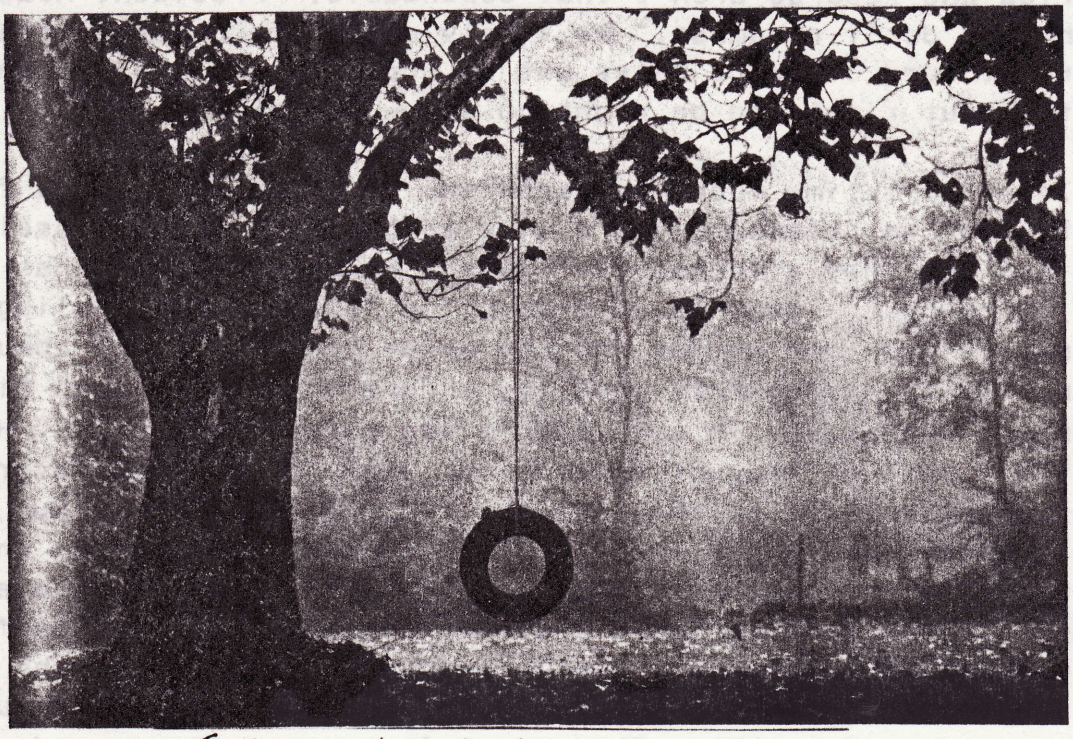
FAMILY HISTORY - CYRIL AND MARY KEARL

Introduction



Try to remember when life was so tender
That no one wept except the willow.
Try to remember when life was so tender
That dreams were Kept beside the pillow.

In this history of our family Mary and I will try to tell you about our lives and the events that we recall. Children rarely want to know who their parents were before they were parents, and when age finally stirs their curiosity there is no parent left to tell them. Being young you may be indifferent to the past. This history will probably stun some of you with some of the exemplary tales of how much harder life was in the old days. We want to picture for you the times that we lived in. This is our collection of memories of the events that happened long ago. We hope to be able to tell you about our ancestors, our childhood, our courtship and marriage and about our family life. It may be a lecture of the harshness of life in our days.

"In our day all we got for dinner was macaroni and cheese, and we were glad to get it."

"In our day we didn't have any television."

"In our day ..."

It will also be about that uncomplicated golden time mourned as lost childhood and remembered with nostalgia as cloudless days and starry skies. We won't be able to do this chronological since our memories and records aren't that dependable. President Reagan said, "I think I don't remember." We likely aren't much better than he was. We aren't sure of exact dates but we hope to have the sequence of events about right and be right on a few of the dates.

In our lifetime much has happened. We'd like to tell a few of the events that we remember. We'd like to give you our impression of them and how they affected our lives. No other century has been so full of changes. When we were born, in 1922-23, the Coolidge-Harding prosperity was just ending and the Great Depression was about to begin. We'll take a free-wheeling excursion back through time to recapture happiness. To tell how it was before jet places, H-Bombs, and the global village of television. Back to when our favorite afternoon was lying in front of the radio and rereading our favorite "Big Little Book", Dick Tracy meets Stooge Villar. Anyone who had a car was rich. We remember Model T Fords with their rising glass windows in the side curtains that had to buttoned onto the frame in bad weather. Two cars in a family was unheard of. About the only use for electricity was lighting and much of the country still used Kerosene Lamps for that. There weren't many appliance and no electronic devices. We were too young to know much about the Depression but we participated in WWII and saw the great technological changes, the political changes that remade the world. We saw the turbulence and unrest in our nation during the 1960's. We want to tell you about how these events and changes affected our lives. This is a recollection of what we were.

Most of my fathers ancestors came from the Hampshire (Southampton) area of England.

JAMES KEARL was born on October 10, 1832 at Brockenhurst, Hampshire, England, the son of John Kearl and Elizabeth (Betsy) Gates. He was raised in the New Forest District of Hampshire and worked in agriculture and livestock. He married Ann Burton on September 18, 1853 and in 1854 they sailed to America on the ship "Windmere." When they reached Salt Lake City they were sent to Grantsville to settle. In 1851 he went to Laramie, Wyoming, to help an emigrant train get to Utah. He married a second wife, Fanny Martin, on April 24, 1862. They had seven children. She died in Logan on May 16, 1923.

James took a third wife, Merlin Eastham, on July 12, 1869, in the Endowment House. They helped settle Bear Lake Valley in the northern part of the state.

For years James was the only doctor in the south end of the valley, and prescribed simple remedies for the sick. He helped many people with flour, meat, and money. He had the mail route between Evanston, Wyoming and Soda Springs, Idaho. He owned sheep, cattle, and fine horsed. He and his sons built canals and reservoirs. He was one of the investors in the Grantsville Woolen Factory and lost money when the venture failed. He died on October 4, 1904, in Lake Town and is buried there. -Grace Kearl Lamborn.

My Grandfather, James Kearl, joined the church in the 1850's and originally went to Grantsville where many friends and neighbors had gone before him.

In 1869 Brigham Young called my grandfather, James Kearl, on a colonizing mission to move to Bear Lake as a part of that settlement. You didn't turn Brother Brigham down when he called you on a mission.

My Grandfather-James Kearl.

In August of that year, just before moving to Bear Lake he married a third wife, my grandmother, Merlin Eastham. She was a girl of 16, and was 20 years younger than he. He took his cattle and his new wife and moved them to Round Valley. I have been told that twice before he had been called to a colonizing mission but had bought off by outfitting someone else to go in his place.

The LDS Church leaders believed that the church should settle all of the land that they could get their arms around in the Vicinity of the Salt Lake Valley.

Ordinance Codes:
B=Baptized
E=Endowed
P=Sealed to parents
S=Sealed to spouse
C=Children's ordinances

1 Chase KEARL-113----------
B: 10 Feb 1890 BEPS
P: Laketown,Rich,Utah
M: 5 Oct 1916 --14
P: LOGAN TEMPLE,Logan,C,Utah
D: 2 Oct 1961
P: Louisville,J,Kentucky
Hazel LOVELESS-114----------
Spouse

2 James KEARL-226----------
B: 12 Oct 1833 BEP
P: Brockenhurst,Yorkshire,,Eng
M: 12 Jul 1869 --35
P:
D: 4 Oct 1902
P: Laketown,Rich,Utah

3 Merlin EASTHAM-227----------
B: 6 Nov 1852 BEP
P: Masborough,Y,England
D: 30 Sep 1934
P: Laketown,Rich,Utah

4 John KEARL (CURL)-483----------
B: 1801 BE S
P: Boldre,Hampshire,England
M: 8 Jan 1826 --128
P: Boldre Hants,,England
D: 7 Mar 1856
P: Brokenhurst,H,England

5 Elizabeth (Betsy GATES-484--------
B: 6 Mar 1803 BE S
P: Boldre Hants,,England
B: 26 Feb 1894
P: Brokenhurst,H,England

6 John EASTHAM-506----------
B: 2 Feb 1820 BEPS
P: Longridge,L,England
M: --130
P:
D: 18 Dec 1893
P: Grantsville,Tooele,Utah

7 Jane HUNTINGTON-507----------
B: 22 Mar 1819 BEPS
P: Chadesley,L,England
D: 22 Jun 1889
P: Grantsville,Tooele,Utah

8 William KEARL OR CURL-494--------
B: Abt 1770 BE
P: Christchurch Par,B,,Eng
M: 6 Oct 1791 --129
P: Christchurch
B: 4 Feb 1848
P: Brockenhurst,H,England

9 Elizabeth BURTON-495----------
B: 1770 BE
P: Brockenhurst,H,England
D:
P:

10 Joseph GATES-518----------
B: 1777 BE S
P: Boldre,Hampshire,England
M: 25 Jul 1802 --131
P: Boldre,Hampshire,England
D: Aug
P:

11 Elizabeth RICHMAN-519----------
B: 1781 BE S
P: Boldre,Hampshire,England
D:
P:

12 Roger EASTHAM-520----------
B: 2 Sep 1792 BE S
P: Ribchester,L,England
M: 2 Aug 1819 --132
P: Ribchester,L,England
D: 12 May 1876
P: Ribchester,L,England

13 Margaret OGDEN-522----------
B: 24 Oct 1798 BE S
P: Ribchester,L,England
D: 24 Dec 1850
P: Ribchester,L,England

14 Robert HUNTINGTON-544----------
B: 1782 BEP C
P: Churchtown,,England
M: --136
P:
D: 1825
P:

15 Margaret Janette HOLDEN-545------

16 ----------

17 ----------

18 ----------

19 ----------

20 James GATES-603---------

21 ----------

22 Edmun RICHMAN-605--------

23 ----------

24 Thomas EASTHAM-532------

25 Ann STANDIN-533----------

26 Robert OGDEN-565---------

27 Ann LANGSHAW-566---------

28 Richard HUNTINGTON-577--

29 Margaret SEED-578--------

30 ----------

Name and address of submitter:

KEARL ANCESTRY

The Homstead Act of 1862 allowed each settler to claim three hundred and twenty acres, with the opportunity to receive title to the land if it was improved upon and lived on for five years. Brigham Young felt that the Bear Lake Valley might easily be claimed by Gentile settlers, the bad guys, from the Washington (soon to be Idaho) territory. It was his intention to use the valley as a northern boundary of Zion and after it was settled the vacant land south to Salt Lake City would be settled by converts who were arriving regularly.

The Shoshone Indians had been promised that there would be no settlements in the south end of the valley. This part of the valley would be reserved for them as a camping and hunting ground but in 1868 they were relocated to a reservation in the Wind River Mountains of Wyoming making it valley available for settlement.

My Grandmother when she was a young girl in Grantsville.

James and Merlin chose to settle in Round Valley. Round Valley is a small valley at the south end of the lake. He cut hay for his cattle, built my grandmother a one room log house and then left his pregnant wife and his livestock there for the winter while he returned to Grantsville and his other two families whom he relocated the following spring.

A view of Round Valley.

Most of todays residents in the south end of the valley are related to me, in some way, through one of his three wives and the intermarriages that have occurred.

The Kearl Ranch in Round Valley now owned by the descendants of the first wife Ann.

I never knew my grandfather. He died long before my birth when my father was 14. He was a well-to-do rancher for that time and place. I suspect his range land included four or five thousand acres. The survey maps of the area list a Kearl Pond, Kearl Reservoir, and

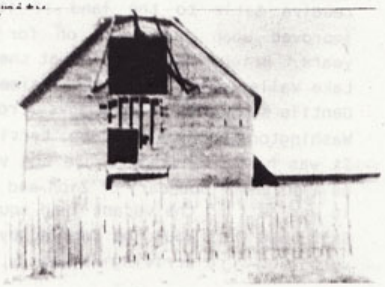
a Kearl Spring in the hills above Round Valley.

My Dad give the impression that his father, James, was a very practical but stern, no nonsense kind of a person. He was not very religious. Dad said he never saw his father laugh and thought he never did. There wasn't much to be happy about in those days. The frontier wasn't far away. A hard land with many enemies. His code seemed to be that if troubles stalked you did not turn the other cheek. If you were soft or tolerant evil it would devour you.

Dad said that when his father came to stay with, or visit Grandmother Kearl the children made themselves scarce, sometimes hiding under the kitchen table.

My Grandmother as I knew her when I was a child.

He must have been civic minded and supportive of the community. He built a large barn which had a planed plank floor and a stage in its loft It was the "Kearl Hall", where traveling troupes and local groups performed and held dances while the horses were in the stalls below. I'm sure the odor of a barnyard seeped into the dance hall above. The sawmill at his ranch furnish free lumber for a Relief Society Hall and other structures in the small com-



My Grandfather's Barn that also served as the community social center.

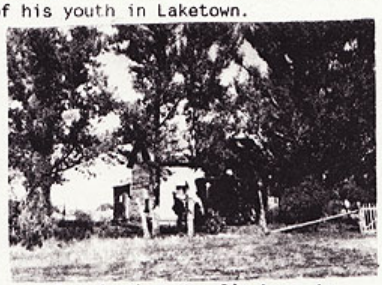
MERLIN EASTHAM was born on November 6, 1852 at Masbro, Yorkshire, England, the daughter of John Eastham and Jane Huntington. She came to Utah in 1865 with her parents and settled in Grantsville. July 12, 1869 she became the third wife of James Kearl. Her husband was called to settle the Bear Lake Valley. He built her a small log house in Round Valley where they lived for several years. he moved her to Laketown, Utah, near the other two wives and families. She died on September 30, 1934 at Laketown. She was the mother of ten children. Grace Kearl Lambourne.

I have a vague remembrance of my grandmother. She often stayed with us during the cold months of the winter. She required a lot of attention and was disagreeable. My mother was never very happy when she was there. She must have been intelligent and had talent. I'm sure that she inspired my father and helped him develop ideals and achieve

his goals. She taught my dad just about all that he knew in his early years and encouraged him to learn and excel.

Dad is the little boy in the sheep camp with the puppy in his arms.

An arrow shot at him put our one of my Fathers eyes when he was very young. No medical help was available in Laketown. Later he had a glass eye and all of his life he was very self conscious of this physical defect. He spent most of his youth in Laketown.



Grandmother Kearl's home in Laketown.

My father has written his own history in which he tells about his family so I won't tell more about his parents. He was next to the youngest child of Merlin and James. After his fathers death he was on his own but I don't guess that children in polygamous families got much support from their fathers. and from the age of 14 he was taking care of himself. He had very little help from anyone. He worked as a farm hand and for many years herded sheep.

Dad on his mission in Chicago.

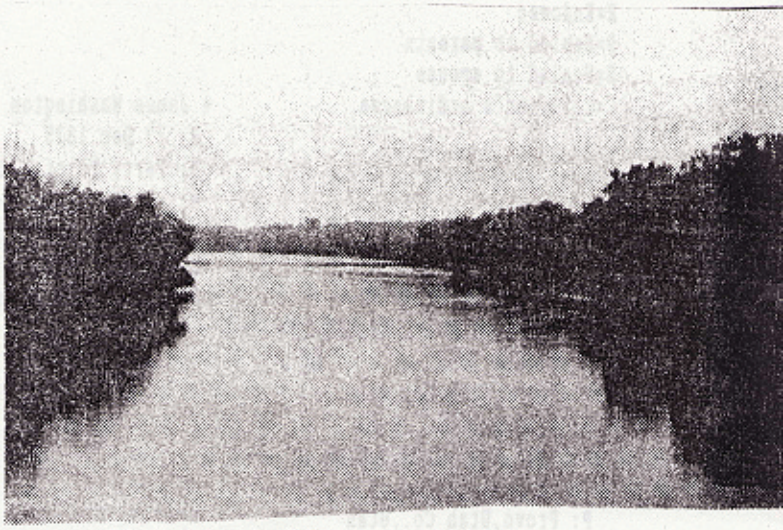
He saved his money and when he was twenty he went on a mission to Chicago, Milwaukee, and Minneapolis. While he was on his mission he met my mother who was from Orem, Utah and was also on a mission there. The last year of his mission he was the Presiding Elder in St. Paul.

Dad on his mission.

They served in Chicago in the area that we got to know when we lived in there. Mother lived on Paulina Street only a block or so from where Gary went to school at Rush (Presbyterian - St. Lukes Hospital).

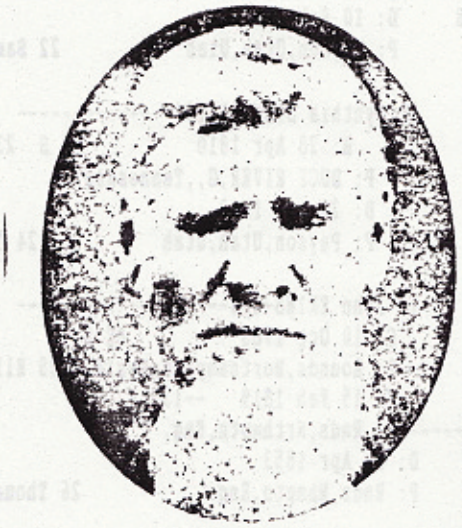
Dad and a couple of his missionary companions.

My mother was born and grew up in Orem on what was known as "the Provo Bench." This is now a large residential and business (bedroom) community serving Brigham Young University. Her great-grandparents, John and Rachel Loveless, were living in Indiana on the Wabash River near Attica, about 20 miles south of Purdue University on some of the prettiest land in Indiana when they joined the church in 1831.



The Wabash River at Attica - near where John Loveless lived.

They, and most of mothers people, were of English descent coming to the United States before the revolutionary war. They first settled near Albany, N.Y where some 14 generations back an ancestor, Francis Lovelace, was the first Governor of the state of New York.



JOHN LOVELESS
Came to Utah in 1851. High Priest. Farmer.

John Loveless - The first of the family to join the church

LOVELESS, JOHN. Came to Utah in 1851.
Married Rachel Mahaley. Their children: Ellen, m. Charles White; James, m. Matilda McClelland; Nephi, m. Louisa Williams; Joseph J., m. Sarah Jane Scriggins; Parley Pratt, m. Ann Parry; Hyrum, m. Eliza Wimmer; William, m. Rebecca Gaines; Mary Elizabeth, m. Lucius Elmer; Priscilla, m. David Wilson. Family resided West Jordan and Payson, Utah.
High priest; elder. Farmer.

James Washington and his family.

PEDIGREE CHART

6 Feb 1992 Chart No. 1

Ordinance Codes:
B=Baptized
E=Endowed
P=Sealed to parents
S=Sealed to spouse
C=Children's ordinances

1 Hazel LOVELESS-114----------
B: 19 Aug 1888 BEPS
P: Provo Bench,M,,Utah
M: 5 Oct 1916 --14
P: LOGAN TEMPLE,Logan,C,Utah
D: 11 Apr 1961
P: Logan,Cache,Utah

Chase KEARL-113----------
Spouse

2 James ANDERSON LOVELESS-120-------
B: 19 Jul 1853 BE S
P: Provo,Utah Co.,Utah
M: 23 Oct 1876 --15
P: Salt Lake City,S,Utah
D: 7 Feb 1924
P: Provo,Utah Co.,Utah

3 Eleanor JULIA EKINS-121----------
B: 24 Aug 1856 BE S
P: Provo,Utah Co.,Utah
D: 9 Jan 1933
P: Provo,Utah Co.,Utah

4 James Washington LOVELESS-129-----P: Colerain,Ross,Ohio
B: 23 Dec 1828 BE S D: 25 Jan 1880
P: Perry,Fairfield,Ohio P: Payson,Utah
M: 9 Mar 1847 --16
P: COUNCIL BLUFFS,P,IOWA
D: 7 May 1888
P: Provo,Utah,Utah

5 Matilda Elizabeth MCCLELLAN-130---P: ,Bedford,Tennessee
B: 15 Dec 1829 BE S D: 10 Feb 1881
P: Shelbyville,B,Tennessee P: Payson,Utah,Utah
D: 1 Mar 1909
P: Provo,Utah,Utah

6 George EKINS-451----------P: Rnds,Nrthmptn,Eng.
B: 1 Jan 1821 EPS D: 21 Apr 1853
P: Raunds,Northampton,England P: Rnds,Nhmptn,Eng.
M: 4 Feb 1851 --122
P:
D: 18 Oct 1970
P: Provo,Utah,Utah

7 Eleanor SYKES-450----------P:
B: 9 Jan 1823 BE S D: 27 Nov 1870
P: Brampton,H,England P: Brmptn,Hntngdn,Eng.
D: 6 Jul 1886

8 John LOVELESS-457----------
B: 24 Jun 1807
P: Colerain,Ross,Ohio
M: 25 Jan 1826 --123

9 Rachel Mahala ANDERSON-458-------
B: 7 Aug 1805
P: ,Hampshire Co.,Virginia
D: 25 Oct 1891
P: Payson,,Utah

10 James MCCLELLAN III-163----------
B: 8 Aug 1804 BE S
P: CAMDEN,York,SOUTH CAROLINA
M: 19 Jan 1826 --21

11 Cynthia STEWART-164----------
B: 28 Apr 1810 BE S
P: DUCK RIVER,G,,Tennessee
D: 29 Apr 1862
P: Payson,Utah,Utah

12 John EKINS-534----------
C: 10 Oct 1785 BE S
P: Rounds,Northampton,England
M: 15 Feb 1819 --133

13 Mary Ann EATON-535----------
B: Abt 1790 BEPS
P: Wdfrd,Nrthmptn,Eng.
D: 9 May 1873
P: Rnds,Nrthmptn,Eng.

14 James SYKES-536----------
C: 24 Aug 1794 BEP
P: Brmptn,Hntngdn,Eng.
M: --134

16 Joseph LOVELESS-459----
17 Dorothy ROGERS-460-------
16 James ANDERSON-643-------
19 Priscilla HOUSE-644------
20 Hugh MCCLELLAN Jr.-181---
21 Mary MCCALL-182----------
22 Samuel STEWART Jr.-190---
23 Ann WALLACE-191--------
24 Thomas EKINS-542---------
25 Elizabeth-543-----------
26 Thomas EATON-647---------
27 Thomas MRS. EATON-850----
28 James SYKES-612---------
29 Eleanor WATSON-613-------
30 Henry HILLS-620----------

Name and address of submitter:

LOVELESS ANCESTRY

Ray, Mother(Hazel), George, Annie, James, Vilate, and John

Grandmother (Julia), Grandfather (James) and Nellie.

James Anderson Loveless and his family.

At about the time of the Revolutionary War Joseph Loveless, came down the Ohio River from Fort Duquesne (Pittsburg) to Limestone Station (now Maysville) about 50 miles above Cincinatti on the Kentucky side where Joseph bought 270 acres of land. After the Revolutionary War the Northwest Territory, which the English had reserved for the Indians, opened up and they moved into Ohio and finally Indiana.

After joining the church they went to Missouri where Joseph Smith, at the time, was encouraging new members to go and were with the Saints during the persecutions there. When they were driven out of Missouri they went first to Quincy, Ill. where most of the Mormons went temporarily until the could find a new place to gather.

When the saints moved to Nauvoo they settled in Warsaw, about 12 miles to the south of Nauvoo. When persecution became so very bad in the towns outlying Nauvoo they moved into Nauvoo. They were there during much of the time that church history was made in that area. A number of histories of what they said and did have been written.

When the Mormons were driven out of Nauvoo by mobs they crossed the Mississippi river in the spring of 1846 and went to Council Bluffs. Matilda E. McClellen and John's son, James Washington Loveless, were married at Council Bluffs. They were asked to remain in Council Bluffs and grow crops for a couple of years providing food for others who were migrating from Europe and the Eastern States, then they crossed the plains in the early 1850's and went on to Utah joining his father, John Loveless, who had gone there the year before.

James Washington Loveless settled in Provo. Matilda was his first wife. He later married two other wives. I never knew much about the other two families. He spent the customary 6 months in the State Penitentiary in Sugar House for his involvement with polygamy.

I never knew my Grandfather James Anderson Loveless very well. He was active in church and civic affairs of Orem. He went on a mission to England in his middle years. In the early days of the church, members served missions without question when called. They left homes and families and went at great

personal expense and sacrifice. The wife and family left behind supported them while they were gone.

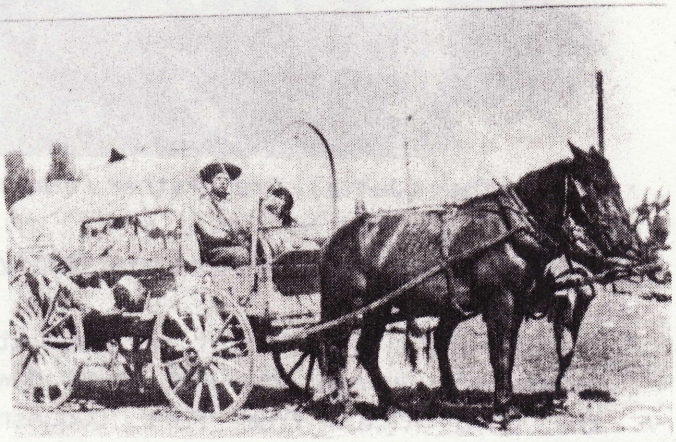
James Anderson Loveless and
Julia Ekins Loveless - My Grandparents.

Provo River had for its source springs and melted snow which gushed down from the mountains and followed the lowest course down to the lake. This left a delta, an alluvial fan, a dry but fertile sagebrush covered plain.

With energy and determination the early settlers brought water in canals along the foot hills and across the plateau, creating an irrigation system for the Provo Bench. The land proved to be extremely fertile. All that was needed was water to bring into production some of the choicest fruit orchards in Utah.

When Grandmother Julia and Grandfather James Anderson Loveless were 18 and 21 years old, respectively, they decided to go out on this delta and take up a homestead, filing on government land at about 16th North and 4th East. 320 acres was the original size of their homestead.

Here my grandparents and a few others built the first log houses on what is now the garden spot of Utah, the Provo Bench. I think some of those old houses are still standing and are now being used as tool sheds.



Grandfather Loveless at a Pioneer Day Celebration making like he was a pioneer crossing the plains.

My mother, Hazel Loveless, was born on the 18th of August, 1888. She was the fifth child of Julia and James A. She spent all of her early life on that farm on the bench of Provo (Orem).

Snakes were common on their farm but they were not usually poisonous. Grandmother used to tell about placing a baby on a quilt in the door way to take advantage of the sunshine and of finding a huge snake enjoying the same sunshine by the side of the baby. The land was cleared of sagebrush and the crops they grew did very well. Berries grew profusely and those who lived in the big city of Provo thought they were the best

in the world. The Plateau soon became noted for huge orchards and fields of fruit.

Mother's home in Orem where she spent most of her childhood.

My grandmother, Julia, received a meager education at the Brigham Young Academy. It was one of the High Schools that the church established in Utah in the early days. Dr. Karl G. Maeser, a convert and well know educator came to Utah and was the backbone of the early BYU. At that time hops were grown in Orem in great quantities. They were a bitter herb used for medicine and also for beer. Grandmother Julia told of gathering the pistillate cones and selling them to earn the money to pay her way through the BYU. After her graduation she taught in the Provo schools. Later as she had children one of Grandmother Julia's greatest desires and one which she and grandfather tried with all their might to achieve was to have all their family graduate from the Brigham Young Academy. They spent their life irrigating and picking berries in the blistering hot sun to achieve this goal.

It was the role of the mothers and the older girls in a family to pick the strawberries. Little girls were a nuisance. Even the loss of her shoes and stocking in the mud were a minor consequence when the berries had to be picked. Mother always said that she was more boy than girl.

In fair weather she rode a bicycle from Orem to the Academy in Provo, probably hard on the legs. In the winter she moved into Provo and kept house for the others in the family who were also going to the Academy. They went home each Friday night.

Mother when she was a young girl.

Mother graduated from the Brigham Young Academy in the year of 1908. Although it was only a high school education by todays standards, it meant much more in those days. After she graduated she taught at the Lincoln School which was between Orem and Provo for two years and then at the Spencer School in

years and then at the Spencer School in Orem for two years.

-Mother

Mother in one of her High School classes.

She was then called to fill a mission for the LDS Church in the Northern States with its mission headquarters in Chicago, Ill. She was to have gone with her brother James on a mission to England but because of reported persecution against women in England her call was changes. The train fare from Salt Lake to Chicago was $29.75. An enormous amount in those days.

Mother, Dad, and another Lady Missionary.

When people immigrated to the United States they went to parts of a city where they knew friends from the old country. Chicago was full of these ethnic neighborhoods. The west side where she labored was mostly Italian. There were days when they tracted in what seemed like a foreign city for the whole day without getting into a single home. They would ask for a drink of water as a ploy to get in out of the cold and warm up. She writes about frost bitten hands and feet.

Mother with three of her missionary companions.

From there she was sent to Minneapolis, Minnesota. She said they visited the saints frequently, did their best to proselyte, worked hard and energetically but were never sure of the results from their efforts. Bro. George T. Bensen, father of Ezra Taft Benson, was the presiding Elder in Minneapolis.

Mother and Dad on a hay rake.

The next conference she was transferred to the St. Paul District where Chase Kearl was the Presiding Elder. Here she finished her mission and in September of 1914 she was released.

She returned home and felt terribly out of place. The next year she taught in the Spencer School, the school she had graduated from in 1904. Mother taught the 2nd grade for one year and then married my father, Chase, and moved to Logan. There must have been a courtship by mail during that year.

After his mission was completed dad returned to Round valley. He too felt out of place as a ranch hand and decided that he wanted to go to college. He wasn't very well prepared to attend a University.

Dad when he was at Utah State.

He had only a few years of grade school. He talked to the President of Utah State and was told that it would take seven years to complete his high school and graduate from College. I don't know how he managed to enroll that first year but he did.

He moved to Logan, his mother kept house for him and he started school at Utah State Agricultural College (USAC). He studied at nights and proctored many of those required high school courses.

Only a year or so after he started that first year at Utah State and after a correspondence courtship, mother who was teaching school in Orem, and dad were married.

Mother - about the time she and my Dad were married.

The first year of marriage mother went to Utah State with dad. It was an exciting time in her life. She took a class in Foods, one in Home Construction and Sanitation, and a course in History. The next July Del Mar was born and after that she was fully occupied tending children and raising a family.

Dad at Utah State.

While Dad was in school my two older brothers were born. With a wife and two children and almost no help from his

parents and in those days none from the government, Dad worked part time, went to school and took care of his small family which in those day and in these was no easy task.

It's my understanding that he shared an interest with his brothers in land in Round Valley and that while he was in school he gave up his interest to finish college. He was very active at the USAC participating in many extra-curricular activities. He was editor of the college yearbook (the Buzzer) acted in several plays, sang in the Glee Club, and debated.

He graduated in four years with a BS Degree in Agriculture. When he graduated mother said that they were so poor that she didn't have a dress that she could wear to his graduation.

Dad in his cap and gown at graduation from Utah State.

After his graduation he worked for a short time for the Cache County Extension Agent and was in charge of 4-H clubs and then the opportunity to be the County Agent of Bear Lake County was offered to him, he accepted and they moved to Paris, Idaho.

Bear Lake is an isolated, high (6,000 feet) mountain valley with a short growing season of two to three months. They still joke about Bear Lake's two seasons, winter and the 4th of July.

A view of the Bear Lake Valley.

During the winter months the roads were impassible and the only traffic into or out of the valley was by foot or later by train through Evanston or Montpelier. An Apple or an Orange in the middle of the winter was a real treat.

The main occupation in the valley was farming and ranching. The main crops were hay and grain raised to feed livestock The cattle grazed in the mountain range land during the summer and were brought down into the valleys in the winter. The weather was unpredictable. It often froze on the fourth of July and sometimes snowed in September. Often hail or snow destroyed the crops.

Paris was the county seat of Bear Lake County and was located about 10 miles north of Bear Lake. At that time,

because of the lack of transportation most little towns like Paris were very prosperous and self sufficient. A spur of the Union Pacific Railroad (now gone) came into the town from Montpelier and went up Paris Canyon to carry out phosphate from a mine there and lumber from mills up the canyon. There were two LDS Wards in the city. Today there is only one ward and less than 1,000 people live in Paris. Many of the business that existed then are now gone. People drive to Logan or Salt Lake City to buy things they had to be purchased locally in those days. It's a quiet little town now living on its memories.

Paris from the top of the hill above our house.

I was born on July 20, 1923 in Paris, Idaho. I was the fourth of six children born to Chase and Hazel Loveless Kearl. I was born in an old frame house that we were renting, the Sutton house.

Like most children of that day in remote parts of the west, I was born at home on the kitchen table. My uncle, Dr. Ashley, was the physician in attendance. The nearest hospital was ten miles away in Montpelier, which was an hours drive over dirt roads. (Today there are no Doctors in Paris, Idaho.)

My second grade picture

I remember very little of my first seven years which I spent in Paris, Idaho but I do remember a few choice experiences. I don't recall exact dates so I will report them only as happenings, without dates.

The old Sutton House where I was born. It's long since disappeared.

For my Mother life was difficult with few rewards. Her day was hard endless dirty work. Those first few years she had no electricity, gas, plumbing, or central heating. No refrigerator, no radio, no telephone, no automatic laundry, and no vacuum cleaner. For baths, laundry, and

dishwashing she most often hauled water from an outside well. To heat it we chopped kindling to fire our wood burning stove. Mother boiled laundry in a tub, scrubbed it on a washboard using home made soap until her knuckles were raw, and wrung it out by hand. Ironing was a business of lifting a heavy metal weight heated on the stove top.

She scrubbed floors on hands and knees, beat her rugs with a carpet beater, killed and plucked her own chickens, baked bread and pastries, grew and canned her own vegetables, patched our clothes on a treadle operated sewing machine. darned stockings, made jelly and relishes, rose before the family to start the stove for breakfast and pack our lunches, polished the chimneys of our kerosene lamps, and even found time to tend the geraniums, hollyhocks, nasturtiums and petunies that grew around her house. It's astonishing that she had any energy left after her day's work.

We were children of the great depression but if anyone had told us that we were poor we would have been astounded. There were 12 million unemployed during those years. Poverty is relative and no one had many material things. Rarely did we have any money in our pockets. To eat in a restaurant was unthinkable but we all ate well enough. There was always a bowl of oatmeal at breakfast. We had a big meal Sunday after church but many times during the week we had "Lumpy Dick" for supper. (It was made of milk gravy thickened with lumps of flour.)

Anyone with a car was rich. Ours had ising glass curtains that had to be buttoned onto the frame in bad weather. Two cars in a family was unknown of. It had a spare tire on the rear and a tool box on the running board. The running board was a step between the front and rear fender that was about 10" wide and was fastened to the side of the body of the car. You stepped on this and then into the car.

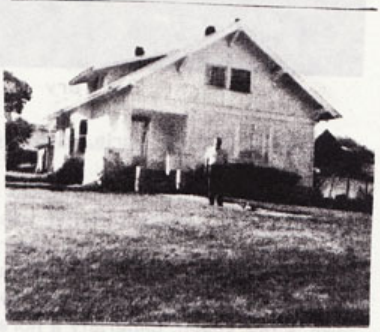
Mother and our first car. A Model A Ford.

Cars didn't have starting motors and to start this car you had to crank the engine by hand. If the piston fired at the top of it's stroke it would backfire while you were cranking it, and the crank would be thrown backwards against the forearm with considerable force. Broken arms caused this way were common. My brother, Delmar, once broke his arm when this happened. Most early cars had a vial on top of the radiator which showed if the car was overheating. We usually had to stop and let the car cool off and maybe fill the radiator when climbing the long steep grades over the mountains. Along the road there were occasionally wooden watering troughs which collected water from springs. These were maintained for cattle to drink at and you could fill your radiator from them. Everyone knew exactly where they were located.

We seemed to have a lot of flat tires which we fixed on the spot, or if we couldn't, we put on a spare and fixed the tire when we got home. The rubber in tires seemed to be of a poor quality. Everyone carried two or three spares and used them frequently. If you had a car you had to became a fair mechanics. It was common for car owners to bather together and talk about thier problems. A camaraderie was formed and was nicknamed "Gasoline Alley". Jokes about "Gasoline Alley" were popular and a comic strip with that name was in newspapers. Service Stations had tall gas pumps which had glass bottles about 5 feet in the air. The service station attendant would physically pump 1 to 10 gallons, whatever you could afford, into the bottle, then he would put the hose into your tank and you would see the gas drain out of the bottle as it ran into your car's gas tank by gravity. There were no modern motor driven pumps.

Early in my life we moved into the first home that my parents owned, the Jensen house. It was a white frame bungalow with a small front room heated by a wood burning stove. We had a big kitchen with a large black kitchen stove which had a galvanized hot water tank at the end of the stove. This was our only source of hot water. There was always a wood box by it's side which my brother Russ and I had to keep full. The older boys took care of feeding the livestock, milking the cows, and I guess they chopped the wood. I recall carrying it into the house and filling the wood box each night.

To a little boy the winters were something to remember. I recall what to me, at least, was a shoveled path about two feet wide and so high you couldn't see anything but sky on the way to the garage or barn. We had an inside toilet which was very rare in those days (thank goodness). The home had two bedrooms. Mom and Dad had one and we five boys shared the other. Del and Spence slept in one bed and we three smaller children slept in the other.



The Jensen House - The first house my parents owned.

Paris had wide streets. We had a fair sized front lawn and because people used to trail milk cows to pasture we had a picket fence in front of our house to keep the cattle out of our yard.

Mom always loved flowers and had a flower box in front of our living room window and a small flower bed near our front porch. It was usually planted with nasturtiums and we would butter a piece of bread and make a delicious (?) sandwich of nasturtium leaves. This or a crust of newly baked bread dripping with melted butter, honey, and maybe some sugar and cinnamon sprinkled on top was a real treat.

Mother & Bry Spencer Delmar Dad

Me Bry

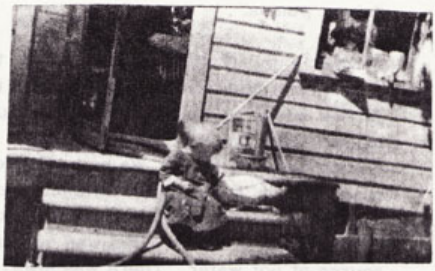
The family in those Paris, Idaho years.

We had electricity but lights and a radio were all I recall that it was used for. In back of our home was a garage, a large corral, a big slab barn, and a chicken coop. We always had one or two milk cows, a few sheep, generally a horse just for riding, some chickens, and of course, a dog. Our horse, Queen, we got as a colt. She had some race horse ancestry. She was a faithful and dependable animal but one that "spooked" easily. Often she would shy across the road leaving us sitting in mid air. Delmar and Spencer were always good to take us younger children riding with them. Dad sent to Spokane, Washington for the saddle for her. It was made by one of the west's best saddle makers. He used to say, "Ten dollar horse, and a forty dollar saddle"

I remember one time when Delmar and Spence were playing on the garage roof and Delmar slipped and picked up some big slivers in his rear end from the wooden shingles. I don't suppose that it was funny to Delmar but to a little boy seeing his big brother lay with a poultice (a bandage with a mustard salve intended to draw infection out of the wound) on his fanny was very impressive.

Mother had "folk" remedies for many of our illnesses. Mustard poultices on our chests were a treatment for colds which were common in the winter.

One of the early purchases for our family was a piano. The old piano box sat by the garage for many years and was one of our favorite play places. Once Del and Spence tied a cat up on top of this box. It either jumped or fell off and hanged itself. It was an accident, but I recall how badly we all felt and particularly Mom. She was always kind to animals and we took many a sick critter into the house to nursed it back to health. I assume five boys helped develop Mother's patience. She was tolerant, kind and never seemed to be cross or too busy to take care of us, our friends, or our pets.



Me and my pet chicken.

Much of our food came from the garden or the livestock we raised. Mother canned most of vegetables we ate during the winter months. We also used to cure our own ham and bacon. Dad would have a pig butchered and we'd sit at the kitchen table for several nights rubbing the bacon and hams with a special salt to cure it so it would last for some time. I

recall rubbing those darn hams for hours (it seemed) to get them as fully penetrated with the salt as we thought they would absorb. The finished hams were delicious. In my early years I don't ever remember having canned food purchased at a store in our house.

Del, Bry, and me pushing kittens through a stove pipe.

Mother baked all of her own bread and made delicious scones. (Fried bread dough). We churned our own butter. A chore I hated. She would keep our milk on the back porch in a container. We'd skim the cream off the top and after a few days we'd have enough to put in the old wooden churn and churn the butter. It seemed like it took forever to make it into butter and buttermilk. Mom would "fish" the chunks of butter out of the churn, squeeze the buttermilk out with a paddle, salt it a little and we had butter for the table. A by-product of butter making was buttermilk to drink and after a while one acquired a liking for it.

Spencer Me Bryant Delmar

Four little Kearl Boys.

Mom also used the butter paddle to spank us if we were in need of a little reminding of something done or left undone. Dad used his belt or his razor strap for this purpose. It was a game in which we tried to make Dad think he was hurting us and he knew just how to crack that strap so it sounded terrifying. Neither of us fooled the other one.

Dad hiking with Spencer and Delmar

I don't recall having an icebox or refrigerator until I was in High School. I remember putting the milk on the back porch and in the morning sometimes we'd find a mouse in it and would then have to feed that milk to the pigs or chickens.

The light cream, "top of the bottle" as it was called, was just fine for breakfast "mush". In those days you didn't buy

prepared cereals. We ate lots of cracked wheat, or rolled oats.

Mother worried about our health and we took a big spoon full of cod liver oil every morning and night. I especially hated the cod liver oil, a nauseating goo tasting of raw liquefied fish. It had the viscosity of axle grease. It did no good to gulp it down quickly, because it coated the lining of mouth and esophagus like a thick layer of glue. It did no good to vomit it up either. "It's good for you and will ward off all those dreadful diseases," Mother said. There were always plenty of dredful diseases. Scarlet fever, mumps, chickenpox, and whooping cough floated in the air. Cod liver oil was the defence.

Mother, Spence, Del, and Bry up Bloomington Lake.

In most early pictures of us we were wearing dresses. We hated this but it was easier for Mom to make dresses than shirts and pants. Flour was sold in cotton bags that had printed designs and after she used the flour she made use of the bag. Most often the print was of flowers and much of the clothing children wore when I was a child was made from these empty flour sacks.

We wore clothing handed down from our older brothers much of the time. One of my suits was made from one of Dad's old suits. Overalls were worn most of the time. A little boy graduated into short pants to wear on Sunday when he was 4 or 5 years old, then knickers, and finally into long pants at 10 or 12. The change over from knickers to long pants was the ritual recognition that a boy had reached adolescence or "the awkward age." The "teenager" like the atomic bomb, was still uninvented. Sometimes when we were in Salt Lake City Dad would take us in "The Pullman Wholesale Tailors" and ask, "Lets's see what you have in long pants for my son." Store bought clothes were a sign of affiuence and it was a big deal to have such luxuries. Long pants were a milestone in the life of a young man.

Dad always cut our hair and was a pretty fair barber. He allowed no movement from his customers and how I hated that monthly ritual.

Dad and our Jersey calf.

We always kept sheep and I remember one very mean old Rambouillet ram. He was a real sore head who had unusually large horns. The barn was on the far side of the corral from our back yard. We had to go through the corral to the barn to

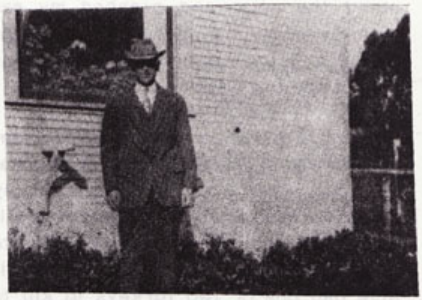
feed the sheep. Spence went out to feed them one night and the ram wouldn't let him back across the corral. He had to call Delmar to the rescue. Delmar was big enough to take a club and whack the ram and scare him away.

Dad would often come home after visiting sheepmen with bum lambs that we children would mother and raise. (Bum lambs were those whose mother had died or whose mothers had rejected them and the sheepmen gave them away because they didn't have time to keep them alive). We would keep them in a cardboard box by the kitchen stove until they were old enough to take care of themselves. We would heat milk, put it in a bottle and feed the lambs just as you children do with your younger brother and sisters do nowadays. They became such pets that my father had difficulty killing or selling them.

Five little Kearl Boys - Bry, Delmar Russell, Spencer, and Me.

We had pets around our home most of the time. I recall one time when we found some baby rabbits. They were only three inches long and 3/4 of an inch around. We fed them with an eye dropper. We would lay them on their backs in our hands and would drop warm milk into their mouths. I guess they lived, I only remember feeding them in the kitchen and don't recall what ever happened to them afterward. Mother was always patient with us.

Behind our house was a pasture and a hill which we called Rocky Hill. There was an irrigation canal at the crest that was one foot deep and three or four feet wide. On summer days we used to swim in this ditch, build slides on it's slick clay banks and run naked through the willow patches that grew along the banks. They were the jungles of our imaginations where we hunted wild animals, built huts and made paths.



Dad - The County Agent.

My father was employed, while we lived in Paris, as the County Agricultural Agent for Bear Lake County. "The County Agent" was an extension of the University of Idaho. His duties included advising farmers on methods to improve productivity, organizing marketing activities, and in many instances acting as a veterinarian. His office was in the country court house. I loved to go visit him. We would play with the office machines and

explore the drawers of the desks. He would take us to see the jail in the basement of that building. I recall once when there were two prisoners "behind bars" and it was frightening.

One of the stories we tell about Dad is "How we got the Pearl Nose and Ears." Long before Penicillin while he was the county's unpaid "Vet" he started developing a salve to heal wounds. One day I had the family dog in the car and I slammed the door and cut off his tail. I hurried and got my Dad's experimental salve and rubbed in on the stub of a tail and the dog grew a new one. The cut off tail was laying there on the ground so I thought I'd try it on the tail and it grew a new dog. Well the two dogs were barking so loudly with joy that I couldn't stand the noise and grabbed my ears with my gooey hands and then my nose itched and I scratched it. That's where we got the big nose and the big ears.

One of his successful coop marketing efforts was organizing a Turkey Marketing Coop. They would get all the turkeys ready for market and sell them in one lot to one buyer, hoping to get a better price that way. The Co-op would usually give Dad one or two turkeys to kill for the Thanksgiving and Christmas holidays. It was a messy chore. You had to cut the jugular vein inside the throat through the mouth of the turkey and let it bleed. It was messy, but most impressive. In those days you didn't just go to the store and buy them in a mesh bag!

Most entertainment originated in the community. The church was the most important institution in the lives of everyone in town since most social contact within the community was there. Dinners, plays, variety shows all were held there. The MIA often put on plays for the city and Dad acted in many of them. Many talented people came from these small isolated communities. Talents were developed and a knowledge of literature gained which watching TV doesn't provide. We have lost initiative. Bry was also an actor. I recall going to school early one evening with Bry dressed as Dan Cupid. He had a little white costume trimmed in gold, not too much different from a present day band twirlers costume, and he had a little bow and a quiver full of arrows. How "neat" it was to have a brother in an exciting part.

Dad in a costume for an MIA Drama.

Mother didn't raise any dummies and Bry was exceptionally bright. He could read at five, skipped 3 grades and started at the Univ. of Idaho at the age of 14. The Tribune published a picture of him as a small boy in overalls walking down the main street of Paris engrossed in reading the Salt Lake Tribune newspaper. Local Merchants loved to have him discus local problems with them.

Bry reading the Salt Lake Tribune when he was only a little guy.

Little things were important. One year for Mother's Day, we, all (except Mom), went down to the store and bought a big mixing bowl for Mom. One mixing bowl from the whole family. My but Mother was pleased.

My sister, Phyllis, with her doll buggy.

I recall the night Phyllis was born. We were all at home and Mother and Dad sent us over to the neighbors, J. R. Pugmire, to play some games. I don't remember Mother looking like she was about to have a baby. Later, when we went back home we had a cute little baby sister there to greet us.

Our home was heated by a coal burning space heater located in the center of the living room, and by a wood stove in the kitchen. Our family entertainment included putting jig saw puzzles together, playing checkers, playing parlor games and most of all listening to the radio. The radio was the most prominent piece of furniture in our house. On most winter evenings the whole family and the dog would gather around the stove in the living room and listen to the radio. "Amos and Andy" were Dad and Mom's favorites. We hardly ever missed an episode. There was a real closeness in our family that was a result of our dependence on one another.

Houses were not insulated very well and there was no heat in the bedrooms. During the cold winter months the ice cold beds were covered with great piles of home made blankets. At night we hated to go to our bedrooms and crawl into our cold beds. Mother would heat the irons she used for ironing clothes, wrap them in flannel cloths and put them in the bottom of our beds to warm our feet. How we would have liked an electric blanket.

We went on periodic vacations as a family. I remember once when we went to Yellowstone once with both Grandma Kearl and Grandma Loveless and had an exciting time. We spent months organizing, planning and getting ready for the trip. There were lots of bears in Yellowstone.

Most people built boxes to store food and fastened them to the running boards of their cars. I recall seeing a bear rip off the lid of one of these boxes at Old Faithful and making off with the owner's food supply. It was not uncommon to jam 7 or 8 people into a small sedan. Everyone sat on laps all the way. It was uncomfortable but it built strong family ties and pleasant memories.

Mother, Bry, Russ, Phyllis, Del, Me, & Spence

On our way to Yellowstone.

In those days bears were plentiful and friendly in Yellowstone and there were no restrictions on their habitat. Feeding the bears was one of the exciting experiences of a trip to Yellowstone and everyone looked forward to it. I remember going to the dump to watch them come out, 40 or 50 at a time, to eat the garbage that was dumped there. This practice has been discontinued since it was dangerous and bears lost the ability to forage for themselves.

In Yellowstone Park.

Grandma Loveless was petite, quiet and awfully nice. A frail sweet little lady. After they retired from farming she lived in a white frame house in Provo that had an irrigation ditch full of water running in front of her house. Whenever we went for a visit she would pull out a hammer and a bag of black walnuts to keep us busy. Try shelling black walnuts someday if you want an unrewarding job.

Grandmother Loveless and we five Kearl boys.

Grandma Kearl was short, a little heavier, kind of a gabber, full of fun, and had a twinkle in her eyes and actions.

Grandmother Kearl and we children.

In 1930, when I was 7, and in the middle of the depression my father decided that his work in Bear Lake County lacked challenge and opportunity so he resigned and two or three months later accepted the position that Ezra Taft Benson had just given up as County Agent in Franklin County. Ezra was being paid $2,400/year and asked for $2,800. The County Commissioners refused to pay him that much but gave Dad that amount when he came there. The County Seat was Preston, Idaho and we moved there.

Chapter Four - Preston and the farm in Nibley, Utah.

To build enthusiasm for our move to Preston, Dad told us all the great things that we would find in the big city of Preston with its 5,000 people. Our house would have a central heating system. We would have a hot air furnace which we would only stoke twice a day. All of the rooms would be warm. The movies would have sound and there would be comedies, and cartoons. (The movie house in Paris still showed silent films with printed sub-titles.)

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

Preston was a poor place to prepare for a struggle with the twentieth century, but a delightful place to spend a childhood. It was a small farm community with almost no manufacturing and only a few businesses that supplied the commercial needs of the farms in the northern end of Cache Valley. The county had a warmer climate and more acreage that could grow crops. Like most early Mormon towns nearly all of the families in town were descendants of the early settlers and were related to one another. Ezra T. Benson, Ezra Taft's Benson's grandfather, had been assigned as the Apostle responsible for Cache Valley by Brigham Young and with Peter Maughan had been responsible for the settlement of the valley. The Eames, Hendricks, Merrills, and Daines were the early settlers and socially prominent families in the town. For many years after we moved to Preston we rented the houses we lived in. The first house we lived in, we rented from the Eames and lived there for two years.

The Eames House. The first house we lived in while we were in Preston.

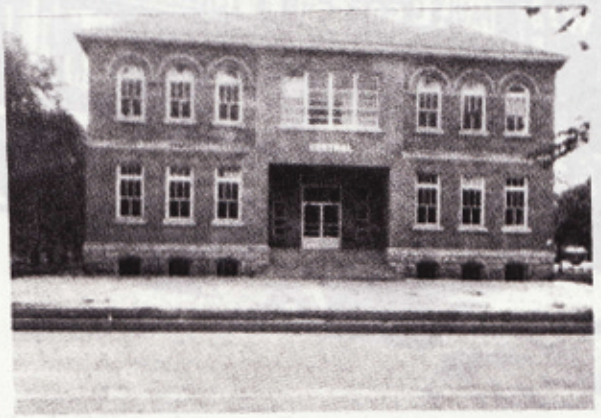
We then lived in two other rented houses until Dad built a very nice home at 176 E. Onieda Street where we lived for about ten years (1932 to 1942) until we moved to Michigan. Our family did much of the construction work on the house. I remember nailing the shingles on it's very steep roof.

The very nice house that Dad built at 176 Onieda St. in Preston, Id.

My father earned $250.00/month. There were only four or five men in Preston who made more than that. People didn't make much then but most things were not very expensive. Five dollars would buy all the groceries a big family like ours could eat in a week.

In that small community, our family considered intellectual. Bry in particular. He was a fine debater, public speaker and writer. From the age of 12 until he was 18 he was the local correspondent for the Salt Lake Tribune. He was paid 15 cents /inch for each article that they printed. Each night he would send a large envelope to the Tribune in Salt Lake City by train. He wrote dozens of articles for each one that was accepted.

I lived in Preston from the time I was seven years old until I was nineteen. I always thought of it as my "hometown". There was a nostalgia about it, the recognition of old familiar places and things. It was a place of firsts. For me: The first car, the first date, the first job.

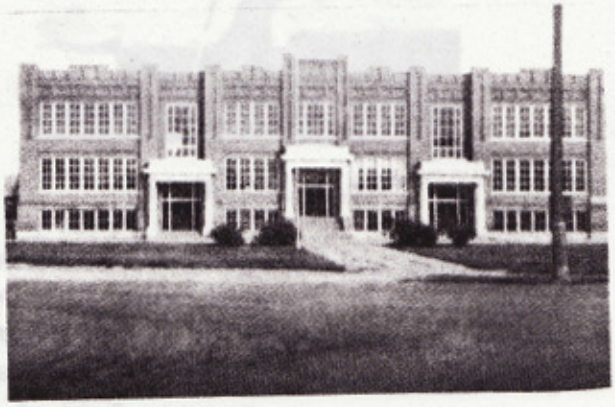


The Central Grade School where I went for my first four grades.

I went to the Central Grade School from the 2nd to the 4th grade. One of my fond memories was when my father would go into the hills in the early spring to visit sheepmen during the lambing season. He would come to the school and take my brother, Russ, and I out of school for the day to go with him. It was great fun to roam through the hills following the sheep trails.

One of the highlights of these 3

years was when I won a book for reading the most books in my grade. I loved and cherished books and spent many an afternoon in the Carnegie Library (the public library) reading.



The Jefferson School where I went to grades five through nine.

I went to the Jefferson School from the fifth to the ninth grade and then to Preston Senior High, graduating in 1941. It was always assumed that we children would go to college. Not to go to college would have been unthinkable. My parent's were both well educated for their day, there was an abundance of books in our home and Mother read to us children very often which probably caused us to have a college education as one of our high priority goals. Today Social Scientists talk as if this were a new discovery important to a childs upbringing. My parents knew this in the 1930's. A new book for Christmas each year was a tradition in our family.

I was not much of an athlete. I was president of my sophomore class. I debated in High School but wasn't really very good at it. A door-to-door salesman came to our town selling violin lessons at bargain prices. For a trivial sum, he told my parents, he would rent me a violin and enroll me in his music school. Mother was naive enough to think I could become a musician. I played in the Orchestra but wasn't very good at that either. My best subjects in High School were mathematics and science. I wanted to be an Engineer. I really wanted to be an Aeronautical Engineer but they didn't teach Aeronautical Engineering in Utah and by the time I got to Michigan I had started down the Mechanical Engineering path. I used my extra money to buy model airplanes kits and magazines that told about flying in WW I.

The old Onieda Academy Building where I went to Preston High School.

Social clubs were not permitted in High School but we had an un-official one. It was called the Fads Club. It's sole function was entertainment, about all we did was hold dances in neighboring communities. Since it was not democratic and had no goals it was not very popular with the school administration nor the community. Often we would get one of our Dads to let us take his car and would drive to one of the neighboring communities where we were not known and find some new girls our ages to impress. Our favorite places included Malad, Idaho one

of the taverns up Cub River or to a swimming pool at Downey, Idaho. In a way we too had our revolt against the system, the establishment, not ideological but against authority.

Me in High School.

Shortly after he graduated from college, my father purchased an 80 acre farm in Nibley, Utah, at 2955 S, 800 E Logan, Utah. There is a plant there now, Weathershield, that makes windows and doors. He considered this a form of economic security and a potential source of retirement income. When he retired he wanted no part of farming. The farm was hard work and it's income probably paid the mortgage, the hired hand, and little else.

It was a good farm, irrigated, but it required lots of hand labor to plant, cultivate, and harvest the crops grown on it. In those days an 80 acre farm was large when there were few farm machines to help with the work.

Russ irrigating.

Dad usually planted 14 acres of sugar beets, 5 acres of peas. They were the good cash crops. He had 20 in grain, 20 or so in alfalfa, and 20 in pasture for the cattle we kept. The big field of peas were very much like the varieties grown in gardens today. When the peas had formed in their pods, we would mow all the vines down to the ground, load them on a wagon and take them to the "viner".

Our farm - Spence, Dad and me in a field of grain. Our barn is in the background.

The pea vinery was a big open shed where the vines would go through a tumbling and shaking operation that would dislodge the little peas out of the pods and screen and separate them from the vines. We would get paid for the pounds of shelled peas we delivered to the "viner". All this work was done at

night so the peas wouldn't get hot and spoil. For a kid it was kind of fun; to the older fellows it was just hard work because the peas were heavy and the night work was done after a pretty good day's work was exhausting.

A view of our farm from the barnyard.

Another exciting time was threshing grain. Wheat, barley, and oats are all grains used for human or animal feed. First, the grain was cut, then when pretty dry, it was tied into a bundle about 10" in diameter. It was then put into a "shock" or a little tepee, or piled in a round stack. It would stay there until the threshing machine was able to get to our farm. Usually there were only two threshers in the area so it would take a month to get to all the farms. The thresher was a big machine, run by a gas engine, about 8' high, 8' wide and 20' long. The bundles of dry grain stocks would be thrown into the machine where they were torn apart and shaken until the straw and grain separated from each other. The grain would drop to the bottom and fall into bins to be collected in gunny sacks. Many farmers lost fingers in threshing machines. My Uncle John lost one of his. Having separated the grain, the straw was blown out a big pipe into a golden yellow pile to be used as bedding for livestock. It took a crew of about 20 persons, usually neighbors and sometime migrants farm workers, to run the whole operation and it was a very exciting event. The women cooked enormous amounts of food for the threshing crew. The straw had chaff with it and it would get between your clothing and skin. You would itch for days after the threshing was done. It was fun but itchy. Today "combines" do this task in a fraction of the time it took back then.

Mary at an irrigation ditch on the farm. She was no farmer!

My mother and we children would live and work on the farm during the summers. Some weekends Dad would come and do the irrigating. I remember one night when I was helping him that he told me that life was like irrigating. You watered the hard spots first and the easy ones took care of themselves and I should do the hard jobs first because the easy ones would take care of themselves.

I'm sure that it was a real trying time for my Mom, because we were really just camping for three months each year. Our living quarters were two rooms. Dad had a hired man, Lamont Leishman, who with his wife, Sarah, and two daughters Ranae and Maureen stayed there for the entire year. The hired hand and his family had the front rooms and we used the back two rooms (a kitchen and a bedroom). Mom and Phyllis (and Dad, when

he came on weekends) had the bedroom and we boys slept on the screen porch or on beds in a big white walled tent on our lawn. One thing I don't recall is mother being troubled with her sons wanting to go out much at night. I think we were all too tired by nightfall.

Russell's son Jimmy and Edward playing in the sand box at the farm, The granary and the barn are in the background.

A normal day on the farm started at 6:00 when we got up and went out and did the chores, fed the livestock, milked the cows and harnessed the horses. We'd then go in for breakfast at about 8 a.m. By 9 a.m. we'd go out to work in the fields; thinning or weeding beets, hauling hay, fixing fences, watering crops or, hauling peas. This lasted until noon when we would go down to a swimming hole in the Logan River and swim for a half hour. We'd eat lunch at 12:30 and would return to the fields at about 1:30 p.m.

We'd work through the afternoon and be back to the house at about 5:30. Then we'd unharness the horses, feed all the livestock, milk cows, feed the calves and go back to the house for supper by about 8:00 p.m. We might get in a neighborhood game of "kick the can" or "run sheepie, run" but usually we'd go to bed and go to sleep the moment our head hit the pillow. Tired, sweaty, weary men and boys.

Russ, Jimmy, and Phyllis on the farm.

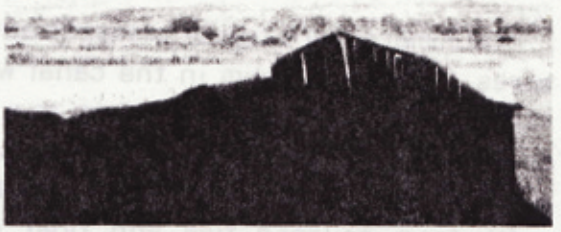
It really was a long day but the work was always varied and as a small boy it didn't seemed too bad. I'll bet Del, Spence and LaMont didn't think it was much fun. It was an interesting time in my life and I learned a lot during it. One thing I knew, was that I didn't want to be a farmer. But this was a unique opportunity to work with animals, machinery, and most of all with my family.

Harvesting hay was a job that lasted all summer. A good hay field produced three crops so it was a job from June through September. Alfalfa grows about 24-30" high. The older fellows would hitch a team of horses to a sickle bar mower and go around and around the field mowing the hay down in 5' swaths. A day or so later they'd take one horse and with a rake gather it into long rows. Then we'd go down the long, wide rows and fold it over with pitch forks into "bunches" that took the shape of a book but about

12" high and 4' in diameter. Then we'd take an open wagon about 6' wide and 16' long (it was open except for a front and rear frame which was about 5" high) attach a team of horses to the wagon and go load the hay. The older fellows would spear the "bunches" of hay with a pitch fork and lay them upside down on the wagon. They'd keep piling it up and we kids would tromp it to make a dense big cube out of the load (it would fork off better if it was real densely packed). When the load was as high as they could throw the bunches, we'd drive to the barn and with another big fork load it into the top of the barn for use during the winter as cattle feed. This was miserable, dusty, hot work. Especially if the field had thistles (weeds with thorny stickers). We'd usually be barefooted and wore no shirts. We went all summer wearing only trousers. We'd get brown as Indians and had feet tough enough to run on a gravel road. Anyway, if the guys on the ground were having a bad day they could (and did) pelt us hay full of thistles and unless they warned us it was bad news.

Putting up hay.

A snake in the forkful of hay was always exciting. The load, when full was 10 feet high and kind of scary to ride on. Occasionally a load tipped over on it's side when we went through a deep ditch and the wagon leaned over too far.



The farm viewed from the cattle shed.

I recall one day Delmar and Spence got in a big argument and were running after each other with pitch forks. I don't recall who was after whom but Lamont had to stop the fight. Another time Bry fell off the load and was pretty banged up.

I suffered badly from dust and pollen allergies (a legacy I've give to my children) for which I later took de-sensitizing shots. Because of these allergies I spent much of the summer in real misery. Often my eyes were swollen and irritated. Sometimes I would have large patches of rash. My Mother finally refused to let them work me on these kind of jobs and I rode the derrick horse all the time, a job usually given to a girl.

Spence was riding Queen one day and got "charlie horses" in both legs (muscle cramps) at the same time. I recall how he rode her into an irrigation ditch nearby and rolled off onto the ground in agony. It was really quite funny to everyone but him. No one dared laugh. Bry got so sunburned one summer that he was in bed real ill for a week or so. He had one great big blister and later one huge scab over his entire back.

Our farm was equipped with an outhouse. Complete with Sears Roebuck catalog for "wiping". It always had an incredible aroma. I was always happy to get back to Preston and an indoor toilet in the fall.

Summers were full of pleasant adventures. We would swim in the canal which ran through our property or in the Logan River. This was the chance to sneak a smoke and feel big. We used to build rafts from railroad ties and float down the canal. We would dam the canal at the railroad culvert to make a swimming hole until the railroad maintenance men would pass by and tear it out. Delmar would often drive us to a bend in the Logan River, where we'd skinny dip on a hot day. Del was an exceptionally good swimmer and most of us younger kids learned from him. When he thought we were big enough he threw us in the water and we soon learned. When we were in Preston we'd go to an irrigation reservoir (Blackers) at the east end of town. A boy was a man when he could swim the 300 yards across the reservoir.

The barn on our farm.

The barn was a wonderful place to play. The derrick rope was used as a Tarzan swing and I still have an ugly 3" scar on one knee where I hit a post in the barn. The Doctor used 5 stitches to close the cut and gave me no anaesthesia while he sewed up the cut. Very few people ever saw the inside of a hospital. They were expensive, not many people had insurance and few could afford it. When you were ill you just remained at home and your Mother nursed you. Sulfa or Anti-biotic to prevent infection had not been discovered.

Mother, Dad, and I in a field of beets.

We always grew sugar beets and thinning and hoeing was another terrible job. It was done with a hoe that had a 12" long handle. We'd bend over head down and fanny up and shuffle down the row. It was difficult to stand straight at the end of the day.

Thinning usually lasted about two weeks and weeding the same. Weeding wasn't as bad. This was done with a long handled hoe, but done in the hot summer months of July and August.

Mother would pay us for all the beet thinning and weeding at a very much reduced rate from the normal, but still we could earn a dollar or so and we were being paid for work that we had to do anyway. Mother would walk out to the fields between meals and help the child who was having trouble keeping up with

the others. She'd sometimes bring some of the delicious Rootbeer she made using Hires Rootbeer extract or maybe just a pitcher of cold water. She kept a very account of how much each child had earned.

The Beet Harvest.

Every couple of weeks we'd go home to Preston for the weekend and she's pay us what we had earned doing work on the farm. The dollar or two we'd earned would be a fortune. We'd have a big Saturday night. Movies then cost 10 cents and a box of popcorn a nickel. We almost always went to the Saturday afternoon movie, often earning our ticket by delivering hand bills around town.

We'd go to church on Sunday and then back to Logan and the farm on Monday. It was great when September came and we'd move back to Preston and start school.

During the summer months we would herd cattle on the Union Pacific Railroad right-of-way to supplement our own pasture. It was a lazy job. I read many books while herding those cattle. The only requirement was to keep them from straying and to get them off the right-of-way when the afternoon train passed. We would often lay large nails on the track for the train to roll flat and then we'd take hours filing them into knives. It's a wonder we didn't derail the trains since we'd use the largest nails that we could find. The engineers got to know us and would wave, sometimes throw us candy, and would blow the train whistle when they passed. To little boys imprisoned on lonely farms in dull backward towns those whistles spoke of distant worlds where life was better.

Mother and Phyllis in a patch of sugar beets.

Mother grew a small patch of strawberries each summer which we'd pick and sell from door to door in Logan. We'd go to the rich people up on the hill by the temple first. She'd sell a case for $1.00 and make $100.00 each summer. It was her "mad" money for the winter months.

When Mother and Dad died we sold the farm. Our 80 acre farm brought $85,000 from a factory that makes doors and windows now own it. I always feel sad when I drive by it. The memories of the good times we had there rush back and I have forgotten the hard work and the aches and pains.

When I was a Deacon, we built a new 1st Ward & Stake Meeting House in Preston. Dad was chairman of the finance committee. The young men in the ward worked on the meeting house when ever we could.

The old 1st Ward Meeting House where I went to church most of the early years of my life. It was torn down and the new chapel built on it's lot.

In those days most Mormon meeting houses were built by the membership. I'm not sure why they discontinued this practice. Possibly it was the liabilities incurred or maybe the abilities of the amateur workmen to do good work but there were some real pluses to the old system. A pride in the work done and pleasure in the fellowship that was developed while building meeting houses. Several of us Deacons nailed the wood lath to the walls in the foyer of our Stake House (wood lath are 4' x 1 1/2 x 3/8 pieces of wood that you nailed about 1/2" apart) The plasterers then smeared wet plaster all over this to form smooth walls. (Nowdays sheet rock is used for this purpose). We worked all of one summer on that meeting house. I am still proud of what I did and would like to return some day and see if the plaster has cracked or fallen off the walls.

The new 1st Ward Meeting House where I nailed plaster lath on the walls.

Both of my parents were very religious. To them religion was more a way of life than an attempt to communicate with God. They were Mormons by tradition as well as by conviction. Keeping commandments was a matter of habit. Sunday was not a restrictive day but a pleasant one. We dressed in our very best clothes and went to Sunday School in the morning. There wasn't much solemn dignity about either the Sunday School or Sacrament Meeting. Between the two meetings Mother usually prepared a special dinner. My folks would usually take a nap in the afternoon and then go to Sacrament Meeting in the evening. The day proceeded with a different rhythm. Very few people lived Preston who were not Mormons. Mother and Dad were tolerant of the few others in the community who did not share their religious beliefs but could

never quite see why anyone would not be a Mormon.

We used to go to church together as a family, Dad always sang in the choir and Mom worked in the Primary as long as I can remember. I didn't like Primary which was held on Tuesdays after school and I never missed a chance to skip it when I could by going to the "first hollow", a wild area full of willows that I loved to explore.

When I was 8 I was baptized. The deed was done in Bear River not far from where General Conner massacred more indians than were killed at Wounded Knee or Sand Creek. We didn't wear white clothing for the ordinance, just overalls and there was no short meeting to explain the ordinance just performed. I became a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints that day.

Halloween was always a special time for us. We were very clever at the pranks we pulled. Some people didn't have indoor plumbing and used a privy (wood bathroom) out in their back yard. It was generally about 4' x 4' and 7' high, with two comfortable (?) seats over an open pit. There were only a few of them left and it was a real achievement to tip one of these over. You can now understand why I've never complained about giving out a little candy when kids came "trick or treating" on halloween. They put you in jail for doing those kind of pranks now.

We used to have a lot of fun at an area west of Preston called the "sand hills" which was the city dump. The land area where Preston is situated is relatively flat but about 3 miles west, over the eons of time the Bear River cut a river bottom probably 300 or so feet below Preston's elevation. Since Preston has existed, people have taken all their junk, old cars, refrigerators, etc and just rolled them down the hill. No one ever bothered to cover it, they just piled layer upon layer. Sanitation regulations and agency supervision would not allow this to be done now. A couple of times a year we would go down and spend all day just scavenging the dump grounds. We were not allowed to bring anything home. We'd just hide our terrific finds of the day. You can't imagine all of the valuable things we found. Looking back on it I'll never know how we kept from cutting ourselves to bits or getting the bubonic plague.

During those years there was a Civilian Conservation Corp (CCC) camp up Cub River. Youth who could find no work during the depression joined the CCC and worked on conservation projects. They were disliked by the community because they would come to town on Saturday nights and raise a bit of hell. I like it because I collect the beer bottles in the park the next morning and sold them for 2 cents a bottle. Now, years later, the results of their good work (parks, camp grounds, mountain trails, roads, and paths) are found all over the west.

My Dad thought that we children should be kept busy at all times and he was very creative and successful at finding us jobs. When I was 9 I had my first paper route. I took over Bry's Salt Lake Telegram route. It was the evening edition of the Salt Lake Tribune. I delivered this route on our horse, old Queen, and I'll never forget those freezing winter nights. Being in competition with the Deseret News and being a non-mormon paper it wasn't too popular in an all Mor-

mon community. Finally Russ and I each got a morning route of the Salt Lake Tribune. I had to buy my route and paid $100.00 (3 months profit) for it. The papers sold for $1.05/month and there was a 30 cent profit on each customer. There were 4 routes in Preston. Russ and I had 2 and boys from another family had the other two. I had a hundred customers and so I could clear $30.00 a month if I collected from all my customers. This was a fortune for a person of my age. Every morning, rain or shine, snow or blow I delivered those papers and only a few times did Dad or anyone take me in the car.

Russ and I would go get our papers about 6:30 a.m. and be home about 8:00, cleanup, have breakfast, and away to school by 8:45. If it snowed real hard I might be late for school, or perhaps the papers were late in coming and I'd deliver them after school. It was a seven day a week job and it lasted for about 9 years. I wore out several bikes during those years.

The worst part of the job was the collecting. During the depression years many of the customers were on relief (PWA or WPA) and to collect you had to be there the night that they received their pay checks. Generally they didn't make enough to pay all of their bills and the creditor who wasn't waiting for them to come home on pay day didn't get paid that month.

Some of the other jobs my Dad found for us included mixing and spreading poison bait for the farmers, loading wool in box cars when the wool marketing pool sold their spring shearing, stenciling bleachers at the fair ground, passing out checks to farmers for the AAA acreage compliance, and measuring farm acreage for the Department of Agriculture.

Dad was a good teacher in many ways. He once gave Russ and I each a calf to care for. He agreed to buy the feed, but we were to be fully responsible for their care. It was agreed that if we didn't take care of them their ownership would revert back to Dad. During the summer we slacked off and didn't take care of them but Dad did. In the fall he sold the two calves and didn't give us a penny. We really thought he'd get soft and give us the money from the sale. After that I knew that a deal with Dad was a deal!!!

Me, Russ, and Mack Kennington with with our 4-H calves at the Ogden Jr. Livestock Show.

I was usually a member of one of the 4-H clubs that my father was responsible for promoting. For several years we used dairy cattle from my dad's herd but occasionally we'd raise a steer, show it at the Jr. Livestock Show in Ogden and then sell it at the auction there. The market in those days paid about 8 to 9 cents per lb. (live weight) but buyers would pay as high as 15 cents for a 4-H calf. A 500# calf would bring $75.00 and since Dad gave us the calf and furnished the feed

it was all clear profit.

My Father raised purebred Holstein milk cows and by selective breeding had developed quite a good herd. During the fall of the year he would select the best of his herd for the fair entry.

Russ and I would then train and groom them for Del Mar and Spence to show at the fairs. County, District, and State Fairs had contests where anyone could bring their best livestock and in competition have them judged against the entries of other dairymen in the area. All were judged against a theoretically perfect physical specimen for each breed.

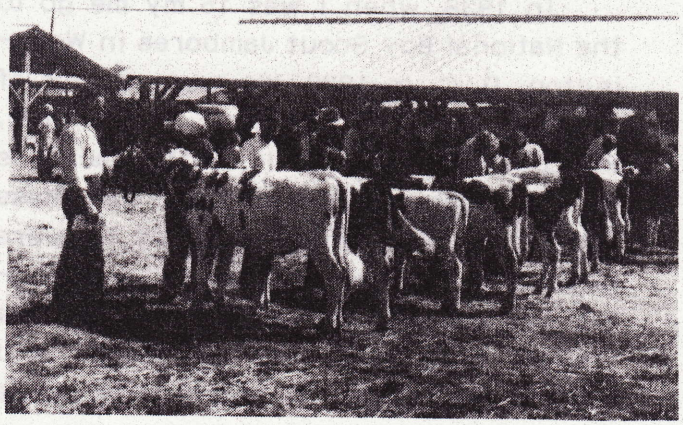
Del and Spence. Russ and I trained Dads cattle and Del and Spence showed them at the fairs and used the money to pay for their college expenses.

We would start about July 15th to get the "showstring" in their best physical condition. We'd train them to lead with a halter and stand correctly while the judge compared them with all the others of the same age. We'd bed them in deep straw, feed them extra grain and hay, put blankets on to get them to shed the excess hair and make their hide condition smooth and silky. We'd lead them around and around so they were used to the halter and would stand just so. We usually showed them at Cache County (Logan), Franklin County (Preston), Bannock County (Pocatello) and Eastern Idaho District (Blackfoot). We'd load all the cattle, usually about 10 or 12 in trucks with all kinds of equipment, sleeping bags, livestock feed and away we went. Usually each fair lasted about three days and we'd go the day before the show. It was almost a week's vacation at each fair. In a good year the prize money won could be as much as $500.00 which would be used to help Del and Spence with their college expenses.

Russ and I showing our cattle at a fair.

We would get our stalls assignments in the barns, bed down the animals and head for the carnival. Those fairs had some pretty raunchy side shows. People with deformities of all kinds (like the elephant man) and some times a little pornography were exhibited. It was disgusting even for a little kid. At nights we slept in the barn with the cattle. We'd bum around the midway in the evenings, but in the early part of the day we worked. We got up about 5:00, cleaned the barn, washed the cattle, braided their tails, sanded and shined their horns and hooves with shoe polish, polish the halters and then put on our white pants and

shirts and we were ready to whip the world. Dad had an excellent herd of cattle and we always won more than our share of ribbons. We showed cattle for probably six to eight years. Del and Spence started it and it just kind of grew into a tradition. We kept it going after they had graduated from college and for many years it was a normal for the Kearls to be on the "show circuit". We became pretty well known to the other exhibitors. Dad was a Superintendent of some sort at both the Franklin County Fair and the Southeastern Idaho District Fair at Blackfoot for a number of years.



Russ and I showing cattle at the Eastern Idaho District Fair in Blackfoot.

We, of course, had expenses. We'd eat our meals at the concession stands, so we figured out a way to earn money. Those who brought cows that had to be milked really had no use for the milk so we talked them into giving it to us. We'd take it and barter it with the carnival food concessionaires for 10 cents a gallon taken in trade for our meals. Also we'd take it to the people who brought pigs to the show. They liked to have fresh milk to help fatten their pigs. One hog exhibitor was Vic Fisher from Oxford. He was stingy and knew we had more milk than we could sell so he'd beat us down on the price to 5 cents a gallon, knowing full well we'd sell to him. I guess it was a little dishonest (really more than a little) but we'd add water to the milk for Vic, then he'd dilute it with water before he fed it to his pigs. The poor pigs were drinking colored water.

Spence and Bry were always doing fun and exciting things. They got the bright idea about this time of selling fireworks at Idaho Day (June 14) and on July 4th. At that time you could buy all kinds of firecrackers, torpedo bombs (almost anything that was explosive). They ordered several big boxes full of explosives from Salt Lake City and we went to Franklin, Idaho for the celebration of Idaho's Statehood, put up a little stand by the side of the road and were in business. I don't recall, but I guess we just worked for Bry and Spence. It was especially exciting when some inebriated bum would come up and start waving his cigarette over the top of $500.00 worth of fireworks. I don't know how well we did financially, but we kept selling them every year at Preston, Weston, and Franklin on all of the local holidays until the state outlawed any kind of fireworks, putting us out of business.

Spence - An Air Force Major with a P-36 Group in Africa during WW II.

With a bunch of boys there were always lots of practical jokes. Once we got a 6 volt dry cell battery and with a Model A Ford coil we could generate some pretty high voltages. (A ford coil was a little wooden box containing the wires for a small transformer. With it the voltage of a 6v. car battery could be increased until it could fire the spark plugs of the car). We had it mounted under our car and wired so we could shock anyone touching the car by pressing a switch hidden under the dash. Once the wires to the ignition coils got wrapped around the transmission shaft of our car. The transmission shaft tore the coils loose and as the shaft rotated the coils started pounding the bottom of the car, frightening my father.

In those days you could buy an old Model "T" Ford Auto for almost nothing. You would then strip off everything but the frame, wheels, engine, dash board and a gas tank (which stayed to carry gas and was also used as a seat.) One day I was barely hanging on to a friends "T" and he hit a bump. I fell off and was knocked unconscious for quite a while. I didn't dare tell Mother and Dad about it.

When we were kids, 9 or 10 years old, we would hitchhike 30 miles to Logan to see the college football games at Utah State on Saturdays in the fall. We'd bum a ride to Logan, crawl under the fence at an irrigation ditch (they had irrigation ditches that no one guarded.) We'd see the game and buy several paper thin hamburgers at 2 for a nickel and hitch hike back home again after the game. Boy were our parents trusting. No bad incidents ever happened that I recall.

Things were inexpensive in those days. Regular gasoline sold for twenty cents a gallon and during price wars it got down to ten cents a gallon.

Me in my Scout Uniform.

In 1938, when I was 15 my me go to the National Boy Scout Jamboree in Washington, D. C. in 1938. We made a tour of Chicago, Detroit, Boston, Washington, St. Louis and home. All of the facilities for the Jamboree including the Mess Tents and the tents we slept in were pitched on the mall between the Washington Monument and the White House. We visited most the the museums and Government Offices in Washington while we were there.

We used to go to Camp Hunt on Bear Lake for a week each summer. One summer I wore an old pair of trousers and early in the week the worn seat gave out. For days I died a thousand deaths from embarrassment of knowing that my shorts were showing.

Nearly every year we drove to Salt Lake just before Christmas to do our shopping in the big city. Dad had a Plymouth Coupe (one seat) and we would ride in the trunk, and I mean trunk. We would leave the lid up a few inches and ride curled up like a bunch of sardines under a huge pile of blankets during the trip. We had an old car horn that you

pinched the bulb to honk. We'd wait until Dad was riding the center line and then honk the horn. Dad would slow down and pull clear over and kind of wait for the traffic to pass. After he had forgotten about the horn we'd honk at him again. Of course there was no one in sight. He wasn't very happy about that trick. We kept doing it all the way to Salt Lake. We had games we played to pass the time and there were very clever rhyming signs advertizing Burma Shave along the road to read. A typical one said, "The Bearded Lady tried a jar. Now she's a famous movie star."

We would stay with our Aunt Grace. She and Uncle George kept a "Parlor Grocery Store" (one of the ways that people weathered the depression) in the front of her home at 619 South West Temple. They didn't have much room so we slept on pallets on the floor. Most of our Christmas shopping was done in the 10 cent stores. I remember one year that we each had $1.25 to buy all of our Christmas presents. That trip was an event which we looked forward to each year with much delight. There were many kids in Preston who had never been to Salt Lake City until after they had graduated from High School.

Edna Rae was Aunt Grace's only child. Even though she was Russell's age she was the big city girl and kind of something special. Very pretty, long dark hair, lots of pretty clothes, and she had her own candy store. Aunt Grace was always kind of frightening when we were young. She seem awfully stern and yet it was exciting to be there in the big city at Christmas.

At Christmas, Santa Claus usually brought us one or two toys and a bag of hard candy, nuts, an apple, orange and a coconut in our stocking. Before Christmas we found and played with most of our toys. I remember playing with a wind-up train (few people could afford and electric train) until we broke the drive spring for the engine and how angry my Father was because he thought that he had been sold a defective toy. We didn't have the courage to admit that we broke it. Nearly every Christmas we would be given a book. We used to try with great effort to snare Santa on Christmas Eve but were never successful. Conversely, Dad went to great effort to simulate Santa Claus. One year there were sleigh tracks and candy that Santa spilled in the snow as he left leading right up to the front door and then out to the street.

Preston used to award prizes for the houses that had the best house decorations at Christmas. We won the prize for many years. One year we went over to Weston Canyon and cut a whole car full of pine boughs, we wired them into garlands and with strings of lights hung them along the eaves and gables of our house. The house seemed beautiful when covered with snow. One year Bry made a large drawing of a Christmas scene of the wise men on plywood which we mounted between our gables. We cut it out and spotted flood lights on it.

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 operation 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 attached 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 mellon 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.

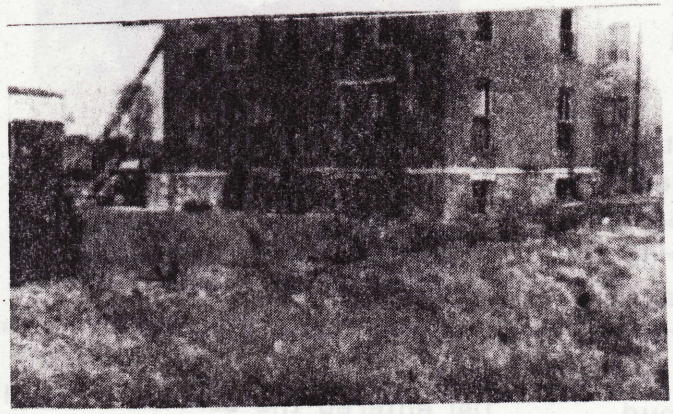
Dad was a High Priest and served on several High Councils. He was a good speaker and writer but at times he overdid it a little. I remember one of his family lectures that ended in chaos when each of us children started crunching on a stalk of celery.

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 generated by this foolish business venture. - Sugar made from beets was not competive 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.

Mr. Kearl

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.

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 were 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. exec.; 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 Univs. 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.

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 all kinds.

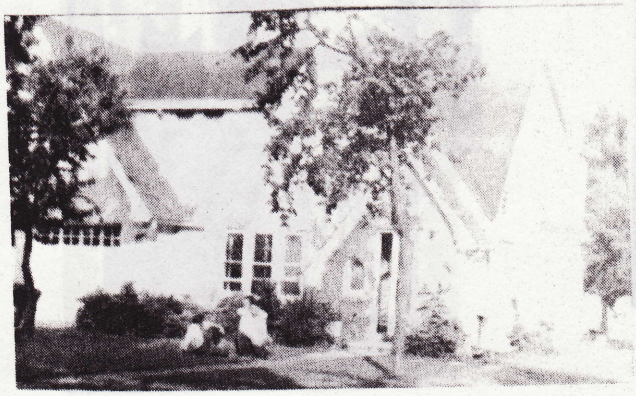
Phyllis when she was in High School in Mt. Clemens.

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.

Russell Spencer Delmar Bryant
Phyllis Mother Dad Me (Cyril)

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

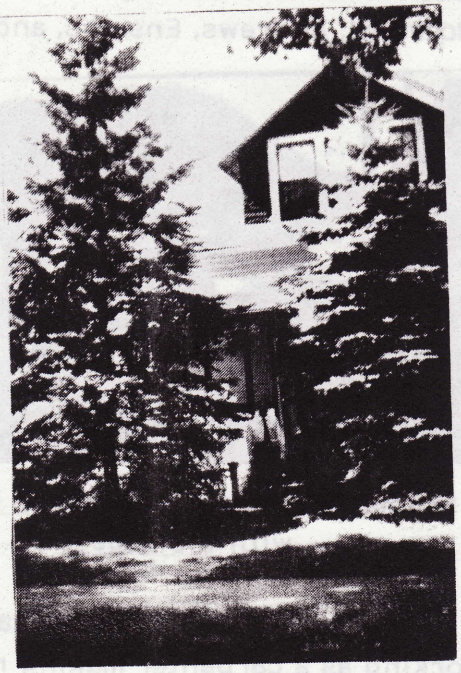
Mother and Dad moved to Mt. Clemens, Michigan in July of 1942 and I went along. I was excited about moving to a strange new city in a strange part of the country.



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.

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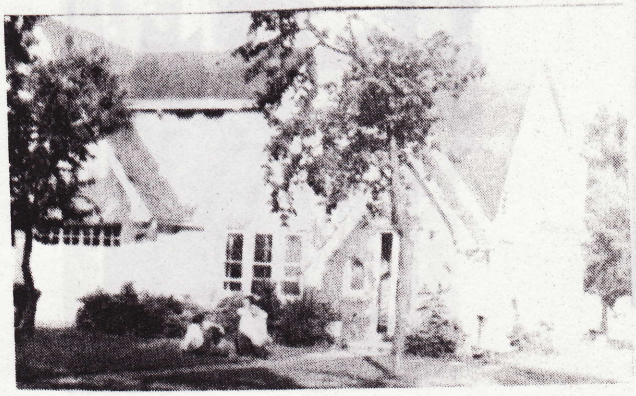

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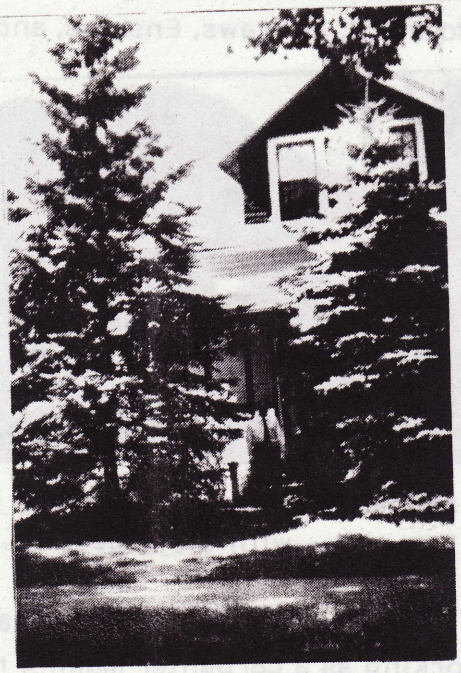


The house on Miller street that my parents purchased and where they lived for most of the 17 years that they were in Michigan.

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 undergraduatecourses: 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 Kearl, 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 apprehensivee 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.

Mary's ancestors were from Holland, France, England, Wales and Scotland. Many of them came to the United States before the Revolutionary War.

Mary's Great Great Great Grandfather Thomas Turner's log cabin in Columbia, Missouri.

The McMinns, Turners, and related families came to the original 13 Atlantic Coast Colonies and followed Daniel Boone (they were probably good friends of his) through the Cumberland Gap across Tenn, Kentucky, Missouri, Texas and Oklahoma. They were at the front of the pioneer movement to the west.

My great grandfather, Robert McMinn, was living in Missouri when he joined the army to serve in the Mexican War. While he was on his way to Mexico, he died in New Mexico of the measles, and was buried in the Glorietta Mountains. He left his wife, my great grandmother, now a widow with several small children including my grandfather, Robert Edward who was 2 years old. When he died, Elizabeth, received a pension for many years. We have copies of all of his army records.

My Grandfather, Robert Edward McMinn when he was a young man.

1 Sarah Ruth MCMINN----------
B: 17 Sep 1896
P: Marfa,Presidio,Texas
M: 28 Oct 1921
P: Buffalo,Harper,Oklahoma
D: 24 Dec 1980
P: Salt Lake City,S,Utah

Francis Edward WALKER----------
Spouse

2 Robert Edward MCMINN----------
B: 21 Nov 1846
P: ,St. Clair,Missouri
M: 12 Oct 1880
P: Columbia,,MO
D: 27 Feb 1925
P: Los Angeles,L,California

3 Margaret WRIGHT TURNER----------
B: 7 Mar 1861
P: Columbia TWP,B,Missouri
D: 7 May 1917
P: Witchita,Sedgwick,Kansas

4 Robert MCMINN----------
B: Abt 1804
P: ,Buncombe,N.C.
M: 2 Nov 1826
P: Shelbyville,B,Tennesse
D: 15 Aug 1847
P: Santa Fe Trail,New Mexico

5 Elizabeth Pernetta CHAFFIN--------
B: 19 Sep 1811
P: Richmond,I,Virginia
D: 12 Apr 1900
P: Stockton,Cedar,Missouri

6 George Washington TURNER----------
B: 12 Apr 1838
P: Columbia TWP,B,Missouri
M: 19 Oct 1858
P: Martinsburg,A,Missouri
D: 27 Nov 1893
P: Harg,Boone,Missouri

7 Elizabeth J. MARTIN----------
B: 10 May 1839
P: Martinsburg,A,Missouri
D: 20 Dec 1928
P: Oklahoma City,,Oklahoma

8 James MCMINN----------
B: Abt 1778/1780
P: ,Buncombe,NC
M: Abt 1802
P: ,Buncombe,North Carolina
D: 6 Feb 1865
P: ,Hickman (Dksn),TN

9 Elizabeth WOODFIN----------
B: Abt 1786
P: ,Buncombe,N.C.
D: 7 Jul 1873
P: ,Dickson,TN

10 Archibald Archer CHAFFIN---------
B: Abt 1786
P: ,of Charlotte,Virginia
M: 19 Dec 1810
P: ,Charlotte,Virginia
D:
P:

11 Frances FEARS----------
B:
P: ,of Charlotte,Virginia
D:
P:

12 James TURNER----------
B: Abt 1810
P: ,Madison,Kentucky
M: 2 May 1833
P: ,Boone,Missouri
D: 19 Apr 1850
P: Columbia TWP,B,Missouri

13 Sarah Ann CONNELLY----------
B: Abt 1817
P: ,Madison,Kentucky
D: 17 Jul 1855
P: Columbia TWP,B,Missouri

14 William R. MARTIN----------
B: 5 Jan 1802
P: ,,Kentucky
M: 25 Sep 1826
P: ,,Kentucky
D: 22 Feb 1867
P: Martinsburg,A,Missouri

15 Margaret P. WRIGHT----------
B:
P: ,,Kentucky
D: 16 Oct 1845
P:

17 Jane KUYKENDALL----------

18 Nicholas WOODFIN---------

19 Mary Hannah ASHBROOK-----

20 Jesse CHAFFIN----------

21 Phoebe HATCHETT----------

22 William FEARS----------

23 Mrs. FEARS----------

24 Thomas TURNER----------

25 Elizabeth NEWLAND--------

26 John CONNELLY----------

27 Elizabeth TURNER---------

28 Russell MARTIN----------

29 Margaret VAUGHN----------

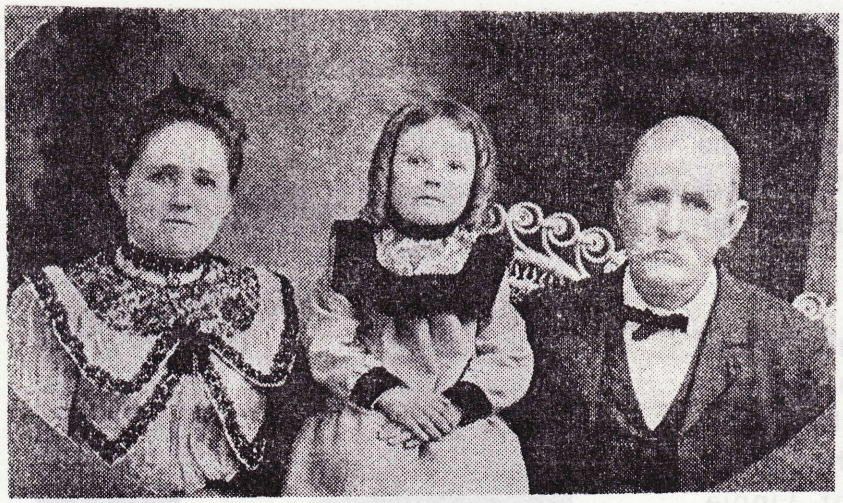
30 Winfield WRIGHT----------

31 Judith TINSLEY----------

Name and address of submitter:

Phone:

My Grandfather, Robert Edward McMinn, moved from Missouri to Brownsville, Texas where he operated a store with his brother John. Sometime after he was married he moved to Marfa, Texas where he owned a cattle ranch which he sold to a nephew, Charles C. Brite. It became one of the largest cattle ranches in Texas.



My Grandmother Margaret Wright, My Mother Sarah Ruth when she was a child, and My Grandfather Robert Edward McMinn.

My mother, Sarah Ruth, was the youngest of the eight children born to Robert and Margaret. She was born in 1896 in Marfa. Oklahoma became a territory in 1890 and finally a state in 1907. After selling his ranch in Marfa he moved to Buffalo (near the panhandle), Oklahoma in about 1901 when my mother, Sarah Ruth, was five. He grew wheat on several hundred acres of farm land there. Aunt Ethel, one of my mother's older sisters, says that when they moved to Buffalo you couldn't see a tree anywhere.

Times were difficult then. Mothers oldest sister, Linnie had married Lloyd Hoy and they lived on a small farm near Buffalo. She had seven children but none of the modern conveniences we are familiar with. They finally gave up farming and in the 1930's moved to California as did many others from Oklahoma.

It seemed like there was no end to troubles in those days. Her oldest brother, George, left home when he was young and never came back. When people disappeared the saying was that, "He had gone west." George showed up in California many years later after he had retired from the railroad. Another brother, Barney, lost a leg and in his depression committed suicide. Brother Reo served in WW I, and was one of the 22,000 desperate, jobless veterans who marched on Washington in 1932 asking for an early payment of the bonus that Congress had promised for 1945. He had a hard time during the Depression and finally come to Salt Lake City and worked for my father. My Aunt Ethel married Eldon Dick who was a lawyer and had come through Buffalo. Her one son, Newton, was a pilot and early in WW II died in an Airplane crash. Her huaband divorced her so she came to Utah to live with us. She also worked for my father in the insurance office. My Uncle Charles accidentally shot and killed himself in a hunting accident in 1933 and his 3 older orphaned children lived with us for several years.

Mother said that when she was young children were not given allowances to spend but her father was always generous with his money. When they went to town he saw that they had candy, (horehounds or stick candy). They went to the nearby town of Kitty and bought most of their groceries at the general store there. This was a great occasion. Grandfather McMinn drove 45 miles to Woodward or Ashland in his buggy to buy the larger quantities of staples such as flour that were purchased once or twice a year.

They had a large storeroom on the farm. They cured their own hams, canned fruit and stored vegetables for the winter in a root cellar.

Their home on the ranch had no electricity or indoor plumbing. It did have a good source of water and travelers almost always stopped to water their stock and get rested and refreshed. Mother said that the traveler was always welcomed and often she and her brothers and sisters would find that during the night her parents had moved them to a pallet on the floor to provide a bed for the stranger.

When mother was a young girl one of her jobs was to catch chickens, no easy job. She then had to kill and clean them for her mother to fry. Her Mother was a very good cook. Mother, Aunt Linnie, and Aunt Ethel used to help Grandmother feed the harvest hands. They always had a large garden. They had no refrigerator but the cellar was cool and they kept milk and fruit there.

Mother didn't do much of the hard farm work but she gathered eggs, fed the chickens and did the sort of things that little girls did on a farm. They had horses on the farm and traveled everywhere in a wagon or on horseback. Friends would stop or gather at their house to visit, play and eat snacks. The popular games children played in those days were "Cameron", run-sheep-run, mumble peg. They also played in the hay in the barn.

Cyclones were common in that part of Oklahoma and they had a cellar on the farm to protect them from these storms. Often they would get up in the middle of the night and spend the rest of the night in the cellar. Grandfather usually refused to leave his bed and go into the cellar.

Mothers family were members of the Christian Church (The Disciples of Christ). My father had been a Presbyterian but he joined the Christian Church after he and my mother were married. Mother, after she was a grown woman, always taught in Sunday School. They usually didn't have a chapel when mother was a child and met in a rented hall of some kind.

Mother when she was a young lady.

Most of mother's early life was spent on the farm. While she was on the farm she walked five miles to school in Buffalo and took the usual courses in school, english, history, spelling and in high school, algebra and latin. Aunt Fannie, who was her Mother's Sister was one of the teachers during those years. Mc Guffy readers were used in her school. She went to school through the eighth grade in Buffalo and then lived with her Aunt Maude, another of her Mother's Sisters, in Oklahoma City (about 300 miles away) where she finished high school.

Her Father also owned a bank in Buffalo but they lived on the farm until her Mother died in 1917 and then they moved into a house in Buffalo which had electricity, and indoor plumbing. She had gone to Alva and lived with her Aunt Fannie while she attended and graduated from the State Teachers College there. Mother taught school in a one room schoolhouse for seven months. She didn't like teaching very much and so she started working in her fathers bank. Her brothers Charles and Reo were also working there.

During WW I food was rationed. There weren't many shortages or privations during the war but Mother remembers using parched corn as a substitute for coffee.

The first president Mother voted for was Calvin Coolidge. He, Harding, and Hoover were not very popular presidents in Oklahoma. It wasn't until Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected that there was a president whom people respected and had confidence in. There wasn't much world or national news available in those days. (No Global Television). Most of the news they heard was local news.

Girls in those days married at an early age. Aunt Ethel was married at 16. Mother was 25, almost an old maid when my Father and she were married. My Dad's Father, Lewis Edward Walker, built railroads and was in Buffalo for a time. Mother worked for him some. My Dad used to come to Buffalo in the summers and help his Father and when he finished at the University of Texas he came to Buffalo to work in the "other" bank in town.

My Father, when he was courting my Mother.

My Father and Mother, while dating, would go 10 or 12 miles in his car at night to a dance. Since my parents went several miles away on dates, cometimes their friends weren't aware that they were considering marriage. My parents surprised everyone when they got married in October of 1921. When their friends found out about the marriage they dressed them up in funny clothes. They made a veil for my Mother out of old curtains and made her wear funny shoes. They dressed my Father in a checkered suit. They were paraded through town in an old buggy and tied to a post for several hours that night. This was what they called a chivaree. They didn't have a fancy wedding but friends gave them a shower and they received many nice gifts.

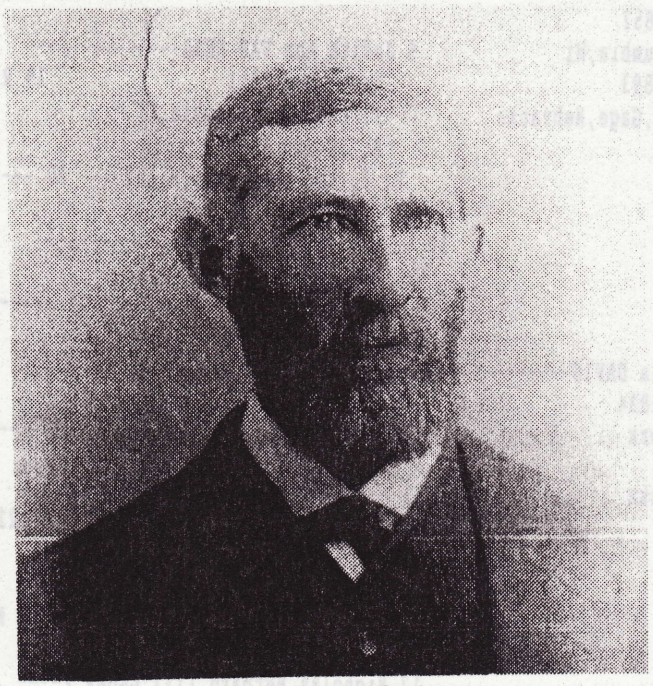
Me when I was 6 months old.

I was born in December of 1922. Mother had an infection of some sort when I was born and almost died and she never had any other children. My Great Aunt Fannie Miller, Aunt Linnie, and my Grandmother Walker helped out for 2 months after I was born.

They didn't have many very competent doctors in those days. However, my Great Aunt Fanny Miller and Aunt Linnie were very competent mid-wifes and nurses. They would travel on horseback many miles to deliver a child and then tend the mother after the birth carrying all of their supplies with them. They might stay several days until the mother and child were well. My Grandmother McMinn was also a midwife.

Mother quit her job at the bank after I was born. They bought a house in Buffalo and lived there until I was one year old when they moved to Oklahoma City.

My paternal Great Grandparents were Isaac Van Ness Walker and Mary Cornelia Davis.



My Great Grandfather - Isaac Van Ness Walker.

Isaac and his wife, Mary Cornelia Davis, came from near Albany, N. Y. His uncle had moved to Wisconsin and Isaac followed settling near Lodi, WI. Isaac and Mary Cornelia had three children. My Grandfather, Lewis Edward, grew up In Lodi. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin where he studied Law. Although Grandfather Walker had a degree in Law he was only a practicing lawyer for a couple of years. Most of his life was spent managing and organizing short line railroads in the midwest.

My Grandfather was evidently well known and active in politics. He was a personal friend of William McKinley when he was Governor of Ohio. He seconded his nomination as the Republican candidate for President, running against William Jennings Bryan.

My Great Grandmother, Mary Cornelia Davis and my Grandfather, Lewis Edward Walker.

Lewis Edward's first wife, Bessie J. Yule, died when they were living in Neb. My Grandmother, Anna Elizabeth Leger was teaching school there when he met her and they were married in 1895.

My Grandparents, Lewis Edward and Anna Elizabeth, with my Father, F. Edward Walker, his brother and sister.

1 Francis Edward WALKER----------
B: 18 Feb 1899
P: Hutchinson,Reno,Kansas
M: 28 Oct 1921
P: Buffalo,Harper,Oklahoma
D: 22 Jul 1949
P: Salt Lake City,S,Utah
Sarah Ruth MCMINN----------
Spouse

2 LEWIS Edward WALKER----------
B: 26 Jun 1854
P: Lodi,Columbia,Wisconsin
M: 22 Oct 1895
P: Beatrice,Gage,Nebraska
D: 10 Nov 1919
P: AUSTIN,Travis,Texas

3 Anna Elizabeth LEGER----------
B: 15 Oct 1858
P: St. Denis,Seine,France
D: 6 Nov 1948
P: AUSTIN,Travis,Texas

4 Isaac VAN NESS WALKER----------
B: 1829
P: ,,New York
M: 1852
P: Lodi,Columbia,Wi
D: 26 Aug 1893
P: Beatrice,Gage,Nebraska

5 Mary Cornelia DAVIS----------
B: Abt 1834
P: ,,New York
D:
P: ,,Nebraska

6 Louis Jacques LEGER----------
B: 26 Jul 1818
P: Appeville,Eure,France
M: 28 Mar 1850
P: St. Denis,Seine,France
D: 9 Jan 1894
P: ,,Kansas

7 Clarissa Augustine LE MARCHAND----
B: 9 Jul 1830
P: St. Denis,Seine,France
D: 23 Jan 1914
P: Sharan Springs,W,Kansas

8 LEWIS WALKER----------
B:
P: ,,NY
M: 12 Sep 1827
P: V,,,(St. Lukes)
D:
P:

9 Judith Ann VAN NESS----------
B: 6 Aug 1811
P: Chatham,Columbia,NY
B: 16 Jan 1830
P: I. Van Ness Cem.,M,,NY

10 ----------
B:
P:
M:
P:
D:
P:

11 ----------
B:
P:
D:
P:

12 Nicholas Bernard (II) LEGER F----
B: 21 Feb 1794
P: Appeville,Eure,France
M: 8 Apr 1813
P:
D: 10 Jan 1855
P: Appeville,Eure,France

13 Marie Rose THONNEL----------
B: 30 Jan 1792
P: St. Philbert,s,,France
D: 10 Jan 1885
P: Marseilles,,Il

14 Romain Pierre LE MARCHAND--------
B: 26 May 1794
P: Henonville,,France
M: 14 May 1829
P:
D:
P: St. Denis,,France

15 Marie Marguerite A BONNARD-------
B: 7 May 1811
P: St. Denis,,France

16 ----------

17 ----------

18 Isaac Isack VAN NESS----

19 R BANKS (BANKSON)-----

20 ----------

21 ----------

22 ----------

23 ----------

24 Nicholas B LEGER-----

25 Marie Ann F QUILLET----

26 N THONNEL (TONEL)-------

27 Catherine Marie POREE--

28 Romaine P. LE MARCHA

29 Marie R. DOUDET-------

30 Louis Francois BONNA

31 Augustine PREUVOST

Name and address of submitter:

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LEWIS EDWARD WALKER, B. S., LL. B.

Born near Lodi, Columbia County, Wisconsin, June 28, 1854. Fitted at the Lodi schools, and entered U. W. general science course in 1874, graduating four years later. Was a member of Athenæ, and of the Phi Kappa Psi fraternity, and historian of his class. He read law and taught school during 1879, graduating from the Law School in the following year. Practiced law at Portage until 1882, when he spent a year upon a farm near Lodi; then engaged in the real estate, loan, and insurance business at Beatrice, Nebraska, until the fall of 1891; was cashier of the Union Savings Bank at Beatrice, 1891–95; president of the Beatrice Oat Meal Manufacturing Company, until January, 1896; appointed receiver of the Hutchinson & Southern Railroad, in December, 1895, with headquarters at Hutchinson, Kansas; elected vice-president and general manager of the Hutchinson & Southern Railway Company, successor of the first-named company, on March 1, 1898, which position he held until November, 1899, when the railway was purchased and absorbed by the Atchinson, Topeka & Santa Fé system. Mr. Walker was a member of the Beatrice city council for several years, and in 1892 served as a delegate from Nebraska to the National Republican convention. On September 25, 1878, he married Miss Bessie J. Yule, a student at U. W., 1873–74, who died January 17, 1894. He married again on October 22, 1895, Miss Anna E. Leger, a student of the State University of Nebraska, 1889, and of the normal school at Lincoln, 1890. He has five children. His present residence is Des Moines, Iowa.

An article taken from the Archives of the University of Wisconsin that tells about my Grandfather, Lewis Edward Walker.

My Grandmothers parents, Clarisse Le Marchand and Louis Jacques Leger, came to the United States with their family from France about 1867.

My Grandparents, Louis Jacques Leger, and Clarissa Le Marchand Leger.

My Great Grandfather, Louis Jacques Leger had been a school teacher. They had lived in St. Dennis, a suburb of Paris. He was involved in teaching the deaf and was awarded three medals for his work in this area. I have one of these medals (a silver one).

Great Grandfather Leger was concerned about the possibility of another war between France and Prussia, and he did not want his sons to become "cannon fodder" in another European war.

My Great Grandmother - Clarissa Le Marchand Leger.

He was correct because the Franco-Prussian war broke out in 1870. The Legers settled first in Illinois, where great grandfather Leger became a farmer. Later they moved to Nebraska hoping that the weather would be less severe. Grandmother Elizabeth Anna Leger received enough education to qualify for a teacher's certificate and she taught school in the elementary grades for 15 years before she married my Grandfather.

He assisted in promoting the economic growth of Beatrice, Neb. He helped organize the Beatrice Creamery, which was the beginning of what is now Beatrice Foods, Inc. of Chicago, a nationally known food processor and distributor.

Because of my Grandmother's ill health, Grandfather Lewis Edward, moved to Des Moines, IA where their daughter, Mary, was born. Then they moved to California for a while and then to Texas where they built a beautiful home in the country.

Grandtfather Walker was an entrapreneur and reorganizing the defunct Hutchinson Railroad and selling it to the A.T.& Santa Fe, and was president of three other railroads in Texas and Oklahoma. Before his death he was trying to build a short line railroad. He went to England and obtained backing for it but WW I broke out and his backers lost their interest. He invested the money that he had, worked night and day, his health broke and he died.

My Grandparents established their home in Austin, Texas in 1907. Grandmother Walker survived her husband by several years and finally died at the age of 89 in 1948, and is buried alongside of her husband in Austin.

My Grandparents home at 3900 Ave "C" in Austin. Picture taken in 1972.

The family home in Austin, originally constructed in 1895 is still in good condition. It is a landmark in Austin and is on the National Register. Grandmother Walker lived in this house from 1914 when it was purchased until her death in 1948, a total of 34 years.

My Father, F. Edward, when he was five years old.

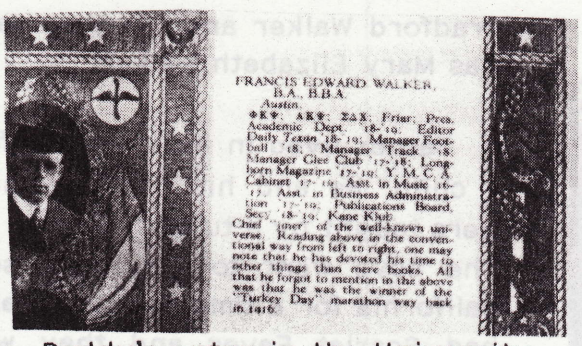
These are the memories I have of my father, Francis Edward Walker. He was born in Hutchinson, Kansas on February 18, 1899. He was the middle child in his family. His older brother was Lewis Bradford Walker and his younger sister was Mary Elizabeth Walker.

Father lived in Iowa and California as a child. He and his brother and sister were taught by a tutor from time to time. The boys went to a military school in California for a time because their sister had Scarlet Fever and they were not allowed in the home.

Father when he was twelve.

He and his brother graduated from high school very early and attended the University of Texas (they moved to Texas after leaving California.)

Daddy when he was a student at the University of Texas.



FRANCIS EDWARD WALKER,
B.A., B.B.A.
Austin.

ΦΚΦ; ΑΚΨ; ΣΑΧ; Friar; Pres. Academic Dept. '18-'19; Editor Daily Texan '18-'19; Manager Football '18; Manager Track '18; Manager Glee Club '17-'18; Longhorn Magazine '17-'18; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet '17-'19; Asst. in Music '16-'17; Asst. in Business Administration '17-'19; Publications Board, Sec'y '18-'19; Kane Klub.

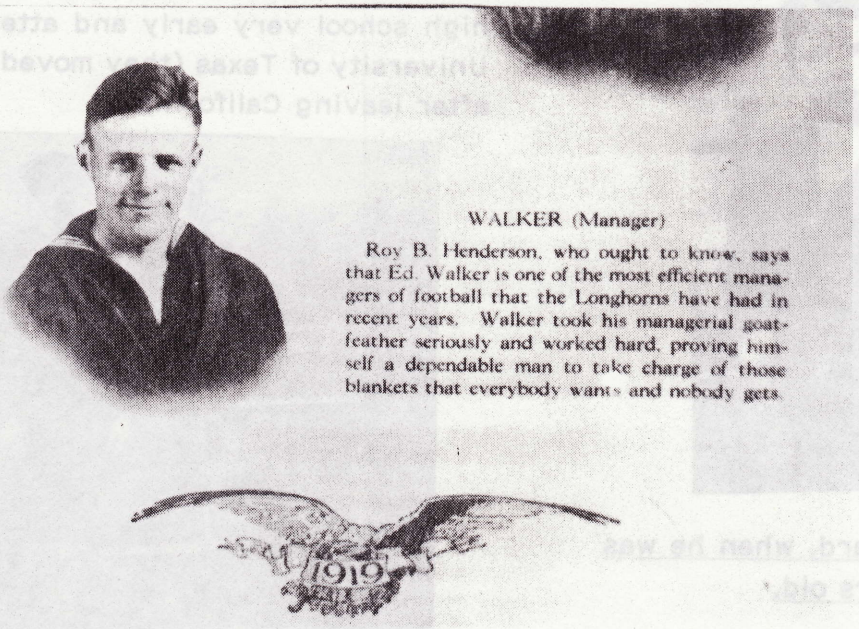
Chief "joiner" of the well-known universe. Reading above in the conventional way from left to right, one may note that he has devoted his time to other things than mere books. All that he forgot to mention in the above was that he was the winner of the "Turkey Day" marathon way back in 1916.

Daddy's entry in the University of Texas Yearbook.

Father entered the University when he was 14 and was a very outstanding student. He was a "big man on the campus" belonging to many organizations and participating in many campus activities.

He was editor of the "Daily Texan" which was a newspaper published by the University at the time. He was the business manager of the football team and he was presented a little gold football that I have in my possession and cherish very much. He was a joiner, taking part in many activities. When he graduated from the University of Texas, World War I was on. The day after he graduated he enlisted in the Navy and the war ended the next day. He never really saw active service but he loved the Navy and continued in the reserves taking correspondence courses and advanced to the rank of a Lieutenant.

At the beginning of WW II he was called up and by the time the war was over he had advanced to the rank of a Commander. We always joked about being a commander in the Navy without ever really serving on a ship. He was on a ship during WWII, but not in command but just as a passenger, when he went to New Caledonia, the advanced base of the Southwest Pacific Theatre. He helped set up the base for Admiral Ghormley. He worked well with men. He seemed to sense what the young men needed. Mother tells about he organized singing groups and other kinds of activities to keep the sailors busy so that they wouldn't be so home sick.



WALKER (Manager)

Roy B. Henderson, who ought to know, says that Ed. Walker is one of the most efficient managers of football that the Longhorns have had in recent years. Walker took his managerial goat-feather seriously and worked hard, proving himself a dependable man to take charge of those blankets that everybody wants and nobody gets.

1919

Daddy was the football manager of the Univ. of Texas football team - The Longhorns.

Chapter Ten - Oklahoma City and the early years in Salt Lake City

I was born in Buffalo, Oklahoma (near the panhandle) on a cold snowy Saturday night. It was December 9, 1922. When I was about a year old, my parents moved to Oklahoma City.

Mary when she was about two years old.

My father worked at several jobs while we were there. He sold real estate, owned a drag line (an excavating crane with a bucket dragged towards the machine by a cable) and developed land. My mother also worked for a period of time as a cashier of a bank. We had an apartment at my great Aunt Maude (Turner) Reed's home at 1021 E. 10th Street. I suspect that I stayed with my great aunt while Mother and Daddy worked.

I do remember that as a 5 year old, when I was about to start kindergarten, how somebody, (I don't remember if it was my mother or my aunt) walked me to school to show me the way and then they left and I spent the day at school. As I came home that night I couldn't find my way back so I decided that the best thing to do was to go back to school and just sit there and surely somebody would come for me and they did. Didn't I act wisely?

Me when I was about 5 years old sitting on the front porch of our home at 1021 E 10th St. in Oklahoma City.

When I was 6 or 7 years old my parents were dealing in Real Estate. I f they couldn't sell or rent a home they would move into it and live there until the dud. In Oklahoma they had grades 1A and 1B. If your birthday was late in the year your began in January. If it was early you began in September, so I began 1st grade in January when I was six. Since my Grandmother Walker had taught me how to read, I was asked to stand up before the class and read a story about a bird and his nest. Since I did so well I was advanced to 1B as though I had begun school in Sept. This has always made me one of the youngest in my classes.

When I was 7 and in the second grade, my parents were living in a home they hoped to sell but I began school and then we moved across town. Today children would have transferred to the nearest school. My Mother didn't approve of me

changing in the mid year so I caught the streetcar. I went to the terminal downtown, changed to another street car and went to school. I thought it was fun!!

Mother and I in Oklahoma City in 1926 when I was 4 years old.

The year that I was 7 1/2 my parents were going to be traveling around the state on business, I don't know what business, but I took the train to Austin and stayed with Grandmother Walker. We drove to a small town, Durrant (I think) to catch the train. My Dad got us a hotel room. Mother said that there were bed bugs so I slept sort of on a brass rail at the bottom of the bed. They put me on the train and Mother's last words were, "Don't hold your ticket out of the window." I usually was and have always been very obedient and wanted to please but the first thing that I did when the train pulled out of the station was hold my ticket out of the window.

My Father and I in Oklahoma City in 1927 when I was five years old.

In 1931, one of my mother's distant cousins, Earl B. Brink, wrote my father and asked him if he would like to come to Salt Lake City, Utah and manage an insurance office for him. He was branching out and was opening an office in Phoenix where he wanted to live. It was the depression and Real Estate was not always easy to sell. They thought the move would be a real opportunity.

We moved quite often but my mother did not believe that I should be changing schools during the school year. I went to the same school all year but I always seemed to be living in a different home at the end of the school year and starting in a different school at the beginning of the next year.

During the depression it wasn't the best of times. I can remember that my mother would say, "If you want to come to eat at our house you'd better come at the beginning of the month because by

the end of the month we don't have too much food on hand."

My parents moved to Salt Lake City in August of 1931, rented an apartment at the Oakwood Apts. on 5th E and 7th S and I started at the Oquirrah school. It was just a small apartment and my parents both worked at the insurance office. I was in the 4th grade at this time. I can remember that my mother always had a list of tasks for me to do when I got home from school. She was sure that I would never do any-thing "that she wouldn't have approved of" and so I guess as a result, I never thought of doing anything that she would not have liked. Occasionally I would ask her if I could have a friend over or if I could go to a friend's house and she allowed me to do this but not very often. I think she probably felt that a few times it would be all right but if I did it too often I might have a friend who would suggest that we do something that we shouldn't. I remember that my parents worked at least 1/2 day on Saturday and sometimes more. I know that lots of times I would take the streetcar and go to the movie on Saturday by myself.

My father asked one of his friends from Oklahoma City to help him manage the insurance agency. He had decided to buy the agency from Earl B. Brink and thought this friend, O. Lyle Hiner, might like to become a partner with him.

During the depression times were hard and Mr. Hiner was also very glad to come west. They, also lived in the Oakwood Apartments just above us. If we wanted to talk to them, rather than use the telephone, we would bang on the floor and go into the bathroom where there was a ventilating duct that we could use to talk with them.

Mother and I on our car.

Daddy was a good salesman and was very successful in the insurance business. During the depression one had to have creative selling methods and Daddy became expert at them. Many times he would sell people insurance and then take his commission in a barter arrangement since money was so scarce in those days. On one occasion, he took it in meat. It wasn't steak but rather bologna and we had bologna about every way you could think of. I can remember my mother would bake it like you would a ham. She would score it, putting cloves and other spices on it. She would serve it sliced as you would a ham. I can remember her frying it and cutting it up in casseroles. Frankly, I got so tired of bologna that it was a long time before I could eat it without feeling sick at my stomach. I can remember also having a hundred pounds of onions that my mother creamed, baked, and fried - cooking them in every way she could think of. I don't remember all of the things my father traded for when selling insurance but these were

two that stand out in my mind. I once took voice lessons in exchange for the commission on an insurance sale. That was a poor bargain!!!

Our little family shortly after we moved to Salt Lake City.

My father and Mr. Hiner expanded and opened an office in Idaho. Mr. Hiner moved to Pocatello and managed the Idaho office while my father continued to manage the Salt Lake office. Eventually they dissolved their partnership.

My father was a joiner, he belonged to many organizations in Salt Lake City. (The Inter-national Footprinters Association, Masons, The Lions) He loved people and he felt like these were ways to meet people and perhaps sell them insurance.

He was a good friend of Heber J. Grant and of George Albert Smith. Many of the leaders of the Mormon Church were Insurance men and he knew most of them, however, he was very active in his church, the Central Christian Church. It was a fundamentalist religion and the bible was all important. Each person interpreted it as he thought it should be. He was a very devoted Christian. He and my mother were very active in this church and of course I was also a member.

When I turned 11 my Mother asked what I would like for my birthday. All I wanted was to go to lunch or shopping with her. I always wished we could do more things together like other kids did with their moms.

Me when I was about 15.

Today's Pictures Today

ıdians Are Loyal

to the Great White Father, and here the photographer has snapped definite evidence of this fact. At Salt ɜe City, Utah, Chief Tootiwana, Shoshone Indian (extreme left), offers Lieut. F. Edward Walker ɔenter), draft official, a tribal pledge of aid if this country is invaded, as friends look on.

Associated Press Wirephoto

Underwriter Enters Utah Senate Race

F. Edward Walker, prominent Salt Lake insurance man and Democrat, today announced that he would seek nomination to the State Senate at the party's September primaries.

Mr. Walker

He is the fourth declared one of the candidate for one of the three State Senate berths, on the Democratic ticket in Salt Lake County. The others are: Gordon Weggeland, broker; E. M. Royle, Utah CIO leader, and Stanley Child, former legislator.

Civic Leader

Mr. Walker is a leader in local civic, religious, educational and business circles. He is president of the Walker-Hiner Insurance Agency and resident vice president of United Benefit Life Insurance Company of Utah and Idaho.

The new candidate is a native of Oakland. He was active in Democratic politics there before moving to Utah many years ago. He was educated at the University of Texas and the University of Utah and this last year was director of the latter institution's extension life insurance classes.

Served His Party

Mr. Walker is a director of the Visiting Nurses Association, a trustee of Westminster College and recently served as general chairman for the regional Christian Endeavor Societies' convention. He also was vice chairman of the National Preaching Mission held here last year.

Mr. Walker has been active in local Democratic politics for years. He has served as delegate to county, congressional and state conventions, but has not before sought an elective office.

The candidate, who is married, resides at 1376 Michigan Ave-

Some newspaper articles about my fathers involvement in Civic Activities.

F. Edward Walker

F. Edward Walker

Solicits Your Vote and Support for STATE SENATOR from Salt Lake County at the Democratic Primary Sept. 13-1938 He is Competent and Qualified

F. EDWARD WALKER

DEMOCRAT

Solicits Your Support and Vote

FOR STATE SENATOR

Salt Lake County

He Is Competent and Oualified

ANNOUNCES CANDIDACY IN SENATE RACE

F. Edward Walker, a leader in religious, civic, educational and business circles, has entered the race for the State Senate.

Mr. Walker's announcement said he has been a life long Democrat and an active party worker in Utah and his former home in Oklahoma.

His announcement follows in part:

"Mr. Walker has been an active worker in the Community Chest campaigns and is a director of the Visiting Nurses's Association. He is a trustee of the Westminister College and recently served as general chairman for the regional convention of Christian Endeavor societies, and was vice chairman of the National Preaching mission held in Salt Lake City last year. He is a graduate of the University of Texas and an ex-student of the University of Utah and last year was director of the Life Insurance class for the University extension division. He is a past president of the Utah Life Managers' association, and is president of the Utah State Life Underwriters' association at this time. He is also a member of the Salt Lake Accident and Health club and has been a conrtibutor to several leading insurance magazines.

"Mr. Walker served in the U. S. Navy during the Wold war and at the present holds a reserve commission as paymaster in the U. S. Naval reserves. He is a member of the Salt Lake American Legion post, Antelope Island chapter of Foot printers and the masonic lodge in Salt Lake City.

"Mr. Walker is president of the Walker-Hiner insurance agency and resident vice president of the United Benefit life insurance company for Utah and Idaho. He has served as delegate to county, congressional and state meets of the Democratic party from his district, No. 32, in Ward 1-A.

"Mr. Walker is married and lives with his family at 1376 Michigan avenue. He has served on a Boy Scout troop committee, is a member of the Utah Society Sons of American Revolution and Salt Lake chapter of National Sojourners. He followed occupations of newspaper work, banking and contracting before entering the insurance business ten years ago and has taken an active interest in civic affairs of Salt Lake City and the State of Utah."

Daddy ran for State Senator a couple of times.

Purely Personal — Sidelights on People in the Business

THE gentleman with the humorous set to his lips pictured below is not only F. Edward Walker, general agent for the United Benefit Life & Mutual Benefit Health and Accident Insurance Companies, but he is also Inter-Mountain correspondent for the Underwriters' Report. We have shaved off this last bit of Mr. Walker's interesting life's story and served it up first just in case there are a few mystified life men in and about Utah who wonder how we get their comings and goings into eight point type at such long range.

Mr. Walker can be duly thanked or blamed as the case may be. And now that we have that little matter comfortably disposed of, we'll get on with Mr. Walker. By his own halting admission, he was born in Hutchinson, Kansas, at the turn of the dizzy twentieth century—well, February 18, 1899, to be exact. And furthermore he has the questionable distinction of trying to keep out of the life insurance business for eight long years. It took the honest failure of the company for whom he was working at the end of the eighth year to push him on top of a rate book for keeps.

F. EDWARD WALKER
Popular General Agent at Salt Lake City, Who Is Correspondent for the Underwriters' Report

He has lived successively and successfully in Iowa, Missouri, Colorado, California, Texas, New York, Oklahoma and Utah. He moved to Oklahoma after gathering up two degrees at the University of Texas and getting a commission in the U. S. Navy during the war. He entered the banking business at Buffalo, Oklahoma, and during a comparatively short span of years, he was also connected with a Ford agency, a grain elevator, and electric light company and used some of his spare time as secretary of the local chamber of commerce.

An Article about my Father.

My Father had many talents. One of them was particularly useful in selling insurance. He never forgot a face or a name and if he knew any information or heard anything at all about someone he never forgot it. Whenever he saw that person, he would remember and mention the incident. He made people feel that he was truly, genuinely interested in them, and he was. He loved people. When he sold an insurance policy he was sincere about it and felt like he was doing you a big favor by selling it to you.

At the beginning of the 5th grade my parents moved to a nicer apartment located at 5th E between 8th & 9th S. It was a little larger and had a dish washer which I liked very much. In December of 1932 Mother's older brother, Charles, was accidentally shot and his 3 older children by his first wife preferred to come and live with my mother and father rather than stay with their step mother. They had been living in Buffalo, Oklahoma and they moved to Salt Lake City.

1937 - Me in front of our house at 1376 Michigan Avenue.

We now needed more room than an apartment and my parents found a home at 1376 Michigan Ave and we moved to this home. They had a rental agreement where the monthly rental payments would apply to the purchase of our house if we decided we wanted to buy it. In 1936 they bought it for $7,000.00. Many years later when my mother decided to sell it and move to a condominium (Capri Park) she sold it for about $22,000 (1963). Now (1990) it would be worth over $100,000. It was a very reasonable investment. It was a well built brick home with 3 bedrooms upstairs, a kitchen, living room, dining room, and bath. Downstairs there was a full basement with a bath. It was divided in half with one part finished. It had a small coal room. When we first moved there, there was a coal burning furnace and someone from the coal company would deliver coal through a small window in the coal room. I can remember seeing it full of coal. Later when we had the furnace converted to gas, my mother used this room as a sewing room. She also had another room for food storage. Mother always bought everything in bulk. She bought sugar and flour by the 100 lbs. She bought canned goods in cases to take advantage of the savings. I can remember her going to the store on a Saturday evening after work and when my cousins were there, she would buy 4 to 5 big bags of groceries for $5.00. It seems incredible to me now at how little things cost at that time.

I was attending Hamilton School when we moved and although our new house was a long ways from this school I still walked to the old school until the end of the school year. In the fall of 1933 I attended Uintah School for the 6th grade. I also went to the 7th grade there breaking record of a new school each year.

In 1933 I was 11 years old.

My cousins were all older and they were not with us too many years before they were out of school and on their own. During this period of time my father and mother had their home open to many different relatives.

Because my cousins: Richard 13 yrs, Marty 15 yrs and Olive Ruth 16 yrs, were living with us my mother needed help with the house since she still worked.

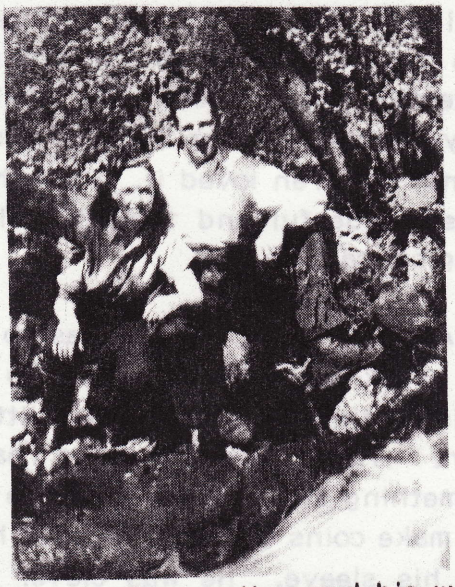
We had a lady by the name of Mrs. Hulen who came and stayed with us. She was a practical nurse and sometimes she would go nursing but mostly she just stayed with us. I was expected to dust and vacuum and do my share of the cleaning even though we did have help. I had to help with dinner, set the table or whatever. She was not exactly a maid,

she was simply help for my mother because she could not work all day and run a house with so many people.

1934 - My Cousin Olive Ruth and I.

During this time my cousin Turner Hoy come to live with us. He was unemployed and couldn't find work in Oklahoma. My father got him a job at the Copper Mine in Bingham. Daddy always helped any relatives who were living with us find employment. He was very good to my cousins letting them use his automobile when they needed it. They were really like his own sons and daughter. Turner eventually got married and he and his wife both stayed with us until they could afford to buy a home.

The next help we had was a lady who wore a wig. My cousin Turner got married in our living room. When this lady came in for the wedding she had her wig on backwards and I remember how hard it was to be serious at the wedding when her wig was askew.



My Cousin Turner Hoy and his wife.

At one time in our home, we had 9 people around the table for meals. I had a Cousin Louis Lorenz who came for a year. I had another cousin, Harold McMinn, who came to stay with us and he brought his wife, Ruby, and one little boy, Chuckie, (Charles). My father gave him a job at the insurance office and he did very well, eventually buying a home. Later, he was transferred to Omaha, Neb. which is the home office for Mutual of Omaha and he became one of their managers.

When I was growing up Dad liked to play tricks and tease me. He never got over his love of doing magic tricks. I never really appreciated this ability. Then I used to think they were dumb because I knew how he did them and I couldn't understand why he did them. Sometimes I'm sure I spoiled his fun, and now I'm sorry.

One of the tricks that I remember was his magic horn. He had the car wired so that there was a button between the brake and clutch pedals. He would say, "-The is a magic car, any place you touch

will honk the horn." Of course he had his foot on the floor and no one paid any attention to his feet. You could press anywhere in the car and the horn would honk. Children loved it. They thought it was wonderful and that it truly was a magical car.

Another thing he did was to pretend to break his arm. He would go through this routine which fascinated little children. They thought he had really done something awful to his arm. He also like to make coins come out of your hair, ear, or his sleeve. He was clever with his hands. He could keep people easily entertained for long periods of time with his magic and singing.

When I was 14 I loved riding horses.

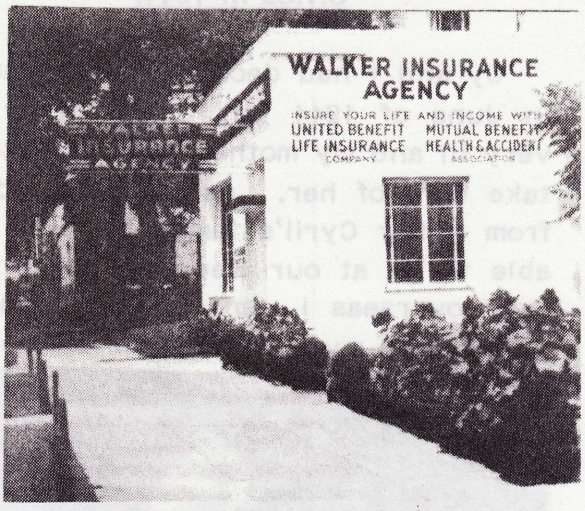
He had a good voice and often sang in groups or by himself. He sang frequently in church. I still have some of his favorite music which I find hard to part with because it reminds me of him standing up and singing. He had a very good tenor voice. He had sung in the glee club in college and all of his life he continued to enjoy singing. The members of the Christian Church in Salt Lake were a very close group who did many things together and had fun times together.

Mother when she was about 45.

My father was very good to the agents that sold insurance for him. If they came and said, "we just aren't able to collect", he'd allow them credit. When he went into the Navy during WWII, my mother ran the insurance office for him. She was not nearly so kind hearted as he was. She felt that people should pay and if agents wanted to give their clients the benefit of their commission, fine but she felt like the agents should pay their portion of the premiums because she in turn had to pay the home office. She was much stricter about it than Daddy was. She was very fair, but she insisted that they pay for the insurance they wrote.

By the time my father came home from his WWII Navy service, mother had operated the insurance agency for several years very efficiently and had saved quite a lot of money for him. The insurance business had been good and they had made money.

Daddy thought that there should always be a "red barn" that you were buying and if you got that red barn paid for, you needed to start buying another one. It was a figurative idea, but he felt like you needed an incentive to keep you working hard and a manageable debt was a real incentive. At one time he bought a building at about 3rd S and Main in Salt Lake on the west side of the street where Echo Photography was located. It was a good investment for him.



Our Insurance Office in 1944.

When he first came to Salt Lake City his office had been on the second floor of the Continental Bank Building at 2nd S and Main. As time went on he decided he needed more room for his Insurance Agency so he bought a building at 2nd S and 3rd E, approximately 100 ft north of the corner. It was not a very wide building but it was quite long.

Daddy called this the Walker Insurance Agency and he used the 1st floor for his office and rented out the second floor to one of the agents who sold automobile, homeowner, and other types of insurance in addition to the Life, Health and Accident that he sold for my father's agency. I think at times my father also rented it out to various other people. One of the agents had an apartment in the basement and in addition to selling insurance, he was the custodian. He cleaned the building for his rent.

In 1945 when my Father was stationed in San Francisco. Mother and I lived with him for part of the year.

After my father came home from New Caledonia he was stationed in San Francisco, CA for a couple of years or so. My mother went to see him as often as she could. Uncle Reo, an older brother, who was from Denver and was currently unemployed came and helped manage the office. He lived with us for some time before he brought his family over from Denver and they all lived with us for a year or so before they moved into an apartment.

Aunt Ethel about the time she came and lived with us.

My aunt Ethel Dick had marital problems. Her husband divorced her after 27 or 28 years of marriage. She had no place to go and had no work experience so my mother and father once again opened their home and she came to live with us. She continued to live with us after my fathers death and was living with my mother when Mother died on December 24, 1980. She tried to support herself and took courses in hotel management but that didn't work out so my Father helped her get a job at Hill Air field in Ogden and during the war she worked there. She lived at Hill Field during the week and would come home on weekends.

In the meantime I went to Westminster for four years - 2 years of High School and 2 of College and then went away to Utah State for the last two years of college. While my father was away in the service I graduated. I was named the "outstanding accounting student" at Utah State. The college in turn offered me a job. I turned it down because I knew that my mother was depending on me to return to help her at the insurance office. I came back and began working as the bookkeeper in our insurance office. I took care of the accounts payable and the accounts receivable. My mother was then free to go to California while my uncle Reo and I ran the office.

Me in front of the insurance office in 1944.

Cy and I had decided to get married in June of 1944 but Grandmother was very ill and my mother went to Texas to take care of her. As a result, no one from either Cyril's family or mine were able to be at our wedding. After Cyril went overseas I went to California and stayed with my parents for a few months.

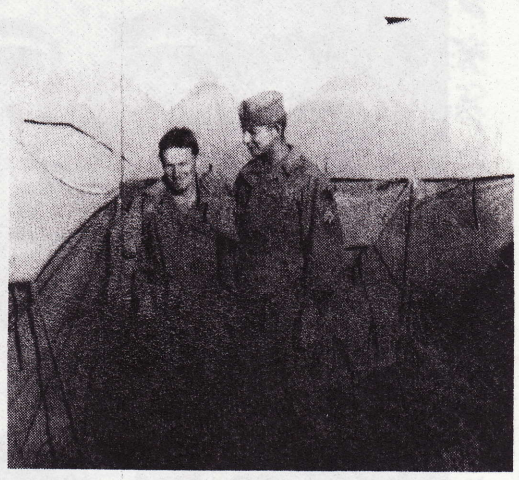
Me in 1945 in front of the Draft Board where I worked in San Francisco.

My father got me a job as a clerk at one of the local draft boards while I was with them in California. After he came home from New Caledonia, Daddy was responsible for liaison between the Navy and the local draft boards in the Ninth Service Command (the western states).

Those few months were a pleasant time in my life. I used to ride the cable cars to work everyday. My parents lived in an apartment. There was little housekeeping to do and my father was free in the evenings. He loved to explore. Whenever he went to a new city he was never happy until he knew all about the city - what there was to see and do. He loved taking my mother and I to restaurants and unique places. We used to go to the bay and watch the seals and up on telegraph hill and watch the ships come in from the ocean. We did lots of things and I loved San Francisco.

Me on one of the beaches near San Francisco in 1945.

I probably needed diversion because I was very worried about Cyril. I thought maybe he'd be killed or wounded in the war. I got a letter everyday except one day and none came that day. I remember saying to my mother, "I know he's been hurt. I hope he's still alive." Mother said, "Mary he could have missed a day. This doesn't mean anything." The next day when a letter came, Cyril said, "I guess you wondered why I didn't write, I was operated on in the field hospital for appendicitis and I didn't feel like writing." I felt so relieved when I got that letter.



Cyril and a friend in front of his hospital tent.

About this time my father was sent back to Salt Lake and was assigned duty working with the Selective Service. His office was up at Ft. Douglas. He also sold a few insurance policies when he had a chance. In the meantime, he and my mother decided to sell the insurance agency. They sold it to a couple of the agents. When my Father retired from the Navy, they were planning to do some traveling and enjoy the latter years of their life. At last they thought they would have the time to do some of those things they had always longed to but had never had time because there had always been so much hard work for them to do.

F. Edward Walker . . . Insurance official and naval reservist.

Lee Chooses New Head Of Draft Unit

F. Edward Walker, 1376 Michigan ave., Salt Lake insurance executive and naval reserve officer, Tuesday was nominated by Gov. J. Bracken Lee to succeed Brig. Gen. J. Wallace West as state director of selective service.

Full Time to Guard

The national guard, Gov. Lee wrote, is of such prominance and scope it requires the full time of Gen. West. He said the general had done an "excellent job" in both positions, but in view of anticipated expansion of the guard, his full time would be required by the state military organization.

It is expected Mr. Walker, a naval reserve commander, will assume his new position at Fort Douglas about March 1. Manager of the Walker Insurance agency, the selective service nominee plans to sell his business.

Naval Liaison Officer

During World War II, Mr. Walker served on selective service boards as naval liaison officer in Salt Lake City and San Francisco before serving overseas at New Caledonia. He is a past commander of the American Legion post No. 2, Salt Lake City, and has held department and post offices in Veterans of Foreign Wars.

He was elected president of the Salt Lake Assn. of Life Underwriters in 1937. He has served on numerous civic committees, including the county infantile paralysis committee, of which he was chairman in 1939.

A member of the Masonic lodge, Mr. Walker also served in the navy during World War I. He was a candidate in 1938 on the Democratic ticket for the state senate.

An article in the Salt Lake Tribune announcing ny Fathers appointment by Governor Lee to be the director of Selective Service for Utah.

Mother, Daddy, and Me at Willow Run Village.

Daddy was a very loving, kind parent. He was very kind hearted. He wanted me to learn to drive almost from the time I was 5 years old. He used to have me sit on his lap and steer the car when I was small. He could hardly wait for me to be old enough to drive. As I approached 16, he had my cousin Marty teach me to drive so that I knew how long before I was 16.

I learned very early that if I wanted the car, the person to ask was my father. Children are wise and soon learn which parent to ask for certain things. He was always good to let me use the car.

After I got my drivers licence I did almost all of the driving. When we went to church, or anywhere as a family I drove. It gave me a lot of experience. I hadn't had my license very long and I'd hardly driven in traffic when one Sunday, my parents and I drove up to Logan, Utah. When we started back home my father said, "OK Mary, it's your turn, take us home." I got along very well but I must say that I was very nervous driving through Brigham City, through Ogden, and even through parts of Salt Lake, because I'd had so little experience in traffic. All of my experience had been on country roads. My father had absolute confidence in me.

I can remember when I was going to Westminster Jr. College in Salt Lake, I'd get to take the car occasionally. During lunch hour we'd take a drive with 15 people in the car. I could hardly see to steer or feel the pedals. I had to have help. I look back now and think I must have had an angel on my shoulder to keep me from having an accident and killing us all. My father was a very special person. Of course he only lived to see one of his grandchildren, Edward.

Our little Edward and his Grandfather in Erie, Pa - June 1949.

My father lived a full life. He was thoughtful of, and concerned about his own mother. He was kind to her, looking after her, paying her expenses and seeing that her needs were taken care of.

He was a great letter writer. I can remember many days when he would come back to the office after being away all day and would sit down and think nothing of typing out 10 or fifteen letters at a time to various family members or friends. He loved people.

When our Edward was tiny, my father didn't quite know how to hold a little baby. When Edward was fussy, I'd say to him, "Why don't you rock him and sing to him." He loved to sing and this would immediately quiet Edward. My parents came to Erie, Pa in June of 1947 on a visit when Edward was just two and the two of them loved to play and laugh. My father thoroughly enjoyed Edward when he was this age. In July of 1949 my Dad was killed.

I think that my father would have been pleased with all of his grandchildren. He would have loved teaching them all of his tricks, entertaining them, singing to them, and taking them places. I know he would have been able to find them jobs when they needed them. He knew people and he never hesitated to ask them for help for his nephews and friends. My mother used to say if only your father were still alive, he would have known what to do and where to go for help. He had his own talents and special qualities that are sorely missed by me.

It seemed like my father and I got along best when we were apart because we both loved to argue. We didn't need much of an excuse to start an argument. Here are two incidents that illustrate how ridiculous our arguments were. One time my mother, father, and I were going to work at the Ins. agency. We had a man who came once a week to cut the lawn, trim and do some digging and weeding. The windows were all up in the car and mother nodded her head and said, "good morning" to Mr. Lorenz. He was looking our way, so he saw her head nod but of course since the windows were up he didn't hear her say good morning. I made a comment to my mother, "Gee, why did you bother saying good morning. You could have just nodded and that would have been sufficient." I don't know why I bothered making the comment it was such a small thing but my father picked right up on it and we argued about it, all the way to work. Probably 10 or 15 minutes. My father thought it was good to say good morning and I thought it had been unnecessary.

Another time we were driving somewhere and I made a comment about how awful it would be to be blind in one eye. For many miles my father argued with me about the advantages of having only one eye until by the end of the argument I wished I'd never said anything.

My father was not very handy around the house and it was my mother who saw that the furnace "clinker" was removed ant there was coal in the "hopper". My Mother cleaned out the furnace and took the ashes to the garage. My cousins helped but mother saw that it was done. Daddy never did any of these chores. My mother always did all the yard work. She had help in cutting the lawn but she did the weeding, planting, etc. My mother once got my father a long handled dandelion digger and the only thing he did with it was to dig big holes in the yard and we wished we'd never got it for him.

My father was a great pop drinker. He especially loved Dr. Pepper but he liked all kinds of soft drinks and bought them by the case. He didn't like coffee, tea, liquor, or tobacco but he loved pop. He was gone most evenings and if he wasn't out selling insurance then he was at one of his many organization meetings. Many times he was not at home for sup-

the way it was, he had to be where he thought he needed to be. The time when he was home, his favorite thing to do was to lay on the couch and read the newspaper, magazine or a book and drink pop. You would say something directly to him and he would never hear you; but if you were in the kitchen cleaning up after supper and were talking quietly about something which you maybe didn't want him to hear he would always hear and comment, asking "Why did you do that" or "You should have said that" or "Say that again". It used to be so funny to me that he would hear when you whispered but when you wanted his attention he never did hear because he was so engrossed in the news.

1963.

I think that my father was guided to sell the agency because they sold it in March and the following July, 1949, he was killed in an automobile accident. He was only 50 years old and it seemed incredible to me that he was dead. He left my Mother in very good financial circumstances. She continued to work at the agency for a while. He had several real estate ventures he had invested in and she decided that she would put all the funds together in an estate and let the bank advise her on how best to handle the investments my father had made. It proved to be a very good plan for her because she had very adequate income to live on and didn't have any of the worries of people coming to her asking for loans or investment capital.

She would simply say, "Go and present your plan to the bank and if they approve it's fine with me." She was off the hook by having the bank be her money manager. Mother continued to live in Salt Lake in her home on Michigan Avenue with my Aunt Ethel until the summer of

While I was at Utah State I had an educational deferment from the draft, but everyone knew that as soon as the army could absorb and train all of the currently available men that deferments would be cancelled and we would be called up for service so every young man of military age was looking for an opportunity to get into a military program that would be exciting and one in which we might receive an officers commission. This was 1942 and the invasion of Africa had just started. Women were not drafted and could not enlist in those days.

I had found a program that trained Meteorologists. It required a training period of eight months at either the University of Chicago, Stanford, or at the Univ. of California. I applied, was accepted, and was assigned to a class starting in June of 1943 at U.C. - Berkeley.

Private Kearl in 1945.

First I had to complete Basic Training. In March I was inducted at Fort Douglas in Salt Lake City which was then the headquarters of the Ninth Service Command and one of their Induction Centers. I think that I have never felt so completely alone as that first day in the Army at Fort Douglas.

I was then sent to Fresno, California for my basic training. The army had built a number of temporary Basic Training Centers around the United States. Basic Training Center #8 (BTC #8) in Fresno consisted of acres of stark single story sheds covered with tar paper built on their County fair grounds. Basic Training lasted eight weeks. It was a long hot, hot summer and each day the "meat wagon" (ambulance) carried men who had collapsed from heat prostration off the drill field. The training included instruction in close order drill and lectures in the use of weapons, indoctrination, first aid, and then you went on to an Air Force specialty school. We were allowed only one pass during the two months of basic training and on that great day we rented bicycles and pedalled through the city park, the zoo, and finally had dinner at "Omar Kyhams", the best restaurant in the city.

In June we were told that our metrology class had been postponed until fall, and then in August that the program had been cancelled. Earlier classes had provided all the meteorologists that were needed.

Because I could type, not expertly, but passably, I worked as a clerk until I was reassigned. This spared me of the disagreeable jobs at camp. K.P. (Kitchen Police) was the most hated of all the camp jobs. The mess halls were enormous. The days duty started at 4:00 in the morning. Preparing, serving and then cleaning up

after each meal took most of the time. In the few minutes left between meals there was always the large mess hall to scrub and some food to prepare. The K.P. pushers (supervision) were usually misfits who could qualify for no other useful job. They were difficult to get along with. At night after K. P. you went to your barracks exhausted and collapsed on your bunk.

Since the meteorology program was cancelled I was assigned in late July of 1943 to the Army Specialized Training Program (ASTP). This program was University Education Program in Engineering, Foreign Languages, etc. It was to have been a 6 quarter, 2 year program culminating in a 2nd Lt.'s commission. I was sent to a re-assignment center at the Univ. of Utah in Salt Lake City where I was then assigned to my permanent University. They had set up rows of double deck beds in the field house at the U of U. With the exception of privacy (we all lived in one large room - the basketball court), a place to keep our gear (we each had one small locker), and adequate rest room facilities for that many people, it was great. I had dates with Mary two or three times a week and for me this was a very pleasant time in my life.

Finally, three weeks later, I was given my permanent assignment at the University of Indiana and in late August of 1943 I arrived at Bloomington. I completed two quarters in engineering while I was there. Nothing of note happened in those six months at Indiana. The only incident that impressed me was on a Saturday night when many stayed out beyond the midnight curfew and our Company Commander, Captain O'Neal, pulled a bed check. Wasn't I lucky that I was engaged and stayed home on weekends and read.

Me in front of Memorial Hall where I lived for the six months that I was at I. U.

From midnight on, as the fellows got back to the barracks, they were sent over to the field house and were marched the rest of the night. With typical army logic, the guys who got in one minute after midnight marched 7 hours, while the worst offenders who might have got back only a few minutes before sun-up just before reveille marched only a short time.

Me studying at Indiana University.

I grew to dislike the Army. Mostly the conditions of service; a lowly private was ordered around, his life organized and arranged for him. I was too much of an

individualist to like this regimentation.

In February 1944, ASTP was terminated and I was transferred along with most of the rest of the fellows at Indiana U. to the 20th Armored Division at Camp Campbell, Kentucky. I had had one year of Engineering at Indiana much of it a repetition of the work I had done at Utah State but it had been pleasant.

The 20th Armored was a newly activated Division that was formed from the training personnel who had worked with a number of other Divisions that had been formed, trained, and shipped overseas from Camp Campbell. All of the non-commissioned positions in the new division were already filled and we, who had been shipped in from the discontinued ASTP Programs were the warm bodies used to fill out the private ranks. It was a very discouraging situation to be in. Even our Commanding Officer, General Fredendall, had been the guy who failed at Kasserine Pass in North Africa and had been shipped home to train troops. Because of the high score I had made on the mechanical aptitude par of the Army General Classification Test, I was assigned to the Service Battery of the 412th Armored Field Artillery Battalion. An Armored Field Artillery Bn. has five batteries, headquarters, three firing batteries, and a service battery. The firing batteries consisted of 105 mm howitzer guns mounted on the open chassis of a medium (Gen. Patton) tank. The tank carried the gun, personnel, and it's short term supply of water, gas, and ammunition.

Our Service Battery resupplied it, usually daily and at night. We had a motor pool of about 30 trucks. One carried water, one food, and the remaining trucks carried gas or ammunition. I was made the driver of a 2 1/2 ton gasoline truck.

1944 - Me and my 6x6 truck.

The trucks had open cabs with canvas tops. I had a Private First Class rating and had an assistant driver, Pvt Leonhardt. Our section Sgt. Dowdy, and his assistant, T-4 Mooney, were a couple of pretty ordinary fellows. We spent eleven months training before going overseas. Most of the training consisted of field exercises.

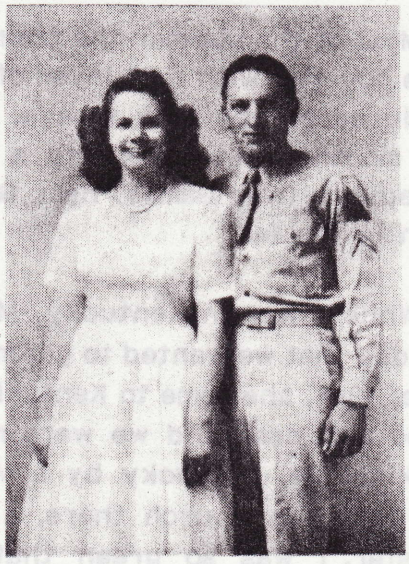
Most of the summer the training areas were covered with a 2" layer of fine dust produced by the tank treads. We spent one month at Ft. Knox and a month on maneuvers (War Games) near Gatlinburg, Tenn in the fall.

While I was in Kentucky, Mary and I decided that we wanted to get married. In June, 1944, she came to Kentucky. I got a three day pass and we were married in Hopkinsville, Kentucky by a Minister of the Christian Church there, a Reverend Shuster. I was so green that I didn't know that I was expected to pay the minister who married us. Mormon Bishops were never paid, and I didn't pay him. For years afterwards we regularly sent him a big box of chocolates at Christmas to try and ease our guilty

consciences.

The First Christian Church in Hopkinsville where we were married in June 1944.

On our only furlough Mother had a photographer in Mt. Clemens make a wedding picture of us. I thought it was a terrible picture and refused to have any prints made of it. Years latter I found a dozen copies that my dear old Mother had had made. Because of her you children have a wedding picture of us.



August 1944 - Mary and I in our wedding picture.

We only had $78.00 between the two of us at the time we were married. I wonder about the courage of the young now days but then we weren't afraid of anything. We stayed in a Hotel in Hopkinsville on the night of our marriage. It was hot, hot, hot. Few homes or businesses had air conditioning in those days. There was a fan in our hotel room but it's bent blades kept hitting its housing and kept us awake when it was turned on. I worked on it the better part of the 3 days of our honeymoon. By bending the blades I finally got it so that it worked fairly well and we could sleep by the last night we were there.

On our wedding night we went to a movie, "The Desert Song", starring Dennis Morgan. The remainder of our three day honeymoon was spent trying to locate a room to live in, in Clarksville, Tennessee. It was extremely difficult to find homes with rooms to rent. The towns around the camp were crowded. Most WW II Army camps were newly built near towns which had no provisions for army wives. Local citizens soon learned how to squeeze all they could from this new source of income. The townspeople seemed skeptical that you were really married. They liked the money but resented servicemen.

Mary at an intersection of two of Clarksville's streets in 1944

We found a room with an elderly

couple who were in their 80's. He had been the sheriff of Clarksville. They were a part of the faded south. Their home was antiquated and dirty. Later we rented a room from the Harley Fite family. They were very nice people. He was the president of the small Austin Peay College there in Clarksville. It was about the size of a high school in Salt Lake City.

As a private I made $50.00 a month and had an allowance of $28.00 for Mary. Our room cost $10.00/week and the remaining $38.00 we spent on bus fares, food and a little entertainment. (Very little of the latter.)

Mary and I on the steps of the Austin Peay College.

Mary washed her clothes out by hand on a scrubbing board and dried them in the sun on a clothes line outside. No one had automatic washers or clothes dryers. Because of the rats that ran around on the dirt floor in the basement of the Fite home I kept Mary company while she washed. We cooked on a very small one lid stove that we also used to heat our room. Actually, in Tennessee we needed very little heat.

I had to be on the post for reveille at 6:30 in the morning and stood retreat at 6:00 in the evening, so I usually got home to Mary at 9:00 or later after a 25 mile bus trip from camp and I had to leave at 4:30 in the morning. I never got enough sleep and on many a morning I would sleep right through the alarm, wake up in a fright and then have to pay for an expensive taxi ride out to camp. One night, on the way home from camp, I fell asleep and went almost to Nashville before I woke up. I had to catch the next bus back to Clarksville and by that time it was almost morning and time to go back to camp. The buses were converted new car carriers and were a strange kind of vehicle.

Cyril making candy in our room in Clarksville.

We treasured every free moment. We mostly we did a lot of walking about town for our recreation. Occasionally we'd see a movie. There was a drug store in town that sold a big glass of lemonade for a dime and when we really wanted to do something special we'd walk down and get a glass. It was a real treat when Dad would send us some extra sugar ration stamps and we'd make a batch of fudge.

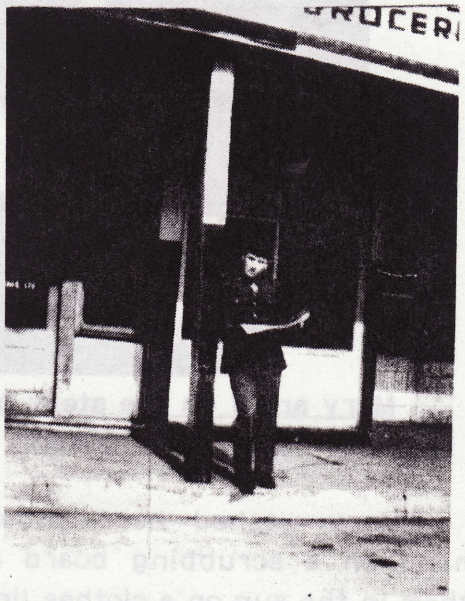
Most luxuries were rationed during the war but because he was manager of a sugar factory, Dad could get a few extra sugar and gas stamps. The gas ration was 3 gallons per week.

We had a couple of three day passes and on one we went to Evansville and to Nashville on the other. When we went to Nashville we went with a country couple who came from Texarkanna, Okla and who had an old car. Thanks to Dad we were able to furnish the gas ration tickets When we got there we went window shopping at the Montgomery Wards Store and then we went to the "Grand Ole Opry". In those days the Grand Old Opera was held in a big drafty old barn full of wooden benches. There were a handful of people in attendance. They presented continuous musical numbers all evening long. Minnie Pearl and Ernie Tubbs were the star performers. After we listened to the Grand Ole Opry for what seemed hours the couple with the car decided to go back to Clarksville our big weekend in Nashville ended. It was very disappointing to us.

Mary in Mt. Clemens in early 1944 before our marriage.

On Cy's only furlough before we were married we went to Michigan. We stopped in Chicago for a day on the way to Michigan. Most large cities had lots of free or inexpensive entertainment for servicemen who were passing through. I remember seeing a play in Chicago called "The Voice of the Turtle" by Carl Van Druten.

We got our orders to go overseas and had one last furlough and went to Michigan. Mary had been pretty brave to face the uncertainties and the hardships of staying with for those few months. Small southern towns whose facilities are strained by an unexpected soldier population are ugly places to live in. On one furlough trip I remember standing up all the way to Mt. Clemens while Mary sat one our suitcase in the aisle.



Cy buying the Sunday paper.

In January 1945, I was sent overseas. Mary went to San Francisco to stay with her parents. She worked for a draft board there. In the early days of the war everything went wrong in the Southwest Pacific and Admiral Ghormley was replaced by Admiral "Bull" Halsey in an effort to improve morale.

Halsey brought his whole staff with him. Mary's Father returned from New Caldonia to San Francisco where he was assigned to the Ninth Service Command as Naval representative for the Selective Service. He had been a Personal Officer at Admiral Ghormley's Advance Base in the SW Pacific at Noumea, New Caledonia.

Mary in front of Draft Board #91 in San Francisco.

FAMILY HISTORY - CYRIL AND MARY KEARL
Chapter Thirteen - In Europe during World War II.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, when he was a soldier in the Civil War said, "War is an organized bore." It hasn't changed much since then. I was shipped to Europe through the Boston Port of Embarkation. While we waited to embark we stayed at Camp Miles Standish. I don't think any place can be as cold as an uninsulated tar paper shack in Boston in February with only a couple of space heaters to heat a barracks.

Cyril at sea on his way to Europe to fight in WW II.

We sailed to Europe in 1945 in a tremendous convoy. It was one of the last big convoys of the war. It formed out at sea, off the East Coast, and included ships from ports all along the eastern seaboard. The convoy had a small Aircraft Carrier as one of its escort ships. I slept on one of the outer decks that had been enclosed with canvas walls so that they could be used for sleeping quarters. When we got into the English Channel we were attacked by German U Boats but I don't think that any of our ships were sunk. All of one night we listened to depth charges being detonated. It didn't seem to bother me. I wasn't afraid then but I was young.

The docks at Le Havre where we landed when we arrived in France.

Our ship unloaded at Le Havre using amphibious landing craft to carry our personnel and equipment from our ship to the shore. The damage done to the port by our bombing and demolition had not yet been repaired.

The Chateau at Perriers-Sur-Andelle where we stayed when we first arrived in France.

While we waited for our vehicles to be unloaded we lived in a small French village called Perriers-sur-Andelle 50 miles or so inland from the coast. We stayed in a beautiful old chateau that had been used by the Germans before

us as their barracks. The graves of a couple of dead Germans were in our front yard.

We were not far from Rouen and I drove in often to get gas for the Battery. A Jewish fellow went in with me and would get off in Rouen and sell cigarettes on the black market there. I didn't use my ration of cigarettes but was too honest or dumb to sell them.

Along the side of the roads around Rouen there were many burned out shells of both German and American tanks, left from the days right after the invasion, some six months earlier. This was the hedge row country that was so difficult for our armored forces to break out of.

A picture of Cyril taken at a Red Cross Canteen in Paris in 1945.

The "battle of the bulge" had just occurred when we arrived in Europe and all of the drivers in the battalion, including me, were immediately assigned to drive supply trucks from Cherbourg, France to Namur and Liege in Belgium to re-stock the supply dumps that lined the Meuse River. Each trip took 4 - 5 days. They had been badly depleted during the German Ardennes offensive. I made two round trips which gave me an opportunity to see a lot of French countryside.

I spent a couple of days in Paris while we were on these trips. I was shocked at the number of prostitutes who were openly soliciting on the streets of Paris.

I bought a camera from another GI (Government Issue - a common soldier in WW II) who had liberated (stolen) it from a German. I took pictures all through Europe with this small camera.

We were then attached to the 3rd Army (Pattons) and our firing batteries shelled Koln from the south bank of the Rhine as a diversionary action. I would gas the tanks at night and their shelling was like watching a July 4th fireworks. For some time our trucks were used to transfer supplies from air strips to advanced supply dumps for the ground forces. After delivering our supplies we would bring loads of prisoners back. No guards were needed since these Germans were thoroughly whipped and just happy to be in the hands of Americans instead of Russians. I usually found one of them who could speak english and let him ride in the cab of my truck. Of course NONE of them were Nazis. Somehow all of the "bad" guys had disappeared. The Germans in the Ruhr had been trapped in the pocket and there were lots of prisoners.

We were now assigned to the 9th Army. Our commanding officer was a General Orlando Ward who didn't make much of wave during the war. We crossed the Rhine above Remagen and traveled to Nuremburg where we were joined by the 42nd and 45th Infantry Divisions. These three divisions drove down to Munich and then over to Salzberg.

We were the Division that liberated the Jewish extermination camp at Dachau. We were completely unaware of concentration camps or that one of the worst ones was right in the path of our Division. For the first time we learned how deep human depravity could go. I hope such a evil will never happen again.

The destruction of Salzburg.

I'm sure that the Division Command knew about these camps. There was no time for an ordinary soldier to stop and look around. The freed inmates of this camp, in their striped uniforms, were all over the city. One of the joyous prisoners was trying to be nice to us and threw a box of synthetic butter into my truck. I kept imagining all of the things that it might have been made of and didn't dare eat it and threw it away.

The barracks of the S. S. Troops who guarded Hitler's "Eagles Nest" at Bertchdesgaden.

In the spring of 1945 German resistance collapsed and our fighting consisted of securing territory that the Germans were eager to surrender to the allies instead of the Russians. A couple of times we were fired on by snipers or were strafed by a lone plane or two but it was only a nuisance type of action that could not be sustained. The Germans were crushed. It was feared that they would carry on guerrilla warfare in Bavaria but this proved to be false.

Hitler's lodge at Bertchdesgaden where he negotiated the surrender of Czechoslovakia with Neville Chamberlain.

I never had to shoot my gun at a German at any time. During our march east almost as many Germans were traveling to the west to get into American occupied territory frantic to escape from the vengeance of the brutal Russian soldiers by surrendering to the Americans. The end of the war was effectively over. The roads were choked with these pitiful refugees, military and civilian, carrying all they had on their backs, in wagons, or carts. A few lucky ones had bicycles but there were no cars at all.

I don't think that privates in any war knew what they were fighting for. As a private I knew very little about the politics of the war. I knew that Hitler and the Nazi's were pretty bad guys. Our Division was poorly informed about what was happening. I suppose this might be true of every war that was ever fought. We didn't get to look at maps. We had a general idea of where we were but we had no detailed information. The enlisted men didn't know which specific enemy units they were fighting against or where they were going, or what our strategy was.

The Army presented the idea that the Russians were great guys, our comrades in arms, with a democratic government only slightly different than

Private Kearl in Bavaria.

ours. It's pretty apparent that Eisenhower and Roosevelt were naive and that "Unconditional Surrender" only prolonged the war and gave away much of Eastern Europe to the Russians who then deprived the people who lived there of the human rights for which we had fought for in the war.

The war in Europe ended on May 7, 1945. I had been in Europe for only 3 months. I was on the Austrian border near Salzburg when the end came and I remember so vividly how nice it was to drive at nights with our headlights on. We then went into garrison in one of the villages of Altotting and Traunstein that were north and east of Salzberg. We were supposed to be doing occupational duty but I think we were only biding our time until we could be sent to the Pacific.

Kearl in his "office" in Traunstein,

I found a typewriter in one of the German Army Supply Depots where we picked up some prisoners and I "liberated" it. I had it in the back of my trailer so that in an instant I could be typing a letter.

Me doing "occupation duty" in June of 1945.

I had too little battle duty to be eligible for discharge or even occupation duty but was a perfect candidate for duty in the Pacific.

I made regular trips into Munich to pick up gasoline and would drive down the Autobahn, Germany's Interstate Highway, past the Chiemsee and one of Mad King Ludwig's" castles which was built on an island in middle of a lake.

That summer I and 3 or 4 other truck drivers were sent to Strasburg, France with loads of GI's to a "Rest and Recreation" Center there. We were to have brought another group of soldiers back with us the next day but they never showed up so we stayed there in Strasburg for a week. We finally ran out of food and money or we might have stayed there all summer.

I recieved regular letters from Mary and once in a while a picture to keep my spirits up.

During this time I started having attacks of appendicitis and finally after a severe one I had my appendices taken out in a field hospital. The hospital was a tent with wooden planks for a floor.

Mary knitted me a pair of socks while I was overseas.

A visiting doctor took 8mm movies of the operation. It would be nice if I could have had a copy of it. After the operation I was sent to a recuperation hospital in Nuremburg for a couple of weeks while my incision healed. This hospital had almost a thousand patients. All but 50 were there to be treated for venereal diseases. They were a rough bunch of soldiers. Night and day there

Delmar and I at Camp Lucky Strike. I was on my way back to the USA.

were lines of patients getting their penicillin or mercury shots. It wasn't a very pleasant place to be. I got a release and hitched a ride back to the 20th just as it was packing up to go to back to the U. S. In July of 1945 we were redeployed to the Pacific via the United States.On my way back to the US I passed near Camp Lucky Strike and we were staying there for the night. It was a German POW camp and Delmar's unit was running it. I got in touch with him and he came over in a Jeep and got me. We had a good visit, exchanged family news and spent the night together.

Me at the Recovery Hospital in Nuremburg.

Mary and I in Lincoln Park in Chicago during my 30 day furlough after I got back to the US. in August.

After we got home I was given a 30 day furlough after which I was ordered to report to Camp Cooke, California. I met Mary in Chicago. The girl I left behind was now a woman and after my 9 month absence she looked wonderful.

Mary met me in Chicago for my 30 day furlough.

Just before my furlough the atomic bomb was dropped at Hiroshima and Nagasaki and shortly thereafter the war in the Pacific ended. We still debate about the morality of using the Atomic Bomb. At the time, because of the thought of a prolonged war, there didn't seem to be anything wrong with using the Atomic Bomb. We didn't know that Japan was desperately trying to surrender.

Kathryn, Russel, Cyril, & Mary in Yellowstone Park during that furlough.

If we had tried to invade the main islands of Japan, I'm sure they would have fought desperately and our losses of personnel would have been enormous. I had been scheduled to be a part of the D-Day invasion force of Japan so I was glad that the Atomic Bomb had been used.

Gas rationing was discontinued while I was on my furlough so Russ, Katie, Mary and I went to Yellowstone for a few days to celebrate. Mary and I had only one sleeping bag which we shared. We were thinner in those days than we are now. Katie had fried a big pan of chicken. It's a wonder that we didn't die of food poisoning - we had no cooler or refrigeration.

i'm sure that Mary didn't see those signs that said DON'T FEED THE BEAARS.

We fed a bear cub some of the chicken gizzards. The Mother Bear came along and tried to climb into the car with us. Mary and Katies started sailing slices of bread out of rear window but that didn't distract them at all.

Because of the sudden end to the war and because I had too much service for occupation duty and too little to be discharged I was kept in service for six months at Camp Cooke with nothing of a military nature to do. Many fellows stayed in the Army. Their years in the military had been happy ones. For many the war had been their finest hour. They had had a sense of purpose, excitment, usefulness and of being needed that they didn't find in their

their civilian lives and they never ceased talking about their experiences in the war.

Cyril feeding a bear on that trip.

Mary and I lived in a trailer while we were in Lompoc. One night the Home Teachers came to our trailer and rocked it back and forth. We were in an earthquake area and we were just sure that we were experiencing one that night. Mary had been hired on the post in the Signal Corp telegraph office as a clerk. The army kept giving me 45 day leaves. We didn't have the money to go anywhere, so I got a job at a Johns--Manville plant nearby that was surface mining diatomaceous earths (a fine silicon earth consisting of the fossil remains of one cell marine algae).

Cyril and Mary in the trailer they lived in while they were in Lompoc.

a filter material. I was given a job as a draftsman making detailed drawings and blueprints for the small drafting group that they had at their plant. Between our puny army pay, Mary's pay and what I was making at Johns-Manville we were doing pretty well financially and saved enough to buy Mary a Sewing Machine.

The branch of the Church in Lompoc only had one family that were permanent members, the Staffensons. Mary never told them that she wasn't a member and they had her doing everything. You never knew when you went to church what you might be called upon to do. She gave many a prayer while we were there.

Mary, her Mother, Dad, and me by our second house trailer.

At this time Mary's parents were 200 miles away in San Francisco and we had several pleasant week-end visits with them, either going up to San Francisco or they would come down to visit us.

I had become a corporal and was the battery clerk at the time that I was discharged. I had decided to go back to school at either the University of California or to the Univ. of Michigan. The fellow I worked for at J-M, Herman Fischer, was a U. of California graduate

who did not think very highly of his university, so I finally decided on Michigan. My discharge in February came too late to get into the 2nd Semester so I had to wait until June to go to school.

Mary's parents, Cyril, and Mary at Camp Cook - 1945

Since I had four free months before school started, we went to Salt Lake City where I was discharged and we stayed with Mary's parents at 1376 Michigan Ave. Her father was well know and highly respected in the Salt Lake City Business Community and throughout Utah. With his help I obtained a job with the Utah State Highway Department working on the third floor of the capitol building as a draftsman.

Cyril and Mary at her parents home. Cyril had just been discharged.

I plotted information from the survey logs, and then planimetered and calculated the volumes of soil needed to balance the cuts with the fills on proposed roads to avoid the expense of bringing in soil. It was a tedious, boring job that made me decide that I didn't want to become a Civil Engineer. That type of work would now be done by computers in a very short time. When I finally got back in school in June, I studied Mechanical Engineering.

Cyril's brother Russel and his wife Kathryn - 1945

Mary worked for her father at his insurance office while we were in Salt Lake City. With two incomes, not tremendous, but with no expenses, since we were living for free with her parents, we were able to save several hundred dollars. We made our first major purchase at that time, a sterling silverware service of 8 which we seldom used and finally gave to Jamie. (Who also doesn't use it much.)

Chapter Fourteen - The University of Michigan, Ann Arbor

In early June Mary had what was thought to be appendicitis, but actually was a cyst on one of her ovaries. She had an operation in Salt Lake that removed both her appendices and part of one ovary. The doctor who operated on her was concerned about her ability to conceive a child if he removed the whole ovary. In the long run this didn't seem to be a problem. She did have difficulties with the incision healing because the doctor had used a suture that she was allergic to.

Mary (and Edward) in Michigan.

I went to Michigan alone in June of 1946 and Mary joined me in August. We had obtained University Student Housing at one of the wartime villages built by the Government for workers at the Willow Run Bomber Plant in Ypsilanti. It had been operated by Henry J. Kaiser of ship building fame and was to have mass produced bombers. It made very few planes before the war ended. Ypsilanti was about 13 miles from Ann Arbor.

Our housing consisted of long single story row houses with six apartments in each block of apartments. Our apartment had a long kitchen-living room, two bedrooms, and a bath. It was heated by a single coal fired space heater located in the middle of the apartment. We also had a coal stove for cooking and heating water, and an ice box. We soon learned

Cyril at Willow Run Village in Ypsilanti, Michigan in the fall of 1946.

how to bank the stove to keep the fire going through the cold Michigan nights. When we opened the lid to the stove in the mornings the soot would fly everywhere. We bought a two burner electric hotplate to avoid using the kitchen coal stove for cooking, particularly in the hot summer, and an calrod strip heater to keep us supplied with hot water. The original construction of the housing used minimal wiring so that none of these few electrical appliances were permitted because they overloaded the electrical circuits. Within the village an informal but efficient information and alarm system was developed to tell everyone when the inspectors were coming. Everyone had made the same changes that we had. I don't think anyone was ever caught breaking the rules.

The housing had ice boxes and we kept forgetting to dump the water from the melted ice. About the 2nd time Mary had to mop up the kitchen floor I drilled a hole in the floor under the ice box, attached a hose and let the water drain on the ground under the house.

We paid $27.00/month for the apartment and it's utilities. It was inexpensive and filled our needs. The

biggest inconvenience was the 26 mile round trip from Ypsilanti to Ann Arbor and back each day. The University operated a bus line that was inexpensive but it wasn't very convenient. No one had cars and you couldn't buy one even if you had the money. The manufacturing facilities of the nation hadn't yet been converted over from wartime needs to peace time wants and there was a tremendous demand for cars and all consumer goods.

Mary in front of the East Engineering Building at the Univ. of Michigan - 1947.

The following spring we painted, papered, planted grass and put in a garden. We dug furrows and irrigated our garden with a hose. Our neighbors, who had never seen irrigation, laughed at us but they soon had grass planted and were growing gardens. We made our apartment into a home.

Ann Arbor was a delightful city in a beautiful area. The city was a cultural center and had lots of civic activities.

Mother and Dad came over quite often from Mt. Clemens to visit us. They'd come on a week end and stay over night and go to church with us on Sunday. They usually brought a lot of groceries and vegetables with them and left a few dollars when they returned to Mt. Clemens.

Mother, Dad, and Me standing in the middle of our garden.

During the three years that I was at Michigan, from the summer of 1946 to February of 1949, I went to school winter, summer and fall and even attended one 3 week mini-summer session. I took 18 hours of course work each semester and worked a half a day and managed to hold a 3.0, (B), average for my under-graduate work. This put me in the upper 15% of my graduating class.

Cyril and baby Edward - About two months old.

I was academically eligible for all of the Engineering Honor Societies and I would have liked to have had that honor but my schedule and work didn't leave any time for socializing and getting acquainted with the right people and I was never elected to any of the

honoraries. I wanted that honor very badly and was disappointed that I didn't get chosen for one of them.

Cyril in front of our house in Willow Run Villaage.

At the end of the war Congress passed the GI Bill of Rights, the first modern entitlement. Sixteen million had served in the armed forces and almost half of them took advantage of the chance to get an education. The G. I. Bill paid for my tuition, books and $105.00/month for subsistence. It was great but not quite enough money to give us any extras.

To earn extra money to buy some Christmas presents I worked on Saturdays at Montgomery Wards as a clerk during the late fall of that first year that we were in Ann Arbor . I was also awarded a Cornelius Donovan Scholarship which paid $100.00/semester. Those few dollars also helped pay the bills.

Early in 1947, I got a job in a laboratory operated jointly by the Engineering Research Institute of the University and by the Michigan State Highway Department. I was a Test Technician and made a series of soil sample (compression, shear, and composition) tests to determine a soils load carrying capacity. This information was used to design bridge abutments and footings for heavy installations such as steel mills. I was paid 90 cents an hour when working for the state and when I did exactly the same work for the research institute I was paid $1.50 /hour. I worked four hours each day. I spent part of one summer doing field work (checking soil compaction on bridge abutments) in Petosky, Mich. The Lab was conveniently located in the Chem. Engineering Building. I took a brown bag and ate my lunch there every day. It made me hustle to carry a full schedule and work half time. I also had a job helping to register students at the beginning of each term.

Mary carrying the wash from a coin laundry that was about a mile away

Mary and I didn't do very much for recreation during those three years. Within our block we'd have an evening of bridge or just conversation with other students. To go on a picnic at the University Arboretum with a baby and buggy on a bus was a major undertaking and we didn't have much free time. We saw some football games, always from seats assigned to first year students which were in the end zone. In my senior year we finally had seats on the ten yard line. The seats at the Michigan Stadium came right down to the playing field. The stadium held 78,000 people. It was a wonderful stadium.

Michigan had some great football teams during those years and the games were exciting. Benny Oosterban was coach and the two Elliot brothers, Pete and Bump, and Bob Chapius were the star players. The Elliotts later coached, one at the University of Illinois and the other at the University of Iowa.

Edward on the fender of a Jeep that Mary's parents had just brought us.

In late summer of 1947 Mary's Father acquired a Jeep Station Wagon, which he gave to us. We were one of the few students who had a car. People didn't have money for such non-essentials and you couldn't find a car to buy even if you had cash to pay for it. Their gift was certainly appreciated. It always seemed to have some mechanical problem but without it we'd have had problems getting places. They also bought us our first washer, a wringer type made by Maytag. It seemed like we waited forever for one to be available.

While we were in Ann Arbor, our first child, Cyril Edward, was born on June 10, 1947. Mary went to the University Hospital and then to their Well Baby Clinic afterwards. The entire cost of the delivery and ten days in the hospital, the pre- and post-natal care was only $25.00.

At Christmas time, in 1947, we went to Utah for the holidays, driving out with friends of ours from Utah State days, Ruth and Ray Wilson,. Ray was doing graduate work at Purdue. The trip was a full of humorous problems. We started out and got to Toledo when I discovered that I had left my wallet behind. To avoid driving 200 miles back, I decided to drive on, borrow money from Ray and then pay him back when we got to Salt Lake. We made it to within 25 miles of Purdue when we ran out of both gas and money. We were also having trouble with a defective voltage regulator. I had to call collect to have Ray come and rescue us.

Mother, Dad, and Edward visiting us us at Willow Run Village.

That winter Michigan went to the Rose Bowl. I got two tickets and Mary's Dad and I drove down to Pasadena to see it. (Michigan beat USC) We returned to Salt Lake on January 2, and then made a wild drive back to Ann Arbor skating over icy roads on the trail of one of the worst ice storms in years.

Edward in our living room at Willow Run Village.

Little Edward never whimpered once on the trip. He raised his head occasionally, looked around and dropped back

down on his pallet and went back to sleep.

Skinny Mary in front of our Willow Run home.

While we were in Michigan we went to church in Ann Arbor. Services were held in Conference rooms in the Women's Union Building. The members were mostly students. John Klaphaak, a local upholsterer, was the branch president.

Phyllis and baby Edward. She was a freshman at the U of M.

In my last year at the U of M my sister, Phyllis, was going to the University as a freshman and spent at least one night a week at Willow Run Village with us. I helped her (?) with Chemistry. She wasn't very happy at Michigan and transferred to BYU the following year, finally graduating from there.

In February 1949 I finally had enough credits to graduate. They didn't have a mid-year graduation and I didn't return in June for commencement. I never even purchased a yearbook or a diploma. My education at Michigan was a good one and I have always been proud that I graduated there.

Both Cyril and Mary's parents at Willow Run Village.

I seriously considered getting an advanced degree in Business from either M. I. T. or Stanford. I applied at Stanford was granted admission to their MBA Program, but I decided that I should work for a couple of years first and I never got back. Once we started incurring the costs of raising a family it became impossible for us to return to school.

Edward fascinated by a dandelion.

As graduation approached I started interviewing with a few select companies. When school ended I had a painful

operation on my nose to correct a deviated septum. The bone was chipped away and I was hospitalized so that I couldn't do much shopping for jobs but they were plentiful that year (1949). In January of 1949 I escaped from the school house and went to work.

Mary leaning on the coal bin there at Willow Run.

I had firm offers of employment from G.E. @ 315.00/month, U. S. Steel at their Gary Plant @ $265.00, Goodyear in Akron @ $285.00. Shell in Houston @ $-325.00, DuPont in Belle, W. Va., and some others. During the war the U.S. had built a tremendous manufacturing potential that had not been hurt by the war and there was a great built-up demand for the consumer goods that had been in short supply for so long.

Edward on our front porch in Ypsilanti.

I chose to go with General Electric and was put on their Rotating Engineering Program with my first assignment in Household Refrigerators in Erie, Pa. Whenever I read Robert Frost's poem "Two Paths in a Woods" I wonder what the difference would have been if I had chosen to work for one of the other companies or if I had gone to Stanford.

Phyllis and Mary had to do most of the packing for our move to Erie. We gathered our few belongings together and made our move to Erie. We had come with only our clothing and a few linens and dishes. While we were in Michigan we had accumulated a kitchen stool, a crib, buggy and other baby items. We were amazed to find out how much, mostly baby furniture, we had acquired in a couple of years but they easily fit in our Jeep.

General Electric's Rotating Engineering was intended to give some of the older engineering graduates experience in different kinds of engineering work so that they could intelligently decide on what they would like to do for the rest of their lives.

The General Electric Plant in Erie where I worked

My first assignment with G. E. was in Erie, Pa in the Refrigerator Department. The city of Erie was a very dismal place. The sum didn't shine often and it was cold and damp most of the time. People used to call it, "Dreary Erie, the mistake by the Lake."

In 1952 Eisenhower was elected President replacing Truman. Truman was a feisty fellow and turned out to have been a very good President. Eisenhower, a popular war hero, did very little except play golf while he was in office. He didn't want to change anything and there was a gradual deterioration in our national strength and spirit. The "cold war" had started and our relations with Russia were poor. Mc Carthy had most people frightened.

In Erie they built both Refrigerators and Locomotives. Five of the buildings at the Erie Works were used to build Refrigerators. Before the war the GE Refrigerator was made in Ft. Wayne. The machine was a monitor top that included the compressor, condenser, and evaporator that were set in the open top of an icebox that was built by and Icebox Company. After the war manufacturing was moved to Erie. My first assignment turned out to be my permanent one. My initial work assignment was in factory contact, later it was called production engineering. It consisted of providing the engineering help required to make the annual model year feature and appearance changes, to improve producability and to implement cost improvements

Edward - age 3 - on the back porch of our house in Lawrence Park.

Many of the young engineers who joined the company at this time, later became our close personal and social friends.

The Hillikers, Evans, and others. We socialized a lot and made many good friends. Many of them later became Department, Section and Subsection Managers at G. E.

In those days G.E. was very "people oriented." There was tremendous loyalty between management and employees. There didn't seem to be the confrontation the we have today. It was a joke that the Monogram was tattooed on everyone's back side.

Mary coming home from the hospital with Gary.

While we were in Erie we lived first on the West side at 236 Clifton Drive in a large furnished house that we rented from the De Longs while they wintered in Florida.

On July 22, 1949 Mary's Father was killed in an auto collision in Salt Lake City. It was a tragic loss. He had just sold his insurance business and had accepted a position as Director of the Selective Service for the State of Utah.

Mary and I went to Utah and helped her mother settle her affairs. When Mary's Father's assignment with the Selective Service was completed he intended to retire and become an independent insurance agent.

I hadn't been with GE long enough to have any personal time or vacation but my boss bent the rules and paid me for the 2 weeks that I was gone. I was always grateful to GE for his thoughtfulness.

"Tragic Death of F. Edward Walker"
An Article in the Salt Lake Telegram.

The tragic death of F. Edward Walker, prominent business man and civic leader, in an automobile accident Friday is a shock to his many friends and associated, and a distinct loss to Salt Lake City.

Mr. Walker died in a collision with a gravel truck on Fourth South street, a little after 9 o'clock in the morning. At the time of his death he was Utah director of selective service. He had accepted an appointment to that post from the governor only a few months before, and after accepting it sold the insurance agency which he established upon coming to this city 18 years before.

Mr Walker had time and again demonstrated boundless energy and enthusiasm and capacity for civic service. It is impossible to list all his many interests in national, state, and city service. He was in the navy in both wars, holding the rank of commander in the last one and seeing service here, in San Francisco and in New Caledonia. He was in the Veterans of Foreign Wars. He was a past president of the Salt Lake Association of Life Underwriters, an active Mason, a Member of the Elks, The Lions and the footprinters. He worked on infantile paralysis campaigns and as head of the Visiting Nurse association. He was on the board of the Y M C A. He was an active member of the Central Christian church.

F. Edward Walker had already established himself in this community ad an outstanding citizen at the age of 50.

He could have given much more in the way of service to his community and his state. His death is a distinct loss.The Telegram expresses its deep regret at the untimely death of a fine citizen and extends its condolences to the bereaved members of his family.

That summer we lived in a very - crowded 2 room apartment in North East, Pa. North East was about seven miles from GE. In the fall we moved to an unfurnished house in the center of some old World War 1 row type houses in Lawrence Park, (what had been at one time a G.E. Company town) on the east side of Erie.

Since we thought we were permanently located with G. E. we started accumulating household furnishings. We had $1,000.00 to buy all of the furniture needed for a five room house. We started shopping for second hand furniture. We were amazed at the quantity of used furniture that we could buy with very little money. Among other things, we bought an oak kitchen table and four chairs for $35.00.

We lived in Lawrence Park for two years. The house was only one block from the G. E. plant. One day Mary was called to the door by the Plant Guard who had Edward by the hand. He had followed me to work because I hadn't kissed him goodbye that morning. He was a cute little guy and we thought there was no finer child in all the world than he.

Ed was a very smart little boy. I remember some ladies being impressed when he read books to them at the age of three. Much of what he read had been memorized since his mother read to him so much of the time.

He was always into mischief. He ran out of the door one day yelling back to his mother, "you can't catch me, I'm the ginger bread man. I can run away from you, I can, I can." And he could. She never did catch him.

Gary on a blanket in our back yard.

We picnicked one day in Cooks Forest. He fell in the creek and came crying to his mother that, "The crabs will get me." His mother was filling the bath tub one day when he went in, locked the door, and couldn't be persuaded to open it. Luckily the overflow drain took water and he finally got tired and opened the door. He locked his mother out of the house one wintry day. She was only wearing a light sweater. She begged him to turn the lock. He kept saying, "I can't". Just when she was ready to break a window with a rock he finally turned the key in the door.

Cyril, Edward, and Gary

While we lived in this house Gary was born at Hamot Hospital on February 15, 1950. Edward and I had a great time decorating the house to celebrate when his Mother and little brother would be home from the hospital. When we went to pick them up, Ed told the nurse that he was going to teach his little brother how to eat raisins.

In this house, one day Mary thought she had lost her diamond ring in the bathroom sink. I took the sink apart. Each time I touched a pipe it crumbled and I had to replace much of the 40 year old piping and never found the ring. Later we found it on the bathroom rug.

The house n upper Cherry Street that we bought. Our first home.

In 1951 we decided to buy our first home. We located a small two bedroom frame house at 5004 Cherry Street, where Gore Road crossed Cherry St.

It was in a nice part of town (Glenwood). We paid $12,400 for our new house. Mary had saved some money which we used for the down payment. We financed it with a GI loan paying 4 1/4% interest.

That year I spent a lot of time including my vacation putting plastic tile on the bathroom walls and building two bedrooms and a bath in the attic. Now days you call this "sweat equity".

Edward and Gary vacuuming the attic bedroom that Cyril built.

Gary was a delightful little fellow, a very placid and contented child. He could entertain himself for a long time with a very few toys. He was quite creative. Cy always thought that he was going to be the engineer in the family.

Gary and Edward asleep in that that attic bedroom that Cyril built,.

While we lived here, Martin Evan w as born on September 4, 1.951. The $25.00 that we paid for Ed in Michigan was now $125.00 for the Doctor alone and about that much for the Hospital. Was Marty really worth that much?

Marty was a patient little guy and demanded very little attention. It made

me want to cry when we would find him asleep in his high chair patiently waiting for someone to put him to bed.

Marty at Hamot Hospital.

Once Mary was pushing Martin on his tricycle in the basement when it got out of control. His foot got caught in the wheel and he fell off, with Mary on top of him but he didn't cry. A couple of days later she noticed that he wasn't crawling so she took him in to the doctor and found that he had a fractured bone in his leg.

Marty in his Bassinet.

The doctor set the bones and put on a walking cast and Marty ran around like there was nothing at all wrong with his leg.

Marty with a broken leg.

Gary was a silent one. He formed a deep attachment to an orange plastic truck and his blanket. He carried them around as his prized possessions. When the truck finally disintegrated he carried the blanket around until it wore out.

Marty asleep in his High Chair waiting for someone to come and feed him.

Presque Isle was a Peninsula in Lake Erie. It was a delightful place to spend our summer leisure swimming and having picnics. The branch always had one picnic there each year on July the 4th. Admiral Perry built the ships, on this Peninsula, that he used to defeat the British in the War of 1812.

Gary and Edward in a sand box Cyril built in the back yard of the house on Upper Cherry Street.

Our home in Erie must have been built on a spring. Water leaked into the basement of that house every spring. We tried a lot of different products and methods to seal the walls but were never really successful in solving this problem. Now I know enough to look for this sort of fault when buying a home.

Martin on the beach of the peninsula. His diapers were full of sharp pebbles. Must have hurt.

In this home we came near to knowing tragedy. When we moved into the house, it had a gas hot water heater in the basement that was not connected to the chimney for the furnace. One cold rainy day Mary called me at work to tell me that everyone in the house, including her mother who was visiting, was dizzy and could not stand up.

Our family about the time that Marty joined it.

I suspected carbon monoxide and told her to open all of the doors and windows and that I'd be right home. In those days most people only had one car in a family. Nearly everyone was in a car pool and on that day it was not my turn to drive. I borrowed one from a friend and when I got home, the children, Mary and her mother were lying on the beds and floors all over the house. I opened all of the doors and windows, called a doctor and the gas company. Mary hadn't opened the doors because she couldn't think of a way to open them without exposing the children to drafts. Our best advice came from the gas company service man, who, while the doctors were scratching their head, told me, "Yes, it's carbon monoxide. Give them eggs and milk."

While we lived on Cherry Street Jamie was born on 10-13-52. We were so happy to have a little girl.

1962 - Jamie in Hamot Hospital.

Martin and Jamie were so near the same age (13 months) that they were always in trouble together. When they were 1 1/2 years and 6 months old, Martin plastered Jamie with vaseline and then poured a can of baby powder over her. She looked like a ghost. They finished off a large bottle of orange aspirin tablets together and had go to the hospital to have their stomachs pumped out.

Marty with a good case of Chicken Pox.

One evening Martin came to me complaining that he didn't feel very good. When I put my arms around him, I noticed that his breath reeked of moth balls. He had eaten those white pieces of candy (moth balls) he had found in the pockets of Gary's new sport coat.

While we were in Erie, all of the children had chicken pox at about the same time. Marty in particular was a mass of poxes.

When his mother was out in Utah one summer Ed stayed with me. He was only 12 years old. He made lunch for me one day. When I opened up my brown bag at work and jelly beans rolled out all over the floor. He had made me a peanut butter and jelly bean sandwich. The fellows at work never forgot that sandwich. One day Edward thought he'd bake a cake for us to have for dessert when I came home at night. He read the abbreviation (bp) in his mother's recipe book as black pepper instead of baking powder. The cake looked like a pancake and tasted like a Mexican pastry.

Helpful Edward Filling the gas tank with water as a savings on driving the car.

Once Edward thought he'd help out so he filled the gas tank with water and proudly told his mother that she wouldn't have to worry about running out of gas any more.

Edward carrying wood at Mesa Verde.

Mary mopped up soap for several hours after Martin poured a bottle of concentrated soap (Joy) on the floor.

Jamie asked to have a hard cooked egg like her daddy had because she didn't like the egg juice. Edward, impressed by the story of the grasshopper and the ant, was found collecting all of his toys in one corner of the basement for the winter.

We found Marty screaming one day because Gary had tried to flush him down the toilet to find out where he would go.

When my parents were in Michigan we visited them on long week ends. During those years most of our regular vacations were taken in the west. We'd visit Mary's Mother for a week or so and then sometimes we'd spend a few days seeing some of the National Parks in the west.

During those years we saw the parks in southern Utah, the Adirondacks, Mesa Verde, Monument Valley, The Smokies, Yellowstone, and Banff.

We visited the Zion's, Bryce's, and Cedar Breaks one year when Ed and Gary were small and had to carry them on our shoulders most of the way through the park. We tried to get them to walk by telling them that there was an ice cream cone around the next bend in the path.

Mary carrying Gary on her shoulders in Bryces Canyon.

One year we took Mom Walker and Aunt Ethel to the Southern Parks. On the way home we had to replace our transmission in Panguitch.

A cliff dwelling in Mesa Verde.

Gary in a cliff dwelling in Mesa Verde.

Before we got back to Kentucky that year we had to replace two brake drums and two tires and then the water pump went out and we replaced it. It seemed like we had replaced almost the whole car.

Monument Valley - Mary in a dry creek bed. The monument, "The Indian Chief" is behind her.

Notice how square the window in this cliff dwelling is. I'm glad I was not competing as a stone mason with those people.

We climbed all over the magnificent cliff dwellings built by the Anasazi Indians in Mesa Verda.

1965 - A frog race on our tent platform at Bamf.

We went to Monument Valley one year. Stage Coach and dozens of other western movies were filmed there. It is a beautiful area. Soon after our visit the Navaho Indians took control of the area and now no one is allowed to wander around the valley as freely we had done.

Another year we went to Banff and Jasper one year and the biggest attraction was the frog races we had on our tent platform. They reminded me of the Bret Harte stories of the west.

Gary and Al at Lake Louise.

Those were our "Green Salad Days" and Mary and I hiked up to the glacier above Lake Louise.

We did a lot of tent camping in those years. Much of the time it was just an

Those were our "Green Salad Days" and Mary and I hiked up to the glacier above Lake Louise.

We did a lot of tent camping in those years. Much of the time it was just an economy measure.

Marty and Cy on the rim of Zion's canyon.

Marty and I climbed up to the plateau which was the rim of Zion's canyon. Later we found that the trail we had just climbed was only for experienced mountain climbers --- Marty felt proud and Cy only felt worn out!!!

One of our most memorable experience was a visit to Yellowstone Park in 1959. On our way home from this Utah visit we returned to Kentucky by way of Yellowstone and stayed the night at the Thumb. In the middle of the night our cabin started to shake violently. Still only half awake I thought a bear was trying to get in our cabin and I went out the door with a couple of small pieces of firewood ready to do battle with this enormous bear, large enough to shake a log cabin. Fortunately we never found him. I was brave in those days. The next morning we found out that we had been in one of the most severe earthquakes recorded on the North American Continent. It sent tidal waves 20 feet high down Hebgen Lake like you would slosh water out of a dishpan and then half of a 7,600-ft high mountain came crashing down into the valley below. 28 people were killed in this earthquake. Mary's Mother had come with us but we couldn't get to West Yellowstone to put her on the train so she could return to Salt Lake. She had to go to Cody, Wyo to get on a plane back to her home in Salt Lake City.

1964 - Jamie and Al with a string of trout that they caught in Yellowstone Lake.

We tried to drive to Mt. Clemens often to visit my parents who seemed lonely.

A gathering of the family on one of those visits to my parents in Mt. Clemens in 1952.

It was a long hard drive. There were no super highways and the 300 miles to Mt. Clemens was almost all the way on urban roads. We usually left after work on Friday when we were exhausted. We had to go through three major cities, Cleveland, Toledo, and Detroit. It was slow and nerve wracking but still we drove over on nearly every long week end.

Meals were self-service when we made those visits to Cy'ss parents in Mt. Clemens.

While we lived in Erie we developed a friendly, close relationship with my brother, Delmar, and his family.

The family at our house in Erie in 1950. Marge, Del, Mary, Spence and Mother.

We visited them often in Ithaca where he was teaching at Cornell and they in turn often came to Erie.

1955-A family visit with Mother and Dad. The children slept on the front porch.

Occasionally Dad and Mother, and sometimes Spencer would come to Erie for one of the long holiday weekends. One time Spence tried to come for Thanksgiving.

A family get-together at Del and Marie's farm in Ithaca in 1964.

One time Spence tried to come for Thanksgiving. We were snowed in so he flew to nearly every major airport on the east coast and never did make it to Erie.

We usually spent a good share of our time, when we got together, discussing politics or economics. There were no lack of authorities for either subject. When we got together it was very informal. Dinners would be self serve but were usually feasts.

Del and Marge made a wise decision and bought a farm about 7 miles north of Cornell. They never farmed it. They had much of the land in the soil-bank and rented some of it to their neighbors. Del modernized much of the inside of the old farm house and they lived there.

Often we went to their place for a football game or a visit. It was always very enjoyable. We had children who were about the same ages in each of the families. They always seemed to have fun together. On his farm was a large old barn which the children loved to play in.

Floyd Gowans and Cyril.

He raised a Welch Pony that was smaller than the ordinary horse. There were many nice state parks around Ithaca where we often went on picnics. I remember quite well one football game that we went to between Michigan and Cornell. Michigan was a power house and Cornell had a mediocre team but Cornell beat Michigan very badly.

The chapel that we built in Erie, Pa.

Erie had a small branch of the church. Floyd Gowans was an engineer in the Locomotive Dept. of G.E. in Erie and was the Branch President, the District President and just about every other office there was. He was one of the finest person I've ever known. While I was there I served as one of his councilors in the Branch Presidency, the District Presidency and as Branch President. In every branch that we lived in there were a few strong families, usually converts, who were the heart of the local membership. (The Churches in Erie, Klaphaaks in Ann Arbor, and Hattons in Louisville) There were only five male priesthood holders in Erie.

Keeping the children quiet and entertained during meetings was a real challenge. Mary would bring many pencils, books and toys to entertain the children while I was conducting the service. Always one of the children would get away and make it to the stand to sit with me. I was also a Scout Master for

a community troop in Lawrence Park and in our branch. Everyone did many things. There were lots of problems even in a small branch.

While we were living in Erie we built a chapel between August 1951 and February 1953. It was a very small one on which we furnished all of the labor except the bricklaying and plumbing. We worked on that chapel every night for months. Sometimes Mary would have a lunch made and the whole family would go to the new chapel and work until it was dark.

We had many disputes with the Church Building Committee in Salt Lake. They did not understand the needs of branches in the mission field and were not very cooperative. Now that I look back on it, they were wrong every time we had a disagreement but they always won. The chapel was built on a sloping lot and without success we tried to get them to let us put classrooms in the basement. When it was dedicated the General Authority in charge of the dedication made the observation, "that it would have been smart to have built classrooms in the basement." Floyd Gowans was the Construction Supervisor. He built this Chapel using the same engineering tolerances he used in designing Locomotives. Many times he made me do something over because it wasn't exactly right. I have never seen that kind of careful workmanship used in the construction of any other building. There were only five of us to build it. Working together and building a chapel ourselves developed a love for one another that is sometimes missing in the chapels today where buildings are contracted and there isn't very much of the person in the brick and mortar. I think we also acquired a few skills that we never had before. I remember very well building the cupola on the ground and how the boys and I helped hoist it up onto the roof of the building. The church no longer allows members to build their own church. I'm not sure why they stopped letting members build chapels. Possibly the liabilities involved, careless construction or whatever but something valuable was lost by that decision.

There was no money for janitors in a poor branch like ours so Mary, the children and I went over weekly and thoroughly cleaned the chapel. It was always immaculate.

Our family at the wedding of Cyril's Sister Phyllis and Bruce Belnap in Schenectady.

While we were living in Erie my sister Phyllis got married to Bruce Belnap who was an engineer with GE in Schenectady and we went to their wedding reception. He had been on a test assignment with Locomotives in Erie while we were there and we knew him very well. Their's has been a very fruitful marriage.

During the six years that we lived in Erie, General Electric decided to build an Appliance Park where all major appliances (Refrigerators, Home Laundry,

G.E.'s Appliance Park in Louisville, Ky.

built, and we were transferred to Louisville. Manufacturing from all over the east coast was moved to Louisville. We sold the home that we had purchased for $12,400 for $14,000 and moved to Louisville in April 1955.

The house we built in Louisville at 605 Indian Ridge Rd.

We found a nice quiet street off Brownsboro Road near St. Matthews which is about 6 miles East of Louisville and contracted with a builder to build us a home. We designed it ourselves and made the usual number of mistakes but it was much nicer than the house we left in Erie. Like all the homes we ever built we had many things we were going to complete in it ourselves. More of that "sweat equity". In Louisville we planned and built a porch on the side of the house. We did all of the landscaping and finished the basement.

The house we built in Louisville after the porch had been added to the end of the house.

For two years there was a side door on the house that opened out onto an eight foot drop. It was a good thing that none of us walked in our sleep. The equity from our Erie home paid the down payment for the house in Louisville. Interest rates had gone up from 4 1/4 to 6% by now.

Mom Walker at Liberty Park in 1951 with Ed and Gary.

Mary's mother came out and helped with the move to Louisville and she took Marty home with her on the train when

Marty home with her on the train when she returned to Salt Lake. When they got ready to leave, Marty suddenly decided that he didn't want to go. It was a puzzled 3 1/2 year old that waved goodbye. When they got on the train to go the other children wept. Gary cried, "Marty, come back." Jamie moaned, "We'll never see Marty again."

Mary's mother lived at 1376 Michigan Avenue and the children dearly loved her house. It had lots of rooms to explore and there was the good feeling of a home about it. She was good to take the children places, do things with them and give them just about anything they asked for. She usually took them to Lagoon or Liberty Park for a day during their vacation and they developed a fond feeling about the park, they almost had some ownership in Liberty Park.

Income from her estate was enough for her to live comfortably and do most of the things she wanted to do. Her wants were not extravagant. She was good to us. If I commented that I'd like something she was quick to get it for me. She gave me most of my tools in my workshop.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF MARY AND CYRIL KEARL
Chapter Sixteen - The Early Years in Louisville.

General Electric decided to continue building one model, a TBF 15, in Erie for another three months after they had planned to have their move to Louisville completed. I was asked to stay in Erie as the liaison engineer there until they stopped assembling refrigerators at this plant. I roomed in Lawrence Park and finally relocated to Louisville on July 1, 1955. I was given a Management Award of $100.00 for the work I did in those months. This was a cash award given to individuals selected for some extra effort that they had made. A few years later I received a 2nd Management Award for a particularly rewarding Cost Improvement in the Fibreglas insulation used in Refrigerators.

The children playing at the creek which was down at the bottom of the hill behind our house.

Our home was built on an 3/4 acre lot at 605 Indian Ridge Rd on the east side of Louisville just off Route 42 across from the Zachary Taylor National Cemetery. Our house was built at the top of a hill and had a back yard that was 300 feet deep with a small creek at the bottom of the hill. Many happy hours were spent there building dams, wading in the creek, catching crawdads and sledding. It was a delightful place to have a home.

During the three months that I remained in Erie, Mary had all of the work and responsibility of getting us settled in our new home. I would fly down to Louisville each week end and then fly back to Erie on Mondays leaving her with a list of tasks to be completed during the week.

A funny thing happened at Thanksgiving of that year. The Gas Company had assured us that we wouldn't have gas on our street for 3 to 5 years. So we bought an oil furnace, put in a storage tank and had it filled with oil. In the fall they started laying a gas line down our street. We ran out of oil on Thanksgiving Day so Mary inquired about getting 100 gallons of oil instead of filling the tank, as a gas line still wasn't connected to our house. The furnace people misunderstood her and while she was away converted the furnace to gas. As a result we had no heat at all and had to hurriedly get the furnace re-converted back to oil that evening at overtime pay.

We lived in Louisville for almost 12 years, from April 1, 1955 to December 1966. All of the time in this same house. Our children spent most of their childhood there. They attended Chenoweth, Wilder, and Stivers grade schools and Wagner and Westport High Schools on the East side of the city. They changed schools when a school got crowded and students had to be transferred to accommodate the growing population in

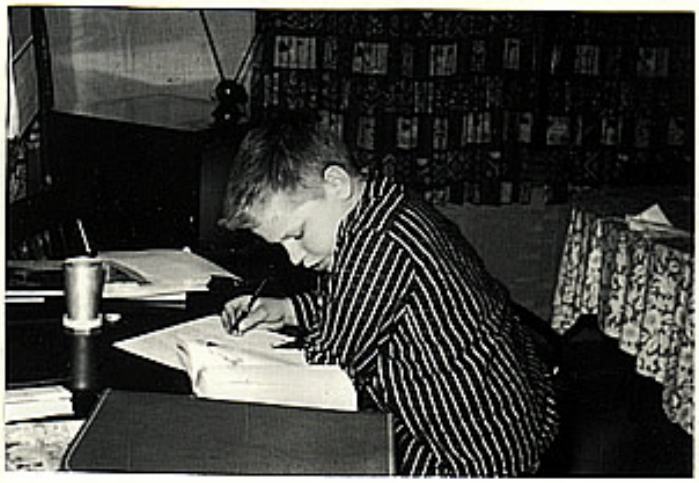
the suburbs.

Ed, Gary and Alan attended Stivers School. It was cheaply constructed (made of 1/4" asbestos sheets) and was called the "Cardboard School." It became overcrowded and so our neighborhood was sent to a new school called Wilder. Later Wilder became crowded and our neighborhood was once again shifted to Chenoweth. By the time Al was 6, our neighborhood had been shifted back to Stivers.

Marty, Jamie, and Alan in front of the Wilder School.

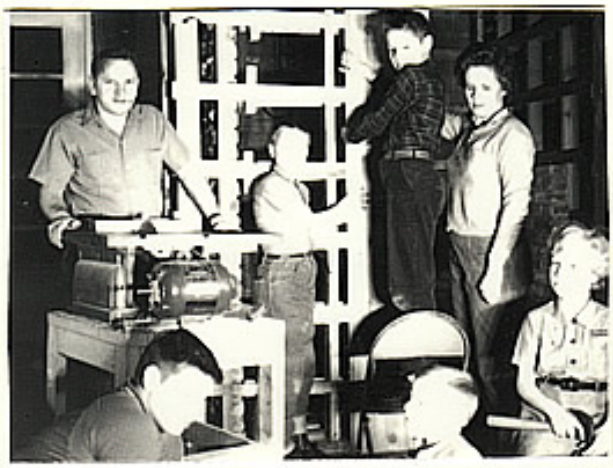
1964 was our worst school year. It proved to be a very exhausting year for Mary. Westport High had double sessions. Gary caught the school bus at 6:30 a.m. Edward went to Wagner High School at about 8 a.m. Al went to Stivers Grade School at 9. Marty and Jamie went to school at 12:30 p.m. Gary came home at 1:00, Ed at 2:20 and Al at 3:30 - Marty and Jamie at 8 p.m. Mary felt like she was cooking all day and was never free to do much or go anywhere.

The early development of space travel was begun in the early 60's. The children watched the Astronauts land on the Moon while they were in these schools. Mary did volunteer work in nearly every school the children attended. She worked in the Libraries and was a Teachers Assistant and did other chores. One year we ran the concessions stands at the athletic events to raise money for the band. She became very familiar with most of the teachers and the administration at the schools our children attended.



Edward studying in his room.

All of our children were very capable and intelligent and did well in school but didn't seem to have the drive and dedication required to be outstanding scholars. Ed was in an advanced class during Jr. and Sr. High School. Al graduated 3rd in his class in High School.



1960 - Working on the basement walls in Louisville, Ky. Earning some more of that sweat equity.

In every home we ever owned we left some part of the house to be finished by Mary and I. In the house in Louisville we built rooms in the basement and finished the walls with a beautiful cedar paneling.

Mary doing a little cement finishing.

Mary finished the concrete for the walkway in front of our house. She was a very willing and good helper on these "do-it-yourself" projects. We had some trouble when we built the porch/carport. We couldn't seem to get it level and found out that one of the line levels we were using was defective. She almost divorced me before we finished that job.

Jamie in front of the porch we built over the carport in 1959.

We added a very large, really nice, redwood porch above our carport. We ate most of our meals on it during the spring, summer, and fall. Sometimes the children slept out there. We did a lot of living on that porch.

Twice while we lived in Louisville, all of my brothers, my sister, and my parents were able to take our vacations together.

The first time in 1958 at Minoque, Wis. and then later we went to Fontana Village in the Smokey Mountains National Park in 1962. Cy was ill part of the time at Minoque. Ed swam across the lake which added several years to Mary's age in a few short

The Kearl Family at Minoque, Wisc, on a family Reunion.

minutes.

Fontana we rented five cottages, near each other, one for each family. We played games and visited for a week. Whatever we were doing during any day there would be groups of children of the same age who could play and have fun together. At Fontana there were thirty five of us. Our days were filled with swimming, boating, fishing, playing games, golfing and just visiting.

Our family at Fontana Village.

Spence usually rented a boat and was the skipper. He stayed for the night with whichever family he chose.

Spence tending to the water skiers at Fontana in 1962.

1962 - Russ ready to take another load of skiers out.

I took the little ones fishing. They loved catching croppies. As the children got older and got involved in school activities and summer work it was no longer possible for everyone to get together and the reunions ended.

Marty with Ed's Ice Cream cart.

Our children usually had some type of a job to earn a little of their spending money. Mowing lawns, delivering papers, selling ice cream, etc.

We also did the landscaping for our home. An old church had burned in Louisville and we bought beautiful stone for $15.00 a load and built several stone

retaining walls. Most of the ones I laid fell down and I finally had a stone mason lay them for me.

My Dad and Mother finally left Michigan and settled in Logan in 1960. They were both in bad health. Dad had hardening of the arteries and mother had heart trouble of some kind. The move to Logan was a difficult one for them to make. They had help with the physical part of the move but there were emotional and mental stresses for which there were no cures. They weren't sure where they were going to settle nor if the Sugar Company would provide an adequate retirement for them.

Mother and Dad in the living room of their home in Mt. Clemens - 1960.

In Logan they were a long ways from most of their family, and at their age it was hard to get acquainted with people in the community. They were never happy in Logan. They hadn't developed any hobbies or avocations. Dad did a little gardening but not much else.

In Mt Clemens they had felt that they were needed. They were an anchor for all of us children. We only visited them four or five time a year but it was a long ways from most of our homes to go to Utah. Selfridge Field was nearby in Michigan and they were the surrogate parents of every transient Mormon family that was stationed there. In Logan they were nothing at all. Most of the time they were in Utah they were confused.

Mother and Dad's new house in Logan.

Without Russ I'm not sure how they would have ever have been able to have made move from Michigan to Utah. He rented a house for them to live in while he built a very nice home for them just over the hill from the Logan Temple.

Mother in her later years.

Finally my mother died of a heart attack on April 11, 1961. She was 72 years old. When I review her life I'm proud of my Mother. The early days in Bear Lake, raising us children in Preston. Moving to Michigan when she was in her 50's. Teaching school all those years. Learning to drive when she was almost 60. She was a great person.

After my Mothers death we had my Father live with each of us children for 3 months at a time. This only made him more confused and disturbed. We made a bad decision when we did this but he couldn't live alone and he wouldn't think of going into a nursing home.

Mary and Dad on the porch of their nehome at the time of Mother's death.

A few months later my father also died on October 2, 1961. He was 71 years old when he died. His example of what a person can do when he's determined was great. He had started with no help at all and had educated himself, been one of the most respected persons in Paris and Preston as the County Agent and then struggled to make a success of the Sugar Factory in Michigan. He was the heart and soul of the church in the Mt. Clemens area. He was at our home when he died. It was a very pathetic thing to see a talented and capable man become confused, helpless and irrational.

Mary, after wrestling with the children all day, and I after the pressures of work, were probably not as tolerant of his health problems as we should have been.

Dad at Churchill Downs watching a horse race in 1960.

We brought Dad to Logan and he was buried next to Mother in the Logan Cemetery. Their lives had been real successes. The had been kind to everyone they met and were supportive to us children. From them we received intelligence and vitality and the support to allow these gifts to find fulfillment. They had been role models for us and had seen to it that we had opportunities to develop our talents. We were exposed to situations that challenged us and had been given the ethical, practical, and the formal training needed to live in the world. They had given the best that was in them and we are a reflection of their lives. At this writing they had been responsible for 6 children, 27 grandchildren and 72 great grandchildren.

After Dad's death we sold the farm for $85,000.00 to a Farm Equipment Company and it is now owned by a

company that makes windows and doors for homes. Russ bought back some portion of it later and is developing a sub division on it.

Alan in the hospital.

Alan was born in Louisville on March 25, 1958.

Marty, Mom Walker, and Jamie at Alan's homecoming.

When we brought Alan home the TV was playing, the stereo was on and a stream of neighborhood children kept coming in to see him. Mom Walker was sure that he would never get any sleep. Alan was much younger than all of the other children. They dearly loved him and enjoyed the novelty of a little brother. It was kind of like having a real live doll to play with. Every day, after school, each of our older children would be anxious to see Al, play with him, and wanted to know what he had learned to do that day. We never had to worry about getting a baby sitter.

Al in the bathtub.

He was a happy child and was easy to raise. He always tried to please.

Alan dressed as a girl for Halloween one year. He was a smashing hit.

For Halloween one year Alan was smashing with a wig, a party dress and boys shoes. He was a real hit at each home he visited that Halloween.

In 1961, while we were in Louisville, we started going to Canada each

spring to fish. (Just the boys and Cyril) First Gary and Cyril and then as each child reached his 12th birthday, he'd be added to the fishing party. We fished on a lake called Esnegami which was north of Nippigon Lake on the north shore of Lake Superior.

The float plane (a beaver) that we flew into Esnegami Lake in.

Esnegami Lake was 15 miles from the nearest town, Nakina. There were no roads into the lake and the brush was so thick that the only way it could be reached was by a pontoon plane.

1962 - Gary and I ready to fish.

It was a big lake and because of it's inaccessibility there were never many people fishing on the lake. I always thought that fishing on that lake must have been very much like it was when the first white man discovered it.

We would fish for the entire week. This was a new experience since we weren't very good fishermen and fishing in Kentucky was never very good. On Esnegami it was easy and fun.

Alan, Marty, and Don Taylor with a fish on every line.

Sometimes each person would catch 75 fish in a single day. We could keep only

Marty with a big, big Northern Pike that he had caught.

The trip gave me an opportunity to know my sons in an entirely different way than I could have in our daily routines. There was a sense of adventure to our fishing trips. You could catch six fish per person/day but could only take 6 fish out of Canada so we released most of those we caught. Most of the fish we caught were Walleyes and a few huge Northern Pike. At noon we would have a shore dinner on fish and every other night we ate fish for our supper. We had daily prizes for the one who caught the largest, smallest and the most fish. One year the man who ran the camp killed a nuisance little black bear and gave Alan the hide. For years it was his trophy. We ate our meals with the people who operated the fishing camp. They prepared some old fashioned dishes such as rice pudding and kidney stew. We used to joke that the kidney stew was so good because she cooked the piss out of it.

The cabins we stayed in at Esnegami.

The cabins we stayed in were built by Finns with only axes for tools and were the finest crafting I've ever seen. They cut the logs with their axes so that they were almost tongue & groove fit as good as a planing mill could have done.

Cliff Taylor and his boy went with us one year and Jim Dixon and his son another. Both of these families were good friends of ours at church in Louisville.

Louisville was on the Ohio River and was easily accessible from our house for water sports and recreation. In 1961 my older brother, Spencer, gave us his boat. It was a German built mahogany hulled boat powered with twin 45 Mercury Engines. It took me a little time to learn how to run the boat and I almost wiped out a couple of docks before I finally got the hang of it. This boat could move right along when it was planing.

1962 - Gary and Spencer's boat about ready to go out on the Ohio River.

Spence was generous to his little brother. I remember once admiring a Rolliflex Camera that he had and when I went home I had to take it with me. Often when I was young he would give me the very nice shoes, ties, or shirts that he had just bought for himself.

This boat had two canopies that slid along tracks and could enclose the boat. We usually launched it at Harrod's Creek and then went down the creek to the

Ohio. At nights when we came back home we had to watch for sunken logs and debris in the creek and river. I'd put one of the children on the bow with a flashlight watching for debris.

Gasing up at a station on Harrods Creek.

There were floating restaurants along the banks of the Ohio and lots of nice boats were kept on the river including one that Pee Wee Reese, a big league ball player and sports announcer from Louisville, owned.

Martin, Chris Horvay, Larry Hatton and others swimming in the river at 18 mile island.

Alan, Marty, and Jamie getting a camp set up on the shore of the Ohio River.

We spent many Saturdays on the river at one of the islands, picnicking, camping, swimming and water skiing. One memorable week-end I took Ed, Gary, Marty, and some scouts to 18 mile island. The weather, when we started, was great. By midnight, it was pouring down rain. I remembered an old barn in the middle of the island and we decided to sleep in it. We finally found it in the pitch black night, about a half mile away in the wet field. There were cattle in the field making it even more spooky for one cowardly adult and 10 little boys. We finally got to sleep in our soggy sleeping bags under a leaky barn roof. The miserable night was forgotten the next day when the sun came out, our clothes dried and we swam and skied on a beautiful river.

Many times we'd picnic on an island or camp along the shore line on a nice sandy beach. I remember one night when, by accident, we camped near a sand dredge that started operating in the middle of the night and kept us awake all night. Mary, Alan, and Jamie would sleep in the boat and we men

slept on the shore in a tent.

1963 - Jamie and Alan and the dredge that kept us awake all night.

When we took the boat and camped on the Ohio River bank, Mary fixed the meals and was plagued with sand that blew in the food.

Mary, Alan and Gary cooking a shore dinner.

One time we went in that boat up the Ohio to the Kentucky River and down it almost to Frankfort. All along the river there were old hand operated locks that were built in the middle of the 19th century when river travel was a very important part of our nations transportation system.

1963 - Going through one of the locks on the Kentucky River.

To go through the locks it was necessary to walk up to a nearby house and find the farmer-operator who would crank the locks open and shut by hand. It took hours to travel a few miles. At night we'd pull into shore, beach the boat and camp.

Often we went up to Madison, Ky and watched the speed boat races that were held there each year. You could wander along the river front and visit the Floating Repair shops where the mechanics were getting the engines of their boats tuned up and ready for the races.

We liked out-of-doors activities and occasionally we went to Cumberland Lake with our boat for a weekend. We would rent a cabin at one of the state parks there and fish for croppies, swim and

PERSONAL HISTORY OF MARY AND CYRIL KEARL
Chapter Seventeen - The Middle Years in Louisville.

The years we spent in Louisville were good times in our lives.

1957 - Marty and Jamie ready for church. A proud Martin with his coat buttomed incorrectly.

The formative years of our children's lives were spent in Louisville. Our house was built on a hill with a yard that was 120 feet wide and 300 feet deep and sloped down to a creek in the back. It was joined by a neighbor in back of us who pastured his cattle on the hill. Now that hillside is another large sub-division full of houses.

The children dammed up the creek, waded in it, and looked for crawdads (members of the shrimp family) in the banks of that creek.

Al on a toboggan that I made from a Refrigerator door.

We never had a snow storm that our yard wasn't filled with children sledding. They usually ended up in the creek, by accident or by intent and our basement became a dressing room for those who ended up in the creek while they waited for their clothes to dry.

Each year I planted a garden in the back yard. It was always a disaster. Louisville had more bugs, insects, and worms than any place I've ever lived.

One year Del gave us 100 seedling pine trees that we planted in the back yard. Those that escaped our careless lawn mowing are now 75 feet tall. Trees grew rapidly in Louisville.

Gary and I working on our 8' sailing pram.

While we lived in Louisville Gary and I built a small 8' sailing pram out of plywood using a kit. Gary, who was our sailor, learned a bit about sailing it.

Gary with the little pram we built.

Chapter 17 - Later years in Louisville.

Our family raking leaves one fall day.

On one of my attempts at sailing I overturned the boat and had swim and tow it to shore entertaining a lot of GE friends watching from the shore at the Louisville Sailing Club. We had an old 4 hp motor that turned it into a speed boat.

Our Model A Ford with a flat tire.

While we were in Louisville I made one of my few good economic decisions, I bought a 1928 Model A Ford, for $250.00. Marty, Gary and I did some restoration work on it. We rebuilt the running gear and enjoyed driving it around the sub-division. Whenever I drove it down the street the children came out of their houses climbed on the fenders and running boards until I felt like I was the Pied Piper of Hamblin. We took it to Chicago with us and Mary used it for a 2nd car for a summer. It's radiator leaked and the lights weren't hooked up so it's use was limited to the daylight hours. I gave it to Gary who has it now. He still has lots of work to do on it but it's becoming very valuable. I wish I'd bought a dozen of them.

Gary playing his violin.

We had some amusing experiences in Louisville. One year we gave our Thanksgiving Turkey away to a family who were members of the church. The father was in prison. To learn humility and sacrifice we had hamburgers instead of Turkey for Thanksgiving. The children started joking about the (hamburger) turkey they were eating. We remembered that thanksgiving well for the (hamburger) drumsticks we ate. It was a fun dinner.

Ed in his football suit.

Alan was our clown. Once he sat down to a Thanksgiving dinner with all that good food Mary knew how to fix and he asked, "Where's my tuna sandwich".

A Thanksgiving dinner when Del and family and Mother and Dad came down to share the holiday with us.

One day Alan got into Gary's chemistry set and ate some of the good things in it. We frantically called the Doctor and found out that he had eaten Epsom's Salts, a laxative.

His first experience with fire occurred when he decided to cook on Jamie's little electric stove. It caught to a box of mixes she was storing in the oven and caused quite a fire in Jamie's room. I got out the fire extinguisher and the flames nearly asphyxiated me but I got it put out and the only damage was a blackened wall and some burned mixes.

An indigent family stayed with us for several weeks. To keep the father busy I asked him to move some trees I had been nurturing for many years. He cut off all of the roots except the tap root when he replanted them. They looked beautiful for a few days but everyone of them died within a few weeks.

While we were in Louisville, I went to the Kentucky Derby several times, usually buying the $1.00 ticket to the infield. You never saw much of the race but it was fun to watch the crowd and make $2.00 win, place or show bets on the horses.

1959 - Martin at Churchill Downs.

One time we did get a good box and invited the Wilsons and Zundels to go with us. It was a fun day. We made combination, $6.00 to win, place, and show, bets on each of the eight races and at the end of the day we had won a total of $18.00 - enough to pay the baby sitter. We watched the people in the box next to us tearing up $100.00 tickets all day long. I still have the winning ticket on Kual King for that derby.

All of our musicians.

All of the children took music lessons but none of them were very good except Edward. About all they got out of the lessons was an appreciation for music.

Our oldest, Ed, was strong willed (Cyril wasn't!) and a couple of times, arguments between he and Cy ended with him leaving home. He would spend the night sleeping in the woods or in a vacant house under construction while

Cyril and Mary spent a worried sleepless night. He would show up on the following morning after a wonderful night of adventure.

Ed loved football and made the little league all star team every year. He lettered in High School in his Sophomore and Junior Year and then quit when he was a Senior. He seemed accident prone. During the years that he played he broke his nose, his leg and had several lacerations that required stitches.

Ed loved music, playing first the piano and then the Oboe, and was a member of the Louisville Youth Orchestra and the Louisville Civic Orchestra. I used to take him to the practices and loved to listen to them. I'll never forget the Gayne Suite which they played for the Louisville Ballet one year. He played the solo music where the oboe is the duck in "Peter and the Wolf".

Chase and Hazel Kearl with their family in Mt. Clemens, Mich.

Edward was a strange mixture of selfishness and selflessness. When he went to Cornell, he sent his Oboe which was worth some money, back to Mrs. Ritchie, the Orchestra Director, with the instructions that it should be kept by the High School and used by some needy student. We didn't know anything about his gift until Mrs. Ritchie called to thank us for it.

One year he asked that he be allowed to take voice lessons for his birthday present. At the time I viewed his request as a wasteful and frivolous use of money. But he had a good voice and sang in the High School Chorus and in the Male Quartet. I guess it was worth it.

1965 - Edward singing in the Mens Quartet.

His strong drives made him want recognition. He was president of his High School Junior Class and he worked hard to do a credible job.

In High School he became involved in theatrical productions and was in the cast of several of the Louisville Children's Theatre plays.

Edward was "Little Egypt".

At the Senior Variety Show he play-

ed "Little Egypt", a belly dancer, and in the company of some of the huskier football players, they acted out one of the popular songs of that year. He finished up his act with a back-flip. He was the star of the program and brought down the house with applause each time he did his act. He also sang with the Male Quartet in the show.

One time when Mary and I were to pick him (age 14) up after a dance we saw him smoking on the steps of the Country Club so we drove back to a Drug Store and bought a package of cigarettes. We picked him up a few minutes later and then both of us lit up our cigarettes. It really bothered him to see his mother smoking. He begged her to stop and finally pulled the cigarette from her lips.

A couple of times the police brought him home for being in cars with boys who had traffic violations. I guess he learned a lesson because he never got a ticket himself that we knew of.

When he was a Senior, Edward volunteered Mary and I to be the chaperons at the Senior Breakfast held after their prom. It was held on the "Belle of Louisville", a riverboat owned by the city. The Party started at 10:00 p.m. after the Junior Prom had ended. It was a fun evening. Everyone was well behaved and having a good time. We were almost to six mile island when someone shouted that a girl had jumped overboard. A fellow who was a lifeguard at one of the local swimming pools saw her and jumped in to help her. It was pitch black out that night. It took a long time to get the sluggish old Belle turned around and going back down the river. One of the boats that supplied the river barge traffic had heard the radio report of the incident and came out and picked her up. By then the party had degenerated into a dismal affair.

We encouraged all of the family to work and save their money for school and a mission if they chose to go on one. There was a sort of unwritten goal of having saving $1,000.00 by the time each one was ready for college. Ed peddled ice cream, worked at Norton Hospital, at a Burger Queen (a fast food hamburger stand), at a nursery, and mowing right-of-ways for the Kentucky State Highway Department. Martin and Gary mowed lawns and delivered papers.

Marty and Gary had as many as 10 lawns and wore out several lawn mowers during those years. During the long rainy spells we were inundated with calls from people wanting their lawns mowed and <u>now</u>. I finally bought a big Bunton commercial mower which we still have.

Just before we moved to Chicago Marty and Gary were delivering a couple of Louisville Courier Journal routes.

Mary's mother sold her home on Michigan Avenue and bought a condominium in Capri Park on the south side of Salt Lake at about 9th East and 3640 South. All of the family had become attached to her home on Michigan Avenue and looked forward to visits there. It was sad to no longer go there but there were compensating attractions at Capri Park.

<u>Alan loafing at Mom Waalkers swimming pool.</u>

There was not much yard or house upkeep for Mary's mother. The lower maintenance made it easier for Mom Walker and Aunt Ethel now that they were getting older. There was a swimming pool, tennis courts, and a 9 hole, par three, golf course that the children could use. Al loved the swimming pool.

Mary - A Cub Scout Leader.

Mary was a Cub Scout Den Mother for Ed, Gary, and Marty and, to make sure that Jamie had a scouting experience, she was a Girl Scout leader for Jamie for several years.

Jamie in her Brownie's uniform.

Around Louisville, trail hikes were very popular, and the boys and Cyril, and sometimes Mary and her Girl Scouts, hiked these trails. Two popular trails were the routes that the Union and the Confederate Armies followed to the battlefield where they fought the only major Civil War battle in Kentucky. Rosecrans met Bragg near Perryville to prevent him from invading the north.

1963 - Jamie hiking on the Perryville Trail.

The battle was a draw but the South never again fought in Kentucky or threatened to invade the North in the west. Sherman was a General and fought in this battle but wasn't noted for what he did that day. One of the trails was called the Dry Canteen Road because the northern troops had run out of drinking water and the other the Dug Road because the southern troops had dug a road up the side of a ravine for their cannons. Each year the scouts would hike one trail or the other and could buy a medal if he completed the hike. After the hike Civil War enthuslast from all over in splendid uniforms and

with old guns re-enacted the battle and swapped authentic Civil War relics.

1963 - Marty on the Perryville Trail.

1963 - Marty and Jamie stopping for a cold drink on the Perryville trail.

One time we also hiked the Lincoln Trail from Louisville down to the log cabin in which Lincoln was born at Hodgenville. The hike was a two day affair where you hiked 22 miles the first day, camped overnight, and then hiked the remaining 10 miles on the second day. At the end of the hike we recited the Gettysburg address on the steps of the Lincoln Monument there. We made the mistake of carrying lots of excess equipment which slowed us down and tired us.

1957 - Edward, Martin, and Gary at Lincoln's Birthplace.

That night it poured down rain and we were washed out. At three in the morning when it was no longer fun, sleeping in a pond of water, I said "Uncle" and telephoned for Mary come and get us. Some weeks later we completed the hike and got our medal.

1957 - Cyril working on the drive of the church on Eastern Parkway in Louisville.

We were active in the Louisville Branch of the church. I was a councilor to Ev Morey in the Branch Presidency for several years. Mary served as a councilor to Lucille Hatton in the Primary and in all of the other organizations at the same time.

Our children enjoyed the branch. While we were there the chapel was enlarged and we helped build the addition. The chapel was built on a hill and one of their favorite stunts was to roll the missionaries cars down the drive to the bottom of the hill and then watch as the missionaries worried about where their car had gone. We gave the children a few M & M's as an incentive to get ready for church and to encourage participation in church. It was amazing what the bribe of a small handful would get them to do. On Fast Sundays we usually went to the Blue Boar, a cafeteria, for lunch. The children could get anything that they wanted provided they didn't spend more than $1.25. They always did.

Mary and her two scouts - Marty and Gary.

All of our boys were active in scouting. Ed was in our church troop. It was small and badly equipped. It's only redeeming feature was the scoutmaster, Bill Boyd, who was a Marine Captain and a man's man. He had received a battlefield commission in Korea. He loaded Ed with responsibility and many of the activities were total disasters. I think Ed was so loaded with responsibility that scouting wasn't much fun for him.

Ed went to the National Jamboree in Colorado. We made 100 little plaques with horseshoes from Churchill Downs mounted on them for him to trade but he wasn't much of a trader. He was a Star Scout losing interest in scouting at about 14. There were just not enough boys of scouting age in our branch to maintain an interesting program.

Gary joined both the Harvey Brown Presbyterian Church Troop and the Troop at our church. He maintained a strong interest through his 15th year and was an Eagle Scout and a member of the Order of the Arrow.

Gary and the Service Troop at the New York World's Fair.

Gary went to the New York's World Fair as a part of the Service Troop that was stationed at the Fair. They acted as guides and while he was there he became pretty well acquainted with the fair.

Marty was a Life Scout. He belonged to both the church troop and to the one at Harvey Brown Presbyterian

Church. When we moved to Chicago scouting wasn't emphasized in the Venture Troop and he lost interest and failed to become an Eagle Scout when he only had a few merit badges left to earn that rank.

1964 - Eagle Scout Gary.

At one scout campout tender hearted Martin tried to save the life of a little turtle that a boy was hacking at with a hatchet and the boy almost cut off the end of Marty's finger. The orthopedic surgeon who took care of him was so skilled that today you can't even see where he was cut.

1964 - Al, Mary, and Martin waiting for the plane to leave for the Valley Forge Jamboree.

Marty went to the National Scout Jamboree at Valley Forge and then a few years later both he and Gary went to the Jamboree at Coer d'Alene, Idaho in 1967. Marty took lots of pictures but being curious he opened the back of the camera and exposed the film spoiling all the pictures.

Cyril was the Scout Master of our little Ward Troop of five boy.

When Marty and Gary were in scouts, Cyril was the scoutmaster of our small troop at church. We only had five boys in our troop but we won most of the first place ribbons at the district camp outs.

We didn't even have enough boys to perform a flag ceremony. Al was only 4 years old but he usually went with us and participated.

I had our boys play in a Louisville Civic Basketball League. Most of the teams were made up of boys from the streets who spent most of their time practicing and who beat us very easily, sometimes by as much as 100 points, but the boys never lost their enthusiasm. They were always sure that they'd win from these street wise kids

the very next time they played them.

Alan who watched his scout brothers building fires had a real fascination for fires. One year at Christmas time when he was five he went into a closet in the basement to play with matches and accidentally started a fire in a cardboard box used to store our vacuum cleaner. He came upstairs and whispered to his mother in his little voice that he had started a "little" fire in the basement. It resulted in a lot of excitement when the fire department came. We had already extinguished the fire. No serious damage was done by the fire but the firemen really made a mess of the basement with their axes.

Alan at one of the beaches on Lake Michigan in Chicago after he burned his leg.

A year later he watched Gary use Kerosene to start a camp fire out of doors to burn clippings. A week later he tried to start his own fire only he used gasoline to start it. He spilled the gasoline on his shoes, and socks which caught on fire and burned one leg quite badly - third degree burns. The quick action of good neighbor, Jean Horvay, saved him from more serious damage. He spent one month in the hospital recovering from his burns and the skin grafts from his upper left and right legs to his burned leg.

Mary's Mother on one of her visits. We picked her up in Chicago and visited the Brookfield Zoo.

We learned from this experience the number and quality of our friends. His room was full of get well cards, flowers, toys and books sent by friends.

Al and I at a GE summer picnic.

Mary's mother visited us quite often and we usually went to Chicago to meet and drive her down to Louisville. This saved her the change of planes and sometimes airports. While we were there we'd visit museums, zoos, and other interesting places. One time in Chicago, I flew to Ithaca to pick up my father while Mary and the children stayed in Chicago. While they waited they decided

try a ride on the subway and by accident Gary got off at the wrong train station. The doors closed and Gary was left behind. He was 11 years old. Mary got off at the next station caught the next train back. Luckily someone told her which train to get on. When she got to the station he was at, she signaled the train to stop. All the children went to the door and yelled, "Gary." He hopped on board and away they went back to the city. Luckily Gary had the good sense to stay put. He didn't know the hotel we were staying at or where he was at the moment and it would have been very bad if he had tried to find the family.

We had begun the decade of the sixties, which opened the age of experiment, an age of hope. They were the Kennedy years and his liberal views shook up the Nation but he was an inspiring person and he started some well needed reforms which carried into the Johnson administration. Unfortunately our involvement in Vietnam started during his term.

My work at G.E. had changed from Factory Contact to Project Administration. I was project engineer for a family of 2 door model refrigerators and finally was assigned to the side-by-side model of refrigerators. In those years I applied for several patents and had a couple issued in my name.

GE gave the employee a $25.00 Government Bond for each patent that was issued to him and I received a medallion as an inventor for the two patents that I was issued.

Patent #3,376,711

Patent #3,474,440

I had employment offers from several companies while I worked for General Electric. Amana, Franklin and White Consolidated but nothing good enough to make me want to leave GE. My salary in 1966 was $16,400. The job with Franklin was as Corporate Manager

of Quality Control for their 5 plants and I almost took it. It was a good job but they were in financial trouble and I refused the job offer and it was probably a wise decision.

Don Hilliker had moved to Hotpoint in Chicago as Manager of Engineering and offered me a job involving the supervision of 13 people in the testing and development of refrigerators at Hotpoint. My salary would be increased to $18,000. It wasn't a much of an increase but I was at a discouraging period in my life. I was 43 and I could not see myself going anywhere during the rest of my working life. I was still near the bottom of the "pyramid" and I felt like I had "plateaued". It was pretty stagnant in our Department. The job in Chicag wasn't great but I figured it would get me out of a rut so I so we took the job and moved to Chicago.

While we were in Louisville I had gone back to school at the University of Louisville with the goal of earning an MSME. I had finished about half of the courses required for a Masters when we moved. The credit was not transferable and I felt badly about not being able to get the degree. I had also taken the examination and was issued a Licence as a Profession Engineer.

The Hotpoint Plant in Cicero, Ill.

The Hotpoint Plant in Chicago was at 18th South and Central, just off the Eisenhower Expressway about 8 miles due west of the "Loop" in Cicero. Cicero was the city that Al Capone controlled during the prohibition period of the 1920's. When he was in Cicero no law could touch him. He ruled the south half of Chicago while the O'Banions ruled the north half until he wiped them out at the Valentine's Day Massacre. Cicero was full of Capone Legends. He was a folk hero to the Cicero residents who remembered him as a kind of Robin Hood. They remembered the small gifts he gave them when they were in trouble and they forgot he really was a vicious killer.

I moved to Chicago in the fall of 1966 and stayed in a hotel in Oak Park and the family moved in mid-December. Before that time each child came to Chicago to stay for a weekend with me at the Oak Park Arms, explored the city and got acquainted with their new home.

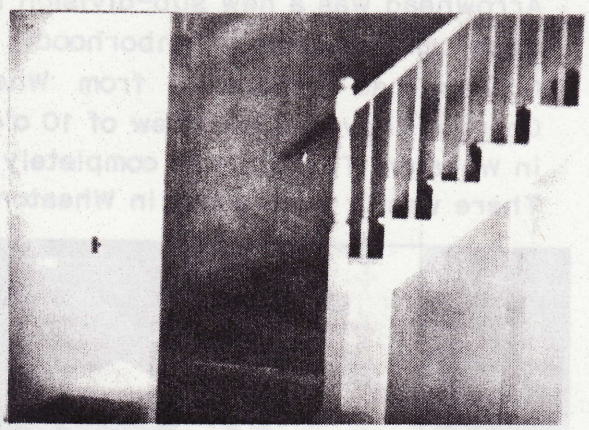
Mary and I negotiated with a builder named Ed Keim to build a house for us in the Arrowhead Sub-Division of Wheaton. Wheaton was 26 miles due West of Chicago's Loop. It was a very conservative area dominated by Baptists. It was a good place to raise our family. Arrowhead was a new sub-division in an upper middle class neighborhood. Billy Graham had graduated from Wheaton College. They had a curfew of 10 o'clock in Wheaton. The city was completely dry. There wasn't even a bar in Wheaton.

1967 - Martin in the Blanchard house.

Our home wasn't to be completed until February so we rented a large old frame house in Wheaton on Blanchard Street until out home was finished and we could move into it. We moved only the bare essentials into this house, the beds, dishes, and clothing, and stored the rest of the furniture in the garage at the new house. We sort of camped in the Blanchard house during those cold winter weeks.

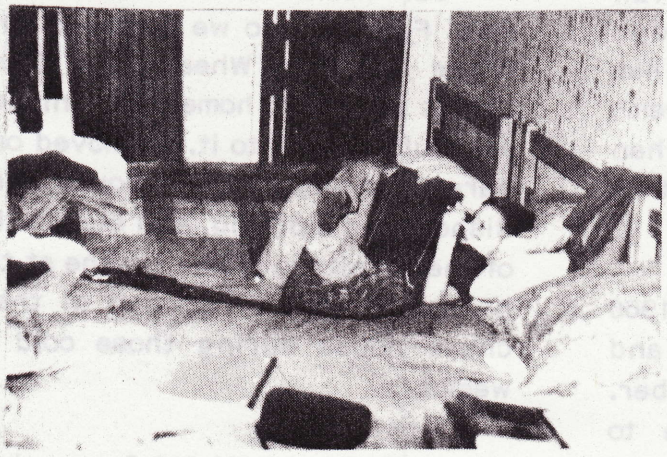
We had paid $22,000 for our house in Louisville and sold it for $29,000. We had spent a lot of money adding to that house so we really didn't make much on the transaction. Our new home in Wheaton cost us $38,000 and interest

rates had gone up to 8% so once again we had to dig deep to pay for our new home. As usual we finished much of the house ourselves. More sweat equity. Mary and I agreed to do all of the interior decorating and the landscaping.



The staircase in the new Arrowhead house that Mary and I painted.

Each night we would get into our paint clothes and hustle over to the Arrowhead and paint - desperately trying to keep one step ahead of the carpenters.



1967 - Alan loafing in the bedroom of of the Blanchard House.

While we lived at the Blanchard house the kids had fun exploring in that big old house. The previous owner had been a Dentist and the attic and the basement were full of his equipment and other treasures. I spent my time trying to keep holes in a leaky old boiler for the furnace plugged so we wouldn't freeze. We were cold most of the time. At the end of our stay I found that tooth picks and match sticks were excellent plugs for the hot water boiler.

In February our new home was finished and we moved out of the Blanchard House and into our new home.

The week end that we were to move Chicago had a record snowfall of 27" in one day.

1967 - The new home, under construction, about the time of the big snow.

It was more snow than the snow removal equipment could take care and we were isolated for three days. People all over the city were stranded, and had to stay overnight in motels, schools, and homes that were often only a few miles from their homes. Alan was going to school in Arrowhead, about three miles from where we were temporarily living and was stranded in Arrowhead for three days in Arrowhead. We knew Don Payton, the Hotpoint Industrial Designer, and Al stayed with them until we could get to him three days later.

A near misfortune happened as we moved into our home on Tomahawk. I was backing a rented truck full of furniture as Gary guided an aluminum ramp onto the front porch for me. His leg got caught between the end of the ramp and the garage. He could very easily have lost his leg but very fortunately it was only badly bruised.

Shortly after we moved to Chicago a very touching event happened. We were attending church at the Ward House in Westchester. One Sunday Gary got sick so we all went home early except for Alan. I asked the Bishop if he would bring him home since he wanted to stay and Bishop Lee live nearby. Late in the afternoon I realized that he hadn't come home and called the Bishop and found out that he had forgotten Alan. Mary and I Jumped into the car and headed to the Westchester Ward. At Oakbrook we saw this tiny little 8 year old boy walking along the shoulder of the road. It was Alan. He had walked better than three miles. He was trying to get close enough to home so that the quarter that he had in his pocket would pay for a call home. I could have wept.

That spring we did the landscaping. I had brought a large bag of bluegrass seed from Louisville. Enough to make three plantings. One week end while Mary and I were back in Louisville getting shrubs the fellow came to grade the yard and told the boys that it would be a good time to seed. They went out and sowed all of my seed. The seed was so thick you could hardly see the ground for the seed. I was furious, but it rained and the grass came up and we had a beautiful lawn. Del brought us a batch of pine trees for our back yard which are now 50 feet tall.

There was some resentment at Hotpoint because I had taken one of the good jobs that some of the old timers thought should have been given to the local boys but they finally got over it and we settled into life in Chicago.

Shortly after we got settled in Chicago, GE decided to consolidate the GE and Hotpoint Refrigerator operations and move all but the factory supervision to Louisville.

1968 - The new house in the Newgate Sub-division in Louisville.

In 1968 I moved back to Louisville as Manager of Production Engineering for the three Refrigerator factories (Louisville, Chicago, and Bloomington). We proceeded to have a house built for us in the Newgate Sub-division in Northfield. It was in the general area we had lived in in St. Matthews before we went to Chicago. We contracted to build a house that was almost like the house we had in Chicago except that most of the rooms were a little larger and we added many new features. We were excited about it. I moved to Louisville and boarded with a widow lady in St. Matthews while it was being built. The house was just nicely started when GE decided to keep a small engineering

April 19, 1968

Kearl Appointed Manager-Product Engineering, HR

Cy Kearl has been appointed Manager-Product Engineering for Household Refrigerator effective April 15, according to an announcement by Philip Drieci, Manager-Household Refrigerator.

Kearl

In his new position, Kearl will be responsible for all HR Engineering personnel in the Chicago / Cicero area.

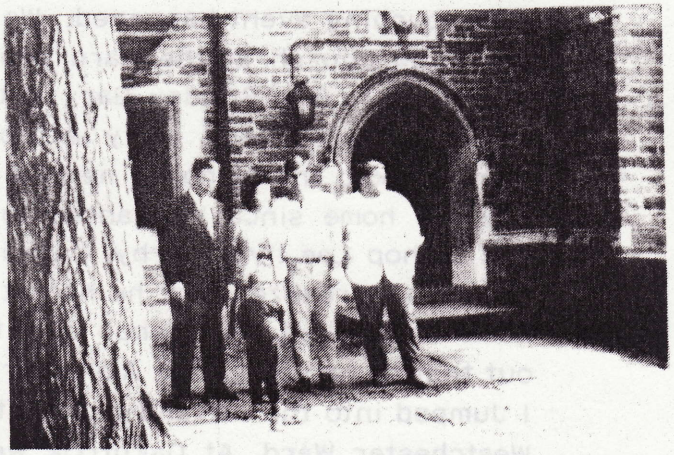
Kearl joined General Electric in 1949 in Erie, Pa., following graduation from the University of Michigan with a B.S.M.E. degree. In 1955 he was transferred to Household Refrigerator in Louisville, Ky., and in September, 1966, he joined Hotpoint's HR as Manager-Evaluation Engineering. Prior to his new appointment he was Manager-Production Engineering.

Kearl is a licensed Professional Engineer and holds one patent.

The announcment of my appointment as Manager of Engineering.

group in Chicago and asked me to remain as the Manager of that group. It was both good and bad for us. It was an opportunity for me but Mary had to give up her new home.

The 60's were ending. In many ways they had been failures. These were the years when Elvis Presley horified us respectable people with the suggestive gyrations of his hips and every teenager imitated him. The counter culture had been born and yet as a nation we had entered one of the longest period of sustained economic gowth in our history.



Del, Marj, Steve, and Ed in front of his dorm at Cornell in the fall of 1965.

In 1965 Edward graduated from High School and started in college at Cornell in the Industrial Labor Relations School. It was a very select program and he managed a "B" average. In 1967 he became discouraged and wanted to change his major. I advised that he lay out of school for a year.

1969 - Ed, Mom Walker, and Mary at Ft. Leonard Wood where Ed took his basic.

During that year, while he was working at Ingersoll Rand as a dock he lost 50# and his draft became imminent.

Ed volunteered for the draft in order to be able to select his army assignment. He asked to be trained as a Medic and instead they sent him to Cooks and Baker's School at Ft. Leonard Wood. He finished basic and then Advanced Individual Training at Fort Leonard Wood as a cook.

1969 - Ed and his Mother at a Cub Game during one of his furloughs.

To avoid going to Vietnam as a cook he applied for Officers Candidate School and was sent to Infantry OCS at Ft. Benning, Ga. He did very well there, graduating 8th in his class overall and 2nd academically and was named to the commandants list.

He was sent back to Ft. Leonard Wood to Cooks and Bakers School as an instructor and then to get out of cooks and bakers school he volunteered for duty in Vietnam.

Ed was in Vietnam for 6 months. Most of his time there was spent leading a Platoon in the field on search and destroy missions in the Central Highlands. They were supplied by helicopter drops. It was a different war than any fought before.

Ed at O'Hare on his way to Vietnam in the Fall of 1969.

His mother sent him regular weekly packages with some socks to replace the wet ones and always some interesting food.

1970 - Ed and his platoon on a Search and Destroy Mission.

It was a bad time for our country. Neither we nor Edward were in agreement with the war. It was a war we couldn't win. It was not supported by the Viet Namese, our reasons for fighting were not clear. Edward did what he had to do. He didn't run away to Canada or

pull strings get into a National Guard Unit and he wasn't involved in any of the nasty incidents in Vietnam that were reported after the war was over such as the massacre at Mei Lae.

Our country's leaders falsely believed in a "Domino Theory". (If one country became Communistic then all of Southeast Asia would soon follow.) Soon it became a personal thing with Johnson and his ego was such that he would not find a political solution. He became paranoic about the war. It wasn't popular and wasted much of our nation's wealth.

In three years more than half a million Americans would be fighting in Southeast Asia,almost a hundred thousand would be killed or wounded, and we would have fought longest war in American history. Ed was trapped between contending forces in a world he didn't make. We were proud of him.

1970 - Supply by Helicopter.

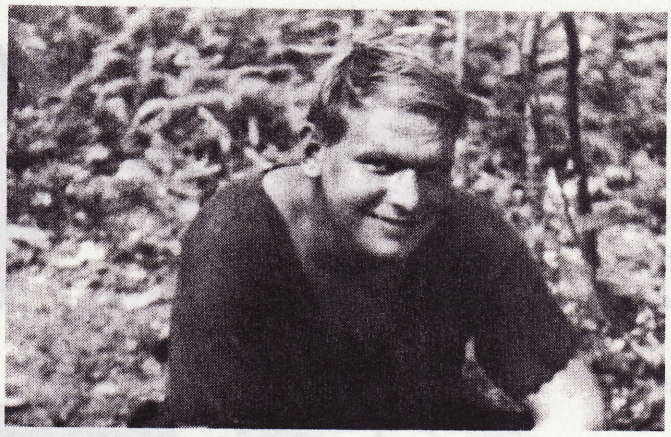
During the six months he was in Vietnam he was wounded twice. The first time it was a leg wound from a booby trap that used bamboo spears and the second time his platoon was hit at night by shrapnel from hand grenades.

1970 - Ed in a foxhole in Vietnam.

He had a broken skull, a broken jaw and several wounds on his arms and chest. They were very serious and led to his medical release from the army. He later had a plastic plate put in his head to replace missing scull bone.

1970 - Ed at a bivouac in Vietnam.

He was hospitalized first in Vietnam, then in Japan and finally was brought back to the Great Lakes Naval Hospital on a stretcher. Every day for a couple of months Mary and I made the long drive up to the Hospital at Great Lakes to visit him. He was a very lucky boy to be alive and not a vegetable for the rest of his life.



1970 - Ed in Vietnam.

After they released him from the Hospital he was on a convalescent leave for 6 months and double dipped (he was still in the Army an was also working for GE as a stock boy). During that time he got his leg caught by a fork lift truck. The accident cut a couple of tendons and he was on crutches for several weeks because of it.

The accident was caused by inadequate training from his supervisor at GE but because of his loyalty to me he never complained about it nor asked for compensation from GE because of an injury caused by a badly run plant. He had real justification to sue GE and would have won his suit.

1971 - The bride and groom. Ed and Sue.

Ed had met a girl from Glen Ellyn, Susan Menzel, who was graduating from the University of Illinois that spring, 1971. They decided to get married. His cousin Steve wanted to come to the wedding and Gary went to the airport to meet him and bring him to the wedding. Steve had a heavy beard and there was some confusion in the instructions. They missed each other and both of them missed the wedding. Marty was on his mission so he also missed the wedding.

1971 - Ed and Sue at their wedding Breakfast.

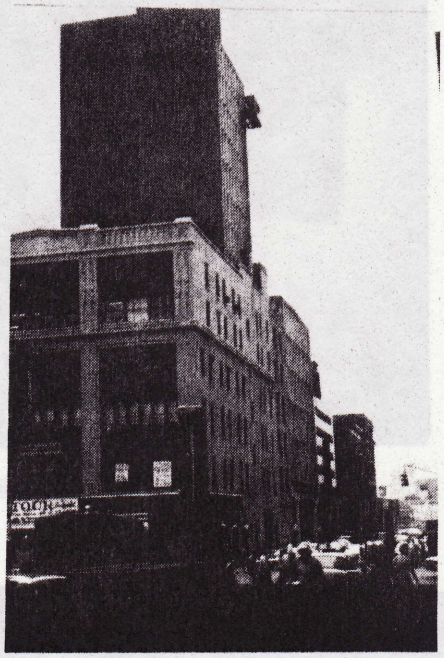
1971 - Sue's parents, June and Harry Menzel at the wedding breakfast.

After their marriage he and Sue went to Ithaca where Ed finished his studies in Labor Relations. He did very well in the remaining three years there.

He was a student assistant for the Dean of the College, helping him to arrange labor conferences at the University. He was on the deans list much of the time.

At his graduation Ed decided that he should have some experience with a labor union and he accepted a job with the union that represented hospital workers. He handled negotiations and contracts at the headquarters in New York very near Times Square.

The Fall of 1971 - Ed and Sue at the Cloisters in New York City.



Ed's office at Times Square in New York City.

PERSONAL HISTORY OF MARY AND CYRIL KEARL
Chapter Twenty - The Middle Years in Chicago.

Gary, Martin, and Jamie completed some uneventful years at Wheaton Central High School. Our move from Louisville had changed them from "big men on the campus" to three unknown "new kids on the block." They didn't have much social life at school but it didn't seem to bother them very much. Our Ward and Stake was in Naperville. There weren't many members of the church in the Wheaton Schools but there was a good nucleus of them in the Stake. They were very active in church work and found friends there. Drugs had become a problem. Less in Wheaton than other parts of Chicago and we were grateful the we didn't have that problem with any of our children. All three, Gary, Martin, and Jamie worked at The Jewell Grocery Store. The boys, as stock boys and Jamie as a check out girl so they were fairly affluent teenagers.

Mary and Saray.

During Jamie's senior year, 1969 & 1970, she had a foreign exchange student stay with us, Saray Gonzalez from Costa Rica. It was an interesting year but we didn't think that Saray used the year too well nor was she as appreciative as she might have been of the cost and effort her visit caused us. We didn't live the gay life that she was used to in Costa Rica and expected in the U.S. We were probably a disappointment to her. We did see that she saw everything there was to see in Chicago and learned what the average American was like. I'm sure our aspirations, goals, and way of life were quite different than hers.

Saray repacking to return to Costa Rica.

Our culture was different than hers and she didn't fit in too well. I think that her family was reasonably wealthy and had many servants. She had never done any of the household chores that our children were used to doing. With much trouble she cooked Tortilla's for us one night and this was the limit of her home making skills. We're still very good friends and communicate with her at Christmas time.

Over the years, at different times, we kept several Shetland successive Sheepdogs for pets. Some of them were very good and some not so good. Jamie raised and sold a couple of litters of puppies. She was the midwife and was pretty knowledgeable about taking care of them. I don't think that she made much money from them. The cost

of food, shots, license and breeding was more than she realized from the sale of the puppies.

1964 - Al, Princess and a litter of puppies.

When a Dog Show came to town Gary and Jamie tried showing our Sheltie and found out that winning at the dog shows was done by professionals for wealthy people who wanted trophies to decorate their dens with. The pro's knew all of the tricks used to win in the meets.

Marty and Gary used to tie plastic baggies to the dog's feet, drop M & M's on the floor, and then they laughed as the dog fell on his stomach and slid around on the waxed floor as he tried to pick up the M. & M's.

Gary finished High School in Wheaton and then went to the Univ. of Illinois at Champaign in 1968. All of our children, because of their academic records, were awarded Illinois State Scholarships. Because of my income it was only an honorary award and had no monetary benefit.

1972 - Gary in his Midshipman's uniform.

Gary took the Navy examination and was accepted on the Navy scholarship program. It paid for almost all of his undergraduate expenses. He took Biology as a pre-med major and did very well being on the deans list in his Freshman year.

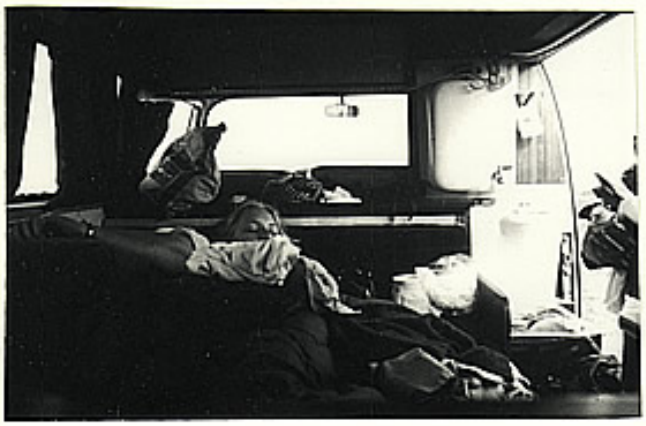
1970 - Gary with his bicycle in Herstal, Belgium while on his mission.

At the end of his freshman year he decided that he wanted to go on a mission and was called to the Franco-Belgium Mission. We tried to be careful that we didn't pressure our children into going on missions and I believe that it was entirely their choice when they did go. He spent the summer of 1969 in the language school and in late August was sent to Boulogne to start

his mission. He then went to Herstal and Liege, Belgium and finished his mission as a Zone Leader in Lille, France. Much of his time was spent near where the Battle of the Bulge was fought in World War II.

Jamie, Alan, and Mary leaving La Guardia Field for Europe. Look at that silly hat on Mary.

When he was ready to come home, Mary, Jamie, Al, and I flew to Luxembourg to meet Gary and tour Europe. We rented a Volkswagen Van and camped throughout Europe during late June and July of 1971.



The sleeping quarters in the Volkswagen Van that we toured Europe in.

The van was supposed to sleep five in it, but we weren't very comfortable. The worst bed was in the front seat so we took turns sleeping in it. We called it "The Dungeon".

The center of the medieval city of Brussels, Belgium.

We spent a week touring Belgium and Northern France, the areas where Gary served his mission. It was difficult getting away from the people he served with and who were anxious to be hospitable to "their missionary's parents. Then we went through Germany, down into Italy and back through Switzerland, France, Luxembourg and home.

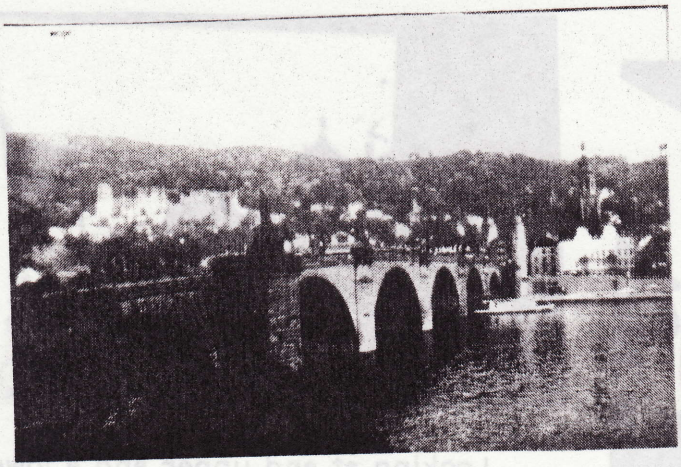
Looking at an upper and a lower gate in the wall around the ancient city of Rothenburg.

It was a great trip. We picnicked for breakfast and lunch most of the time, eating at restaurants only enough to learn a little about the native cuisine. We learned to like crepes and frites and have not found their equal any

eating at restaurants only enough to learn a little about the native cuisine. We learned to like crepes and frites and have not found their equal any place in the U.S. At nights we slept in the van at campgrounds. Most Europeans had a one month vacation each year and they spent much of this vacation camping.

Waiting for the boat to cruise up the Rhine River.

Both Gary and I had cameras and we took over 700 pictures during our 2 month tour of Europe. The centers of the medieval cities were usually lighted at night and Gary would walk around them taking pictures.

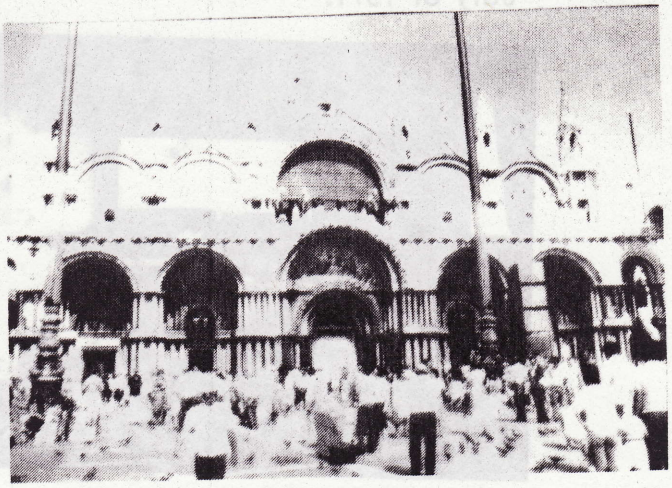


Looking across the Wesser River to the University City of Heidelberg.

On the trip up the Rhine I drove the VW while the rest of the family were on a boat. He and I took dozens of duplicate pictures of the castles that we saw as we traveled up the Rhine from Bonn to Coblenz. We loved Germany and Switzerland the best of all the countries we visited. The Germans were a friendly and helpful people.

Jamie. Gary. and Alan feeding ducks in Geneva, Switzerland.

Switzerland was very clean and prosperous country and the people seemed honest. We came home from Europe with Val St. Lambert Crystal for Jamie, Ed, and Gary, and linen for Jamie from Belgium. Mary and Jamie bought Swiss Dirndl Dresses and Gary bought a Revox Sound System from Switzerland.



St. Mark's in Venice.

In Italy we camped across the bay from Venice and went on the Vaporona to

see the city. I think that none of us were too impressed with Italy.

The Volkswagen Van that we camped in.

We had made out our own itinerary using the Michelin Green Guide books and I think that we saw most of the important places in the parts of Europe that we visited.

Martin went to the University of Utah when he finished at Wheaton Central. Mary's mother was getting older and we thought it would be well to have someone nearby to visit her and take care of any problems she might have. Marty started with Geology as his major since that was what was recommended on an aptitude test that he took.

Martin on his mission in Argentine.

When he finished his Freshman year at the U of U he decided that he too would like to go on a mission and was called to the Argentine Mission. He spent most of his mission in the interior of Argentine and served in Resistencia, Cordoba, and other northern cities. His experience was different than Gary's, having the benefit of a maid/cook.

Martin in Mexico City.

When he finished his mission we decided to meet him in Mexico City and then drive back to Chicago with him. We had a wheel bearing go out on us about 50 miles from Santilla, Mexico. I didn't know how fluent I was in with my two Semesters of Spanish and my sign language. I got the bearing replace in an alley that served as a garage for a competent Mexican mechanic but we were late in meeting Marty at the airport in Mexico City.

Mary at a street market in Pueblo.

All of us had our share of Montezuma's revenge. Only Martin seemed to be free of the bugs you find in Latin America. He often cleaned up our plates at meals because the rest of us were too sick to eat. We saw lots of beautiful country and the ruins left behind by the Indian Cultures of Mexico.

Three serpents at Tetiohuacan.

We visited the pyramids at Tetiohuacan and followed the route that both Cortez and we Americans took from Veracruz to Mexico City to conquer the Mexicans. We visited the silver city of Toluca.

We were hit broadside by a Mexican bus in Monterey. After I paid my $15.00 fine for letting a bus run into the side of my car we limped back home to Chicago. Fortunately Marty's Spanish was better than mine and we made it through this disaster. I'll never again drive my own car in Mexico. I'll rent one and let the Mexican Rental Car have the wreck. We had a good time, enjoyed the scenery but probably won't go back again soon. The trip was spoiled by the depressing amount of poverty all over the country. There were beggars at every corner and it was difficult to know who was in real need and which ones were a carefully rehearsed act.

Marty and Jayne.

Marty had been dating Jayne Redd while was at the U. They had a kind of understanding during his mission. Jayne came to Chicago for her vacation those two summers to get acquainted with us. Tthey corresponded regularly while he was on his mission.

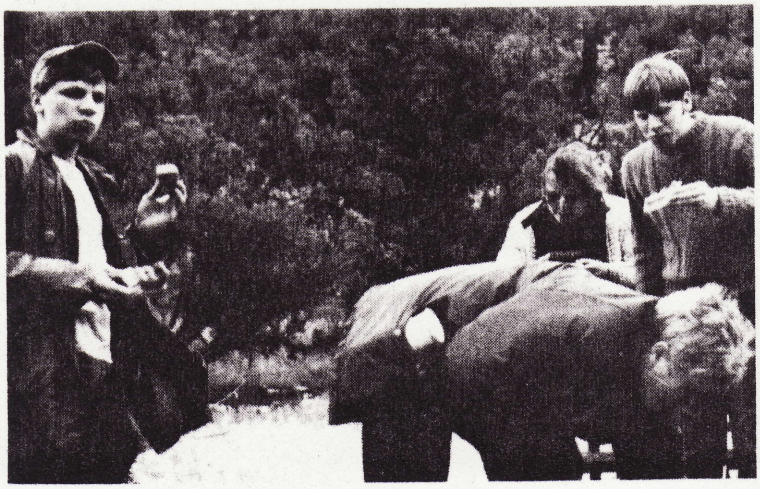
Marty and Jayne at their wedding in the Salt Lake Temple.

In December, after his mission, Marty went back to the U of U . He and Jayne continued to date, in February were engaged to be married, and were married in the Salt Lake Temple in June of 1973. The lived in Student Housing at the U. and Marty finished his education.

Going through the "Big Hole" in the Yampa River.

Our camp on one of the trips down the Middle Fork of the Salmon.

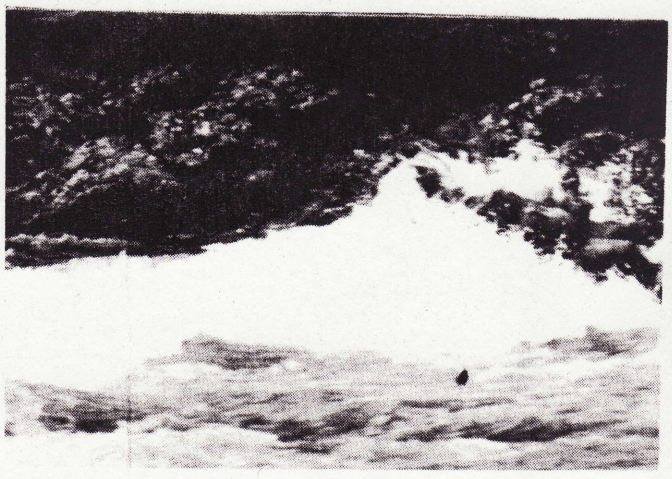
Marty's honeymoon was an interesting one. Jayne's father, Wayne Redd, did a lot of river running and so the Redd's and the Kearl's and the newlyweds went down the Yampa river from Craig, Colorado to Vernal, Utah for their honeymoon. It was a good way to get acquainted with your in-laws.



Eating a meal on the honeymoon cruise down the Yampa.

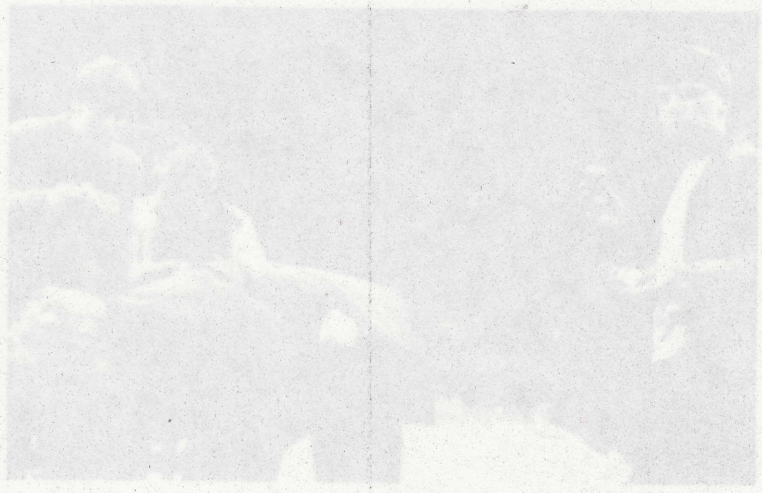
We all slept out under the stars except for Jayne and Marty who had a tent, the honeymoon cabin, pitched for them some distance from the rest of the group.

It was our introduction to River Running. During the following years we went on other trips down the middle fork of the Salmon and the Yampa. When we went over Ruby Falls on the Salmon one of our rafts broke a seam and another flipped over but we managed to get them reloaded and repaired to complete the trip. The Salmon is in a wilderness area with no roads in it. Once you leave Challis, for five days you have no way to get out. Cy got washed overboard on the Salmon but Mary didn't let him drown.



Going through a bad rapid on the Salmon. Mary is on that raft someplace.

During these years we witnessed the "Days of Rage" when the counter-culture was popular among the young people. I remember the day when Martin Luther King was killed. That evening when we went home from work the Negroes were burning and looting Chicago's inner city. Between Hotpoint and the city you could see the fires and the smoke from the fires the Negroes had started in protest to his murder. No one dared to go into that area. For weeks after that Negroes were selling loot they had taken from the stores that had been broken into. I went into town the following weekend and a Negro approached me with a paper bag full of jewelry that might have been junk or maybe expensive jewelry.



1972 - Jamie in her nurses uniform.

Jamie decided to attend Brigham Young University following her graduation from Wheaton Central. She originally started studying Psychology but shifted to something more practical.

Filling up with gas at Buford,WY.

At Christmas - 1972 we all went out to Mary's mothers for the holidays. We caravaned out driving in two cars. Just outside of Cheyenne at Buford, Wyoming we stopped to get gas and exchanged cars. Mary and I drove off and after some time noticed that the other car wasn't following us. We slowed down and finally after some time we went back to see what was the matter with them. Here they were still parked at the service station, bar, and post office. I had the keys to both cars in our car. For a month or so after that I kept getting mail in Salt Lake, Wheaton, and at work that they had written at Buford while they were waiting for us to return with the keys. The old Santa gifts at Christmas that year focused on this incident.

Jamie and Mary at the U. Hospital on New Years Eve.

At Christmas we keep a tradition that was started in Mary's family of giving funny gifts. Mary once got a case of peas, which she hated, for Christmas. The day before we left to return to Chicago 18" of snow fell in Salt Lake. We left on a Saturday at 6:30 and got as far as Rock Springs and the roads were closed. After a four hour wait we left and went back to Kimball Junction and headed to Denver on the southern route. Fifteen hours later we had finally made it to Steamboat Springs.

Christmas was always a happy time at our house. The night before Christmas we sang carols, read the christmas story

and sometimes acted it out.

Mary relaxing after being Santa.

There were always jigsaw puzzles to put together and Christmas cards that didn't get mailed before Christmas to work on.

Mom Walker, Jayne, Mary, and Marty putting a jigsaw puzzle together.

In 1972, although Jamie was in Nurses school at the Y, she was doing her practice nursing at the LDS Hospital in Salt Lake City. She had been dating a law student from the U of U, Duane Burnett. He was the father in their family home evening group. We had long joked with her about meeting and marrying a potato farmer from Idaho. We hardly had returned to Wheaton from Marty and Jayne's wedding when we got a call from Jamie that she and Duane wanted to get married.

Marty and Jayne addressing Christmas Cards on Christmas Eve

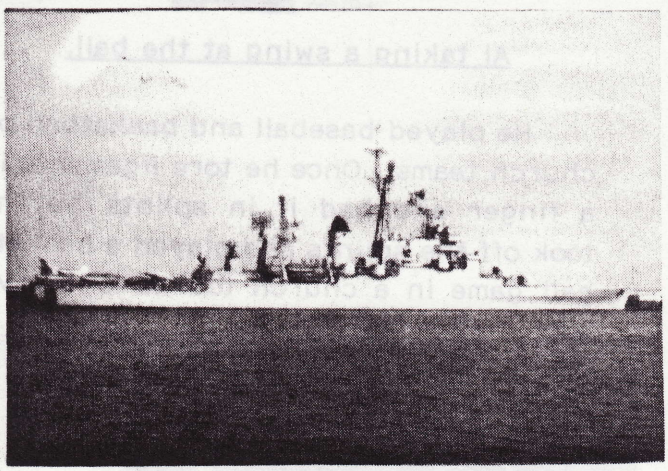
We quickly returned to Salt Lake City pulling a trailer full of furniture for their apartment.

The newlyweds, Jamie and Duane, at the Logan Temple.

They were married 6 weeks after Marty and Jayne's marriage in the Logan Temple. They found an apartment down below the U. of U. and went back to school. Just after Jamie received her RN from BYU the mother in one of the families for whom Duane was the home teacher suddenly had labor pains while they were there making his monthly visit. Nurse Jamie delivered the baby and they named her after Jamie. When she sent the father into his house to get

a pair of scissor to perform an episiotomy, if necessary, he came out with a pair of pinking shears.

At about this time, for want of a better candidate the Nation elected, Richard Nixon for President. Not many people liked him. He was petty, dishonest and deceitful. People in his administration were caught trying to cover up some illegal acts that he had authorized and he just got deeper and deeper in a coverup (Watergate) until he was forced to resign before he was impeached. The tape records he kept told the nation how vulgar, mean, and contemptible he was.

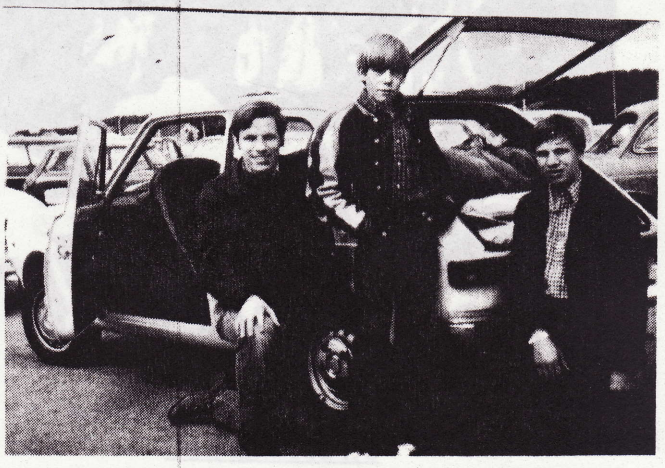


The French Destroyer that Gary served on one summer.

Gary was obligated, when he accepted a Navy Scholarship at the Univ. of Illinois, to serve four years in the Navy upon graduation and to serve for 6 weeks during his summer vacations on training cruises. He did his first one in the North Atlantic on a NATO exercise. The second, because of his linguistic ability in French, was on an American Destroyer given to the French during WW II. He learned some language on that ship that you don't get at the church language school.

Gary and the French Captain of his destroyer.

After his tour of duty was complete, he, Alan, and our neighbor, Monty Harmon toured Europe for a couple of weeks in June & July of 1973. They were interested in Mary's French ancestry and they took this opportunity to search for her ancestors records in church archives in St. Denis and in Appeville.



Gary, Monty, and Alan and the little car they toured France in.

The Legers had lived in both of these towns at one time. They didn't find any of the Dukes or Kings she must have had as progenitors, only shoemakers and

farmers, but they did get information on several generations of her ancestors that we were not aware of. Being young men, they were able to look at old church records that I suspect Mary and I would have had trouble if we had been there.

Al in a European campground with our little yellow tent.

They rented a small car and camped in our small yellow tent, picnicked and enjoyed themselves.

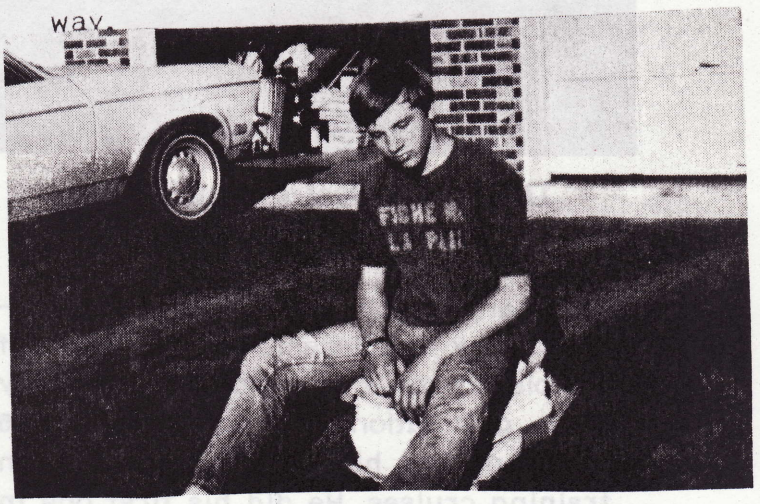
Gary buying groceries at a street market.

Al was growing up. He was a scholar and a good athlete and enjoyed sports of all kinds. He played Little League baseball, was a good player, and inspired and gave stability to the others on his team.

Mary once drove way up beyond Madison, Wisconsin to get him from a boy scout camp because his coach didn't think his team could play without him at a tournament.

Al taking a swing at the ball.

He played baseball and basketball on church teams. Once he tore ligaments in a finger and had it in splints but he took off the splints and played a basketball game in a church tournament anyway.



Alan, getting his papers ready to deliver.

He started delivering Chicago Tribunes when he was 11 years old. First it was one route and then they asked him to carry another one and then another until he had six routes, more than 200 papers. On Sundays those fat Chicago

Tribunes completely filled our station wagon. He would get up at four in the morning and Mary and I would take turns driving him around his routes in our car. He was done by 6:00 and then went to Seminary at the chapel in Naperville. Several times he and I got stuck and he would run all the way home, several miles, to get his mother to come and get us in the other car to finish the routes. Driving him was a real strain on Mary and I and we were glad when he became 16 and could drive himself.

Driving around those routes was great drivers education and as a result he is a very good driver. He was such a conscientious guy that for several years he earned one of the college scholarships that The Chicago Tribune gave to their outstanding carriers. Each year, at Christmas his customers would give him over a hundred dollars in tips for his good service to them.

Alan played Little League Hockey on team that Harry Menzel, Ed's Father-in Law coached.

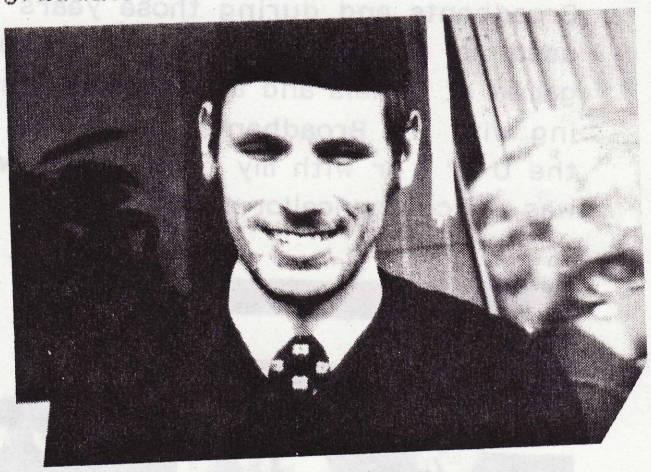
Alan was a good student and made almost straight A's at Wheaton-Warrenville where he graduated 3rd in his class. He was elected to the Honor Society when he was a Junior and was President of it in his senior year.

Al was an ambitious guy. He was a Fry Cook at a Ponderosa for a while. He worked for the Tribune soliciting carriers and during the summer after he graduated he worked at nights in a plastic factory in Wheaton.

Mary pinning the Eagle Badge on Alan.

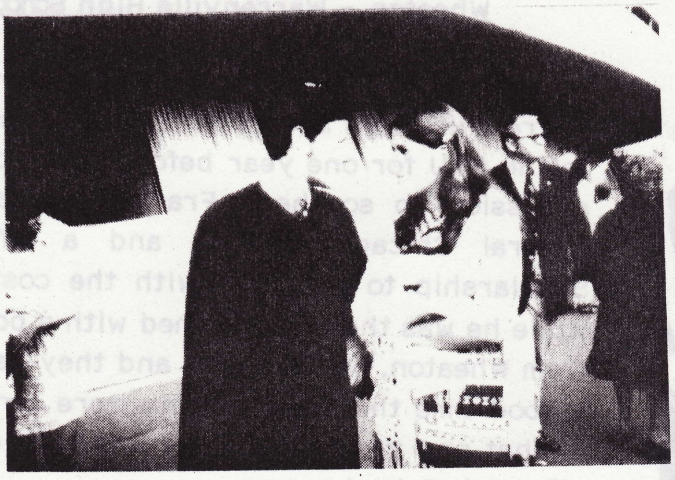
Alan was active in church and in scouting and when he was 13 he was awarded his Eagle Award and then he went on to get two palms for it.

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



Gary graduating from the University of Illinois

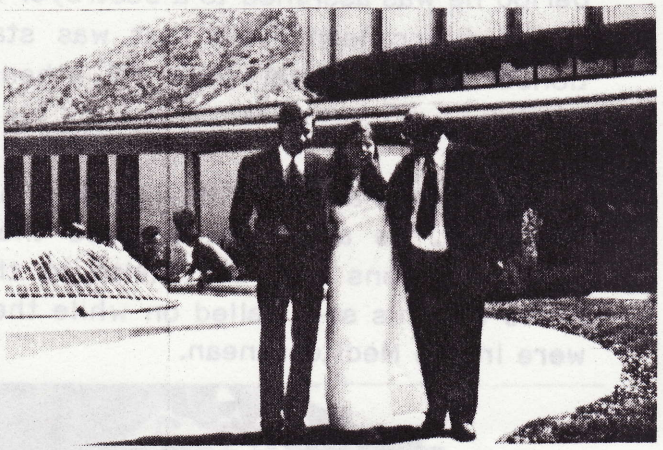
He had met Mima Broadbent from Champaign, IL and, after a tempestuous courtship, she accepted his proposal of marriage.



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

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

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



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

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

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

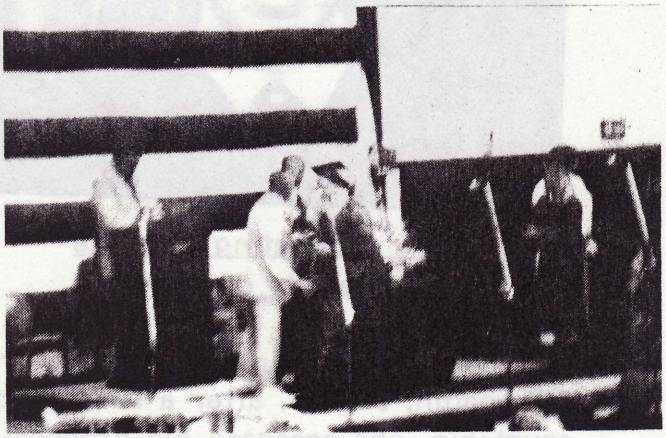
Shortly after being sworn into the Regular Navy he was notified that Rush Medical School at Presbyterian - St. Lukes in Chicago had admitted him to their Medical Program. He pled with every Admiral in the Navy to defer his service until he was through with Medical School when he would serve his four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

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

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

Mima got a Eurail Pass and followed the fleet meeting Gary at each port. He had a reputatation as the sailor who had a girl in every port. (Always the same girl, Mima.) Mima operated a mobile library for the Navy while they were there in Athens.

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

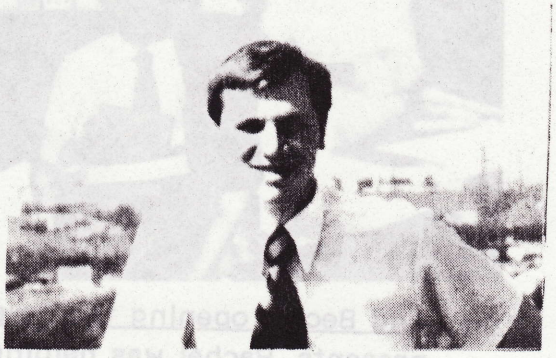


1976 - Alan at his graduation from Wheaton - Warrenville High School.

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

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

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



Al on his mission.

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

Marty and I in Seville.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beckie and her bridesmaids. The little one is Janelle.

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

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

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

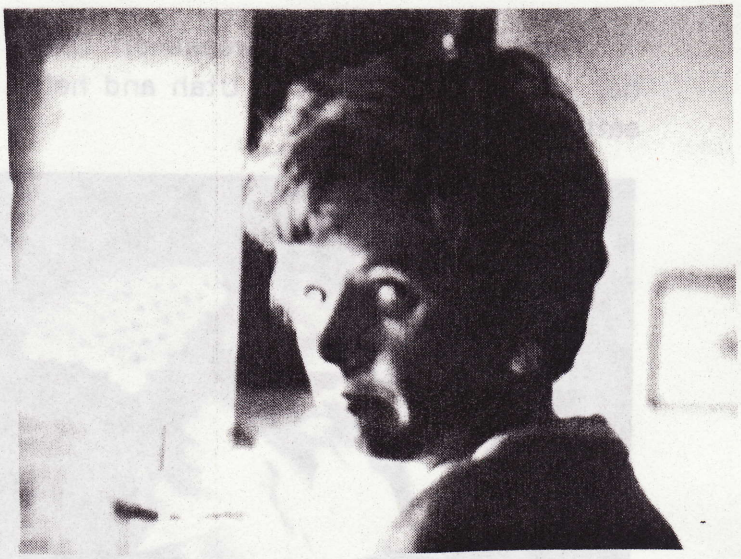
make life easy for the rest of us.

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

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

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

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



Mary fixing a meal.

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

Mom Walker.

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

lived together longer than she had lived with her husband.

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

Aunt Ethel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

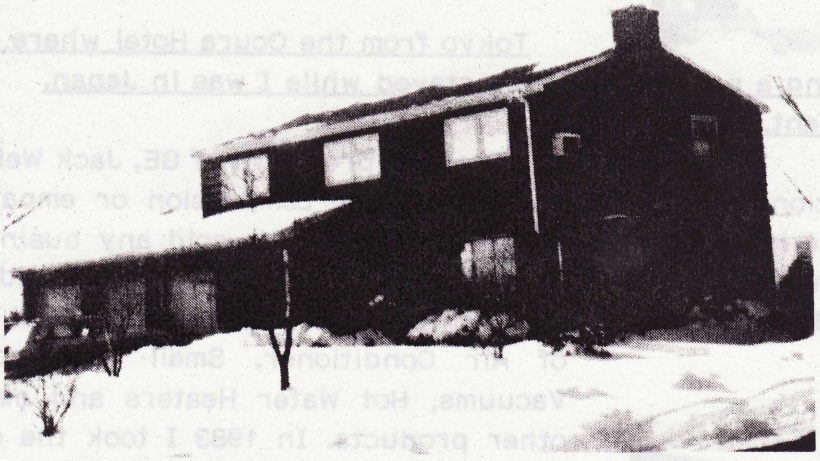
He and I were never very friendly and the next five years were not very happy or satisfying years for me. GE was slowly liquidating their holdings in Chicago. GE closed the Washer Plant first and then the Dryer Plant in '81, the Range Plant in '83 and finally the Refrigerator Plant was scheduled to be closed in '86.

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

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

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

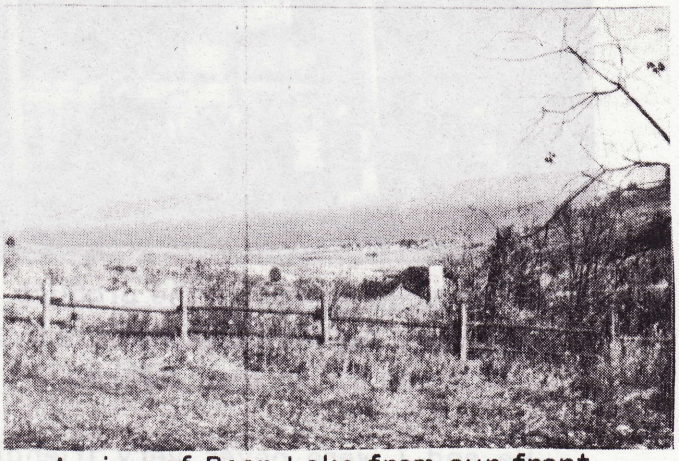
his affairs. He left his mistress, Rosemary Bridges, $800,000, taxes took $600,000, his debts (mostly margin on his investments) $300,000 and the rest he left to his brothers and sister. Rosemary was a very greedy person and caused lots of trouble but the rest of the administration went smoothly. None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



The house we left behind in Wheaton.

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

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



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

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

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

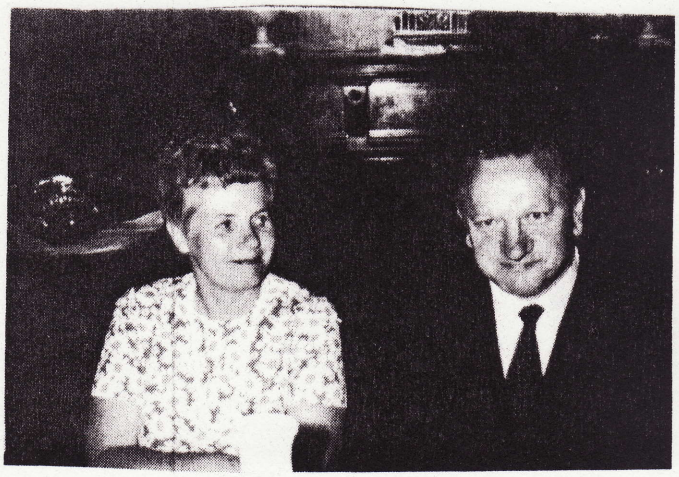
We built a little of our house each year as we had the money. By the time we retired the house was framed, the water, the septic system and furnace were installed and the electricity was in the house. All of the inside finishing still had to be done.

Mary started boxing up things in the winter of 1983. I hurried to complete an eight inch telescope that I was making at the Adler Planetarium. I ground the reflecting lens myself and assembled the parts and was proud of the finished product and we were ready to go. We sold our house in Chicago ourselves and were ready for the move to Utah. Alan who had a few days off from school and Marty who flew out from Utah were good to help us with the move. It took two trips in large U-Hauls to get everything moved. With the help of fellows from church we loaded a big moving van and our truck and headed to Utah. I thought I would need most of the things we had collected during 40 years. We didn't throw much away. Mary and I could not possibly have moved by ourselves. Good old Marty flew out again and helped load the vans, and helped me drive back and unload in Utah. He was a very thoughtful fellow.

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

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

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



Mary and I at one of the retirement dinners.

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

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

Martin and our 2nd hand snow mobile.

Winter was only a few months away so we figured we had to hurry and get our home in Bear Lake finished enough so that we could live in it during the winter. The first thing we did was get the garage built and then started finishing the inside of the house. A fellow named Loosely from Logan had framed the house and we had Skip Duffin frame the garage. We put on the roof and the boys nailed the "board and batten" on the sides of the house. Mary looked pretty good up on the roof nailing down the shingles.

Our home in Garden City before we built the garage on the end.

I included a work shop in the garage which we call the "Ruth Walker Memorial Workshop" since she gave me most of the equipment in it. We are even going to have a "Ruth Walker Chair" in front of the stove in the shop. A friend in Wisconsin had given me some butternut and cherry wood but it was "rough sawn". It took lots of work to finish it for use on the inside walls but it finished up beautifully. It was a slow work.

The winter of 1983-84 we stayed in Garden City. We had a lot of snow that winter and after shoveling snow off the drive a few times we went to Logan and bought a big, 10 HP, snow blower. The children had a great time sliding down the garage room and dropping a few feet into the snow on the drive.

Mima, Gary, and Edward inside our unfinished house.

We wanted a place to stay in Salt Lake in the winter when we got older and would find it difficult to live at Garden City during the cold, cold winters. We could have lived in Mary's Mother's condo at Capri Park.

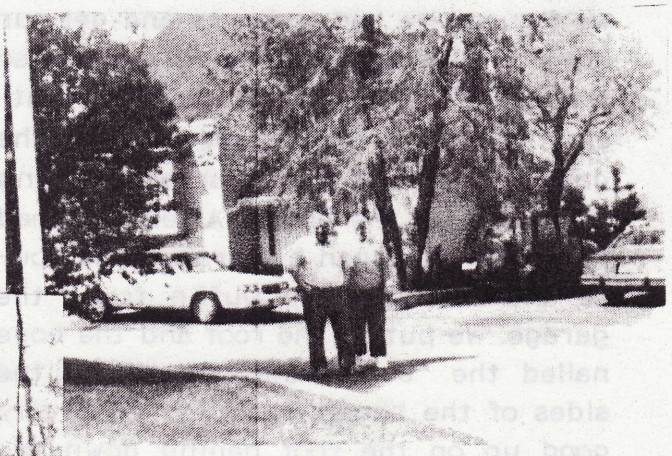
1983 - Mary in our unfinished house.

Mary's Mother had included a provision in her will that Mary could use her condominium if she wanted to but it was such a long drive to Bountiful where Marty and Jamie lived that we told the Continental Bank to sell it. They were very ineffective in getting it sold. It was vacant for over a year. In December of 1983 Mary and I redecorated it, painted and papered the whole house. In February we moved our furniture into it and within ten days it had sold.

Our home after we added the garage.

Marty and his in-laws were building condos on Orchard Drive in Bountiful so we selected one that we customized for our own particular needs and tastes. It has four bedrooms and is very comfortable and convenient to both Jamie and Marty. It is within walking distance of the businesses that we might want to patronize. The Salt Lake City bus line stops right at our back door.

We spend time at either Bear Lake or Bountiful as our needs and desires dictate but most of the spring, summer, and fall and part of the winter are spent at Bear Lake. The winter months in Salt Lake I audit classes at the U of U. I have taken classes in investments and other related subjects and have done some investing in stocks and did very well. We were pretty well out of the market in 1987 before the October disaster. I took some night classes at Woods Cross High in woodworking.



Mary and I in front of our new new condo in Bountiful.

Marty and I built some of the furniture he needed in his boys bedrooms and I concentrated on building mirrors. The pleasure of a weekly one-on-one visit with Marty was one real benefits of working in the Woods Cross High School Shop each Wednesday night.

The next five years were spent slowly finishing the inside of our home at Garden City. I keep finding more places to add on to the house and more things to do inside and it now looks like I'll never finish. Gary and Marty helped me build board walks in front of the house and a barbecue pit at the side.

In 1986 our neighbor, Ben Dansie, asked us if we'd like to spend a month in his condo in Kono -Kaleah in Hawaii. He twisted our arm. We didn't fight very hard and we went. We had a delightful time. We stayed most of the time on the big island of Hawaii where his Condo was but spent a few days visiting the islands

of Oahu and Maui.

Mary and I in front of Ben Dansie's Condo in Hawaii.

Not far away from Ben's condo was a beautiful lagoon where we would watch the exotic fish with our snorkels. We would buy frozen peas and thumb them out and the fish would swarm around us. I don't think we'd like to live in Hawaii for any extended period of time but a short vacation there was wonderful.

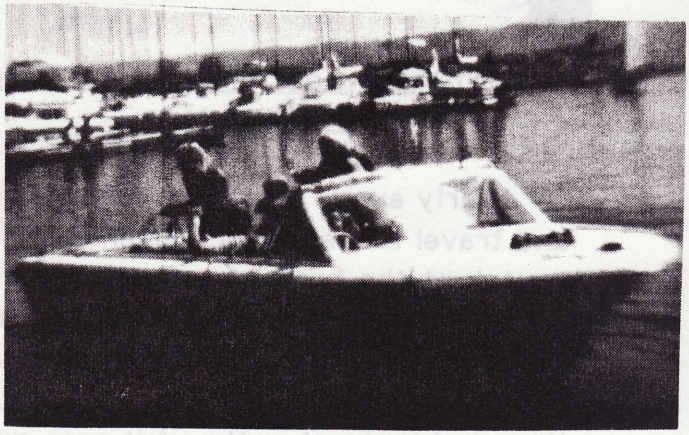
1986 - Mary down by the ocean in Hawaii.

We bought a second hand snow mobile for the children to use in the winter and a Jeep to explore the back trails in the mountains. I tell everyone that if Mary had to choose between me and the Jeep it would be the Jeep. We have traveled on most of the back trails between Bear Lake and Logan. We know where Ephriam's Grave is and the road to Willow Flat.

The Jeep Safari in April 1988

The Jeep Rally (Safari) in Moab.

We've been to Moab several times to the Jeep Rally's there at Easter. It is attended by hundreds of Jeep owners who have special high strength axles, gear trains and other equipment and who want to show off their driving skills and courage.



1984 - Marty and Jayne's boat down at the Marina on Bear Lake.

The first year we were on the Safari,

by mistake, we were put in a group that took us on one of the more difficult trails in the area. We drove up "Widow Maker Hill", through "Metal Masher Gulch", down "White Knuckle Hill", and over the top of the Gemini Twins Natural Bridge. We will never do that again.

Marty's in-laws, the Redds, have a nice boat which we can use on the lake whenever we want to. It's very pleasant in the Bear Lake Valley and our grand children come often for weekend visits. We usually stay at our home in Garden City until after Christmas and then move to Bountiful. That way our grandchildren can sleigh ride, ski, and enjoy winter activities. They ski on Beaver Mountain, eight miles away. It's relatively inexpensive and convenient.

Coming down our drive on a saucer in the winter.

Nearly every spring we take a month and travel to visit our children spending a week at the home of each of them before traveling on to the next child. They usually have several projects for Mary and I to complete while we're visiting them and that makes the visit pass quickly.

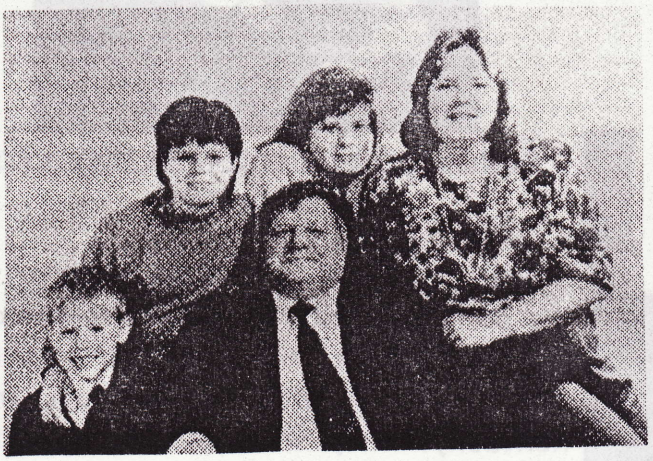
The house Ed and Sue rehabbed in Baltimore. Their's is the tallest one.

Our children are all pretty well settled (for the minute). Ed, Sue and their three children live in Washington, D.C. area. Ed completed his course work for a Phd. at the Univ of Maryland and works for the Navy Recruiting Service making Economic Studies for them. While they lived in Baltimore Edward taught some Econ. courses for the Univ of Maryland in their night school. Sue worked for the Social Security Office in Baltimore. Their three children, Sarah was born on 11/10/76, Maureen was born on 11/28/80, and Chase was born on 11/28/82.

Ed, Sue, and Sarah in costume at Lagoon.

Ed's office was on the south side of Washington, D.C. It took him a couple of hours to get down there and when you take 4 hours out of your day there isn't much time left for leisure so they decided move to Virginia, nearer his work.

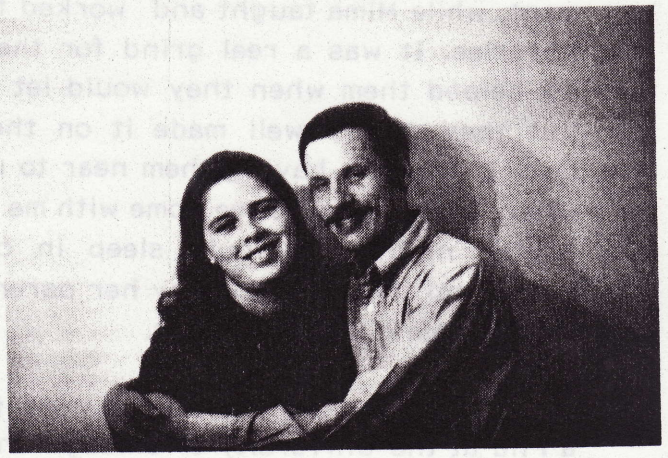
They were sad to leave Baltimore and the house that they had invested so much of themselves in. It wasn't easy to rebuild a house that is over 100 years old. It was on Hollins Street only a block from where H. L. Mencken had lived all his life.



1990 - Ed, Sue and the children.

Sue got a transfer to a Social Security Office near Ed's office and they bought a home in Vienna, VA, just outside the "Beltway". Senator Hatch lives in their ward.

The new home in Vienna, VA.



Gary and Mima in Philadelphia.

Gary's Destroyer was ordered back to the US and he spent a year in Philadelphia while it was being overhauled and modernized.

1975 - All of us eating at "Bookbinders" in Philly while Gary and Mima were there.

He spent the rest of his 4-year hitch in Norfolk as a part of the Mediterranean Fleet which was stationed there. With his service commitment out of the way he was free to enter Rush Medical School.

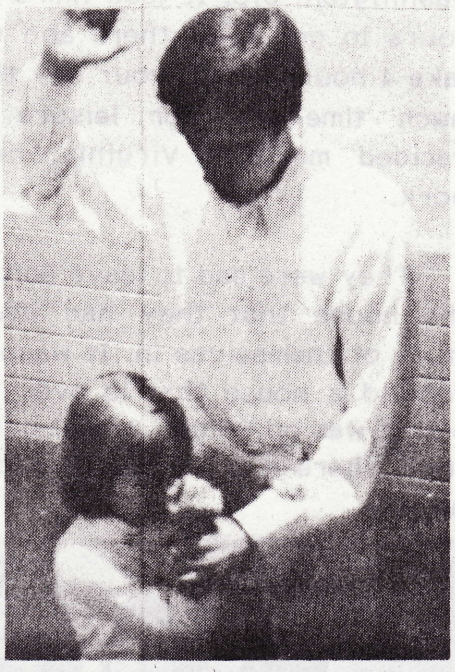
He struggled through Medical School at Rush working four jobs while Mima worked at a couple. Gary worked for an auto parts company, drove bus for the Chicago Transit Authority, worked for the Kidney Transplant Team and for

Rush Univ. operating their audio equipment, while Mima taught and worked for libraries. It was a real grind for them. We helped them when they would let us but they pretty well made it on their own. It was fun having them near to us. Often Rachel would come home with me on Friday night and would sleep in our house and then on Saturday her parents would come out and get her.

Mima completed the course work for a Phd at the University of Chicago while Gary was in school. She gave birth to two more children making three children to raise. They also renovated and old house in Cicero.

1981 - The house in Cicero that Gary and Mima fixed up and lived in while he was going to Medical School.

When Gary graduated he interned for three years in Rochester, New York at the Strong Vincent Hospital and then spent two years getting a Masters at the University of Missouri preparatory to teaching medicine. He is now a Professor at the University of Kentucky where he teaches Family Practice and practices in their clinic.



Rachel turned eight while they were in Rochester.

While he was in Columbia, Missouri he did some unusually successful genealogical research on Mary's mother's family. They had migrated to Missouri from Kentucky. They were pioneers in that area and had lived there for some years.

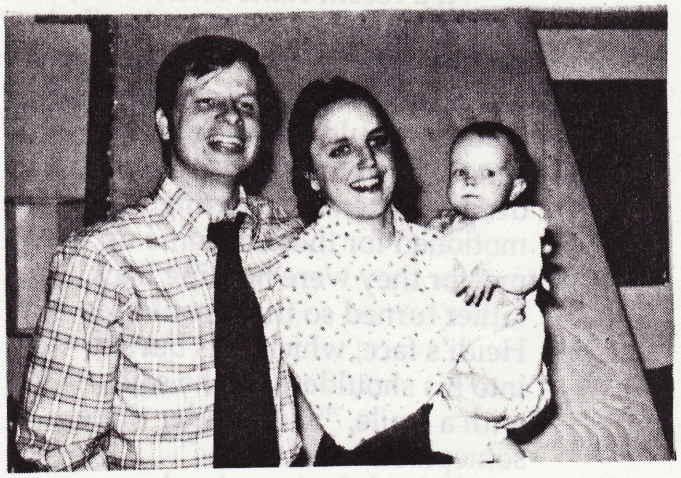
Gary and Mima's children.

Their children are Rachel who was born on 11/5/76 in Champaign, Illinois. Anna Elizabeth born on 2/22/80 in Chicago, Ill. Susan Fern born on 8/3/81 in

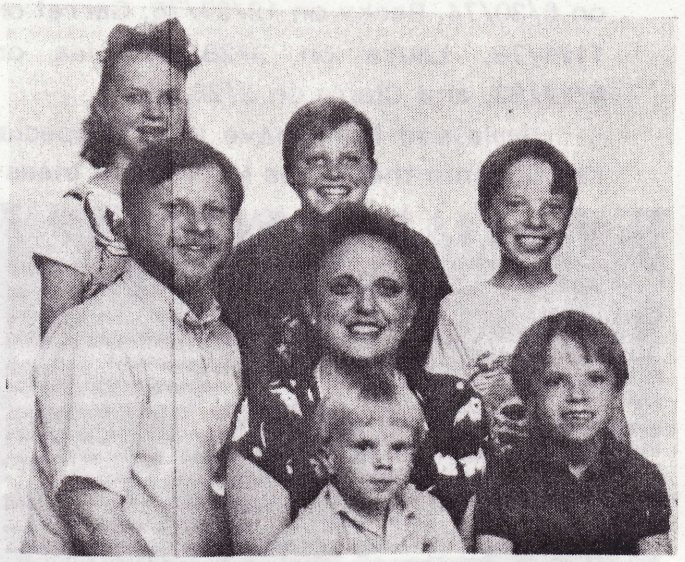
Hinsdale, Illinois, David Walker born on 9-20-83 in Rochester,New York, and Matthew who was born on 11/17/89 in Lexington, Ky.

Anna turned eight in Kentucky.

Martin graduated from the U of U, in Accounting and became the financial manager for Forshor. A company that rents concrete forms and concrete finishing Equipment and supplies. They lived in Woods Cross for several years. In 1986 they bought a home on the hill above us in Bountiful. Marty is just completing an MBA Program at the U. Their children are Janell who was born on 3/11/74 in Salt Lake City, James McMinn born on 2/2/76, Joseph Redd on 7/14/77, Martin Edward on 10/20/79, and Eric on 10/1/83, all in Salt Lake City.

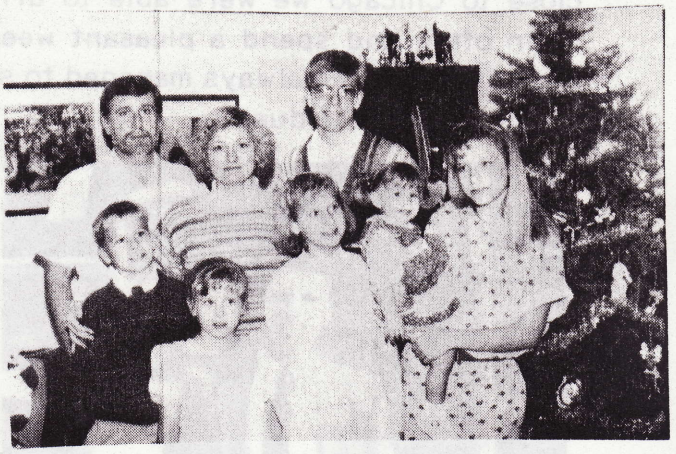


Marty, Jayne, and Janell.



Martin, Jayne, and all their children.

When Eric was only 2 years old he almost, or maybe did, drowned in a neighbors fish pond. Only the quick work of Jamie, the Paramedics, the Doctor at Lakeview, and the prayers of all his relatives saved his life.



Jamie, Duane, and their family.

Duane graduated from the U of U. Suma xxx, and a lot of other superlatives. He got a Law Degree and is the Credit Manager at Forshor. Jamie works as a Nurse part time at the VA and does Home Health Visits - usually on weekends. She and Duane live in Woods Cross. Their children are Daniel who was born on 6/30/74, Becky on 12/27/76, Garret on

Their children are Daniel who was born on 6/30/74, Becky on 12/27/76, Garret on 11/1/78, Laura on 3/28/80, Lisa on 6/17/83, and Claire on 2/28/89.

Jamie and Mary have a very special relationship that gives Mary much pleas-

Beckie at a Purdue Football game.

Alan and Beckie went to Purdue University where Alan got a Master in Business Administration. Since it was so close to Chicago we were able to drive down often and spend a pleasant weekend with them. We always managed to see Michigan beat Purdue.

1983 - Alan living in Cincinnati where he worked for Proctor & Gamble.

When Alan graduated from Purdue he accepted a job with Proctor & Gamble in finance. They lived in Cincinnati for a year or so, then in Tuckhannock, Pa., then back to Cincinnati. He had a two year assignment as Manager of Finance in P&G's plant at Iowa City, back to Cincinnati and then to L.A. where he supervised the merger of Max Factor into P & G.

Alan, Beckie and his children.

His children are Heidi who was born on 3/3/81 in Provo. Holly born on Jan 20, 1983 and Mary Leona on July 2, 1986. Beckie and Alan spend much of their time and effort in the loving care that keeps her alive. Boyd K. Packer saw them at a Stake Conference and was inspired to use "Care of the Handicapped" as the theme to his Conference Talk in April of 1991. This is the part of his talk in which he speaks about their family.

She's under There Somewhere

At a recent stake conference, I noticed on the front row a family including a girl of ten who has palsy and is deaf. Her father held her so that she would not slide off the bench. Their tenderness touched me deeply. When the meeting ended, I motioned for them to come up to me, for they were holding back. The father turned so that I could see Heidi's face, which was buried into his shoulder, and he said with a smile, "She's under there someplace."

Indeed she is under there someplace. All of them are under there somewhere.

when he moved to Missouri from Kentucky during the 1820's. (The owner wanted to sell it to us.)

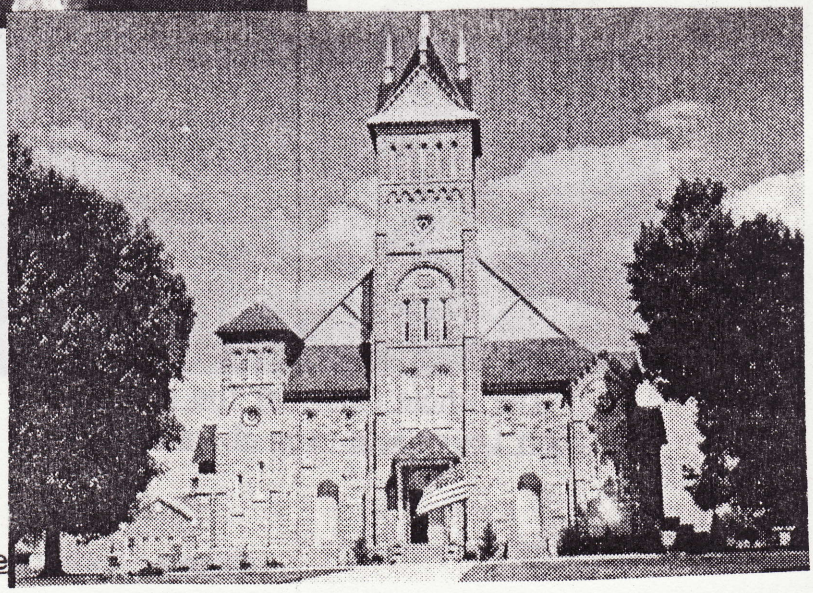
Jamie was responsible to see that the children kept the areas we occupied clean. She did this by issuing play money for each scrap of paper or trash that they collected and then redeeming the script each evening from a store in the trunk of her car where they could buy candy with the play money. We had the cleanest camps in the area. Alan made a work book for each child and a scrap book for each family. We took turns at cooking meals and washing dishes. Alan and Gary did most of the planning. It was a very creative and interesting reunion.

Mary and some of her grandchildren on the hayride that we took.

We also organized a couple of very successful Kearl Reunions in Laketown. There were almost 200 in attendance. We did many of the same things that we had done at our family reunion at Nauvoo. Here we had a hayride to the historical sites in Laketown and Round Valley.

I also helped organize a reunion for the 50th anniversary of my graduating class at Preston High in 1991. For this I published a re-issue of our class yearbook with pictures and a history of what each member had done in the 50 years since he graduated.

For a couple of years Mary and I served as guides at the Paris Tabernacle. Paris, my birthplace, had shrunk until it is about half the size that it was when I was born. There used to be 2 wards in the city and now there is one. Stores are closed and homes empty. During the tour I would tell my group about how we Kearl children would sit in the balcony and count the bald heads in the audience below. My ho-hum crusher" was to tell how the tour-bus drivers on their way to Yellowstone would tell their sight-seeing groups, "Turn your watches back 100 years. You are passing through Paris, Idaho." Paris reminded me of a quotation from Thomas Wolfe, "Regreting a dream just lost, and resolving to



In 1976 we had a Cyril and Mary Kearl Family Reunion down at Lake Cumberland in Kentucky. We were reminded of the many happy years we spent in Kentucky and of the times that we had gone to the Lakes there.

Gary and Mima on Lake Cumberland in our little sailing pram.

In 1986 we had a family reunion at Nauvoo, IL. We gathered from all over the United States and camped in a park up above Nauvoo. We rented a large mobile home and used it as our headquarters.

We visited the site of John Loveless's home in Warsaw and his property in Nauvoo where he was going to build after he was driven out of Warsaw by mobs. Edward dressed up in a costume. He pretended to be John Loveless and told us about his life. The little kids loved it but he didn't fool us adults. Mary and I made a pioneer type toy as a gift for each child given to them on each day of the reunion (one hundred and twenty toys) and then I had the added assignment of taking a good long nap each day.

We visited Hannibal, Missouri and saw Tom Sawyer's home and his cave (the cave he and Becky were lost in.) We then went down to St. Louis and finally to Columbia where many of Mary's ancestors had lived at one time. We Thomas Turner's old home and visited the grave yard in which many of her ancestors were buried.

The whole family at the site of John Loveless's farm at Warsaw, Ill.

Thomas Turner's home in Columbia, MO.

We were able to go through the home that Mary's ancestor Thomas Turner built

capture it next time. We seek the great forgotten language, the lost lane into heaven, a stone, a leaf, an unfound door. So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past."

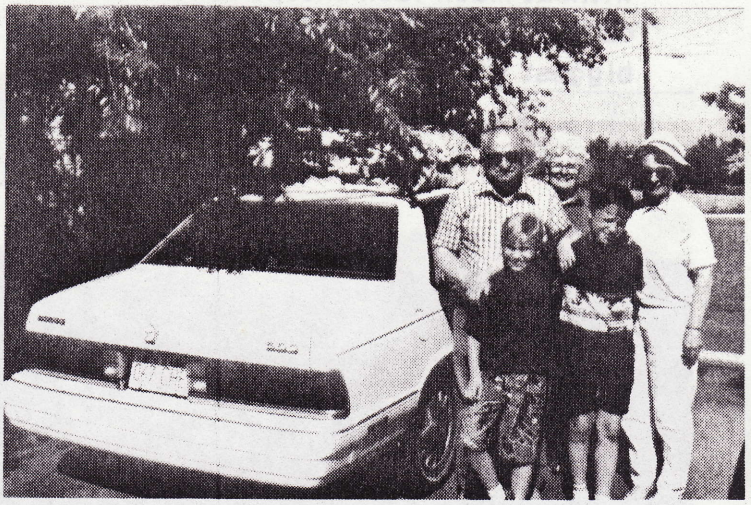
Mary and I in our OFFICE at the Church Office Building while we were on our mission.

In May of 1988 we accepted a one year call to serve in the Family History Department of the Church. We worked from 8:00 to 4:00 on the 4th floor of the Church Office Building taking care of correspondence with people who had made errors when they submitted Family Group Sheets to have temple ordinances performed.

It was interesting. We met and made friends with many nice people. We learned some of the details about processing the paper work to have temple work done but it was also frustrating. The church does not change it's ways very readily and does not accept suggestions. Much of what they were doing was inefficient and time consuming but with all of the free help that is available to the church in the form of missionaries there was no incentive to improve. We enjoyed the year we spent there but we were happy when our year was over.

In March of 1986 I had a routine physical examination and found that I had Cancer of the Colon. It had not become invasive but it was real. I had an operation that removed all of the Polyps, the cancer cells, and half of my Colon. President Ronald Reagan had the same operation at about this time. I had some concern about the prospect of death but was pretty well resigned to whatever would be. I have now had several colonoscopies and so far it appears that all of the cancer cells were removed.

In September of 1991 I found I had Cancer of the prostate glands and I had them removed. Russ's son-in-law Ryan Larsen, his brother, and his father did the operation and did a great job. Gary came out to lend his moral support to me, for which I was thankful. It also did not appear to have spread to other parts of the body. I seem to heal easily from operations but I do seem to be susceptible to this sort of thing. Mary continues to have excellent health but she refuses to have an annual physical.



Mary with Marge, Garret, and Joseph starting out on our Alaska trip.

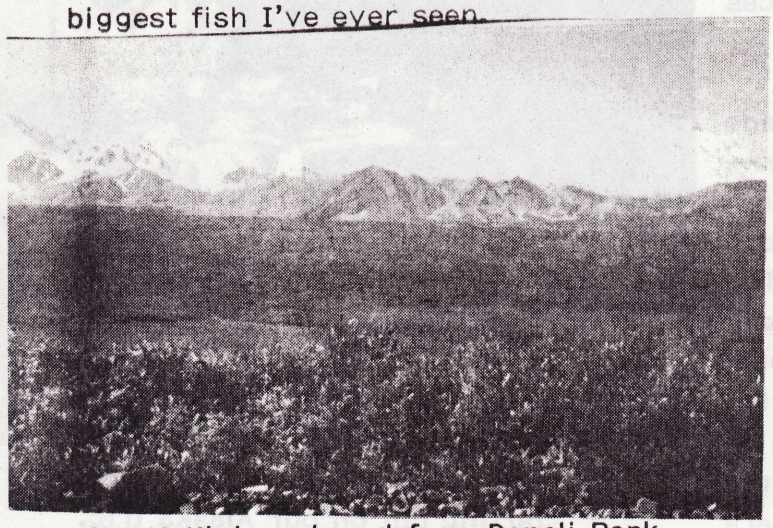
Shortly after our mission was over we made a trip to Alaska. We took Delmar's widow, Marge, and Joseph and James with us. It was a long trip. We drove

over 7,000 miles and went about 2,000 miles on the Alaskan State Ferry.

We drove to Vancouver and took the ferry over to Victoria and then made the long drive up to Prince Rupert. There we boarded a ferry and went up the inner passage to Skagway. We drove another long trip over to Anchorage.

Garret's big Salmon.

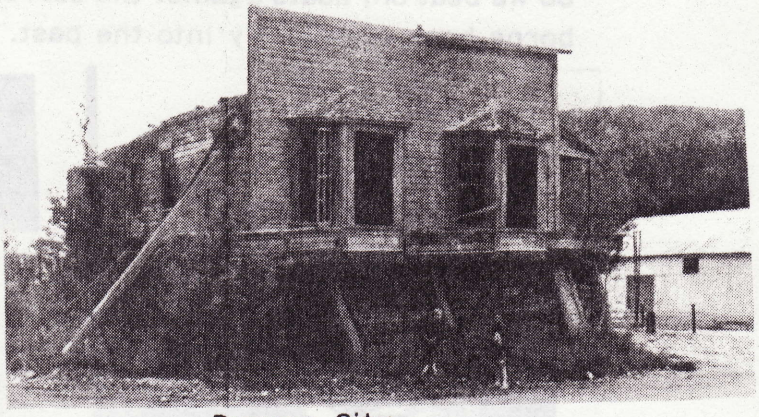
We fished a couple of times without much luck except for Garret who caught a 25 pound Salmon. One of the biggest fish I've ever seen.



Mt. McKinley viewed from Denali Park.

I drove up to Denali Park while the rest of our group took the train. There we saw the few animals we saw in Alaska.

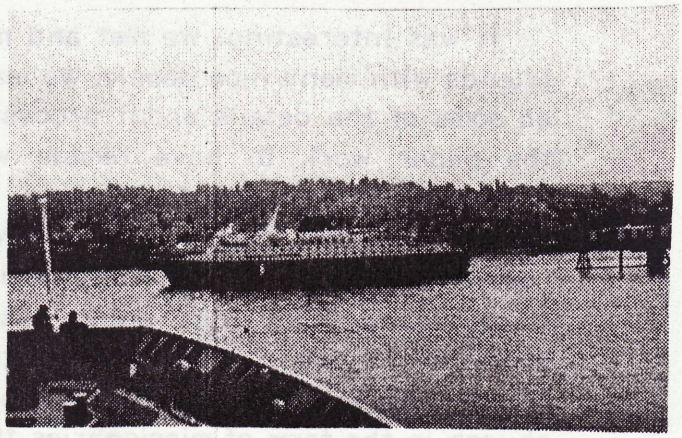
The weather was good and we had some spectacular views of Mt. McKinley.



Dawson City.

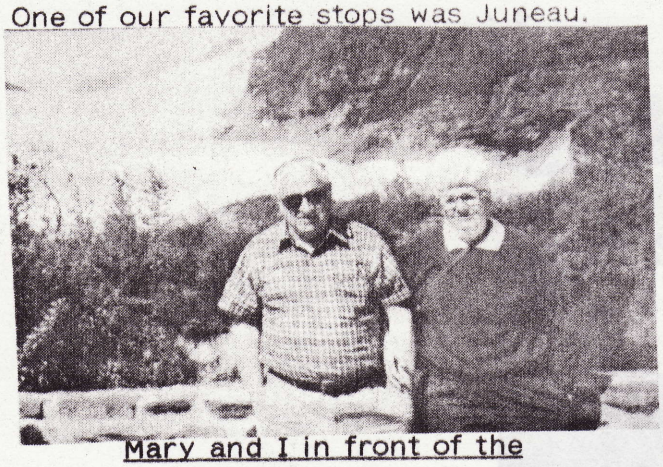
We then drove on to Dawson City and saw the remains of that Gold Rush town of '99. The history and the stories about the Gold Rush are fascinating.

Then we made the long and rather boring drive back to Utah. We stopped in Edmonton and spent a lot of time at what they claim is the largest Mall in the World. In Calgary we saw their famous Stampede and then we went on to Cardston and visited with cousins Arminta, Russell, and Lawrence. They were very hospitable.



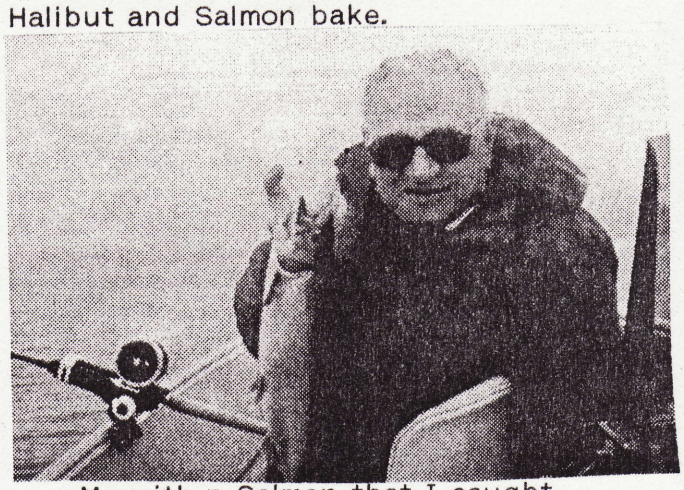
The ferry Columbia that we left Bellingham, WA on for our 2nd trip to Alaska.

In 1990 Ruth and Ray Wilson asked us to go with them to Alaska so we flew to Seattle, took the Alaska Ferry to Skagway and then came back the same way. We stopped at several towns on the way to Skagway, staying overnight and browsing around at each town and then catching the next ferry to the next town. One of our favorite stops was Juneau.



Mary and I in front of the Mendenhall glacier.

They have a great museum and at an old gold mining camp they have a fabulous Halibut and Salmon bake.



Me with a Salmon that I caught.

Ray and I did some very successful fishing in Ketchican as the guest of one of the ferry pursers whose wife cooked a delicious meal with a halibut we caught.

Ruth and Mary on the Ferry.

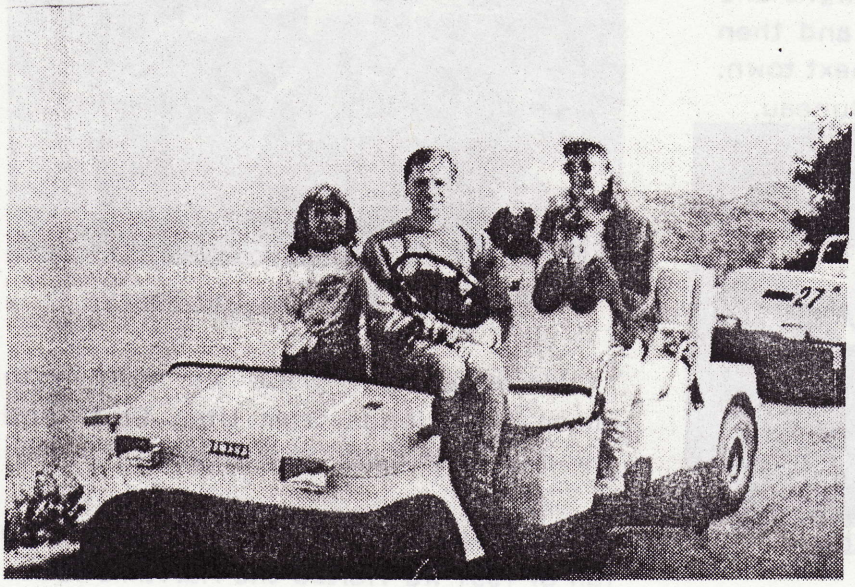
We enjoy the trips we make with these old friends from Utah State and the mid-west days, the Wilsons.

It seems like all we do is travel. In the fall of 1991 we visited the Maritime Provinces of Canada and took Mima's mother, Fern, with us. The leaves were just turning and that area was beautiful.

Mary and I on the docks of Quebec.

In 1991 Al was given a special assignment from P&G of supervising the merger and move of Max Factor from LA. He spent 9 months at The Pacific Palisades and we made a couple of trips there to see the area and to visit with him. I hadn't seen California in 40 years. Henry and Renee Lowenthal live in Santa Monica

and we spent a day with them talking about old friends and memories of Louisville where they lived only a block from us on Indian Ridge Rd. and I car-pooled with Henry.



Touring Catalina Island in a Golf Cart.

We saw a lot of California while Alan was there. California had had tremendous grown since we were there many years ago and was a bustling place. I found it tiring and was glad to get back to our quiet and restrained Utah.