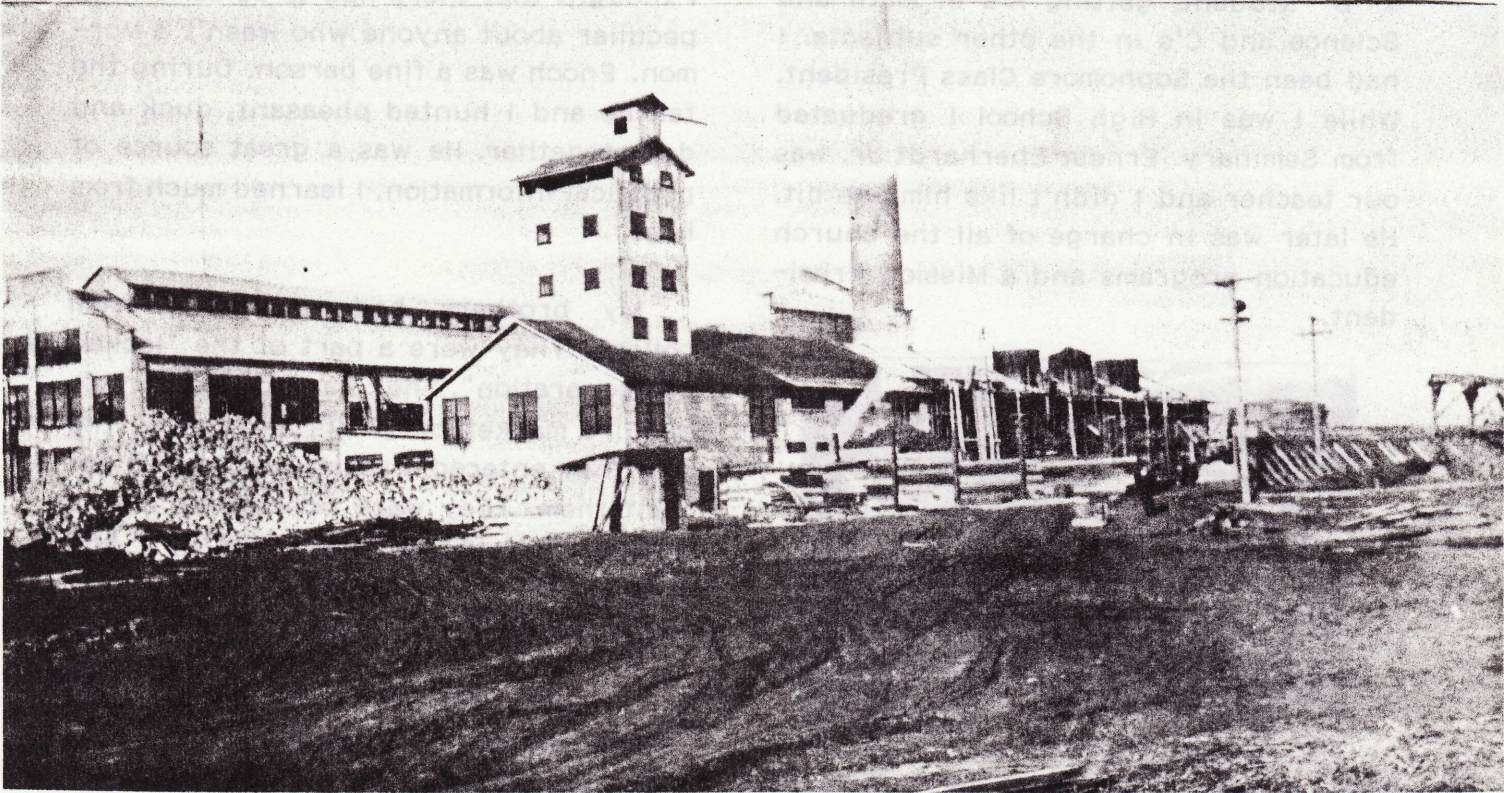


FAMILY HISTORY - CYRIL AND MARY KEARL

Chapter Six - Pre WWII Years.

In 1941 year my father quit the Agricultural Extension Service and went to work for the Franklin County Sugar Company in Preston.



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 co-efficient 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

Dad had become discouraged with the bureaucracy of Government service (Roosevelt's un constitutional NRA price fixing, bad economic theories, government quota arrangements, etc) and wanted to make a change in his employment. Individuals either hated or worshipped Roosevelt and my dad hated him. The Sugar Company had a field service oper-

ation which encouraged farmers to grow sugar beets, and supplied them with advice, seed, fertilizer, and contracted labor for them. The Sugar Company Field Men made out contracts and advised farmers on methods to improve their sugar beet crop. His boss, Tom Heath, was the State Senator and the local political boss. He was the nearest thing there was

to an industrialist and was greatly admired by the adult business community.

I graduated from Preston Sr. High School in the spring of 1941. I had been a "B" Student, getting A's in Math and Science and C's in the other subjects. I had been the Sophomore Class President. While I was in High School I graduated from Seminary. Ernest Eberhardt Jr. was our teacher and I didn't like him one bit. He later was in charge of all the church education programs and a Mission President.



My Sophomore Yearbook Picture.

With me were Miss Wakely, Verna Greaves, Sybil Peterson, and Loneta Hollingsworth.

In my senior year, I worked at the local Western Auto Stores as a salesman, janitor, handyman and it's sole employee. To get the job, I promised that I would work until January 1942, so I didn't go to college immediately upon graduation from High School. My job besides being a salesman, included all the janitorial service in the store, installing tires and batteries, taking inventory and restocking the store. Occasionally we'd sell an appliance and when we did, we'd load it in the managers car trunk, lash it down and deliver it to the customer after the store was closed. My pay for 6 days, 8 to 6, and until 9:00 P.M. on Saturdays was \$24.00/week. That was \$6.00 more than the average entry wage in other Preston

stores.

The manager was the first non-mormon that I had really known well. Preston was almost entirely Mormon and I thought that there had to be something peculiar about anyone who wasn't a Mormon. Enoch was a fine person. During the fall he and I hunted pheasant, duck and deer together. He was a great source of practical information. I learned much from him.

My brothers had graduated from college. They were a part of the "locked out generation". They had worked hard to acquire marketable skills and before the war they entered a society which did not want them. They were working as clerks in California in war industries. Bry had gone on to Graduate School and was at the Univ. of Wisconsin at Madison.

In December the Japanese attacked us at Pearl Harbor. I heard the news that Sunday Morning on our Radio in our home on Oneida Street in Preston. We started High School it seem that there was always a war. Sheltered by two oceans, America seemed impregnable. I turned 14 when Hitler and Stalin signed their non-aggression pact which cleared the European stage for World War II to start. We seldom paid attention to news of politics, dictators, and treaties. Our interest centered on baseball, comic strips, murders, and hangings. We knew about Benito Mussolini and Adolph Hitler. They were the bad guys, though we didn't know why. Franklin Roosevelt to most of the country was a good guy of legendary proportions. That Sunday night, listening to bulletins from Washington we thought that the Japanese attack was ridiculous. A tiny country like that whose products were synonymous with junk, a pipsqueak

country on the far side of the earth. It was grotesque that such a country should take on mighty America. Settling their hash would be as easy as squashing an ant. It would take about two weeks to finish them off.

That spring, between my first and second year at college, my father got me a job as a compliance checker for the Agricultural Adjustment Act program. It was one of the Roosevelt Administration programs to improve farm commodity prices by restricting the supply of the more abundant farm products. The farmer was paid to reduce number of acres that he planted of these crops. He was allotted acreage based on his farm size and on his previous plantings. He was paid money if he limited the number of acres he planted to the number allowed by the Department of Agriculture for a given crop. My job was to take the maps from the previous years, measure and map the changes that he had made to his previous crop lines and to verify the crop plantings that he had reported.

For many years Dad had gotten Russ and I jobs handing out the "Allotment Checks" to the farmers. This occurred a couple of times a year. The checks were 4 or 500 dollars. A sizeable amount in those days. The day they passed them out was a big day in the county. The farmers would pay their debts, buy their wives presents and bring chocolates to us workers. On those days we had our rare meal at a restaurant.

During that summer I ran around with a bunch of boys in Preston whose activities were on the shady side but exciting. Fortunately we never were caught at any of our illegal adventures or the consequences could have been

serious. One time in the middle of the night we went stealing watermelons. In the dark we wandered over most of the farmer's field and never did find the mellow patch. When we returned to our parked car, empty handed, there was the farmer, Bill Kerr, gun in hand, ready to take us to the sheriff. His disappointment was obvious when he found us guilty of nothing more than trespassing. (God must have been watching over us. Ha. Ha.)

My two older brothers, Spencer and Bryant, were caught stealing water melons one dark night. They were passing the melons down the line and found out that the last man in line was Bill Head, the sheriff. They were fined \$5.00 each. Dad made them suffer the shame of shining shoes on the main street of town each Saturday until they had the money to pay their fine.

On another dark night we drove to a remote farm up Mink Creek Canyon to steal some chickens. We had carefully rehearsed our plan several times. We left a driver waiting in the car while we entered the chicken coop. We managed to catch a half dozen sleepy chickens. It was a comedy after that. The chickens were noisy, and the car wouldn't start. Finally we pushed it and got it started and we made an escape with our chickens. We were so slow and noisy that I can't imagine why the farmer didn't wake up and catch us. Mother refused to fry them for us, but she didn't make us take them back, and we got some girls our age to cook them for us. It was fun, exciting, but foolish.

Mother understood boys and made a point of not seeing the things we did that might hurt her and those that were unimportant. Her wisdom included knowing

what to overlook. Del, Spence, and Bry all went to the Univ. of Idaho for their first year of college. One year they came home at Thanksgiving, very proud of a calendar with a nude girl on it. Spence hung it on the back of his bedroom door and I don't think Mom ever said anything to Spence. She just cut out a dress from scrap material, made suitable clothing and pasted it over the calendar girl to make her completely and respectably dressed.



Mother on the back porch.

As a family we were more affluent than most families in our community but we always had to be careful about how we spent our money. We children paid for most of our own personal expenses including much of our own clothing and entertainment from the time we were small but we could always ask our parents for help if we needed it. They were our safety net. I think we all (with the help of the GI Bill) paid for most of our college expenses.

Dad was a High Priest and served on several High Councils. He was a good speaker and writer but at times he overdid it a little. I remember one of his family lectures that ended in chaos when each of us children started crunching on a stalk of celery.



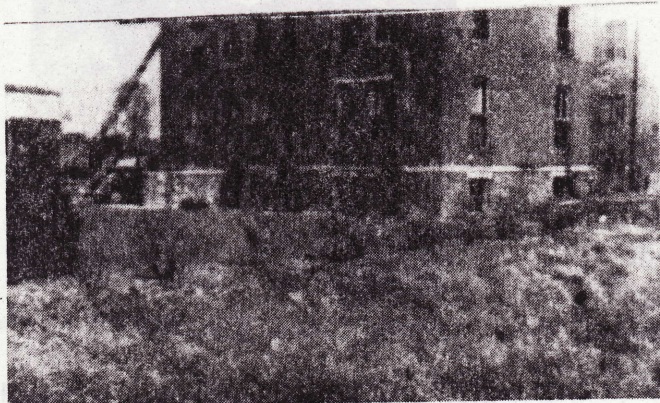
Mother and Dad.

Dad could be severe but also very tolerant and understanding. I remember once when my oldest brother, Delmar, came home and woke dad up to tell him that he had had a bad accident and had totaled the car. Dad asked if anyone had been hurt, and when he was assured that no one had, he simply told my brother to go to bed, that nothing could be done in the middle of the night. Usually his response to big problems was more calm and reasoned than to the small ones. When I was learning to drive I ran into a curb ruining a tire. He only made me drive more often to improve my driving skills. When his anger was roused he could be fierce. There was no sin worse than disrespect to my Mother. The old fashioned virtues of thrift, industry, honor, and integrity were very important to my Dad.

I was always proud to say that my Dad was Chase Kearl, since he was widely known and respected. Dad and Mother had the goal of seeing each of their children went on a mission and graduated from college. That didn't quite happen but I think they would be proud to see what their children, grandchildren and, great grandchildren have accomplished.

Dad did his best to help us develop our talents, to provide opportunities that exposed us to many different situations and environments that would help us grow. He supported us and provided us with opportunities for development and growth. We all took music lessons.

None of us were great musicians but we learned to enjoy music. We traveled as a family when it wasn't common to travel. In 1933 we went to the West coast and traveled down it from Washington State to San Diego. In 1938 I went to the Boy Scout Jamboree in Washington, D.C. In 1940 we went to Detroit, picked up a new car, went to the New York Worlds Fair, drove down the east coast and then home. We stayed in old fashioned tourist camps, carrying our bedding with us. Wherever we went, he made sure that we went through any museums that were on the route.



The offices of the Franklin County Sugar Company in Mt. Clemens, Mich.

During the summer of 1942 my father was asked to move to Michigan and manage an old sugar factory that the Franklin County Sugar Co. had purchased. He thought that this would be a great opportunity. We were all excited about this new adventure. He would be the manager getting a substantial raise. His salary would be \$500.00/month. He spent the next 17 years minimizing the losses gen-

erated by this foolish business venture. - Sugar made from beets was not competitive with that made from cane. It was labor intensive and could not compete with other industries in the high wage Detroit Area.

An Article in the Salt Lake Tribune about my Fathers move to Michigan.

Chase Kearl Is Leaving For Michigan

PRESTON, Ida.—Chase Kearl, widely-known civic and agricultural leader throughout Northern Utah and Southern Idaho, will leave Preston next Tuesday with his family for Mount Clemens, Mich., where they will make their permanent home.

Mr. Kearl, Franklin County extension agent until recently accepted a position as agricultural advisor for the Franklin County Sugar Company, will serve as manager of the Mount Clemens Sugar Company.

The Michigan city plant, purchased in late February by the Franklin County Sugar Company, has a similar capacity and serves an area similar to the local mill. It has operated continuously since it was built in 1902.



Mr. Kearl

According to Manager Thomas Heath of the Franklin County Plant, several others from the Preston area, including Harold Hawkes and L. Perry Nielsen, have received permanent assignments at the other factory. Mr. Hawkes, formerly a bookkeeper, was promoted in his transfer to the position of cashier. James Gillispie, of Rupert, Ida., has been named plant superintendent.

Mr. Heath and J. T. Lewis, assistant manager at the local company, have spent much time at the Michigan plant this spring preparing for the coming season, setting up an organization and making various adjustments. Mr. Heath plans to remain there most of the present season. Mr. Lewis will remain here as acting manager.

Mr. Kearl, Franklin County agent from 1931 until this year, has figured in numerous civic enterprises, and served one term as president of the Preston Chamber of Commerce.

Our family was never quite the same again after we moved to Michigan. Mother was not much of a housekeeper. To her there were more important things in life than a neat house. She was always busy learning or doing something new and housekeeping was of secondary importance. She was devoted to and proud of her children. She read to us often when we were children, and there were always lots of books around. She taught us at home. It was normal to get a book for Christmas. In her way she was adventurous. During World War II, there was an acute shortage of teachers so she taught in a country school in Pontiac, Michigan to help relieve the shortage. She went back to school taking courses at Michigan State Univ. until she was almost 60 years old. Her pupils thought of her as a

Grandmother and loved her dearly. She learned to drive on the busy streets of Detroit when she was 55 because she had to have transportation to her school. Her children and the church were the great tie between my mother and father. They both gave liberally of themselves and their means to both family and church.

Delmar went to England on a mission. The war prevented the rest of us from going on missions. I don't think any of us were too religious and probably wouldn't have gone on missions anyway but we all were successful in obtaining an education, in having responsible positions in the companies we worked for, and were active in community affairs.



Delmar about the time he died.

Del entered the service in WW II and was an officer in an Anti-Aircraft Bn. When he was overseas he spent most of his time defending the port of Brussels. After the war he earned a Phd at Cornell. His life is pretty well summarized in the following entry of "Who's Who in America" He married Marjorie Lail. After his death Marj managed to get all of his children through Cornell and earned a Bachelors degree herself when she was 55 years old.

KEARL, CHASE DELMAR, educator, assn. exc.: b. Provo, Utah, July 26, 1917; s. Chase and Hazel (Loveless) K.; student U. Ida., 1935-37; B.S., Utah State U., 1941; M.S., Cornell U., 1947, Ph.D., 1949; m. Marjorie Lee Lail, Feb. 1, 1943; children—Sandra, Steven, Gail, Kenneth, Rodney, Debra Ann, Shari Lynn. Missionary, Latter-day Saints Ch., Eng., 1937-39; with Adel Precision Products, 1941-42; from asst. to prof. Cornell U., 1949-73; vis. asso. prof. U. Philippines, 1954-56; farm planning adv. Dept. Agr., Uganda, 1960. Served to 1st Lt. AUS, 1942-46. Mem. Am. Farm Econ. Assn. (sec.-treas.), Internat. Conf. Agrl. Economists, Alpha Zeta, Phi Kappa Phi, Pi Gamma Mu, Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Mem. Ch. of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. Author articles agrl. econs. Home: Freville, N.Y. Died June 27, 1973.

The description of Delmar's accomplishments found in "Who's Who in America."

Del taught at Cornell all of his life. He and Marje bought a farm outside of Ithaca and he died of a heart attack one night while he was out looking after some Welch Ponies they were raising on the farm.



Spencer

Spencer went to the Univ. of Idaho for two years and studied Civil Eng., He then got a BA from USAC in Ag. Econ. He was a Major, the supply officer in an Air Force Fighter Group and was in Africa

and Italy. After the war he got an MS from Tulsa U., in Petroleum Eng and worked for Std Oil of Cal. as an evaluation Eng. all of his professional life. He was very astute in making investments and became quite wealthy. He never married but had a live-in girl friend, Rose Mary Bridges. He died of a heart problem in 1981.



Bryant and his wife Ruth Warr, after he returned from Okinawa in WW II.

KEARL, BRYANT EASTHAM, university administrator; b. Paris, Idaho, Sept. 21, 1921; s. Chase and Hazel Loveless K.; m. Ruth Warr, Sept. 5, 1941; children: Susan DeJongh-Kearl, Richard B., Kathryn Dammon, Robert. Student, U. Idaho, 1936-37; B.S., Utah State U., 1941; M.S., U. Wis., 1942; Ph.D., U. Minn., 1951. From instr. to prof. agrl. journalism U. Wis., 1942-52, prof., 1952—, assoc. dean Grad. Sch., 1963-67, vice chancellor, 1967-70, acting chancellor, 1968, vice chancellor acad. affairs, 1978-83, dean of univ. outreach, 1984—; lectr. U. Minn., 1947-48; vis. prof. Friedrich Wilhelms U., Bonn., 1961-62; sr. planning officer U. East Africa, 1964-65; exec. dir. Asia office Agrl. Devel. Council, 1970-74; cons. FAO World Conf. on Agrarian Reform and Rural Devel., 1979; mem. study team for CGIAR Rev. of Internat. Agrl. Research Centers, 1980-81; Rockefeller Found. program rev. com., 1982; Fulbright prof., 1961. Mem. Midwest Univ. Consortium Bd., 1965-70, 74—. Served with USN, 1944-46. Decorated Bronze Star; resident scholar, Rockefeller Found. Study Ctr., Bellagio, 1984; Bundesverdienstkreuz, 1985. Mem. Assn. Edn. Journalism, Am. Agrl. Coll. Editors (past pres.), AAUP, AAAS, Alpha Zeta, Epsilon Sigma Phi, Mormon. Home: 2807 Ridge Rd Madison WI 53705 Office: University of Wisconsin 352 Bascom Hall Madison WI 53706

A description of Bry's accomplishments is found in "Who's Who in America."

A recent picture of Bry.



all kinds.



Russ when he was in High School.

Because of his very bad varicose veins he was rejected by the draft board in WW II. He married Kathryn Warr and they operated the farm for Dad during the war. The family who had been on the farm purchased their own farm and it was impossible to get anyone during the war. While he operated the farm he attended and graduated from Utah State in Industrial Arts. He shop in High School at Buehl, Idaho for a couple of years. He was a contractor for a couple of years and then spent most of the rest of his life as a Manager of the Anderson Lumber Co. in Logan, Utah. He has been very active in civic affairs in Logan and is on several Board of Directors for Companies Utah. His son, Jimmy has been a Vice President at BYU.

Phyllis went to school one year at the Univ of Mich., and then finished at the BYU in Home Ec. She was a Home Demonstration Agent in Albany, N.Y. Home Demonstration Agents help farmer's wives with home economic types of problems. She met and married Bruce Belnap while she was in Albany. Bruce was an engineer for GE in Schenectady at the time. Their lives have been full of church service of



Phyllis when she was in High School in Mt. Clemens.

Bruce has served in almost every church job that there is. He has been a Regional Rep., He and Phyllis were the Directors of the Visitors Center at the Washington, D.C. Temple and Bruce is currently a Councilor to Keith Brimhall, a Mission President in Florida.