and experience, I must record something about

one of the most thrilling exper- iences I had ever had up to that time. Again I found myself moving camp for John Nebeker, Fred Nutt, a decent sort of fellow

in many ways, but truly a 'nutt' in many ways also. We were grazing the flock of sheep over an area at the head of Logan Canyon. Ordinarily we would locate our camp near a good spring and take our "bedroll" on the back of a horse out where the sheep would likely "bed down" for the night. There we would find a large pine tree, trim off some of the smaller branches, put them on the ground with the "bow" up and if we took time to trim a dozen or so we had created a pretty good kind of "spring" upon which to make our bed. On one occasion, I had proceeded to "kill" some time. Fred had said he would check on the herd and that probably we would sleep in camp if it appeared that the herd would get as far as the camp. He said he would check on the situation but of course in any event we would eat supper at camp. As time progressed I built a fire and proceeded to prepare supper. Everything was moving along satisfactorily. I was setting in the tent when I heard a noise which sounded like a dry limb breaking. I thought it was Fred and after having waited long enough for him to arrive I walked to the front of the tent and looked over the side and there probably a hundred yards away was a black bear in the process of eating "ants" (Bears love honey, berries and ants). The bear had made the noise when he rolled an old piece of rotten tree over (rotten trees harbor nests of ants).

I went back in the tent and got a 30-30 rifle and came back to my position near the front of the tent, however while I was getting the rifle loaded and otherwise making ready for my first "bear kill" all of which had to be done very quietly, I came to the front of the tent and the bear had moved down to within a few yards of the tent, he seemed not to have seen the camp or an open fire upon which I was cooking supper, but rather he stood broadsides to

me and was looking at our horses which were grazing in a small opening nearby. I was at that time probably fourteen years old. I had grown up with the notion that the heart was so fatal that to touch it even with a pin point resulted in sudden death. We have learned since that some of the vital parts of the heart may be replaced and the heart itself may be handled much the same as if it were putty. In this instance, I had a choice. Now I realize that I should have shot him in the brain by aiming at the spot just behind the ear. I chose however to shoot him in the 'heart' and aimed therefore at a spot just behind the front leg. A post mortem showed that he had been hit squarely in the heart and yet he ran at least seventy-five yards before he fell dead. From where I stood to where he stood when I shot him was exactly thirteen 'boys steps', probably twenty five feet. If he had turned on me rather than to run in the opposite direction I can't really imagine what might have happened.

Accidents

I have had many accidents. Some that should have proved fatal. On July 24, in 1903, I was racing a horse. He stepped in a hole and fell. I came up with a dislocated shoulder. Father could probably have "set it", but he was not there. A Sister Wahlstrom tried to set it back into place by nearly twisting it off and it was killing me. Her efforts were unsuccessful. At the end of two days it had swelled up until it was as large as my head and no one can understand how painful it was unless they have experienced that kind of injury. The nearest doctor was at Montpelier, forty-five miles away. At the end of the two days I was loaded into a "Ludlow", that's a 'halfbreed' between a buggy and a wagon and drawn of course by a team of horses. It took a good team to cover that distance

seventy-five miles north of here, near Saginaw, and killed all of the people on board, forty-seven of them, a terrible accident indeed. In August, 1936, in Preston, Idaho and the day following the staging of a most successful night rodeo, the committee, of which I was a member, decided to charter an airplane and fly up to Yellowstone where we would have dinner and return during the afternoon. It was said that a plane could be landed on some sort of airfield near Meridian. We never reached that point. As we flew northward, along and above the Teton Range, several of us from time to time rode in the cockpit. The Teton Range is about 13,000 feet elevation and we were flying at about 14,000 feet. The picture below us was truly one of grandeur. There is, of course, no vegetation at that altitude; for the most part the terrain was composed of solid rock with many cup shaped depressions each holding a tiny emerald lake of exquisite beauty. These with splashes of perpetual snow made the whole area a thing of beauty. Not until the airplane came into existence had man ever seen any of these places of singular beauty. As we reached the pass through the tetons, the pilot steered the plane to the right and almost seemed that we passed a great Teton on either side. The plains dropped almost straight down for about 700 to 1000 feet according to the estimate of the pilot. Jennies Lake was below us. The pilot immediately discovered that one motor was dead. (It was the right hand motor and one of three) and the rudder had locked. There were not many feet between us and whatever was below. Sometimes it was trees, or Jennies Lake, or bare side hill, or just places of solid rock as the pilot measured the plain to make the best possible landing, and that before we struck some of these objects. We could never have made another circle. The pilot therefore took a forced landing on a bare

plateau which was nearly level but covered with rock and sagebrush. The plane was tilted to about a 30 degree angle and moving forward at about 90 miles an hour. The right hand wheel of the landing gear was the first part of the plane to strike the ground and be torn off. That permitted the right wing of the plane to tilt sufficiently to strike the ground and it was torn off and badly splintered. Then, of the three motors, the one to the extreme right had doubled up like a pancake, come around and smashed a hole in the side of the plane. Almost every seat was torn loose from the floor of the plane. Several fellows were piled up on the floor. We got the door open, helped them to their feet and every man got out on his own power. The most severe damage to anyone was some skinned shins. Not a man was knocked out.

To reach Burley by train one would leave the main line of the Union Pacific going to Portland at American Falls. Mother had a sister, Leanora Severe, whom she hadn't seen for years living at Burley. I had a notice (I was then a County Agent in Bear Lake County) to attend a meeting at Gooding, Idaho, which was situated on the main line of the U.P. and only about fifteen miles north and west of Burley. It seemed to me that this provided a good opportunity to take mother to Burley where she might visit her sister. Surely I would have no difficulty in catching a ride from Burley across country to Gooding. It was in November and the cold November winds were sweeping across the open spaces in Idaho as is usually the case. Mother's nephew was working in a garage. I went there and he was working on a fellows car who would be leaving at about 4 o'clock. I thought the fellow with who I was to travel was slightly drunk, but that gave me no particular concern. We didn't leave, however, until about 7:00 P.M. In the meantime, I

suppose the fellow had a few more beers, if that was what he was drinking. It was of course dark by that time, but off we went in a Model T Ford full of all the holes that any other Ford had. Before long there loomed up ahead of us a fellow driving a horse hitched to a cart and before anything was done to slacken our speed we had hit and demolished the cart, broke the horses leg and tipped the Ford over. I came out with a badly sprained ankle and no one else was hurt. We had to shoot the poor horse and since the man who was driving him accepted \$15.00 for damage to both cart and horse, we probably should have shot him also. I wanted to say something, but since I did not want to appear in court in Burley later as a witness, I kept still.

In the fall of 1943, Mr. Nichols, Field Superintendent, and "shorty" our electrician were at Capac where we had installed a new beet loading device for the purpose of adjusting and otherwise getting the dump working in good order. We started on our return to Mt. Clemens. We were traveling south on North Avenue and came to a cross road. There was no signal for us to stop. There was nowhere a "stop" sign on the road running east and west. Mr. Nichols did not see a car coming from the east at about thirty miles per hour, and if the driver of the other car, a Model T, saw either the sign or us, he paid no attention to us and consequently hit us squarely "amid ribs". He had a Model T. We had one of the heavy Plymouths and that was our good fortune, for had he hit us going thirty miles per hour with a heavy car, I wouldn't be writing about the incident. The car we were in was hard enough to drive the entire body across the car until one could stand in front of it and see the chassis full length. The front seat in which I was sitting was knocked about one foot out through the front door opening. I was

knocked to the pavement and got up reeling like a drunk man. While down, however, I heard one fellow who witnessed the collision at close range say "the guy's dead." I did have two scalp lacerations that required fourteen stitches to bring together, bad neck, shoulder and leg injuries and perhaps lucky to be alive. Mr. Nichols got three cracked ribs and "Shorty", six or eight facial lacerations. It cost \$722.00 to repair the car and believe it or not cost were not as high in 1943 as they are in 1958.

In 1898 I was the victim of a very serious accident involving a vital organ. (He lost an eye). It is altogether possible that the same kind of injury today could be repaired without leaving any bad effect. Even in that day had I been taken to a physician in Salt Lake it might have been possible to have had the injury taken care of satisfactorily, but Salt Lake was a hundred fifty miles away. That was a long way by team over a very poor road, and as I remember it was early spring which would have affected the whole matter adversely. Nothing was done, but I blame no one. This injury, however, has always been the source of inconvenience. It has been at times embarrassing and it has definitely been a handicap. I still want to go on record as being grateful that it was no worse and I am particularly grateful that it didn't affect my choice in some important matters. As for instance, suppose at age twenty-five, without any high school or college training and after I had been told it would require seven years to get a college degree, I had permitted this injury to deter me from going to school.

Our friend, Bill Shakespeare says, "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely actors; Each has his entrance and his exit." I don't know where Bill

thought that would apply in his particular writing, but since a poet need not speak the truth or bridle his imagination, I suppose his use of the metaphor is all right. He also said that "the fool wore precious jewels on his head." I will not go along with Bill on that. If the fool wears precious jewels on his head, why don't we have some ? In order that you might not get entirely away from "that something in the "West" that no one has ever been able to explain, I call your attention to the following rhyme that I penned as I approached the "Rockies" on my way west by rail some years ago.

Oh rugged mountains tall and grand.
Silhouetted against the sky you stand.
Your snow capped summits gleaming white.
Spread gentle shadows through the night.
Upon a peaceful land.
Here people live and work and play.
And nature with a tuneful lay.
Brings solace at the close of day.