

FAMILY HISTORY - CYRIL AND MARY KEARL
Chapter Seven - Mt. Clemens and Utah State.

Russell Spencer Delmar Bryant
Phyllis Mother Dad Me (Cyril)



A family picture taken in the late '40s while we were in Preston.

Mother and Dad moved to Mt. Clemens, Michigan in July of 1942 and I went along. I was excited about moving to a strange new city in a strange part of the country.

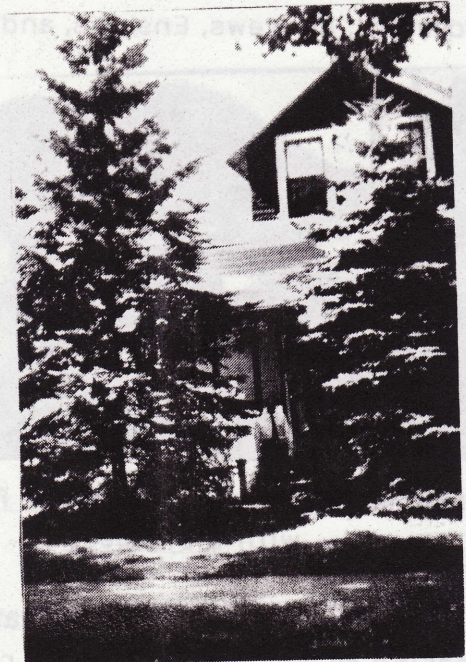


The home on the shores of Lake St. Clair where we lived that first summer in that we were in Michigan.

The first house we lived in was a huge home east of Mt. Clemens on the shore of Lake St. Clair. We lived there most of the summer and it was exciting to

live on a real big lake and to be able to swim at a dock in our own back yard.

Towards fall we moved into town in a conventional home on High Street in a middle class neighborhood. Mother and Dad later bought a house on Miller Street where they lived most of the time that they were in Michigan. Mt. Clemens was about 20 miles north of Detroit. Many years ago it had been a resort town with a health spa. There were many foul smelling sulphur springs in the town that were made into health baths at the hotels in the town. It was a middle class Jewish summer resort similar to Saratoga Springs in New York and French Lick in Indiana. There were many large old fashioned hotels with wide verandas where Jewish Families sat in the evenings and visited with each other.



The house on Miller street that my parents purchased and where they lived for most of the 17 years that they were in Michigan.

There was no LDS church in Mt. Clemens so we drove into Detroit each Sunday to attend our church meetings at a branch that met in the home of the Ensign family who lived on the Northeast side of Detroit at about 8 mile road.

(These Ensigns had been neighbors of Mary's in Salt Lake and later we were to meet Dick Ensign, one of their sons, who was about my age, in Chicago at Naperville where he had moved to.) The branch was so small that we could all meet in the living room of their home. We'd go down early enough for priesthood meeting and Mom and Phyllis would wait in the car while we went to Priesthood Meeting and then we'd all go to Sunday School. Often after church we'd go into Detroit and watch the Tigers play baseball. In later years we went to a chapel on the west side of Detroit. I was impressed by the number of Mormons who had also migrated to Detroit to take good jobs in the industries around the city (Romneys, Andrews, Ensigns, and others.)



Mother and Dad at the Sugar Factory with a big beet.

Russ and I spent most of that summer working as a carpenter making repairs at the plant. I replaced broken glass in several hundred windows and painted window frames. One of the worst jobs I've ever worked at was cleaning out Lime

Tanks. The work was confining, hot, and dusty. I breathed lime dust all day long. I decided then that I was going back to school and get a better job than that one. At the end of the summer we went with the plant millwright (carpenter) to Monroe, Michigan to repaired and build sugar beet dump. These were wooden structures used to unload beets from the farmers trucks and then reload them into railroad cars for shipment to the plant for processing into sugar. One evening we drove to Toledo and saw a Burlesque Show. Burlesque was a stage shows that featured comic, usually bawdy skits and striptease acts.) Old Pete Moser (the Millwright), and Earl ? were more excited about it than Russ and I. It wasn't a very good show. It was kind of raunchy. I think I was seeing Burlesque in it's dying days.



Mother, Dad, and Spencer on the porch of the house on Miller Street.

The war years were real difficult ones for Mother and Dad. At the end of the war Delmar was in Belgium as a 2nd Lt. with an Anti Aircraft Bn. defending the supply ports at Brussels, Spence was a

Maintenance and Supply Officer with a P-36 Fighter Group in Africa and Italy. Bry was a Naval Officer on a Destroyer in the Pacific supporting troop landings and I was in an Armored Division in Germany. I think Russ had the hardest job of all-trying to keep the farm going. He had very bad varicose veins and his draft board had classified him 4-F. (The classification used for those with physical defects that prevented military service.)



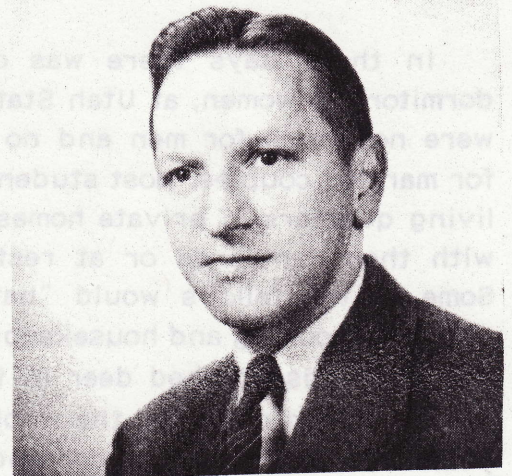
Mother and Phyllis on the porch of the house on Miller street reading a letter from one of us boys.

I think the war years were hardest on Mom, moving to a new area far removed from friends, at the age of 50, with four of her children in far away places. It was, I'm sure, about all they, Mom and Dad, could take. If it hadn't been for Phyllis I don't think they'd have made it. She was a special person for them. She had lots of talent, ambition, personality, and drive. She kept Mom and Dad too busy to worry much about us other children and the problems in the world. An Air Force base, Selfridge Field was located in Mt. Clemens and they took care of many church families that were stationed there. They were kind of surrogate parents to many young couples taking them into their home and helping them with any personal problems they had.



Mom, Dad , and Phyllis on our front porch.

It was also difficult for Dad, trying to restore and profitably run an old obsolete factory near a major production center (Detroit) for war goods in a labor intensive industry. There were always labor and material problems and something in the factory was always breaking down. Sugar made from beets competed with sugar made from cane which was much cheaper to produce. He worked long and hard without much to show for his labors. Now, knowing a little about feasibility studies, I wonder how anyone could have been as foolish as the "Golden Cycle Corp." was to have bought that factory.



Me about the time I started at Utah State.

In January, 1942, I started college at Utah State Agricultural College. I majored

in Civil Engineering. I took the usual undergraduate courses: Algebra, Drafting, Physics, Chemistry, etc. How I hated what appeared to me to be the smug superiority of the engineering students from the big cities of Logan and Ogden. They had had a little drafting and I felt inferior.

I started living at the Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity house. (Nothing more than a cheap boarding house). All of my brothers had belonged and lived there.



A friend, Calder Pickett, from Preston and I in the SAE living room.

In those days there was only one dormitory, a women, at Utah State. There were no Dorms for men and no housing for married couples. Most students found living quarters in private homes and ate with their landlords or at restaurants. Some of the fellows would "batch" (do their own cooking and housekeeping). One of my friends poached deer in the summer and lived on it for the whole school year. Since Delmar, Spencer and Bryant had all attended Utah State at the same time and only a few years before me nearly every one at the college knew at least one of them. Bryant had been editor

of the University Newspaper and Delmar had worked in the University Publicity Office. The total cost of board and room at the SAE house was \$18.00/month. There weren't many places where you could live less expensively than that. Four of us, Calder Pickett, Stan Anderson, Ray Wilson and I roomed together. The rooms were small and crowded. We had double deck bunk beds. Ray and I slept on the top bunk. We have kept in touch and been close friends ever since that time.



Me, football manager Kearn, with my equipment cart.

I had returned to Utah State in the fall of 1942. I had been appointed Football Manager and a great amount, too much, of my free time was used for this during the fall quarter. I'm not sure why I applied for that job. I like football but I've never been too impressed with the "Jocks" who play it. It was my job to take care of the equipment and to pick up the uniforms after a bunch of rough, uncouth, careless football players. My biggest problem was trying to prevent thefts of equipment by the players. The reward for this job was traveling by train with the team to their out of town

games at Colorado Springs, BYU, and even to such far away places as Wichita, Kansas. On the way back from the games someone would buy up some cheap liquor and there would be parties in the sleeping cars occupied by the team. "Smiling Dick" (E. L. Romney) was the coach. He had his own party in his bedroom on our way home from the games. Utah State didn't have much of a team in those days and we lost most of our games. Most of the players on teams at schools in Utah were from Utah. I never saw a negro player. The U of U got most of the good ones and won most of the games with schools in Utah. BYU was usually a poor 3rd place to the U of U and Utah State.

That fall I met your mother, Mary Walker, and I was smitten. Mary belonged to the Alpha Chi Omega Sorority and the girls from that group dated a lot of the fellows from the SAE Fraternity. I met her at one of the informal house parties that were often held. After a game or on week ends, dates would come to the house, drink cokes and dance to the record player.

I had several dates with Mary, doubling with Calder Pickett, Ray Wilson, or Stan Anderson and their girl friends. On one of our first dates Mary and I went to a movie in the old Capitol Theatre down on main street in Logan where at the intermission a cash lottery award was made. Our ticket won the prize that night, \$10.00 which was a lot of money in those days. We decided to hold it in a fund for future dates. As the fund started being used up we started economizing on the cost of the things that we did together. We could spend a whole evening together on less than 25 cents. We started meeting in the mornings, when we

both had free classes to have coffee together at the college dinner, The Bluebird.



Mary, when I first met her.

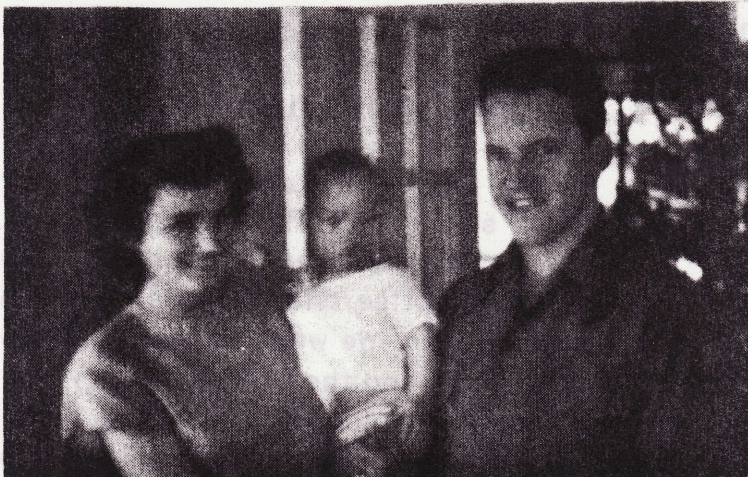
Mary would buy sweet rolls on her way to school and I'd buy the coffee. After we were married I found that she didn't like coffee and she hasn't had a cup since then. We went to Dances at the LDS Institute and the Dansant. Every now and then we would get "extra thick" milk shakes at Winget's. At a movie we went to the played "Always" and we decided to have that as "our song."



Mary and I studying together.

Our daily meetings expanded into walks along the banks of the Logan Canal which was just over the brow of the hill south of the Utah State campus. We started studying together in the college library, and found many other inexpensive ways of being together.

That Christmas I stayed in Logan. My brother, Russell, didn't want to spend his Senior Year in Mt. Clemens in a strange city and at a strange High School. He was going steady with Kathryn Warr, who had been our neighbor when we were in Preston and who was a freshman at Utah State. Russell was boarding in Preston during that last year and both of us were happy to stay in Utah for that particular Christmas Holiday.



Russ, Katie, and Jimmie on one of their visits to Michigan.

During the Christmas holidays Calder Pickett and I went to Salt Lake and I met Mary's mother for the first time. Mary's father was a Lt. Cmdr. in the Navy and was stationed in New Caledonia as Personal Officer at the advanced Naval Base for the Southwest Pacific Fleet commanded by Admiral Ghormley.

I was very apprehensive about meeting her mother, making a good impression

and being accepted by her. Calder and I stayed at Mary's house, sleeping in their basement the first night. Mary didn't know we were staying in Salt Lake City for two nights. Calder knew the manager of the Capitol Theatre and the next night we saw him and slept behind the stage on musty old sofas. In those days it was just a shabby old movie theatre and not the elegant home of the Ballet West that it is now.



Mary's Dad - F. Edward Walker.

By February we were going together very steadily and as we walked home from a dance on the steps of the Logan Jr. High I gave Mary my fraternity pin. This was followed by the traditional serenading and giving Bluebird Chocolates to the girls at her sorority house and passing out cigars to the fellows at my fraternity. A big expense for a poor boy.