

FAMILY HISTORY - CYRIL AND MARY KEARL

Chapter Eleven - Salt Lake City

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 father's 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 house-keeping 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 prominence 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 driv-

ing 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 and 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.

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